

*Cabin* **KISSES**

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

**HOPE FORD**

# Cabin Kisses

---

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

Hope Ford

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Contents

1. [Georgina](#)

2. [Levi](#)

3. [Georgina](#)

4. [Levi](#)

5. [Georgina](#)

6. [Levi](#)

7. [Gina](#)

8. [Levi](#)

9. [Georgina](#)

10. [Levi](#)

11. [Georgina](#)

12. [Levi](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Whiskey Run Series](#)

[Free Books](#)

[JOIN ME!](#)

[About the Author](#)

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## Cabin Kisses

*Rich, ex playboy ready to settle down. Curvy broken-hearted woman that's hesitant on love. And they're snowed in together.*

I'm not frigid. I figure if I keep telling myself that, I'll start to believe it. It's hard to do though when my ex-fiancé cheated on me and he says the reason he did is because I can't be satisfied.

Just because I've never had the big "O" doesn't mean that I'm frigid.... right?

Now there's no fiancé, no wedding and the honeymoon is nonrefundable.

Needing a break from what's become of my life, I take the trip solo.

After a morning on skis, I know I want to spend the rest of the trip curled up with a good book, inside where it's warm.

Then I meet Levi.

He's the hot ski instructor that wants to spend more time with me.

I should tell him no, but how can I when he saves me from an embarrassing run in with my ex.

Now I'm snowed in with him and he has something to prove...

He's going to give me the big "O", and he may just give me my forever too.

This was initially published as Levi and Georgina in the Snowed Inn for Christmas in Anthology. The story has been changed, added to and includes an epilogue.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

Cabin Kisses © 2022 by Hope Ford

Editor: Kasi Alexander

Cover Design: Cormar Covers

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Chapter 1

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)



## *Georgina*

I canceled all my appointments this afternoon. I have an editing job that is due soon, but it's going to have to wait. I've been on edge for a while now, and I know that I need to pin Richard down and talk to him. Our wedding is in two weeks, and it all feels off to me. I'm never one for second thoughts. Usually, I've examined and thought through everything before making a decision. I know this is not going to be a passion-filled marriage. Heck, we both know it, but it hasn't been an issue. If nothing else, we have mutual respect. But something keeps creeping on me, and it doesn't feel right.

I know he has a dinner meeting tonight, but I should catch him before he leaves. "Richard!" I holler as soon as I push open the door to his condo. I drop my keys on the entry way table and make my way inside. My eyes land on the shoes on the floor in the middle of the room. Richard is meticulous and can't stand anything out of place, so I'm shocked to see anything in disarray. I almost stumble on my feet when I see the high-heeled pair of shoes behind the couch. "What the—?"

Instantly, I know. I don't need the proof because this explains everything. How he never wants me to stay over. All the late nights when he's supposedly working. All of it. I could end it now and walk out, but it's like I need to see it with my own two eyes.

I walk down the hallway, not even trying to quiet the sound of my shoes on the hardwood floor. When I get to his bedroom door, I shove it open and stand in the doorway. I wait for the

hurt, the disgust, the rage to hit me, but it doesn't. All I feel is relief.

"Richard," I say, loud and clear into the room.

He raises his head in shock as the woman underneath him starts to scream. I cross my arms over my chest and stare at them as they both struggle to their feet. The woman has wrapped a sheet around her body and is grabbing her clothes. "Who is this woman, Richard?"

Richard is standing naked, looking between the woman and me. "She's my fiancée."

I start to laugh. "Was your fiancée." I turn on my heel and start making my way to the front door.

"Georgie! Wait!" Richard calls after me.

I don't want to stop, though. I want to get the hell out of here. I don't want to fight, and everything inside me is saying to get the hell out of here. I get as far as the door when emotions take over. I turn just as the woman is sliding her shoes on. She won't look at me and she runs past me out the door. I throw my hands up in the air at Richard. He's at least put his pants on. "Why? Explain to me why. We're getting married in two weeks, Richard."

He shrugs, and when I turn to walk away, he grabs on to my arm. I jerk away and spit the words at him. "Don't touch me."

He pulls back and puts both his hands up. "Look, let's just talk, okay?"

I put my hand on my hip. "Fine. Talk. Why were you going to marry me? You don't love me..."

He opens his mouth to interrupt me, but I shake my head. "Don't! Don't say you do. You were just inside another woman."

His face turns red. "It's not like that, Georgie."

I grit my teeth. "Don't call me that. I hate that name."

He throws his hands up. "Fine. Georgina. It's not like that. I still want to marry you."

I laugh. I can't help it. How can I not laugh at that? The man, my fiancé, was just fucking another woman. "Excuse me if I think you're full of shit, Richard."

He goes to sit on the couch, shoving his hand through his hair. "I do. You're ambitious, Georgie—I mean, Georgina. You're smart, pretty, you're a good person. You make things happen. If there's something you want, you go after it."

I lean against the couch. "Okay, so why were you... why were you with her, Richard? If you want to marry me... it doesn't make sense."

He raises his eyes to mine. "You know why."

I jerk my head up in surprise. I know why. What the hell does that even mean? "What do you mean, I know why?"

He starts to get up and walks toward me, and I hold my hands up. Just the thought of him touching me makes me sick to my stomach.

He pauses next to the couch, feet away. "Because you're frigid, Georgie."

I don't even correct him on the stupid nickname. "Frigid. You think I'm frigid?"

He nods. "Well, yeah, I mean how else do you explain it? You never want to have sex, and when we do, you're not into it. You can't even..."

I grip on to the couch as if it's holding me upright. "Can't even what?"

He takes a step toward me. "You can't even have an orgasm. I mean, I love you, Georgie, you know I do, but how do you expect me to be with one woman for the rest of my life? Especially when that one woman can't even... perform correctly."

I gasp. Is he kidding me right now? "So you're blaming your infidelity on me? You can't keep it in your pants because you can't please me... you can't get me off?"

He shrugs. "Think about it. Nancy seemed to be enjoying herself. It's not me, honey."

I shake my head. “You can blame whoever or whatever you want, Richard, but the point is that you asked me to marry you. I assumed you’d be faithful, and you weren’t. The wedding is off.”

His face hardens, and I think for the first time, I’m seeing him for exactly what he is. “You’ll be back, Georgie. Just think about it. You’re frigid. You’re broken. No one is going to want that. I was willing to look past it. Yeah, you’ll come back to me.”

I suck in a breath, ignoring the pain of his words. Yeah, I’ve never had an orgasm with a man. It probably is my fault, but I’m not leaving here with him having the last word. “Fuck you, Dick!”

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Chapter 2

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## *Levi*

The bar is busy tonight. I don't come off the mountain much, but when I do, I always go to High Noon. It's the best bar in town and a lot of the locals hang out here. Yeah, some of the tourists find their way here, but it's never an issue. I look around the bar that's lit up for the Christmas season. Most of the time, I love Christmas. The ski lodge is packed with families celebrating the holiday. People are celebrating and happy to be together, but this year is hitting a little differently.

I point to the other end of the pool table and call my shot. "Eight ball in the corner pocket."

I'm leaning over the table when I feel the hand on my shoulder. I clench my eyes shut and then peel them open. I'm not wanting to deal with this shit tonight.

She presses her body to the back of mine and whispers into my ear, "Want to make a wager?"

I straighten without taking the shot and put some distance between Leann and me. I can feel my buddy Jerrod's eyes on me, but I don't dare take my eyes off Leann. I've learned she can be handsy. "No, I'm not interested in a wager."

She seems taken aback. I'm sure she's never been told no, even though that's exactly what I've been telling her all week. My family owns the ski lodge, and I've been raised here my whole life. I know Leanne's type, and even though at one time I would have taken her up on what she's offering, I'm not interested.

She doesn't move or give me any space, but she must see the look on my face. I don't want to hurt her feelings, but I also won't stand here letting her touch me all night either. She smiles. "Well, I see you're busy. I'll see you on the slopes tomorrow."

I press my lips together. She's been after me all week to give her ski lessons, but I know women like her, and if I give her an inch, she'll take a mile. Finally, she gets it, and she walks away.

Jerrod walks over to me with his mouth hanging open. "What the fuck, Levi? Why did you turn that down?"

I shrug and take my shot, hitting the 8 ball in the corner pocket. "I win," I announce to him.

He takes a twenty from his pocket. "Fine, next round on me. So what the fuck?"

I shrug, knowing he doesn't understand, and I don't know how to explain it. "I don't know, Jerrod. I'm not fucking interested. She wants to fuck. That's all they ever want."

He shakes his head and throws his hands up. "So... what's the fuckin' problem? Your dick broke or something?"

I laugh and slap him on the chest. "My dick is working just fine. They're all the same. They all come here, wanting to get laid, and then they leave. I want something more. I want a relationship."

Jerrod starts to choke on the beer he just took a drink of. "What? Levi, are you feeling okay? You get offered random pussy, no strings attached, no bullshit... just a good time and you turn it down."

I sit down in the chair next to him. I look out at the bar and see the women watching us. I know I could have any one of them I wanted, but not one of them interest me. Hell, maybe my dick is broke. "I want to settle down. My parents retired, and I'm running the lodge and ski mountain... I don't know... I just want someone to share it with."

Jerrod's looking at me as if I've sprouted two heads. I know he thinks I'm crazy, but I just can't keep it up. I'm not sure

exactly what I'm looking for, but I know I'll know when I meet her.

Jerrod signals the waitress, who ignores him, walking up to me instead. "Hey Levi! Can I get you another drink?"

I slap Jerrod on the shoulder. "Yeah, we'll have two drafts."

She nods. "Sure, coming right up." She chooses on the tip of her pen. "You know, I get off at one. If you want..."

Her voice trails off, and I shake my head. I know exactly what she's asking. "Yeah, uh, sorry, it's going to be an early night for me. I need to get back up the mountain."

She nods. "Sure, maybe some other time."

I don't comment, and she turns away just as Jerrod slaps me hard on the back. "Look, fucker, you want to turn over a new leaf, fine, but can you send your discards my way? I have no problem picking up your slack."

I roll my eyes. "No way, brother. You want to hook up, you'll have to do it on your own. You're known for not calling them back and leaving in the middle of the night. There's no way I'm getting in the middle of that."

He looks at me as if he doesn't know me at all. "Are you kidding me right now? What the fuck, man?"

I shake my head and turn away from him. I know he's surprised, but I want more, and the one-night stands aren't going to get me what I want. Fuck, I'm not even sure I know what I'm looking for, but I'm willing to wait for it.



# Chapter 3

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## *Georgina*

I ‘ve discovered that skiing is not going to be my thing. Yeah, I’ve only been on the slopes for thirty minutes, but already my legs are aching, I’m freezing even though I have layers of clothes and a big bulky jacket on, and I’m barely able to stay upright.

I lift my hand to shade my eyes, avoiding the glaring sun, and huff as I look at the trailhead. *I can do this*, I tell myself. *I know I can*.

I stop walking or I should say trudging through the snow and stop behind the couple in front of me. They’re holding hands and smiling at one another, and I can’t help but turn my nose up in disgust. Yeah, I’ll admit they’re a cute couple, but when you just had your fiancé break it off with you, you don’t really want lovey-dovey all in your face.

I look longingly toward the direction of the ski lodge. I could just go back, take a hot shower, and spend the rest of the day working on the editing projects I brought. There’s a new romance in the stack, and I’ve been looking forward to getting started on that. Just as I’ve about made up my mind to spend the next few days indoors with a bottle of wine, I feel a hand on my shoulder.

“Hi. I’m Levi James. Are you here for a lesson?”

He’s blocking the sun off my face, so I drop my hand. “Uh, no. I’m actually about to go back in.” I turn to go but remember to be nice about it. “But thank you, though.”

I bend over to pick up the skis lying on the ground beside me and tumble over, faceplanting in the snow. “You’ve got to be kidding me,” I mutter. Of course, as soon as there’s a hot guy around, I’m going to fall on my face.

“Here, let me help you.” Levi leans down and helps me sit up. He squats down in front of me and pushes the hair off my face. He’s watching me, and I can feel the heat of his gaze. I wish I was flirty or even able to have a coherent conversation with him, but mentally, I feel like I’ve been beat down lately, and I definitely don’t think I can hold my own with a man. Especially him. He’s way too good looking.

“Thank you,” I grumble, feeling like a big frump. The layers of clothes and the bulky snow suit is doing absolutely nothing for me.

“You’re welcome. But now I think you owe me.”

I blink up at him. He’s smiling, showing off his pearly whites and sparkling blue eyes. He’s handsome and obviously fit. “I owe you. What for? I’m still sitting in the snow.” I start to laugh but stop abruptly when he grabs me by the hand and hauls me off the ground until I’m standing on my own two feet.

I suck in a gasp. He’s not even huffing or puffing. He’s just smiling at me and then he smirks. “All right, how about now? Do you owe me now?”

I shake my head, totally confused about what’s going on right now. Are we in some kind of alternate universe or what? Does he think I’m here with girlfriends and I’m going to hook him up or what? “What do you want?”

I say it with way more venom in my voice than I probably should. He squats at my feet and picks up the skis. “Pick up your feet.”

I pick up my right foot, and he snaps the ski into place. I shake my head. Why am I listening to him? “Wait! What are you doing?”

He smacks my leg, I raise my other foot, and he snaps the ski into place. He stands up, and I have to raise my head to look at

him. “Uh, what’s happening?”

He shrugs. “Well, the way I look at it, I saved you, so you owe me one run.”

“Run?” I snort. “I’m not running anywhere, and can we get back to me owing you? I don’t owe you.”

He shrugs. “You’re right. You don’t owe me, but after seeing the way you were giving that couple dirty looks, you wouldn’t be open to me just asking you out. So I figure the only way I’m going to get to spend time with you is if you let me teach you how to ski.”

I open my mouth and close it again. Wait, did he just say he was going to ask me out? Did I fall and hit my head and don’t remember it? I hold my hands up. “You wanted to ask me out... like on a date?”

He nods.

I pull back and start to tumble again, and this time, he grabs me before I land on the ground again. He pulls me up and holds on to me, his hands heavy and hot on my hips. “Is this a joke?”

I barely get the words out when a cute blond woman skis up, stopping right next to us. “Levi, I’ve been looking everywhere for you. I was hoping to get a lesson.”

I look at the trim, beautiful woman, and just by the way she’s standing here, not teetering, it’s obvious she doesn’t need any lessons. I smirk at Levi. “Well, it looks like you’ve been saved...”

Levi’s hands tighten on my waist. “Actually, I’m already full for today. Sorry, you may have to check with one of the other instructors.”

The woman rears back as if she can’t believe she’s been turned down. “But...”

Levi just smiles. “Sorry about that, but actually the rest of my week is full. But you can check up at the booth, and I’m sure you can get signed up with one of the others.”

He turns his body so that he's on the opposite side of the woman and stands next to me. "All right, so to start..."

He continues to instruct me, telling me what I need to do to stay on my feet and to ski, but I'm having a hard time concentrating. Did that really just happen?

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Chapter 4

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## *Levi*

She has no clue how beautiful she is. It's that, or she's been hurt before and probably recently. I saw the look she gave the kissing couple, and I'd do anything to make her smile right now. I don't know what it is about her, but when I saw her coming out of the lodge, I knew I needed to talk to her. She's beautiful with her long brown hair and curvy body. But she doesn't act like she knows it. Of course, women throw themselves at me all day, every day, but the one I want is doing everything she can to get away from me.

"You could have gone, you know. I'm sure you can't just turn away customers."

She interrupts me as I'm explaining things to her. She looks so unsure, it sort of pisses me off. I mean, who hurt her? And where can I find him?

"I can turn anyone away that I want. Plus, I'm not stupid." I gesture in the direction that Leann just went. "She didn't want a lesson. She wanted something else entirely."

"Oh yeah, what's that?" she asks and then almost instantly, her face turns red. "I mean, forget it, I know what you mean."

I laugh then because I can't believe how timid and sweet she is. She's nothing like the women I'm used to. "Tell me your name."

It comes out like a demand, and I should apologize, but I don't. I have a feeling that with her, I can't be easy and laid back because she's going to fight me the whole way. No, if I want her, I'm going to have to work for it.

“Georgina,” she says on a huff. “Look, this is nice of you and all, but I really think I’m just going to go back inside and work on a book, take a hot bath—”

“So you’re a writer?” I ask, not wanting her to leave.

She shakes her head. “No, I’m an editor.”

“Cool. So you can work from anywhere or do you have an office?”

Her forehead creases. “Anywhere.”

I nod, taking it all in. “So what brings you to Ski Mountain for Christmas?”

She turns her head but not before I see the pain in her eyes. She’s definitely been hurt, and as the couples and families around us are laughing and having a good time, it breaks my heart to see her sad like she is. I put my glove-covered hand up to her chin and pull her to look at me. “We don’t have to talk about it.”

She swallows hard, blinks twice, and nods. “I really just need to be alone.”

I sigh. I’ve never been a quitter, but seeing how upset she is, I’m wondering if I need to let her be. I try to hide the disappointment on my face because I don’t want her to feel guilty. “Gina, I—”

She gasps.

I look around and back at her, wondering what the gasp is about. “What? What is it?”

“Gina. You called me Gina.” She smiles at me, and I swear it lights me up, making me feel like I may just have a chance yet.

I hold on to her arm. “Yeah. I like Georgina but”—I shrug—“I wanted to shorten it. I like Gina.”

She nods. “I do too. And it’s way better than Georgie; that’s what my ex-fiancé calls me.”

“Ex-fiancé? You were engaged?” I ask, hating the thought of her with another man.



And just like that, her smile drops, but in its place is determination. She draws her shoulders up and straightens her back, looking at the slope in front of us. “Uh, yeah. And you know what, I think I would like you to teach me how to ski.”

I don't even question why she had a change of heart. I grab her hand and start going through the movements. I do everything to take her mind off things. We ski for the rest of the afternoon. The longer we're out here, the better she is. She's giggly and laughing and having fun. I want to savor this moment and keep it with me always. “Race me.”

She laughs and smacks me on the chest. It's the first time she's touched me, and I grab her hand and hold it to me. “Race me,” I tell her again. I don't want this to be over, but I know she's about to tell me she's done for the day.

“Why would I race you? You're going to win.”

I lift my shoulders. I'd lose if it meant I could spend more time with her. “Okay, we won't race. Down the slopes one more time.” We haven't made it to the big slopes yet, but she's doing well on the intermediate one.

She nods. “One more time. Then I'm going to have to go in.”

I don't argue with her. We go down the slope, and I pull my phone from my zippered pocket. I take pictures of her smiling and laughing as she goes down, and I can't help but smile with her.

On the ski lift to the top of the mountain, she's staring off into the distance. “You had fun, didn't you?” I ask her.

She nods and looks at me with surprise. “I did. I really did.”

I reach for her hand because I can't go any longer without touching her. “Have dinner with me.”

Before I even get the question out, she's shaking her head.

“Why not?” I ask her.

She points between the two of us. “Because we don't make sense, Levi. You're... you. And well, I'm me.”

I shake my head. “I don't understand.”

She blows out a breath. “Look, you don’t know how much I appreciated today. You were able to get my mind off... everything, and I haven’t been able to do that, so thank you. I’ll leave you a tip at the check-in station. You’ve definitely earned it today.”

My jaw grits. “I didn’t do this for a tip. I’m not charging you for a lesson. I wanted to spend time with you,” I tell her. We’re getting to the top, and I’m anxious because I know she’s going to escape as soon as she gets off.

When we’re finally on our feet, she pulls off her skis, and I do the same. I’m done before her, but something tells me not to help her, that she doesn’t want my help. As soon as she stands up, though, I crowd her, trying to get close to her. “Look, Gina. I don’t know what it is, but I feel something when I’m with you. I had fun today, and I don’t want it to end. Just dinner. Just have a meal with me.”

She wants to. I can see it in her eyes that she wants to. But she shakes her head. “I can’t, Levi. Look, I caught my ex cheating. He hurt me and I know, I know,” she says, holding her hands up when I start to cuss, “he’s not worth it. But this trip was supposed to be our honeymoon, so see, I just need time. I can’t get involved with someone else right now.”

“Do you love him?” I ask. I hold my breath, waiting for her answer. If she loves him, this is going to be harder, but I’m still not going to give up.

She tilts her head to the side as if she’s thinking about it. “Do I love him?” She shakes her head. “No, I don’t love him. He has made me question my self-worth. I’ve never had a problem with who I am or how I look, but I feel like I need time to heal.”

She looks so sad it makes me wish I had five minutes alone with her ex. Five minutes is all I’d need to fix him right up. Gina turns to go, and I know I should let her, but I race after her. “Will I see you tomorrow?”

The sadness is back on her face. “Maybe. I don’t know.”

I wait, hoping for more, but she doesn't say anything else. This time when she goes to leave, I let her go, but I know I'm not going to just let her get away. One afternoon with her is not enough.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Chapter 5

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## *Georgina*

I sit back in my chair with my hand over my belly. I ate the steak special, and it was probably the best steak I've ever eaten. I'm waiting on the check, ignoring the couples and families around me when I hear him. The one person I would never want to see again.

"Georgie, is that you? What are you doing here?"

My mouth falls open, and I look in the direction of the voice. *It can't be. No way.*

But my stomach plummets because I know it's him. I would recognize that voice anywhere. "Hello, Richard," I say, taking in the gorgeous redhead on his arm. The same woman from his condo.

I wait for the jealousy to surge after seeing my ex-fiancé with another woman, but it doesn't. The only thing I feel is anger.

He towers over me, trying to intimidate me. "I thought you canceled this trip."

I roll my eyes. "It was nonrefundable, so I decided to come on my own."

He laughs out loud, and I can feel the eyes of the people at the other tables turning to see what's going on. I look for my waiter. I need to pay and get out of here. I had no idea that Richard would be here. I need to get off the side of this mountain.

"Georgie, we both know you can't ski. Are you following me?"

Richard barely gets the words out, and I feel hands on my shoulders. “There you are, baby. I’m so sorry I’m late.”

I lean back, and Levi is standing over top of me. He had to have heard what was going on because his face is filled with sympathy and anger all in one. He takes the opportunity of me looking up at him to lean down and press his lips to mine.

I gasp, and I should pull away, but the soft heat of his lips on mine is more welcoming than I would have imagined. I lift my hand and hold it to the base of his neck, forgetting that we’re in a crowded restaurant. He deepens the kiss, and when a small whimper escapes me, he reluctantly pulls away. His eyes are shades darker as he stares down at me. “Are you ready to go? I’m ready to get you home.”

I blink, completely dazed by the fact my ex is watching us, the redhead is eyeing Levi, and Levi is watching me as if I’m the only woman on the mountain. “Uh, yeah, I’m just waiting on the check.”

He shakes his head. “Don’t you worry about it. I’ll take care of it. Let’s go.”

I put my hand in his and slide to my feet. Richard is not one to be ignored and moves in front of us. “Georgie, who is this?”

“Georgie?” Levi says. He looks at me. “I thought you hated that nickname. I thought your ex-fiancé was the only one that called you that.” Levi wraps his arm around me, pulling me into his side. My hand goes to his chest, and I can feel his heart racing under my palm. He then looks straight at Richard. “And we don’t like the ex-fiancé.”

Richard’s face turns red, and he starts to sputter, looking between Levi and me. “Georgie, I’ll ask you again. Who is this guy?”

I start to stutter when Levi presses his lips to my forehead. I feel an instant calm from his touch. “I’m her boyfriend. Now I’m sorry, but I’ve been away from her for three hours now, and I’ve missed her. I need my Gina time, and unfortunately for you, I don’t like to share. Come on, baby.”

Levi grabs my jacket off the back of my chair and pulls me with him. I hide my smirk when I see Richard get even madder as he watches us leave the restaurant. I'm busy enjoying his anger, but as soon as we're out of sight, Levi stops. "Gina." He puts his hand to my cheek. "Last chance. I don't know what happened between the two of you, but I can tell by the look on that man's face he's regretting his decision. If he wants you back..."

I interrupt him. "Are you trying to get rid of me already?"

He crowds me, lining his body up against mine. "Never."

Levi lets out a breath and leans down, pressing his forehead to mine. "I wish our first kiss wasn't in a restaurant—under those circumstances."

I freeze in his arms. What does that mean even? "You didn't have to kiss me," I tell him.

He smiles and pulls away, pulling my chin up to look at him. "I wanted to kiss you then, and I want to kiss you now. But what do you need?"

I look up at him in awe. I'm still surprised by everything that's happened today, but I know I want to spend more time with him. "Take me somewhere fun, somewhere we can talk and have a good time. I don't want to think about Richard..."

He nods and holds his hand out. "Okay, you want to go into town and play local?"

My eyes light up. "I'd actually love that."

He wraps his arm around my shoulder and leads me to the front of the lodge. When we get outside, he's parked right by the front doors. He opens the door of a big truck that has chains on the wheels.

He helps me in and even puts the seatbelt around me. I inhale deeply as he leans into me, and when he draws back, he's looking at me with flared nostrils. "Did you just smell me?"

He looks so serious, and I know my face turns red. "Yes, but I mean, it's not my fault. You smell yummy... a mix of Christmas cookies and man."

He puts his hand on my thigh and squeezes. “Fuck, Gina, you keep saying things like that and I’m not going to make it into town.”

He doesn’t wait for me to respond. He shuts the door and walks around to his side of the truck. His eyes are on the road in front of us. “Where are you from?”

“Tennessee. A small town called Whiskey Run.”

He nods. “I like Tennessee.”

I laugh. “Me too. So what about you? How long have you been a ski instructor?”

He shakes his head. “I’m not a ski instructor.”

I look at him in surprise. “Levi, you taught me how to ski today.”

He nods. “Yeah, okay, well, I guess you can say I’m a ski instructor. I sort of do a little bit of everything. My family owns the mountain.”

My jaw drops. “Your family owns the mountain? Like the whole mountain?”

He shrugs as if it’s not a big deal. “Yeah, I mean we own the lodge and the slopes... the mountain.”

As I take it all in, he points to the lit-up bar in front of us. “This is it.”

The trip down the mountain was short, and he’s pointing at a sign that says High Noon. It looks like something you’d see from an old Western. “Wow, this place looks awesome.”

He parks and walks around to meet me. “It’s where I come when I want to let go.”

He holds my hand when I climb out of the truck, and he doesn’t let it go. He holds it the whole time we walk toward the entrance of the bar.

As soon as we’re inside, I turn my head in every direction and take it all in. There’s people line dancing in front of us. There’s a bar in the back, off to the side are pool tables, and



everywhere around there are high tables with people mingling about. I smile up at Levi. “This is amazing.”

He nods. “Right? I love the atmosphere.”

I point to the dance floor. “Do you dance?”

He shakes his head. “Never. But if it means I’d get to hold you in my arms, I’ll make an exception tonight.”

I take in a deep breath. My stomach does a little somersault. He’s watching me closely, and he pulls my hand he’s holding up to his chest. “Let’s get you a drink... then we’ll dance.”

We each drink a beer, and it isn’t long before I’ve coaxed him onto the dance floor. I try to ignore it, but the number of women that openly stare at Levi is hard to miss. When a slow song comes on and he pulls me into his arms, I go easily. I haven’t drunk a lot, but it’s enough to warm me and make me a little uninhibited. “What are you doing with me?” I blurt out.

He tucks me in closer to his chest. “Dancing with you.”

I shake my head and look at a trio of women off the side of the dance floor. They’re all watching Levi and me, and they look surprised to see us together. “Do you have a girlfriend, Levi?”

He pulls back enough to see my face. He puts his finger on my chin and lifts so I have to look him in the eye. “No, I don’t have a girlfriend. Why would you ask me that?”

I shrug. “Well, probably because I feel like you being here with me is breaking some hearts right now.” I nudge my chin toward the women, and he turns and looks.

He’s ready to defend himself when he looks back at me. “I’m not dating any of those women, Gina.”

I search his eyes. “It’s nothing to me—”

He cuts me off as his hand cups my neck. “Don’t say that.”

I don’t understand what’s happening here, and before I can say anything else, another fast song picks up and the dance floor is flooded. We line dance, and even though he says he doesn’t dance, he’s a fast learner. By the time the song ends, my sides

are hurting from laughing so hard. We walk to the edge of the dance floor. "I'm going to the ladies' room. I'll be right back."

I get only a few steps away when his hand wraps around my wrist. "Do you want me to go with you?"

He looks all serious. "To the ladies' room? No, I think I can handle it. I'll be right back."

He acts as if he doesn't want to let me go. Images of that kiss from earlier fill my head. He tilts his head to the side. "What are you thinking about? Your cheeks are red."

I pull my hand from his. "Nothing... I'll be right back."

I duck my head and walk away from him, fanning myself the whole way.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Chapter 6

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## *Levi*

For the first time in forever, I feel that I'm in a good place. I take a seat at our table and keep my eyes trained on the hallway that leads to the restrooms. I'm not thinking about anything or anyone except for Gina right now and how I'm going to convince her to spend more time with me.

"Hey, Levi."

I don't look at the woman. I'm harsher than normal, but for months now, I've turned her down, and she's not taking the hint. "Hey, Tracy. I'm not interested."

She still doesn't get it. She moves into my line of sight, blocking me from the view of the hallway. "So I thought—"

She reaches out to touch me, and I jerk back. "Don't. I'm not interested."

I glare at her, and it's then I see Gina over Tracy's shoulder and instantly I see red. Gina is talking to my friend, Jerrod.

I stand up and make my way to them. As soon as I reach them, I pull Gina toward me, wrapping an arm around her shoulders. "Hey, Jerrod, I see you've met Gina. She's with me."

Jerrod looks between the two of us. "Well, fuck me, Levi. Can you leave any for the rest of us?"

Gina jerks from me, staring up at me with her mouth hanging open. For just an instant, I see the hurt in her eyes, but it's gone quickly. She looks at Jerrod. "It's not like that. We're just friends."

"The hell we are," I tell her.

She won't look at me. Instead, she looks at Jerrod. "You want to dance?"

As soon as she says it, I know if I don't get Jerrod away from her, I'm going to punch him in the throat. We've been friends for a lifetime, but that doesn't matter right now.

I look at her, and it's obvious she's upset. I grab on to her waist and look at my friend. "First of all, you're not dancing with her. Second of all, tell her the truth. Tell her what you meant."

I swear if he fucks this up for me, I'll never forgive him. He laughs. "I mean, women hit on him all the time. Probably because he has money and owns a mountain or some shit because we both know he's not much to look at."

Jerrod laughs at his own joke, but I don't find it funny. Hell, I'll never laugh again unless I fix this.

Jerrod's smile drops, and he rolls his eyes. "Women ask him, but he hasn't gone out in months... fuck dude, when is the last time you got laid? Anyway, he's been spouting some shit about wanting to settle down. I don't see the appeal of it..."

I step in front of him, positioning myself fully against Gina.

"I'm not a player. I'm not looking for some fuck or anything like that. I genuinely like you, and I want to get to know you."

She's looking everywhere but at me. "Can we go?"

Fuck! "Gina..."

She shakes her head. "Look, I believe you, but I mean, it doesn't matter. We just met, and like I said earlier today, me and you don't make sense."

I start to argue, but she holds her hand up. "Look, the amount of women that are looking at you as if they're about to stake their claim is a little overwhelming. Do you think we can get out of here?"

I wrap my hand around hers and pull her to the table I left. I grab both our jackets and head to the front of the bar. Before going outside, I help her put her coat on and then lead her to my truck. Everything was going perfectly, and now it's all

gone to hell. I take her outside, and with her hand in mine, I feel some better, but it's not enough.

“What about you?” she asks.

I tighten my hand around hers. “What about me?”

“It's cold, Levi. You should put your coat on.”

I shrug. The truth is, I don't even feel the cold right now, but my indifference doesn't faze her. She stops and pulls me to a stop with her. She pulls her hand from mine and grabs the jacket I'm holding. “Put it on.”

She looks at the bar and back at me. It seems she's come to a decision. “If you want to spend time with me, you don't need to be getting sick. I'm only here a few days.”

I take the jacket from her and put it on. I'm not used to having someone worry or care about me, and my heart starts to pound in my chest. With a smirk, I grab her hand again. “Truth is, honey, nothing is going to keep me away from you now.”

We walk to the truck, and I help her inside, putting her seatbelt on again. This time, I lean into her, caging her into the seat. I've wanted to kiss her again all night, and I don't want to wait any longer. “I want to kiss you, Gina.”

She cups my face in her hands. “Do you know how bad of an idea this is? I don't even understand what's happening. This”—she gestures between the two of us—“doesn't happen to me, Levi.”

I lean in closer. “This is happening, Gina.”

I stay where I'm at, close enough but not touching her. She hasn't said yes yet, and I'm dying inside hoping she wants this as much as I do. When she starts to look uncomfortable, I pull back. I don't want to pressure her. I'll wait for as long as I have to, but I don't want the night to be over. Not yet. Hell, not ever. “Come home with me.”

# Chapter 7

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## *Gina*

“Home with you?” I ask him.

He nods. “Yeah, I know you already ate, but I can make dessert. You don’t want to go back to the lodge, do you? There’s no doubt in my mind your ex is looking for you.”

I shake my head. “He’s not looking for me. That’s over.”

He wraps his fingers around one of my curls. “I saw the way he looked at you, honey. He doesn’t want it to be over.”

I know I shouldn’t. I should go back to my room and call it a night, but how can I? Levi makes me feel things I’ve never felt before. “I’m not sleeping with you.”

He nods. “I understand.” He holds his hand up. “And just to be clear, I want you. I wanted you as soon as I looked at you and even more now that I got to spend time with you today. But I also know that you’re vulnerable right now. I won’t take advantage of that.”

He wants me. I can see the truth in his eyes when he says it. A rush goes through my body, and I can’t stop the tremble. “Okay. Dessert and then I’m going back to the lodge.”

He nods. “Deal.”

He all but sprints around the truck to his side. He’s smiling as he gets in, and I love the fact that I’m the reason that smile is there. We get to the edge of town when the snow starts to fall.

The slick roads don’t seem to faze Levi, and I’m sure he’s used to driving on them. We talk nonstop for a while, and then the further we get up the mountain, both of us get quiet. I can’t



help but wonder if I'm making a bad decision, but I shake my head. It's dessert. I told him I'm not going to sleep with him, and that's that. We'll eat, and then I'll go back to my room at the lodge.

We turn down a side road before we get to the lodge and stop in front of a big cabin. All I see is darkness when Levi turns the truck off.

"Man, it's really coming down. Stay there and I'll come around for you."

I do as he says and wait for him to open my door. Blindly, I follow him, and he has to tell me where the steps are as we climb the front porch.

My teeth are chattering as he unlocks his front door. As soon as he opens it, I am inside clapping my hands together. "Oh my goodness, that was crazy. What were we thinking?"

He's standing in front of me, not even worried about himself. He's rubbing my arms and then grabs both of my glove-covered hands and does the same to them.

"Come on. Sit down and I'll get a fire going," he says as he starts to unbutton my jacket. He helps me take it off and then grabs a blanket off the back of the couch. While he's doing that, I take the time to look around the cabin. It's a cute one-story with big wood furnishings. He guides me to the couch and wraps a blanket around me when I sit down.

"I'll get a fire going," he says, and even though I'd love to explore his home more, I can't take my eyes off him as he discards his jacket and then starts putting wood in the fireplace. He has on a tight long-sleeved Henley shirt that pulls against his back muscles as he moves. I swallow hard. Forever, it seems that I've been frigid. At least that's what I thought, and that's what Richard told me. I've never really been interested in the happenings of a relationship or felt the kind of immense attraction that I do now.

Levi gets the fire going and turns back to me, sitting on the edge of the couch. "I'm so sorry, Gina. I didn't think it was going to get that bad. If we had broken down or something..."

I reach out for him. “But we didn’t.”

He looks at my hand on his and turns his over, threading our fingers together. “I just don’t want you to regret this.”

I try to take the worry off his face. “You mentioned dessert. I’m not going to regret it.”

I laugh at my own joke, but he takes me seriously and jumps up. “Right, dessert.”

I grab on to his hand before he gets by and pull him down beside me. “I was joking. The dessert can wait. Get warm,” I tell him, holding the edge of the blanket up.

He looks surprised, and I can’t say I blame him. I’m a little surprised myself. I know I’m being hot and cold with him, and a part of me wishes that I could just let it all go and see what happens.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Chapter 8

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## *Levi*

I'm surprised, but I don't hesitate. When she lifts the blanket for me to slide under it, I do just that, pressing my body up against hers. Instinctively, I put my arm around her and cup her shoulder. I wait for her to tense or even pull away, but she doesn't.

"Where's your Christmas tree?" she asks me, looking around the room.

"I didn't put it up. It's only me here, and I just haven't felt the Christmas spirit, I guess."

She nods. "I understand. I didn't put one up this year either."

I hate to bring it up, but I need answers. "So that was Richard. How'd he know you were here?"

She shakes her head and leans it back on my arm. "It's not like that. He didn't follow me here or anything. This was supposed to be our honeymoon. I tried to cancel, but it was nonrefundable. So here I am. I guess—" Her voice drops. "I guess he wanted to bring his girlfriend here."

"Asshole," I mutter. She doesn't say anything, and I tilt her chin up to look at me. "You know that, right? You know he's an asshole?"

She shrugs, and I turn my body to face her fully, head-on. "He's an asshole, Gina. He doesn't deserve you, and you're better off without him."

I search her face, hoping for her to agree with me.

She nods her head. “I know he’s an asshole. I know that, but well, there’s things... it wasn’t all him, Levi.”

I shrug my shoulders. “What does that even mean?”

She blows out a breath. She doesn’t want to answer me, but I know this moment is important. As if what she’s about to say is going to make me understand more about her and why she is the way she is. Maybe help me put together the fact that she’s one of the most beautiful women I’ve ever seen but doesn’t know it or seem to believe it.

Her eyes widen as she stares back at me and bites her lip. Something I’ve noticed her doing when she’s unsure of herself. I trace my thumb along her lip soothingly. “Talk to me,” I demand.

She’s looking over my shoulder, her gaze trained on something on the wall. I want her eyes on me, but if this means she’s going to be able to talk to me then I’m willing to let it slide for now. She opens her mouth, closes it, and opens it again. She starts to ramble. “I’m frigid,” she says, shaking her head, and then clenches her eyes shut. “And not just like I can’t perform, but I don’t want to. I never wanted to with him.” She shakes her head as if remembering something, and her eyes pop open. She’s looking at me, her face flushed, embarrassment lighting up her cheeks. “See, it wasn’t just his fault that he cheated on me. I mean, I know it was shitty of him, but I can’t really blame him. I never... did it for him.”

I grab both her forearms and pull her closer to me. I don’t know if I make the move for her or for me. I’m afraid she’s going to bolt any minute, and I don’t want her to. “Okay, so let me get this straight. You think you’re frigid.” She nods, and I ask her, “Tell me, why do you think that?”

She shrugs and starts looking at the damn wall again. “I have zero desire. None. And when we did, well you know, it was just painful. I just didn’t like it. I’ve never had an orgasm. He would get mad. I would feel bad. It’s just... not good.”

I stare at her, searching her face. I hear what she’s saying, and she’s saying it with such conviction I know she believes it. But I know she’s wrong. I could sit here and try to explain it to her,

but she's not going to believe me. No, I'm going to have to convince her.

"Can I kiss you?" I ask her.

She gasps, and her eyes snap to mine. "You want to kiss me... after all that, you want to kiss me?"

I nod. I keep a hold of her one arm, and my other hand trails up her arm, across her shoulder, and I wrap it around the base of her neck. "Can I kiss you?" I ask her again.

I know I told myself I'd wait, but I don't want to put this off. She has this crazy notion in her head, and I know she's wrong. She looks at my mouth, licks her lips, and then shrugs softly.

I smirk and shake my head. "That's not how this works, honey. I need to hear you say it. Tell me you want me to kiss you."

Her eyes darken, and sadness is plainly written on her face. "I don't know if I want you to kiss me, Levi. If I let you kiss me, you're just going to have physical proof of what I'm telling you." She blinks as if she's surprised by the confession. "And I hate you seeing me like that. Like I'm less than a woman."

My hands automatically tighten on her, and I have to force myself to loosen my hold. "I'd never see you like that."

She shrugs, disbelief plainly written on her face.

I lean in close. It would be so easy to move just a small inch closer and our lips would be touching. But I don't do it. No, I need to hear her say it. I need to hear her ask me for it.

"Ask me."

She blinks and then stares into my face. "Fine. Will you kiss me, Levi?"

I make myself wait to hear the whole sentence, but as soon as it's out, I'm on her. She thinks she's frigid, but I want to prove her wrong. I need to.

Our lips mesh, but she doesn't move. She's tense against me, and I know she's scared. I pull back. "It's okay. Relax. I'm just going to kiss you. I won't push you for more."

My thoughts from earlier are etched on my brain. I know she's vulnerable, and I don't need to push her, but I need her to doubt her ridiculous thoughts that she's frigid. Just by the looks she gives me, I know she's not.

She shakes her arms and moves her neck side to side, and I hold in my smile. She's trying to decompress, and I'm not going to laugh about it. "Ready?" I ask her.

She's holding her breath, but she nods.

When my lips are about to touch hers, I tell her, "Open your mouth for me. I want to taste you."

Her lips part instantly, and I press my lips to hers. The kiss is soft and sweet, and I do my best to keep it that way. When she whimpers, I press harder, angle my head, and deepen the kiss. My tongue mates with hers, and whether she realizes it or not, she's whimpering, and the needy sound is like music to my ears. I want to jump up and down on the couch, but I don't. Probably because I don't want this to end.

We kiss, and my hand slides to the front of her neck. I trace my finger across her collarbone and then down to the v of her cleavage. She's practically vibrating against me. *Just one touch*, I tell myself. I move my hand over her breast and touch her there. Her nipple is peaked under my palm. She's turned on, and when I squeeze, she gasps, pulling back.

"What? I mean, my God." She moans.

She's panting, breathing in and out, and I still haven't moved my hand. My finger is tracing the puckered nipple as if to say, *See, I knew you were wrong. You're definitely not frigid.*

She puts her hand over mine, and I stop my ministrations before I rest my forehead to hers. "Are you okay?"

She blinks, her eyes wide, staring back at me. "Yes. I'm okay, it's just, I don't know, it's a fluke."

I laugh then, because I can't hold it back. "You think this is a fluke? This between you and me?"

She nods just as I shake my head. "It's definitely not a fluke."

I want to ravish her. I want to strip her of her clothes and push myself inside her and demand her orgasm from her. But she's not ready for that.

I pull back and miss her instantly, but I know I need to take this slowly.

I force myself to stand up and ignore the bulge between my legs. I pull my pants at the thighs, trying to make room. I walk away then, to the other side of the room. Only when I'm a safe distance do I tell her, "What I feel for you is not a fluke. From the moment I saw you, I wanted you. And if you wouldn't lie to yourself, you would know you feel the same. There's no way you can tell me that you kissed me like that and don't feel a thing. Your nipples are hard, Gina. Your whole body was trembling against mine in desire. I stopped because I'm going to give you time to deal with this. But do whatever you have to do because when all is said and done, you and I are happening."

I drop that little bombshell and then I walk out of the room. I go straight to the kitchen and start pulling out the fixings to make cookies. My girl wanted dessert; she's going to get dessert.



# Chapter 9

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## *Georgina*

I can't believe I just kissed Levi. I've known him less than twelve hours and already I've felt more sexual excitement with him than I ever have before. I smack my hand to my head. Did I really just tell him that I'm frigid? I'm surprised he didn't run me out of the door as soon as I said the words out loud.

He surprised me, though. It was more of a challenge to him than anything, I think, and he was determined to prove me wrong. And prove me wrong he did. I still can't believe it. The attraction I felt was undeniable. I force myself to stand up. The fire has the room heated, and I walk through the living room and stand at the entrance to the kitchen. "You okay?" I ask him.

Levi is standing at the counter, his back to me, and he's leaning on his hands. His head is hung, and it's like he's in deep thought or upset, one or the other.

He stands up taller. "Yes, I'm fine. Are cookies okay?"

I lean against the door jamb. "Yes, but you don't have to bake for me. You can take me back to the lodge if you want to."

I'm worried that he's not meeting my eyes, but when I offer for him to take me back, his eyes snap up at me. "I'm not taking you back. Not until you've had the dessert I promised you."

I let out a breath that I'd been holding. I had wondered if he regretted bringing me here. I slap my hands together. "All right, so let's do this. How can I help?"

We work together putting all the ingredients in and then scooping them out onto the pan. He's making them from scratch without even looking at a recipe. I just do what he tells me. I have dough on my finger and am reaching for a paper towel when he grabs my hand and sucks the sweetness off. I suck in a breath right then and there. His tongue whirls on my finger, and when his lips pop off, he moans as if it's the best thing he's ever tasted.

"Good?" I ask him.

He nods. "The best."

We put the pan in, and then I stand awkwardly against the counter. He has his arms crossed over his chest. "Do you want to go to the lodge?"

"Oh, I mean, yeah, that's fine. We can go."

He shakes his head and moves over to me. His body presses to mine, and there's no denying his attraction for me. Did he get that just from looking at me and from being near me? I want to ask him, but I don't have the guts.

"No, I'm not saying I want to take you back. What I'm telling you is that it's probably now or in a few days."

When his words finally register, I gasp. "What do you mean?" I'm usually very smart, but being around Levi seems to make me dumb in some ways.

He nods over my shoulder, gesturing to the window. "The blizzard that was supposed to come after Christmas is coming early."

"What?" I ask, turning to look. I look out the window, and all I see is white. "No, surely not."

He grabs my hand and walks me to the back door. He flips a switch to light it up and then opens it so I can see out. He's standing at my back, his body pressed against mine.

"It's snowing... hard," I say dumbly.

His arms wrap around my waist and lock across my stomach. "Yeah."

I turn in his arms, but he doesn't loosen his hold. "Did you know this was going to happen?"

He shrugs, but his gaze never wavers. "I had hoped maybe, but the last report I heard was for after Christmas."

"So..." I start, not sure how to finish the sentence. I should tell him to take me back to the lodge.

"So... your choices are for me to take you back to the lodge... or you can stay here with me."

"You want me to stay here... with you?"

He nods, and his hands flatten against my lower back, pulling me in flush against his body. There's no mistaking the desire he has for me, and I can't ignore the pull in my lower belly.

He lowers his head so we're at the same level. "Yes, I would love to have you stay with me."

I tense in his arms. Did he not hear my speech earlier? Why would he want me to stay here... I'm not a sure thing. If anything, this will probably end in a disaster, and he'll end up hating me. "I want to stay... but it's not a good idea."

"Why not?"

I roll my eyes. "You know why."

He leans his forehead against mine. "Because of the s-e-x."

I roll my eyes. "What are you? Twelve?"

He doesn't laugh. He strokes his finger along my cheek. I couldn't look away from him if I tried. His voice is deep and thoughtful. "I'm not going to pressure you. We don't have to make love... I just want to spend time with you."

"Why?" I ask him, still not believing this is happening.

He doesn't hesitate. "Because I like you."

"And after everything I told you, you still want me to stay?"

He nods. "Yes."

I can feel myself wavering. "I don't have any clothes."

"You can wear mine."

“They probably won’t fit.”

He smiles. “Yes, they will.”

“I don’t have a toothbrush or my makeup...”

His hands move to my waist, and he squeezes. “I have extra toothbrushes. You don’t need makeup, and any other excuse you come up with, I’m going to argue with. Stay with me. I know this is out of the norm for you, and I know it’s scary because we just met. But I’m scared too.”

I lean back and search his face. “You’re scared?” What does he think, I’m a femme fatale or something? Why would he ask me to stay?

He nods. “Yeah, I’m scared because I’ve never felt this instant attraction to a woman in my life. I’m scared that you won’t give us a chance. I’m scared that I’m going to have to let you walk away, and that’s the last thing I want to do.”

He means it. I’m watching him closely, waiting for some sign that this is a joke or he’s just trying to get in my pants, but I don’t see it. What I see is a man that really truly wants me. I’m not sure why, or for how long—maybe I’m just here to make the time go by—but I know if I leave, I’ll regret it.

“I’ll stay.”

His arms come around me in a fierce hug. “You’ll stay?”

My face is buried in his neck, and I inhale his manly scent. “Yeah, I’ll stay.” I let myself soak in his warmth and strength and then pull away to look into his eyes. “I can’t let you spend Christmas by yourself.”

His eyes light up. “Yes, tomorrow is Christmas. The day miracles can happen.”

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Chapter 10

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## *Levi*

I've kept my promise to myself. It was probably the hardest thing I've ever had to do, and I'm pretty sure that today is going to be harder.

I kept my hands off her. Besides a kiss before I sent her off to my bedroom, I kept my hands off her all night. I keep telling myself that I need to give her time and space, but it's killing me in the process.

I gave her the bed, and I slept—if you want to call it that—on the couch. All night, I thought about her wearing my T-shirt, wrapped in my covers, and I couldn't get the image from my mind.

I woke up this morning to a hard cock, the blistering cold, and a full-on blizzard outside. I'm not worried. This is not my first blizzard, and I'm sure it won't be my last. I have everything prepared, plenty of food and firewood, and a generator in case we lose power. I shouldn't be tense... but I am.

I flip the bacon that is sizzling on the stove when I hear Gina clear her throat behind me. "Good morning."

I smile at the sound of her voice. "Morning." I turn, and my mouth drops open. She's still in my shirt that reaches mid-thigh. Her hair is tousled, and she looks so beautiful it makes my heart skip a beat.

I lay down the spatula and move toward her. How could I not? She's a fuckin' wet dream, and she's right here, standing in my kitchen. "Merry Christmas," I mumble to her, barely holding on to my restraint.

Her eyes light up as if she forgot that today is Christmas. I pull her in for a hug and hold her against me. She sighs against my chest, and this right here, the feeling of having her in my arms, is why I know we're meant to be. I thought about it last night, and even though we just met, I can't just let this feeling go because we've only known each other a short time. I won't do it.

"You want to shower, and I'll have breakfast ready soon."

She nods against my chest, and I go back to cooking. When she comes back as I'm setting the food on the table, she's in another one of my T-shirts with a pair of jogging pants. "I hope it's okay that I raided your closet."

I swallow hard. "Yes, it's more than fine. I like seeing my clothes on you."

We sit down, and I put bacon, eggs, and biscuits on her plate. "This is a feast."

"I hope you like it."

We eat mostly in silence, but it's not uncomfortable. Except for the part where I keep staring at her.

She wipes at her mouth and smiles. "What? Do I have something on me?"

I shake my head and laugh. "No. I just like looking at you."

She bites her lip, but before I can reach out to stop her, she asks, "So what are we going to do today? It is Christmas, after all."

"Did you look outside?" I ask her.

She nods. "Yep, so I guess whatever we do, it will have to be inside."

My temperature rises just thinking about being with her inside all day. I don't know how I'm going to keep my hands to myself. "Yep. We can play some board games... read, watch television... whatever you want to do. I'm just glad you're here."



She sets her fork down and blows out a breath. “Okay, well, I was thinking that it’s Christmas and I, uh, realized in the middle of the night what I want.”

I set the fork down and lean forward on my elbows. Her face is red, and she’s biting her lip again. She’s embarrassed and nervous. I didn’t even think about getting her anything, but if it’s at all possible, I’ll give her whatever she wants. “What do you want?”

I hold my breath, hoping that it’s something that I’m going to have around the house. Surely, I can think of something.

“Don’t look at me.”

I startle. “What?”

She rolls her eyes and turns in her chair, facing the wall. “I thought about this all night and told myself I was just going to come out here and say it, but I’ve put it off through breakfast, and now I’m just going to say it.”

She’s still not looking at me. I touch her arm and feel the same magnetic pull I felt last night. “Whatever you want, I’ll do whatever possible to make it happen for you.”

I can feel hope flaring in my chest, but I refuse to believe it. I’m not going to let myself hope until I hear the words from her mouth.

She takes a deep breath, and I wait patiently. “I want... well, last night, you were right. I wanted you. For the first time, I wondered if I really am frigid or not.”

“You’re not,” I tell her. I know she’s not. She’s way too responsive to be frigid.

She shrugs. “But you don’t understand. My whole adult life says otherwise.” She blows out a breath and turns to face me. Her cheeks are flaming red, but once her eyes land on mine, she says it. “I want to have sex with you. I mean, I want to try.”

Thank God I don’t have any food in my mouth because I know I’d be choking right now. I don’t question her. I jump up from my seat, my cock already hard, and say, “Okay.”

I reach for her and pull her up. She's laughing, but she goes into my arms anyway. "Wait, wait. It's going to be like an experiment. You seem to think that I'm capable..."

"Yes, honey. I have no doubt I can give you an orgasm."

She shakes her head. "No, that's not what this is about. I don't want to put that kind of pressure on you. I just want to have sex and..." She scrunches up her nose. "I don't want it to be awful."

I lean over and put one arm under her legs and one behind her back and pick her up. Her arms go around my neck, and she's struggling. "No, Levi. You're going to break your back."

I walk out of the kitchen, down the hall, and to the bedroom. "You're light. Quit fighting me."

She calms in my arms, and when I get next to the bed, I set her feet down on the floor. She's tugging on the hem of her shirt. "Wait, I didn't mean right now... we can wait and maybe work up to it."

I shake my head and pull her lower body against mine. She feels my bulge pressed into her belly, and her eyes widen. "No, honey. That's not how this is going to work. I'm thinking we'll be snowed in together for probably two to three days. I plan on making the most of it, and that's definitely going to be with me between your thighs the majority of the time."

Her eyebrows arch, and I know she likes the sound of it too. But there's a hesitancy in her voice. "But what if I can't... what if I'm awful?"

I twirl her hair in my finger and tug her face to mine. "You can't be awful. Heck, baby, if you're half as good as you were in my dreams last night, I'll sign up to be your sex slave for life."

"You dreamed about me?"

"Yes. All night. I fought with myself all night. If I'd had it my way, I'd have been buried balls deep inside you instead of sleeping on the lumpy couch."

She likes what I'm saying, but the look in my eyes tells me she's scared. I tug at the hem of her shirt. "No pressure. Just let me make you feel good. All you have to do is lie back and enjoy it."

She clenches on to my shirt. "But what if I don't?"

"You will."

She doesn't believe me. "Are you going to be mad if I don't?" She's seriously worried about this. Not worried about her not enjoying it but about how I'm going to feel if she doesn't.

"No, baby. I'm not going to be mad," I tell her. I leave out the part where I know she's going to enjoy it. She doesn't believe me, so I'm going to have to prove it to her.

I pull her shirt up to show her midriff. "Can I take this off?"

She looks bewildered and overwhelmed at my request. "I usually leave it on."

I grit my teeth before I say something she's not going to like. What kind of man is this Richard? He's an ass, but obviously he's a selfish ass too.

"Honey, just a few rules. We're not going to talk about before anymore. The thought of you with... just no more. Okay?"

She nods. "What's number two?"

I pull the shirt high on her waist. "Arms up," I tell her.

She raises her arms, and I pull my T-shirt off her body. She doesn't have a bra on, and she goes to cover herself with her arms. I peel them from her chest. "Number two, I'm going to see it all. Bodies touching, skin against skin, I want the whole thing."

I wait for her to answer me by bringing the back of my knuckles across her breast. Her nipples are hard, and I stroke them back and forth. Her head falls back, and the groan that comes from her gives me just an inkling of how good it's going to be with her. "Okay? Answer me, baby. You okay with number two?"

She moans as I tweak her nipples between my fingers and give them a small tug. “Yes, skin to skin.”

I lean down, kiss her shoulder, and make my way to her breast. I suckle her, and her hand threads through my hair. She’s making the same whimpers from last night when I was kissing her, so I know she likes my mouth on her.

Without taking my mouth off her, I pull her panties down her leg. She steps out of them, and when I know she’s naked, I pull my lips off her and look her up and down. She’s curvy and takes my breath away. Her body trembles, and I know it’s from need. There’s desire raging in her eyes, and it pushes me further. I want to take her now. Push inside her and make her mine.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Chapter II

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## *Georgina*

I thought about this all night, lying in his bed with the smell of Levi surrounding me. His kiss evoked things in me I've never felt before, and I knew I couldn't just walk out of here without taking this to the next level. I may only have just met him. I may only be here a few more days, but none of that matters. I want to feel and experience everything he's willing to offer.

Now, here I am, completely naked in front of him, and my whole body is trembling as if just brought to life. I should feel self-conscious, but I don't. How could I with the way he's looking at me? "You too, right? That means you're taking your clothes off too."

He nods. He looks rugged, with his hair going every which way and the stubble on his chin. He takes off his clothes, and the whole time he's watching me, gazing up and down my body. As soon as he takes off his pants, I gasp and take a step back. "That's definitely going to hurt, Levi."

I don't say it out loud, but I've never seen anything like what he's got hanging between his legs. He pulls me to him, his hardness pressing against me. I can feel the wet precum on his tip as it paints my belly. "I would never hurt you," he tells me before pressing his lips to mine.

The kiss is all consuming, and when we finally pull apart to take a breath, I'm lying on the bed with him settled between my open thighs. I barely catch a breath, and he's crawling down between my legs, kissing the whole way. With each touch of his lips, my body jerks. He notices it and starts to test

the theory. Even though I know it's coming, my body still reacts to him.

He reaches between my legs and strokes his finger through my slit. He groans, letting his head fall to my hip. "Baby, you're so wet. I can't wait to be buried deep inside you."

I lift up on my elbows to watch him. He kisses and licks me, focusing on my swollen clit. "Lie back," he tells me.

I do as he says and close my eyes. I try to empty my mind until the only thing I'm thinking about is him and the feelings he's creating inside me.

When he gets to a certain pattern, flicking his tongue, circling it around my swollen nub, I whimper. He stops for just a second and does the same thing again. I try to hold it in, but I can't. The moan escapes, and my hips come up, seeking to be closer. He keeps doing it over and over. More pressure, less pressure. Everything he does, he's listening to my body and doing what I crave. "Yes. Don't stop."

His hands grip my thighs, and he pushes his face against my center. I can feel myself start to crest. It's happening. My body starts to shake, my hips buck, and my toes curl. It's the most intense feeling I've ever felt, and fuck, it's good.

He doesn't stop. I ride the orgasm until my body finally starts to relax. Muscles I haven't used before are taut and hurting, but I don't care. I'm breathless when he climbs up my body. He reaches for the nightstand and pulls out a condom. I watch as he sheathes himself and then positions himself at my entrance. "I can, you know, give you a turn," I tell him, gesturing to his hard manhood between us.

He leans over and kisses me. I can taste myself on him, and the kiss intensifies. "I won't last. I need in you. Can I have you, Gina?"

I nod, and he doesn't hesitate. He plunges inside me. My whole body contracts at the sensation. He waits, letting my body adjust before he starts to move in and out of me. With every thrust, he brings me higher. There's a build inside me, as

if I'm going to have another orgasm. "No way," I mumble, holding on to him as he plows in and out of me.

He doesn't question me; he knows what I'm thinking. "That's right, baby. I need to come, but I need you to come with me."

I'm already shaking my head. "I can't."

He leans in and kisses me. There's so much in this kiss, trust, longing, desire, want, need, and more that I don't even want to begin to think about. "You can, and you will. Come on, Gina baby, make me come. Milk me. I need you bad."

His movements are reckless and uncontrolled, but he doesn't stop. When he reaches between us, I flinch as he moves over my clit. One stroke, two strokes and before he even gets to the third, I'm convulsing underneath of him. He groans, I scream, and he pounds into me over and over.

I'm hot and an emotional mess by the end of it.

He falls down on top of me, breathless. He's kissing my arm, and I resist reaching up and wiping the tears from my eyes. So this is what it's supposed to be like?

He raises himself off of me, and I sit up, completely naked, and hightail it to the bathroom. I slam the door and lean against it. As soon as I'm alone, the tears start to flow.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)



# Chapter 12

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## *Levi*

I can hear her on the other side of the door. She's crying, and

I try to think back to what I could have done wrong. I dispose of the condom and stand outside the bathroom door.

"Gina, honey. We need to talk."

"Can you hand me some clothes?"

She opens the door and holds her hand outside of it.

I grab my T-shirt that I had on and hand it to her. She takes it and shuts the door again. Mere seconds go by, and she's opening the door, a smile plastered to her face. "Thank you," she mumbles as she walks past me.

"Thank you?" I stutter. I walk after her and grab her arm, pulling her around to me. She looks like a woman devastated instead of a woman that just had not one, but two orgasms. "What do you mean, thank you?"

She shrugs. "I mean you did it. You proved me wrong. I can have an orgasm. Congratulations."

I shake my head, trying to keep up. "What? You think this was a game? That I made love to you because I wanted to see if I could be a stud and bring you to climax? Is that what you think?"

She shrugs and still won't look me in the eyes. "Don't call it that."

"What?"

She stiffens. "Making love. We didn't make love."

Outrage pours through my veins. “The hell we didn’t.”

She’s watching me. Disbelief and hope are both buried in her big brown eyes. “We did, Gina. If that wasn’t making love, then I don’t know what it was.”

“We just met... we’re snowed in together... I’m leaving...”

I pull her against me. I’m still naked, and my cock is still semi hard, wanting to be back inside her, but this is too important to just ignore.

“Yeah, we just met. And thank fuck we’re snowed in together. And I know you’re leaving, but that doesn’t mean something can’t come of this... of us.”

Her eyes are round, and she rears back at me in surprise. “What does that even mean?”

I clench my fists at my sides to stop myself from closing in on her. She needs her space, and I’ll give it to her, at least until she tries to leave me. Then there’s nothing that’s going to stop me. At least that’s what I tell myself. But when she turns to walk away from me, I can’t let her. She needs to know. “It means that I love you, Gina.”

She whirls around to face me. “You can’t.”

I pounce on her then, wrapping my arms around her. She struggles, fighting to get away, but this is too important. I can’t let her go until she understands. “Listen to me,” I tell her, my mouth right next to her ear. “I love you, Gina. I fell in love with you the first time I saw you. This isn’t a game to me. This wasn’t meant to be a one-night stand. I want us to be together.”

“How? You don’t even know me...” she says.

“I know your favorite color is red. You like sweets, but your favorite is banana pudding because you convinced yourself it’s healthy since it has bananas in it. You love your job, and you can do it from anywhere. You want to travel, and even though you didn’t think you’d like to ski, you love it here in Ski Mountain.”

“You remember all that?”

I shake my head. “I remember everything you said. Since I first saw you, you have been my focus. I haven’t been able to think of anything else.”

She’s practically melting against me now. “How... but I don’t... we can’t...”

I put my hands on each side of her face and force her to look at me. “I’m not letting you go, Gina. If you want to take this slowly, that’s fine. If you want to move here to Ski Mountain, that’s fine. If you want me to move to Whiskey Run, I’ll do it. If you want me to follow you all over the country, that’s fine. I’ll do whatever you want as long as you give us a chance.”

I’m holding my breath, waiting for her to respond to me. I told her what I want, and it’s in her hands now. “This is crazy... we just met.”

I shake my head. “Love is crazy, but that doesn’t mean it’s not real. I’m not asking you to marry me today. I’m asking you to give me... give us a chance.”

“Are you sure?” she asks me.

I push the hair off her face. “I’m sure.” She nods but doesn’t say anything. “Tell me what you’re thinking, Gina.”

Her hands go to my waist. This is probably not a conversation to have naked, but I’m not going to take the time to put on clothes. “I think you were right.”

My heart is racing in my chest. “Right about what?”

“When you... when we...” She shakes her head as if fixing her thoughts. “It felt like making love to me too.”

I let out a breath, and my forehead touches hers. “Fuck yeah, it was.”

Her hands trail up my chest. “I want this, Levi. I’m scared and afraid you’ll change your mind, but I want this. I’m all in.”

I pick her up, swinging her around in the living room. Her legs go around my waist, and her hot core is against my abdomen. I stride with her down the hall back to the bedroom. “Where are you going?”

I toss her onto the bed and follow her down. “It’s Christmas, baby, and I just got my miracle. I’m going to celebrate.”

She’s smiling up at me, all insecurities gone. “We should probably put up a tree.”

“I’ll put up a tree after we’re done... probably tomorrow... or the next day.”

She laughs. “But Christmas will be over then.”

I shrug. “Yeah, well then you can just help me put one up next year. I need inside you, Gina.”

She slides her arms around my neck, smiling. “Next year?”

I kiss her cheek and whisper into her ear, “Yeah, baby. And the year after that too.”

She reaches down between us and wraps her hand around my hard shaft. “I like the sound of that.”

I moan. “Me too.”

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Epilogue

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## Levi

### One Year Later

I wish I could say that everything was easy and effortless, but I'd be lying. The truth is it took me awhile to convince Gina that we were meant to be together. If I could spend just fifteen minutes with her ex, I'd take it.

It's only in the last six months that she's seemed to come out of her shell and feel comfortable in her own skin. And well, I thought I loved her then, but now I'm obsessed. She's sassy and confident. She walks into a room and claims me instantly without any hesitation. She's finally free from the shit she went through before.

I lift my head and look at her in my arms. She's still sleeping, and it's dark outside. The only light is the soft gold glow from the Christmas tree in the living room that shines down the hall. Last year, when it was time for Gina to check out, she left, and we promised each other that we would work it out to see one another. I lasted all of an hour before I hit the road to Whiskey Run. I knew I couldn't let her go.

I stayed there for two months before she decided that she'd like to come back to Ski Mountain with me, and we've been here ever since.

"Levi," she says groggily.

I loosen my arm from around here, realizing that I was holding her too tight. "Yeah, honey."

She lifts her head to look at me. "What were you thinking? Your heart is racing, and you were holding me like you were

afraid I was going to sneak out of here or something.”

I push her hair off her forehead and kiss her. “I was thinking about when you left me this time last year.”

She kisses my chest. “I didn’t leave you. I had to go back and get things sorted out.”

My voice is gruff. I hate thinking about that day. Even though I followed her, she still left. “When you left, you said and I quote, ‘You can see other people, Levi. I don’t expect you to wait on me.’”

She leans into me, laying her head on my chest. “At the time, I wasn’t sure about things. I was still wondering if we were moving too fast or if this was real or not.”

I rest my chin on top of her head. “And now? What do you think?”

Her hand is rolling across my chest lazily. Her finger circles my erect nipple. “I think this is about as real as it gets. I love you, Levi. I loved you then even though it was crazy fast, I love you now, and I’ll love you forever.”

“And?”

She raises her head to look at me. “And what?”

My voice is gruff. “And tell me that you’ll never leave me again. You want to go somewhere, we go together.”

She scoots up my body until we’re eye to eye. Her hand cups my cheek. “I’m not leaving you, Levi. I love you.”

I search her eyes and see the sincerity there. I had planned to do this later, but I can’t wait another minute. I roll to the side and open the nightstand and pull the little box out. I get out of bed and then turn, dropping to one knee.

Her mouth falls open, and she sits up on the edge of the bed. “Levi? What is this? What’s happening?”

“Gina, I want to spend the rest of my life with you by my side. I want you to wear my ring, and I want everyone to know that you’re mine. I loved you the minute I first saw you, and I love you even more today. Will you please marry me?”



“Yes! Yes!” she says. I lean up to kiss her as she throws herself at me. I fall backwards, pulling her on top of me. We’re both laughing as I roll on top of her. I grab the box on the floor and take the ring out before putting it on her finger.

She looks at it. “It’s beautiful.”

I shake my head. “It’s so dark in here. You can’t even see it.”

“I don’t care. It’s perfect.”

I kiss her until we’re both breathless. When I pull away, I look into her eyes. “I want to fuck you while you’re wearing nothing except my ring.”

She runs her hand down my chest. “We can make that happen.”

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Whiskey Run Series

Want more of Whiskey Run?

## *Whiskey Run*

[Faithful](#) - He's the hot, say-it-like-it-is cowboy, and he won't stop until he gets the woman he wants.

[Captivated](#) - She's a beautiful woman on the run... and I'm going to be the one to keep her.

[Obsessed](#) - She's loved him since high school and now he's back.

[Seduced](#) - He's a football player that falls in love with the small town girl.

[Devoted](#) - She's a plus size model and he's a small town mechanic.

## *Whiskey Run: Savage Ink*

[Virile](#) - He won't let her go until he puts his mark on her.

[Torrid](#) - He'll do anything to give her what she wants.

[Rigid](#) - If you love reading about emotionally wounded men and the women that help them overcome their past, then you'll love Dawson and Emily's story.

## *Whiskey Run: Cowboys Love Curves*

[Obsessed Cowboy](#) - She's the preacher's daughter and she's off limits.

## *Whiskey Run: Heroes*

[Ransom](#) - He's on a mission he can't lose.

[Redeem](#) - He's in love with his sister's best friend.

[Submit](#) - She's his fake wife but he wants to make it real.

[Forbid](#) - They have a secret romance but he's about to stake his claim.

## *Whiskey Run: Sugar*

[One Night Love](#) - Her one night stand wants more.

[Rebound Love](#) - She's falling for the rebound guy.

[Second Chance Love](#) - He is not a man to ignore... especially when he asks for a second chance.

[Bad Boy Love](#) - He's a bad boy that wants her good.

## *Whiskey Run: Guardians MC*

[Protective Biker](#) - She needs his protection and he'll give it to her. But he's going to need her heart in exchange.

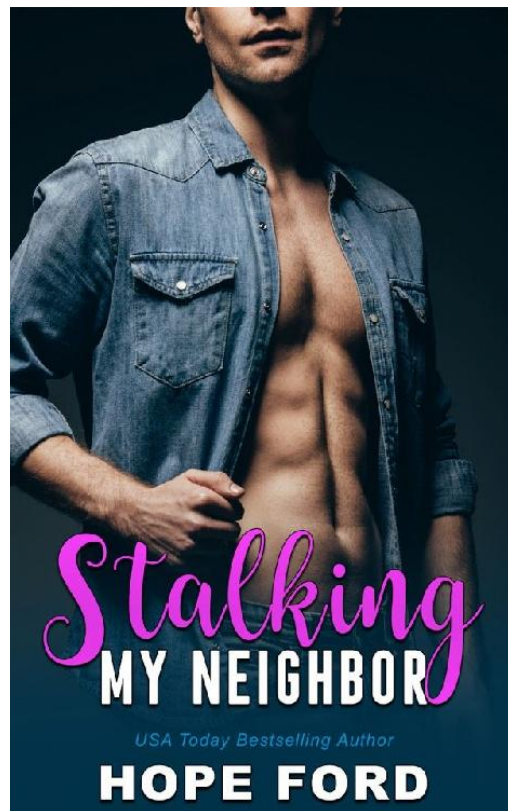
[Broken Biker](#) - There's only one woman for him...

[Relentless Biker](#) - He won't stop until he has her back.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Free Books

Want FREE books? Go to [www.authorhopeford.com/freebies](http://www.authorhopeford.com/freebies)



[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# JOIN ME!

## JOIN MY NEWSLETTER & READERS GROUP

For Up To Date Information on New Releases, Specials, and More

### [JOIN MY NEWSLETTER](#)



### [JOIN MY PRIVATE FACEBOOK GROUP!](#)



### [CLICK HERE TO JOIN MY READERS GROUP ON FACEBOOK](#)

A place to talk about Hope Ford's books! Find out about new releases, giveaways, get exclusive content, see covers before anyone else and more!

Find Hope Ford at [www.authorhopeford.com](http://www.authorhopeford.com)

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# About the Author

USA Today Bestselling Author Hope Ford writes short, steamy, sweet romances. She loves tattooed, alpha men, instant love stories, and ALWAYS happily ever afters. She has over 100 books and they are all available on Amazon.

[FOLLOW ME](#) – Click on the link or below to follow Hope Ford on Pinterest, Instagram, Facebook, Goodreads, and more!



[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)