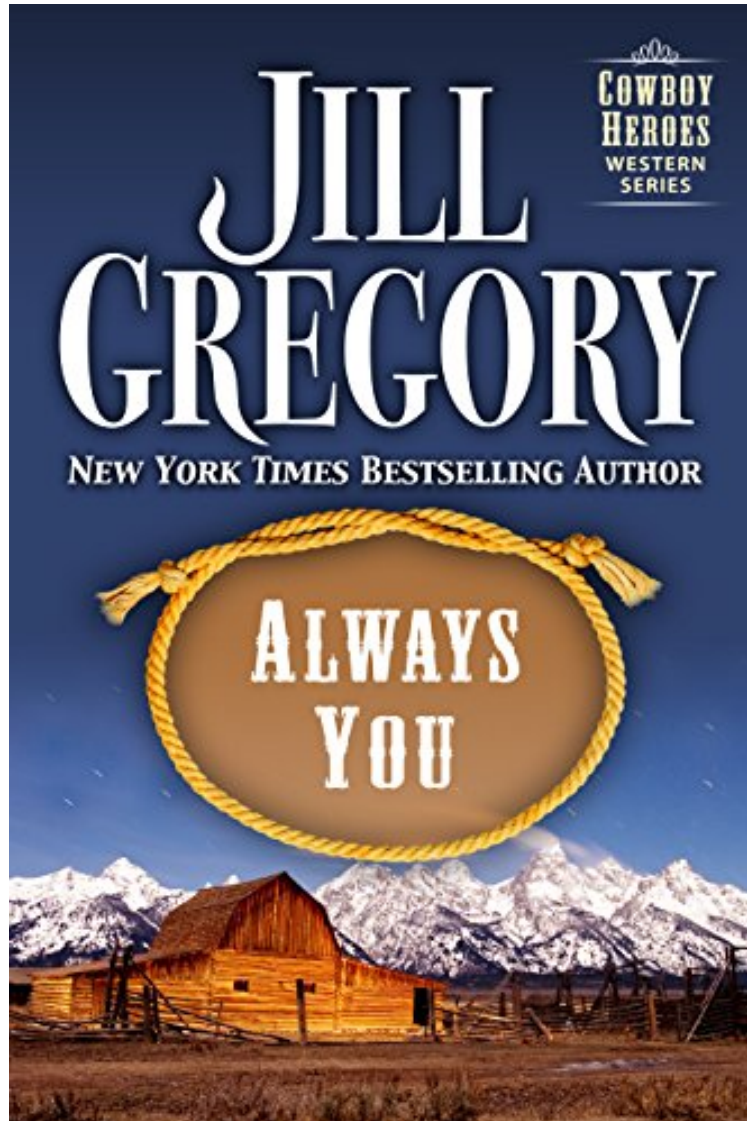


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Always You (Cowboy Heroes Series) (English Edition)

Von Jill Gregory

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Von Jill Gregory : Always You (Cowboy Heroes Series) (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Always You (Cowboy Heroes Series) (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. I Loved this book!Von Ein KundeThis was a wonderful book. Once I started to read it, I just couldn't put it down! I have only read 3 of Jill Gregory's books,and have enjoyed them all. "Always you" was full of Loyalty, Courage, and finding that

One True Love. If you are looking for a GREAT western romance, read this book!!!!

KurzbeschreibungKidnapped by a handsome cowboy on the eve of her wedding, Melora Deane finds herself racing on horseback through the Wyoming wilderness with a stranger. Cal intends to settle a score with her fiance and use his beautiful captive as bait, but when danger threatens, Cal protects her and finds himself drawn to his enemy's fiance more than he's ever been drawn to any woman -- even as Melora realizes there is much more to this rugged cowboy than she ever dreamed....

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She felt vile and filthy and smelly and as unattractive as a bale of hay, but what Cal seemed to have forgotten was that it was all his fault. Now he had the gall to add insult to injury by reminding her of just how scruffy she looked!"You did this to me, you mangy outlaw, you kidnapper! You and your disgusting friends, you've reduced me to a--a hag, a filthy hag. Before I met you, for your information, half the men in Rawhide had proposed to me or were planning to do it. They fell all over me--before I met Wyatt, that is," she added hastily, coloring an even deeper shade of red. "And by rights, at this very moment, I ought to be on my honeymoon, in a sumptuous, opulent, beautiful hotel suite with my beloved husband, sharing a bed and--and other things with him--"

"If it's a honeymoon you want, Princess," he shot back, eyebrows raised, "I reckon I can try to oblige. After all, I told the clerk at the desk we were married." "If you so much as touch me, I'll--" "You'll what?" he demanded. For some reason Cal couldn't fathom, he stalked over to her, placed his hand beneath her adorable, stubborn little chin, and tilted it up.

She promptly smacked his fingers away. "Princess," he growled, "I can't have you thinking you're no longer a desirable woman. Because even as you are right this very moment, you're hardly--what did you say--a hag." "A compliment of the highest order," she retorted, her eyes sparkling with anger. "Why, if that's an example of your form of address, you must be downright beloved by the ladies, Cal. In fact now I understand why you snatched me from my bedroom; you must have to kidnap a woman to get one to notice you." She thought he'd be angry, but instead he laughed. A spontaneous, rumbling laugh that emanated deep from his broad, solid chest. And he was grinning from ear to ear. "Well, you're not far off, Melora," he admitted ruefully. "I'm not exactly a ladies' man." She threw him a scathing glance from beneath her lashes. "No!" But her sarcasm bounced off him. Cal was too busy noticing the fetching picture she made in her crumpled green velvet riding habit, travel dust and all. "Maybe I need some lessons in proper courtship," he heard himself say. Then he groaned inwardly. Why was he talking to her like this? He'd never flirted with any woman in his life, had never known the first thing about how to make amusing small talk or to throw out flattering compliments. That had been Joe's specialty, he thought. I'm the tongue-tied one, the one who always went solo to those town dances or who made up excuses not to go at all. And to flirt with Melora Deane, of all people, the woman pledged to his enemy, a breathtaking beauty he'd made up his mind to dislike before he ever met her, one who'd had an army of suitors, who proved to be as headstrong and annoying as any female that had ever walked the earth, and who was his prisoner. It was wrong-headed and thick-skulled. Bordering on lunacy. He'd never been able to pay a compliment without stuttering to anyone but little old ladies and maiden aunts back home. How in hell did he think to trade flirtatious sallies with the belle of Wyoming? As thunder cracked through the charged air outside the window, and Devil's Creek shook with a rising, howling wind, and a gust as cold as mountain snow swept through the pitiful little room, Cal forgot all that. He forgot his awkwardness with women, his damned shyness. He was aware only of how close he stood to Melora Deane and how utterly, bewitchingly exquisite she was. Even with her thick gold hair cascading in wild tangles over her slim shoulders, even with her smart outfit looking more like beggar's rags than what it truly was, even with all that, she was purely, heartbreakingly lovely. Those startling, vivid tawny eyes flecked with gold, the rich texture of her hair, the luminous glow of her skin which no amount of caked-on trail dust could diminish. And her lips. Cal caught himself staring at her lips. Naturally pink and full, gracefully shaped like a large satin bow, they were more luscious than ripe strawberries, and he suddenly wanted fiercely to taste them. He didn't realize what he was doing, but his arms went around her faster than a rattler springing at its prey. Then slowly, watching her eyes widen with disbelief and fury, he lowered his head and touched his mouth to hers. Shock coursed through him at the explosive contact. At the same moment lightning rent the night outside the window, filling the sky. But not only the sky, Cal thought in astonishment. It had struck them, both of them, sure as he stood here. Hadn't it? His shoulders shook. And his loins tightened. Heat soaked through his denim shirt. A current had flashed between them, soldering them together, he and this woman he'd been determined from the start not to care about. Yet here he was, his mouth locked on hers, burned and searing. As rain began to pelt down upon the dust and debris of Devil's Creek, the slender fragility of Melora Deane was branded against his frame, and the soft thrust of her breasts against his chest knocked his breath away. Wonderingly he kissed her, exploring the luscious honeysuckle taste of her. He entwined his

hands in the velvet thickness of her hair, hair more golden than the sun, and kissed her some more. Kissed her thoroughly, hungrily. Consumingly. He'd kissed only whores before now. But this was so entirely different, sort of like the joy of riding an unbroken bronco, Cal determined, knowing somehow Melora would have skinned him alive if she had heard the comparison. He deepened the kiss as he parted Melora's satin soft lips. Pep, just like riding a bronc. It let you in for a hell of a wild ride, and the trick was to stay on till you were shook off. Thunder and lightning lit up the night outside the Wickes Hotel window, but though the night tossed like a horse bucking the devil himself, Melora Deane didn't shake him off. Didn't even try.