

The background of the entire page is a deep red color. In the lower half, there is a dense field of small, heart-shaped confetti or sequins, also in shades of red, creating a textured, shimmering effect. The text is centered in the upper half.

Back in the Saddle

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The cast itched so much, she was about to cut it off just to scratch her foot. Damn, it had been a long winter, too long, and Cassandra Riley had spent most of it wondering if she'd ever see a blade of grass again. It had been the snowiest winter on record for the small town of Pritchard in eastern Wyoming. She couldn't wait to get out of her house since it had been five long weeks since she'd broken her ankle. Her dog was looking at her funny and damned if she wasn't horny as hell.

She'd broken up with her boyfriend Declan Murphy in September. Truth be told, she missed the big ox. He was completely unromantic, intelligent but dumber than a doorknob when it came to her feelings, and he was content scraping by on a horse ranch. As a writer, she had so many aspirations and dreams, settling for living on a ranch was not her idea of forever. She wanted more than just training horses and owning a stud they let out half a dozen times a year.

The breakup was entirely her fault in that respect. He didn't understand her unhappiness and she didn't understand his contentment. They were at cross purposes and she decided after three years, she needed a new start. Unfortunately the winter decided to come down like a banshee and trap her in the house for six months.

It gave her too much time to think, that was for sure. She'd gotten two books written, at least that was something. Her mind refused to turn off, which of course was a blessing and a curse. The words flowed but so did her erotic imaginings as well. She spent many nights with only a vibrator for company and damned if she didn't picture Declan's face every time she came. She even resorted to kicking the dog out of the bedroom because she didn't want any witnesses.

Cassie got up from the sofa as awkwardly as usually and hobbled to the big bay window in the living room. The steel gray clouds over the mountains in the distance foretold more snow on the way even as the sun shone brightly on her house. She stuck out her tongue at the offending weather.

"Damn snow." With a grumpy disposition and more than a bit of annoyance, she made her way to the bedroom and climbed on the bed for a nap. Maybe she could sleep away the next week until she was due to go into town and get her cast off.

Declan drove his snowmobile over the hills toward Cassie's place. He knew she'd been laid up in a cast, and with so much snow, likely going nuts with cabin fever. It wasn't his business to check on her, and he really shouldn't have even started toward her house, but he found himself there before he realized it.

Or perhaps he didn't want to turn around. Truthfully, Declan still loved the redhead with the sassy mouth and lips that gave him wet dreams. She was smart, funny, annoying and he was wild for her. Unfortunately, she dumped him six months ago and he went on a bimbo spree that left him sore and sorry. He knew Cassie had heard about all the women he'd dated, nothing was secret for long in such a small town. Not that she cared, of course, since she was the dumper and he was the dumpee.

Damn it still stung like a bitch. He really wanted to be over her, but damned if he didn't still love Cassie.

The lights were on in the living room at her house, which was a good sign. His heart picked up speed the closer he got. He couldn't help but wonder what her reaction would be to seeing him on her doorstep. Declan ought to stand at the foot of the steps out of her reach. Maybe he ought to turn around instead, leave her to her dumper status. Childish but effective.

Yet he switched off the snowmobile in the driveway, noting the unshoveled walk and the mound of snow in front of the garage door. Obviously she'd been paying for a plow to come up her long driveway, but not for someone to keep her walk clear. She wouldn't go far in a cast, but with two feet of snow in the way, it would be hard for anyone to get to the front door.

Declan unburied the shovel beside the barn and got to work. Within five minutes, the warmth of the sun combined with the sweat from shoveling made him regret wearing full snow gear. Yet he continued on, progressing all the way to the front door in no time. He stood up and glanced at the sun, surprised to see it already heading toward the horizon.

"Shit."

It would take at least an hour to get back to town, and by then it would be dark enough in the woods to make it dangerous to drive the snowmobile through. He had two choices, either ask Cassie to use her car or ask her to spend the night.

The very thought of spending the night with her made his entire body clench.

Declan walked up to the door and rang the doorbell, gloves in hand, and heart in his throat.

Cassie had heard a snowmobile a few hours earlier, but nothing since until the doorbell rang. She got herself out of bed, still fuzzy-headed from her long nap and made her way to the door. The bell rang a second time just as she reached it.

"Keep your shirt on, I'm coming."

Even if she could balance herself long enough to see through the peephole, it had long since iced over. Cassie opened the door and the gust of frigid air wasn't the only thing that gave her goosebumps.

Declan stood on the front steps, his brown curls poking out from under his knit hat. Just a hint on a smile tickled his sensual lips as he looked her up and down.

"Cass, you look--"

"Pitiful? Thanks for coming by to tell me." She tried to slam the door, on him and her instant arousal, but he jumped up two steps and put his hand out to stop the door.

"I was going to say beautiful, a sight for sore eyes, amazing, or something equally as nice." He frowned at her. "I came by to check on you because I was worried."

Duly chastised for her less-than-stellar behavior, Cassie sighed. "I'm fine as you can see. I do appreciate you..." She glanced at the walk and realized he'd gotten rid of the enormous piles of snow for her. "You shoveled?"

The grin, with the dimples that accompanied it, hit her right between the eyes. "It looked like you needed a little help."

She opened her mouth to refute that, but knew he was right. It had been too long since anyone had visited her, and she had been not only thinking of Declan, but dreaming of him. In living color.

"Come in, please. I'm sorry I'm so bitchy. It's been a long winter."

Declan bounded up the step so fast, Cassie started and began to fall backwards. The door slammed, he caught her around the waist and her crutches clattered to the floor.

His bright blue gaze drank her in. She could feel every inch of him pressed against her, the sheer hardness of his body made her giddy.

"Thank you." Her voice was breathless and rightfully so. Cassie's arousal just shifted into fifth gear and her nipples popped like buds in spring.

"I've missed you."

His confession was low but she heard him loud and clear. "I missed you too."

Declan scooped her into his arms, careful of her cast and the wall behind him. Cassie knew he was taking her to the bed and damned if her pussy didn't get wet just thinking about being with him again. Her reasons for breaking up to him seemed unimportant and silly now. He was her mate, her partner in all things.

"You'd better be taking me to bed."

His pupils dilated and she was pleased to note the hard ridge of his arousal poking her hip. "Can't think of any other place I'd like to be."

"Good because I plan on spending the weekend tussling in the sheets with you." Cassie ran her finger across the seam of his lips. "I hope you're up for it, cowboy."

"I'm up for it, all right." He laughed just a bit painfully.

She grinned. "Then take me to the boudior so we can get naked."

"Sweeter words were never spoken."

Declan shook with the force of his arousal. No one had ever stoked him or satisfied him like Cassie. She was like the ying to his yang, the other side of the coin, his mate. He had to keep himself in check or he might just come in his boxers before he even touched skin.

She had lost weight, not surprising given she'd been in a cast for a month. Cassie was full of curves, ones that filled his hands and his imagination. He laid her on the bed, running his hands down the body he had missed as if the sunshine had fallen from the sky.

Cassie sighed as he reached her thighs. "That feels good. The muscles are sore."

He grinned and lightly massaged the honey-toned skin. This time she moaned low in her throat. He breathed in deeply, her scent traveling through his body like a river current splashing onto dry land. This was exactly what he craved, needed, hell, dreamed of. He'd missed Cassie fiercely, enough to drown himself in whiskey and women for a month. Since then he'd been sober and avoided females completely.

That didn't stop him from dreaming about the redhead who owned his heart. More than one morning he'd woken up with a throbbing hard-on and a hand to solve it.

Now she was here in front of him like a banquet to a starving man. He peeled off her pajama pants, tickled to see the bright purple panties beneath. She always loved to surprise him with technicolor underwear. He leaned forward and kissed her pussy, loving the dampness he found.

She threw her arms above her head. "Damn that felt good."

He smiled and bit at her through the thin material. That's when his control began to waver. The temptation was overwhelming. Declan had to taste her.

His thumbs slowly pulled down the panties, kissing the skin as he went. She opened her legs wider when the panties hit the floor. Her musky scent filled his nose as he positioned himself at her core. His mouth watered in anticipation.

"Baby?" she murmured.

"Mm, just lay back, darlin'. I'm going to make you feel good."

He spread her netherlips, shaking when he saw the glistening pink folds of her pussy. He kissed her clit, lapping at it briefly. She sucked in a breath.

Declan smiled and began to eat her in earnest. He slid one thumb inside her while the other traveled to her ass. Each digit fucked her slowly, deliberately. She loved it when he teased her, always said it made her come like a jackhammer.

His dick was so hard, it hurt like a bitch. He pressed it into the mattress, rocking gently to keep the ache at bay. Declan controlled the urge to fuck her, which his woody was currently urging him to do. First he had to pleasure his lady.

He nibbled on her clit, then sucked it between his lips, tugging on it like a small cock. Her juices coated his tongue and he closed his eyes for a moment at the pleasure. Small kittenish moans sounded from her as he continued to feast on her cunt.

"God, Declan, that feels soooo good." She wiggled on the bed and he realized she was taking off her shirt and bra.

The view of her pink tipped breasts made his dick throb even harder. He'd lick them when he was fucking her, that was for damn sure. Her hands crept up to pinch the nipples.

Declan moaned.

"Eat me, baby. Eat me good." She twisted and pinched herself until the nipples were like tiny pink towers.

He had to hold back his own orgasm at the sight.

Declan began moving his thumbs faster as his tongue teased and licked at her clit. He sucked at her, then bit, then licked. Each time she clenched around his digits.

"Close, so close." Her legs began to close around his head and he knew she was about to come.

Her juices flooded his mouth as she screamed his name and bucked against his mouth. He lapped at her, loving the taste of her as she came on his tongue. Cassie was as delicious inside as she was on the outside.

She twitched as he continued to lick her, to pleasure her. He stopped when she reached down and pulled his hair.

"Declan, fuck me. Now."

Well, hell, he didn't need to be told twice. It took a couple of tries to get his damn snow pants off, but he managed to get naked in record time. After one last lick of her sweet pussy, he climbed atop her and settled his leg beside her cast.

"I said now."

He chuckled. "Your wish is my command, lady Cassandra."

She giggled. "Get your dick in gear, Declan."

Declan paused at the entrance to her core and felt the hot wetness coat the head of his cock. He shook with the power of his feelings for her.

"I love you Cass."

Her fingers tightened on his shoulders. Declan stared down into her freckled, beloved face, into the blue eyes he wanted to see every morning. His heart skipped a beat as she stayed silent, then she smiled at him.

"I love you too."

Joy raced through him. Yes, this was where he belonged. He kissed her as he slid into her waiting pussy. He closed his eyes as the perfectness of the moment, the absolute rightness of it.

He never thought snow would bring him a real angel.

Cassie remembered the last time she'd felt so good—and it was in Declan's arms. She'd denied the fact they had more than just a sexual relationship. There was love there and a lot of it. Declan had been so non-chalant about what was between them. The fact he just told her he loved her made tears prick her eyes.

She'd waited two years to hear those words, and it took a six month separation for him to realize they were true. As he slid into her, she held her breath, savoring the feel of him. She'd never felt anything like it with any other man.

He was her mate and she was his.

His cock filled her, rubbing deliciously within the walls of her pussy. He thrust in and out slowly, giving her ample time to enjoy the hardness, the sensation of having him inside her.

She was frustrated by her cast and the fact she couldn't get on her knees or even bend them to allow him to go deeper.

Declan distracted her by pulling one nipple into his mouth. Tingles of pleasure traveled straight through her as he sucked and nibbled on her. He knew her hot spots, how to make her squirm and gasp.

She loved it.

"Deeper." Cassie grabbed at the quilt, trying without success to position herself better.

Declan bit one nipple. "I don't want to hurt your leg."

"Forget my leg. I want you to fuck me deeper."

He let the nipple go with another bite, making her hiss with pleasure. God he was good, so good.

"I'm going to have to take it out for a minute so I can try something." He pulled out and she jerked at the loss of his heat. He got up on his knees, spreading her legs wide. Then he picked up her cast and slowly raised it onto his shoulder. "Am I hurting you?"

"Only by making me wait for that cock of yours. Put it in." She couldn't believe how different the angle but damned if he wasn't able to fill her and get inside her so deeply, he touched her womb.

Cassie's eyes closed as she clenched around him, eager for more. He didn't disappoint.

His thumb pressed on her ass as he began to pump in and out of her. Oh yeah, he knew what she liked.

"Touch your pussy, Cass. C'mon, show me how you like it."

Dirty talk was another thing that totally turned her on. Giving and receiving. One of her hands crept down to her clit right above where his cock was currently pumping in and out. The other hand pinched her nipple. The combined sensations made her feel like a rocket about to leave the launch pad.

"I'm going to come fast, Declan," she gasped as the wave began to wash over her.

He picked up his pace, fucking her with his dick and his thumb while she pleased herself. The orgasm hit her like a tornado, spinning her around while she was buffeted by the most exquisite pleasure she'd ever felt. Declan screamed her name as he came. She milked him, clenching and unclenching as the ecstasy overtook her.

Cassie was floating on air, in the clouds of love and pleasure. She was a rag doll, sated and happy. Declan withdrew, cleaned them both up, then tucked her under the quilt. As he crawled in beside her, she snuggled against him, realizing being homebound might not be so bad.

About the Author

You can't say cowboys without thinking of Beth Williamson. She likes 'em hard, tall and packing. Read her work and discover for yourself how hot and dangerous a cowboy can be.

Beth lives in North Carolina, with her husband and two sons. Born and raised in New York, she holds a B.F.A. in writing from New York University. She spends her days as a technical writer, and her nights immersed in writing hot romances for her readers.

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