



T LEE GARLAND
STONE HARD

THE MEN OF TENNESSEE



Dark Hollows Press

THE MEN OF TENNESSEE

COLTON'S STORY:

STONE HARD

T LEE GARLAND

Stone Hard

Copyright © 2015

Published by Dark Hollows Press

About the eBook You Have Purchased

All rights reserved. Without reserving the rights under copyright, reserved above, no part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, or any other means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise) without the prior written permission of the copyright owner and the above publisher of this book.

Distribution of this e-book, in whole or in part, is forbidden. Such action is illegal and in violation of the U.S. Copyright Law.

Stone Hard

Copyright © 2015 T Lee Garland

ISBN 10: 1942176872

ISBN 13: 978-1-942176-87-9

Author: T Lee Garland

Editor: Ashley Kain

Original Publication Date: July 2015

All cover art and logo copyright © 2015 by Dark Hollows Press

Cover Design by 3 Rusted Spoons

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED: This literary work may not be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, including electronic or photographic reproduction, in whole or in part, without express written permission.

All characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is strictly coincidental.



Stone Hard

Colton Stone stretched his long jean clad legs out toward the fire, and tried to relax. He felt so damn edgy—restless. He, along with his older brother Cooper and cousin Beau, owned Stone Mountain Adventures, a business located in the tiny town of Climax Holler, Tennessee. It offered white water rafting, zip lining, fishing, camping, hiking, and rock climbing opportunities for the tourist visiting the great Smokey Mountains of Tennessee, which were just minutes away...and business was booming.

The three of them were quickly becoming successful by just doing what they had always loved to do. Recently they had hired several new employees, and customers were now booking months in advance in order to get the chance to have a once-in-a-lifetime outdoor experience. Whoever would have believed that three ole country boys could be well on their way to becoming millionaires, all before the age of thirty? Why then was he so close to saying ‘fuck this shit’ and walking away?

Earlier in the morning he had marched into the office, announced to his brother that he needed a break, and promptly walked out. Jumping into his pickup, Colton had cranked up the country music and drove until he spotted a store. There he had picked up a small tent, a cooler, and some other supplies before pulling over at a large sign that read George’s Park and Camp. The bored, sullen teenager who had seemed more interested in his video game than his paying customer had informed him that all six cabins across the lake were already rented. RVs parked to the right, tents to the left of the lake. Colton had handed him his money, and driven as far to the left as he could go.

Before it got too dark, Colton pitched the small two person tent, built a fire, and threw a T-bone onto grill. He was the only person on the tent side. It was more wooded, quieter, just what he felt he needed right now. He admitted to himself that he needed a change, he just didn’t know what. But he found he liked the tranquility of the lake, and the woods of George’s helped to soothe his soul. He waited until the sounds of families finally settled for the night. Even across the lake the residents of the cabins had retired to bed. It was late, maybe after eleven, and he was on his third, make that fourth beer. He was trying to relax, to let the night sounds ease him, heal whatever the hell was broken. Colton closed his eyes and laid his head back against the fold-out chair. Frogs were

Stone Hard

starting to croak, and the crickets were singing to each other. The gentle slap of the lake on the sandy shore was rhythmic and soothing. A fish jumped, and the gentle splash made him smile. Tomorrow morning he would go fishing, and with any luck that fish would be in his skillet by dinner.

Colton languished, floating in that magical place between sleep and wakefulness, lulled by the night sounds, which included the call of a nearby Whippoorwill. He definitely had a sweet beer buzz going. Somewhere in the recesses of his mind he became aware of a different sound. Something larger was moving nearby. Adrenaline rushed through his body, and instantly he went on alert. Bears most likely wouldn't come down this far from the mountain, but he had to be prepared for anything, and he always was. His bow was in the cab of his truck along with the .44 that he had a carry permit to own. He knew that his fire had burned down to just embers and gave off little to no light. He himself sat under a large maple tree hidden in its leafy shadows. But of course a bear wouldn't have to see him to eat him. Without moving his body, Colton allowed his eyes to open to slits and they scanned the area around him.

Within seconds he had located the movement. Just twenty feet away, someone was following the trail to the lake. Giving no indication at all that the person was aware of his presence, he or she walked quietly, but with ease through the dark of the night. When she passed where he sat, the moon came out from behind a cloud, and he could clearly see it was a female. She was wearing a short white robe of some kind, and oddly enough she seemed to be bald. He watched, now fully awake, as she reached the edge of the lake, untied the robe, and let it drop to the ground. Underneath she wore what amounted to the smallest bikini he had ever witnessed, and there was no longer a question in his mind of whether this was a girl or a woman as full breasts spilled over the cups of the bikini top. He hissed in a deep breath, and his cock jerked awake in reaction.

“Holy hell,” he mumbled under his breath.

She slowly walked out into the water, and when it reached her waist she jumped, diving under, and disappeared completely. Colton counted to three, and when she didn't come back to the surface he muttered “fuck”, yanked his t-shirt off over his head, and started to run down the trail, his heart pounding, in rescue mode. He had gone about halfway when she emerged and began swimming perpendicular to the shore. Her strokes

Stone Hard

were strong, sure...beautiful. For a moment Colton froze in admiration, just watching her as she glided with ease across the smooth, dark water. He moved silently back to his camp ground and back into the shadows, and sat. He felt like a total creeper just watching her, but he could have no more looked away then he could have stopped breathing. Sooner or later she would have to come out. So Colton waited.

After about what he guessed to be twenty minutes, the mystery woman slowly walked out of the water, looking for all the world like some kind of water nymph emerging from the deep. Colton watched, fascinated, as she reached up and pulled. What he had thought was baldness was actually a swimming cap, and she yanked it off just as the full moon emerged from behind a cloud. A cascade of silvery-blond hair fell to her waist, and Colton groaned as all the blood from his body convened at his cock. She gave her hair a shake and pulled on the waiting robe as she slowly began making her way back up the trail. Colton smiled.

Unexpectedly the voice came from the darkness, making Georgia jump. It was a deep, southern drawl, slightly husky, and undeniably male. "So the legends are true."

Georgia paused in her trek. She turned her head towards the left where the voice had come from, and watched as a dark shadow moved more into the moonlight. She gasped at his size. Common sense told her she should be afraid, but her instincts overruled that, letting her know she had nothing to fear from this stranger. "What legend would that be sir?" she asked, somewhere in her mind she heard her mema's voice; "*good southern girls don't go out at night without an escort, Georgie, because it's just not safe.*"

The stranger moved closer, and Georgia caught a whiff of his scent on the night air, something woodsy and clean. "The one that says mermaids grow legs and move onto dry land to walk among us mortals. Of course that's only during full moons, and only in Tennessee." Georgia picked up the teasing in his voice, but there was still something else there too, something that compelled her to stay, and not flee. Loneliness, maybe? A touch of sadness perhaps?

Stone Hard

“I’ve never heard that legend before, and I’ve lived in Tennessee my entire life. I’m pretty sure you just made that up,” Georgia said, but she found herself smiling nevertheless. “Were you watching me swim?”

“Hard not to. You put on quite the show.” He stood before her now, and Georgia faced him, still not afraid. Strangely enough she felt...safe somehow. The light from the moon revealed the outline of his face and body. The stranger had broad shoulders, and slim hips, and he was half a foot or so taller than her five feet, six inches.

“I can assure you I’m no mermaid, but a flesh and blood woman.” Georgia whispered, her heart pounding so loudly she was sure he could hear it from where he stood. She was finding herself captivated by this man—this visitor in the dark.

“Mind if I test that theory?” he asked, and then his warm hand reached out and gently touched her hair before slowly sliding down the side of her face. Cupping her chin with his warm hand, he lifted his thumb to rub across her bottom lip. “Perhaps a taste.” It wasn’t a question, and Georgia wasn’t sure if he was still speaking to her or to himself. Later, she would wonder why she had allowed the stranger to kiss her, but for now all she knew was that she *wanted* him to kiss her. The dark felt so intimate, so alone, but not lonely anymore. Common sense said she should have feared this man. But her body was telling her different. Despite her dampness from the swim, she felt a hot liquid gather and puddle in her bikini bottoms. How was it possible that this stranger was turning her on more than she had ever been turned on before?

His lips touched hers hesitantly, perhaps giving her the chance to move away in refusal. When instead of moving away, Georgia pressed against his lips, a low, sensual moan sounded somewhere in the back of his throat, and he quickly took ownership of her mouth in a kiss that could be called nothing less than fierce. His tongue swept the inside of her mouth. His lips moved with precision across her lips. Georgia tasted the alcohol on his tongue and wondered if he was as intoxicated as he was making her. His hands tangled in her hair on both sides of her head, holding it where he wanted it. And without even realizing it, her hands had come up to hold him around his biceps, perhaps just to steady herself against the onslaught of his mouth.

The kiss continued. There was the taste of desperation in it, an angst that seemed to touch a void in her heart. It was the kind of kiss that demanded more from her. And she

Stone Hard

gave it. Georgia couldn't explain it. Maybe she could blame it on the full moon, the seduction of the night, but damn it she wanted whatever *more* this stranger could give her. So she matched his fierceness with a need of her own.

When his lips released hers, he moved a fraction away. His breathing was just as ragged as hers, his hands still holding the side of her head, his forehead rested on hers. "If this is a dream, I never want to wake," he whispered against her lips. "Stay the night with me, my beautiful little mermaid?"

Georgia closed her eyes, and tried to snap out of the spell he had put her in with his mind-numbing kiss. "No, I'm sorry. I can't. I...I have to go. I have to work tomorrow."

He released her reluctantly, and she slowly started to back away.

"Let me walk you back to your campsite," he said, stepping toward her.

Georgia turned, suddenly in a hurry to get away before she did something foolish and totally out of character. "No, I'll be fine. I'm close by. Thank you anyway." He stepped toward her, and Georgia somehow knew that he was going to insist, so she held her hand out as if to stop his forward progress. "Please don't follow me."

"Okay, okay, but can I see you again tomorrow?" he called out as she continued up the trail. "Your name...what's your name?" He sounded anxious, but not as anxious as Georgia, who began running. She wasn't sure why, but she had to go before she completely lost herself to this stranger. The pull to stay, and spend the night in his arms, surrounded by his manly, woody scent, to awaken in the morning curled against his warmth, as his strong, muscular arms wrapped around her was just too tempting. She had been alone for a long time, and she hadn't even realized just how lonely she was...until now...until the stranger awakened her body, and mind to that loneliness. But she had never been the type of girl to sleep with strangers, to have hook-ups, one-night-stands, or to be somebody's fuck buddy, but this sexy stranger of the night made her want to say *oh the hell with it*, and be that kind of girl. So she ran.

Not from him. Georgia ran from herself.

Stone Hard

Colton stood watching her until she rounded the corner of the campground office and he could no longer see the shimmer of her hair in the moonlight. Still, he stood frozen in place, starrng into the night, retracing her steps over and over again in his head. He still tasted her sweetness on his lips. There was something about her. He had sensed her passion. He had felt the way she had trembled in his arms. God knows she had made him hard as a hammer. In the lake a fish jumped, and Colton grinned. “She’s bought you a reprieve for tomorrow, fishy, because I got bigger fish to fry come the morning.”

Going back to his fire, he quickly poured a bucket of sand he had gathered from the shore earlier and put out the glowing embers. Crawling into the tent, Colton stretched out on the sleeping bag inside, crossed his arms behind his head, and groaned at the pain his cock was causing him. Perhaps a cold dip in the lake would have helped, but he doubted it. Women threw themselves at him all the time, and he had his fun. He loved a woman’s body, and the mysteries to be uncovered there. They were all different. But he couldn’t remember a time when he had been so rigid, so damn turned on.

He unsnapped his jeans, and his hand reached inside. Colton gripped his cock, and ran his hand up, and down its length with a moan. *Fuck, he was so damn hard!* Sleep did finally come, but it held with it visions of long-legged mermaids, with silvery hair, and lips that tempted a man to want whatever she had to offer.

The next morning Colton woke early as usual. A fog lay low over the lake, and drifted into some areas of the campground, giving it a mysterious and beautiful feel. He quickly gathered up a change of clothes and soap and headed to the concrete public showers before the rest of the camp beat him there. He showered and dressed quickly in worn jeans and a gray t-shirt. He bemoaned the fact that he hadn’t thought to pick up a razor, and made a mental note to grab one later in town. He headed back to his camp, where he made coffee in the old percolator, set it in the fire, and waited patiently. He was sipping coffee when the camp started to come to life. Across the way a middle-aged man came out of a RV stopped, stretched, and scratched his stomach. A chubby little woman followed him out and came up behind him to give him a hug. He turned in her arms, and

they exchanged a quick kiss. The sight was so domestic, and loving that Colton found himself looking away. A strange ache twisted in the bottom of his gut, and he recognized it as jealousy. He didn't know it until now, but he wanted that. He was smart enough to know no amount of money was going to buy it, either. Standing, Colton made sure his campfire was out and then started toward the camp office. His long legs ate up the distance quickly. Colton was a man on a mission. He was determined to find his mystery woman.

When Colton rounded the corner to the camp's office, the same teenage boy who had taken his money to stay the night before sat at the window. The kid was eating his way through a dozen doughnuts, and downing a pint of chocolate milk. He wore a name tag that said 'Chris'.

"Hey, Chris, how's it going this morning?" said Colton cheerfully.

"No refunds," proclaimed Chris around a mouthful of Krispy Kreme.

Colton shook his head. "No worries, man, I don't want a refund. I was just going to ask you a quick question. Did you happen to rent a space to a woman...tall, slender, long blonde hair?"

"Nope," Chris mumbled as he eyed him suspiciously.

Colton ran his hand through his hair with frustration. "I'm pretty sure you would have remembered her if you saw her because she's...well...special. Are you the only one who works here, or could someone else have rented the space out to her?"

Chris shrugged. "I suppose the boss may have."

"Okay, now we're getting somewhere. Let me talk to the boss," said Colton hopefully.

"Can't, ain't here." Chris swigged a gulp of chocolate milk. Colton considered the chances of getting away with murder, drowning by chocolate milk.

"Son of a bit..." Colton turned his back, took a couple of steps away, and dragged in a deep breath before turning back to face Chris. He really hoped that he hadn't been this obnoxious as a teenager. He made a silent vow to call his mom when he got the chance to apologize, just in case. "Listen, Chris, I really need to find this woman. When does the boss come in to work?"

“Oh, she’s been at work. She’s just not *here*. She headed down to the RV side to check on some old folks that were having trouble hooking up their RV.”

“Why didn’t you say that to begin with?”

Chris shrugged. “You didn’t ask.”

“Wait. She? Did you say the boss was a she?” Colton asked, somewhat surprised that a woman would be running a campground.

“Yep, hey, look man. Here she comes up the trail now,” said Chris with a nod of his head.

Colton turned, and sucked in his breath. Even though he hadn’t clearly seen her face last night, he would have known her anywhere. The woman coming up the trail wore a pair of cut-offs that showed off her long, tanned legs. Her blonde hair was in a single braid that lay over her shoulder, past her breasts, and halfway to her waist. She carried a large wrench in her left hand. It was *her*! His sexy, midnight mermaid! Colton felt his body respond. Yep it was her, all right.

“That’s your boss?” he asked, without ever taking his eyes off her, lest she disappear again.

“Yeah, man, and she’s a real ball-buster too.”

“Hey, watch your mouth,” said Colton, as it dawned on him that Chris probably knew all along whom he had been looking for. The little shit had played him. But Colton didn’t even care. He had found her. He continued watching her as she came closer. He knew the moment she realized it was him. She stumbled, avoided making eye-contact with him, and Colton watched as color stained her cheeks pink. Damn, she was a beauty.

When she reached the window, Chris spoke. “Boss, this guy’s been looking for you.”

“Thanks, Chris. Could you put this in the tool box for me?” She slid the large, heavy wrench across the counter at him. Chris took it and headed to the back of the room. She finally turned and faced Colton. “I’m Georgia Morrison, the owner. What can I do for you?”

Colton took her hand in his and smiled. Her scent surrounded him—sunshine and honeysuckles, and he felt his body tighten. *What she could do for him, what he could do for her? ...fuck, the possibilities were endless.* “Colton Stone. It’s nice to meet you, Georgia, but I feel like we have already met.” Colton waited expectantly for her to say

Stone Hard

something, but she just looked at him innocently and awaited his next move. She would have made one hell of a poker player. “Listen, Georgia, about last night. I’m really sorry if I frightened you, because that was never my intention. I had a few beers, and well...” Colton shrugged. She was leaving him tongue-tied.

She smiled. “Do I look scared of you, Colton Stone? I assure you, I’m made of sterner stuff than that.”

“Honey, whatever you’re made of, it works for me. Will you have dinner with me tonight? I would really like to get to know you a little better. And find out how a young, beautiful woman came to be the owner of a campground in the middle of some dinky little town in Tennessee.”

She seemed to study him for a long time before she made a decision. And Colton thought it was the longest thirty seconds of his life. He hadn’t even realized he was holding his breath until she nodded. “Yes, I would love to have dinner with you tonight, Colton. I could probably get away by seven if that would work for you?”

“That would be perfect. I’ll pick you up from...?”

“I have an apartment above the office, so here is fine,” Georgia answered with a smile.

Colton grinned. I’ll see you at seven then.”

He headed back to his campsite, whistling on his way, and thinking it was a long damn time until seven. He was going to have to buy a razor.

Georgia watched as Colton walked away. Damned if the man didn’t look just as good going as he did coming. He had a swagger about him that spoke of confidence, and the well-worn jeans fit his tight little ass like nobody’s business. The t-shirt he wore did nothing to hide the muscles underneath it. With his dark hair, dark blue eyes, and sexy lopsided grin she was well on her way to dropping her panties and just getting the deed done. It had been a long time since she had been in a relationship. Work had a way of getting in the way of that. More than likely this would probably be just a weekend romance, a onetime love ’em and leave ’em thing. She had a long talk with herself last

night, and she should have never walked away. A woman doesn't get too many chances to spend the night wrapped up in the arms of a sexy, country boy. She wouldn't make the same mistake again. If Colton offered her his tent tonight she would take it, and no doubt love every delicious minute of her time with him. Her body was throbbing at the thought of his above hers, pushing into her, moving together as one. She groaned as she closed her eyes picturing it.

"You okay, boss?" asked a too-perceptive Chris.

Georgia felt her face heat. "Yeah, sure, hey, we only have two spots left to rent on the RV side for now, but space nine may come available after lunch. I'm headed across the lake. I got a complaint about cabin four being a little loud last night. I'll go check it out." Chris nodded, half listening as he had already moved on to another doughnut. Georgia rolled her eyes, snagged a doughnut for herself and went back to work. But putting Colton out of her mind wasn't as easy as she thought it would be. He suddenly was there when a couple of good ole boys got into it over who had caught the biggest fish. He broke them up, patted them on their backs, offered a beer to each of them, and sent them on their way. When the college guys in cabin four gave her grief over her order that they hold down the noise or get out. Colton appeared to glare at them with a look that would have scared off the boldest of trouble makers.

Georgia had run this place for the past two years, just her and Chris. She was tough and hardworking, determined to make the campground a success. It was her home. But she would have to admit it was a lonely job at times, and having someone to back her up even for just a short time was both a relief and a comfort. For the most part, she rented to families who just wanted that outdoors experience for a weekend, or a week. The campground was open through the spring, summer and fall months. Closing during the winter gave her and Chris a much needed break and time to do repairs, and upgrades. Occasionally people drank too much, and with that came trouble. Fights, loud parties, and the men who thought they could bully her because she was a female. She held her own, she knew she couldn't show weakness, or they would eat her alive. But Georgia would admit it was exhausting at times.

The rest of the day went by in a blur of activities. There was always someone that needed her at the camp. More RV's filled with excited families checked in as others

moved on to their next great adventure. The lake was full of people boating, skiing, fishing or just floating. She loved the sound of the children's laughter, the smell of campfires, and the occasional music being played as it floated by on the breeze. There was always clean up to do, or something that needed fixing. She ran all day long, this time of year, but she loved it. Georgia knew she wouldn't want to be anywhere else. She had grown up at this campground, spending every summer, every spring break, as she grabbed every chance to spend time with her loving grandparents. And when two years ago they had announced they were selling and moving to Arizona to be closer to their only child, Georgia's mom. Georgia knew what she had to do. She had bought George's Park and Camp and had never looked back.

It was going on six when she realized she needed to rush to get showered and changed for her date. Her mouth had been watering for over an hour at the smells of burgers grilling throughout the camp, and she was ready for some food herself. The doughnut that Chris had shared with her had been long gone, and she was starving. After showering, she dressed quickly in a pale yellow sundress and slipped her feet into silver sandals. Her long blonde hair she left down, letting it naturally curl at the ends. Adding mascara and a natural pink lip gloss she just managed to be ready when Chris called up the steps to tell her Colton was here. Taking a deep breath and grabbing up her little wristlet purse Georgia headed down the stairs.

He stood chatting with Chris. His long legs were in dark, well-fitting jeans, a black and blue plaid shirt neatly tucked into his waistband, a belt with a rectangle-shaped belt-buckle showed off his flat stomach. He had shaved. His dark hair was a tad shorter. His eyes locked on Georgia, and she felt her breath catch in her chest. Whatever he had been saying to Chris suddenly stopped, and he walked to meet her at the end of the stairs and took her hand. "You look beautiful," he leaned over and planted a gentle kiss on her cheek before handing her a bouquet of sunflowers. "Because you remind me of sunshine," he whispered in her ear.

Georgia smiled. "They're so pretty, thank you. Let me just run back upstairs and find a vase to put them in. I'll be right back."

Colton stood at the bottom of the stairs and watched her go back up. Her rear end moving enticingly from side to side was hypnotic.

“If you hurt her, I’ll kick your ass,” stated Chris confidently.

Colton turned to face him. The kid had definitely been playing too many video games if he thought he could kick his ass. But the look in his eyes was dead serious, and Colton did admire the way he was trying to protect Georgia, so he gentled his voice when he asked, “Why do you think I would ever hurt Georgia?”

“I see how you look at her. I know your kind. I’ve seen that big-ass expensive truck you drive. You have money, and you think that you can have whatever you want. But she’s not that kind of girl.”

Colton crossed his arms across his chest, “Okay, so tell me Chris, what kind of girl is she?”

“Yeah, I would be interested in hearing the answer to that question myself, Chris.” Colton and Chris turned to see that Georgia had come back downstairs and now stood on the bottom of the step glaring at both of them. “Well, I’m waiting,” she said impatiently tapping one foot and crossing her arms across her chest. Clueless to the fact that she had pushed her breasts to the top of the dress, and Colton could see or think of nothing but the creamy, twin mounds.

Colton turned to look at Chris and saw his face flame with color. The boy looked like he was hoping a hole would open up and swallow him, and Colton suddenly felt very sorry for him. He wondered if he may have a crush on his boss, and he could certainly understand why. But in the end he wanted to protect her, and Colton had to give him props for that, and maybe save a little bit of Chris’s dignity along the way.

“Whatever!” Chris turned to leave stomping back to the storage room that had been converted to his bedroom.

“Chris, wait a sec.” Colton caught up to him and whispered something in his ear. Chris starred hard at him, but then took the hand that Colton offered in a firm shake, before continuing into his room and slamming the door behind him.

Colton walked Georgia out to the truck. “What in the world was all that about?” asked Georgia as Colton helped her up into his truck. Her gorgeous, long legs had no trouble though getting up into his jacked up vehicle.

Colton went to the driver’s side and hopped in before answering. “Just man talk, that’s all.” He started up the truck, and country music blared loudly before he reached over and turned it down to a low rumble.

“Man talk? Chris isn’t even seventeen yet. He is hardly a man.”

Colton settled in, stretching his right arm across the back of the truck to touch her hair and tickle the back of her smooth neck. “He was trying to protect you, as he should. He told me he would kick my ass if I hurt you. We made a deal. I told him if I hurt you, I would gladly let him kick my ass. Do you mind if I ask? What is the connection? You don’t favor at all so I’m assuming he isn’t your brother?”

Georgia wiggled in her seat. Either the topic of conversation was making her uncomfortable, or the fact he was touching her was. “It’s complicated.” She looked out the window, and for a moment Colton didn’t think she was going to say anything else. “In the winter, a couple of years ago, right after I had bought the campground from my grandparents, I realized someone had broken into one of the cabins and was actually living there. What I found was a starving kid, who wouldn’t admit it, but he was cold and terrified. He had run away from a foster home. He had a massive chip on his shoulder to try and cover up the fact that he felt unloved and unwanted. His dad was in prison for murder, his mom an addicted meth addict who sold herself to anyone for the drug and could have cared less about her son. I took him in. Feed him, and with the help of a girlfriend of mine who specializes in family law helped him become an emancipated minor. He lives at the campground, I pay him a small wage for helping around the place, he promises to finish school this fall. Chris has become like a little brother to me. We’re a team.”

She finished speaking just as they pulled into the parking lot of the local steak house. Colton cut the engine, undid his seatbelt and reached over unclicking hers before he pulled her across and into his lap. Other than a small “yelp” of surprise, and a quick scramble to pull her dress back down to her knees, she didn’t protest as Colton settled her against his chest. Her delicate scent floated around them as Colton nuzzled her neck.

Stone Hard

“Georgia, I think you are the most amazing woman I have ever met. If I were you I would be careful, or someone like me may just fall in love with you,” Colton whispered against her lips before he lowered them to hers. She opened to him, allowing him to swirl his tongue inside and taste her sweetness. It was a slow, hungry kiss. He was in no hurry to release her. His little country girl had set his blood on fire. His body was already hardening. His hand moved up and cupped a full breast, tweaking the nipple that peaked just for him. His lips moved to her neck, God but she smelled good, something light and summery, he thought Honeysuckle, but wasn’t sure. She gave a little whimper as she dropped her head back to give him better access to her neck. Colton felt his cock harden uncomfortably against his jeans. He wanted her. Here. Now. He didn’t care that they were sitting in the cab of his truck in a parking lot of a busy restaurant. All of that was forgotten. All he knew was he needed this woman!

Lights flashed across them as another vehicle pulled into the lot. *Fuck!* Colton realized that as much as he wanted her this wasn’t the place, or the time. He wouldn’t, couldn’t do that to her. She deserved better than the cab of his truck. This woman deserved the best he could give her. And damn if it would be in the parking lot of a steak restaurant, but she just made him lose his head every time he was around her. He couldn’t get enough of touching her silky skin. He hadn’t lost control of his cock since his first sexual experience, and damn it if he was going to start now. Georgia’s stomach growled with hunger, and she giggled.

Colton grinned. “Come on, babe. Let me feed you before you waste away to nothing. I happen to like my women with some meat on their bones.”

Georgia surprised him by planting a quick kiss to his lips and whispering in his ear. “Dessert will come later, and it’s on me, country boy.”

Colton groaned playfully. “Damn if you ain’t trying to get me fat, Georgia Morrison.” She threw her head back, and laughed, and Colton thought it was the sweetest sound he had ever heard. She bounced down from the truck with little help from him. Which was a good thing; seeing that he was having some trouble walking with his massive, out-of-control hard-on.

“Come on and feed me then because I am starving, we can talk about what part needs to fatten up later!” she joked. Damn if the woman didn’t have a wicked sense of humor.

Stone Hard

If she noticed his awkward walk, she didn't remark on it, but Colton thought there was a certain amused twinkle in her blue eyes as she linked her arm with his. Yep, she knew, all right, and he knew without a doubt he was well on his way to losing his heart to this amazing woman.

Georgia smiled across the table at Colton. Dinner had gone very well. He was charming and funny. The women in the place couldn't keep their eyes off him, and Georgia couldn't blame them because neither could she. He had spent the night regaling her with stories about his business as well as stories of his brother and cousin, the love and respect in his voice when he spoke of his family was very evident. The fact that he lived in Climax Holler had brought on a few bawdy jokes from her, but she had never laughed so hard as when he had told her about the time a group of elderly ladies had hired him to take them white-water rafting, and one of them fell out of the boat. Colton had jumped in to save her, of course, but had suspected that she had fallen out on purpose, as her acting skills had left a lot to be desired. But the kicker had been when she had breathlessly asked for mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. His suspicions had been confirmed when a couple of days into the trip he had overheard the same ladies arguing about who among them would get to be the next to fall out and be saved by their hunky guide. He had blushed slightly and said that he had made the mistake of telling Cooper and Beau, and they had yet to let him live it down.

“So tell me Georgia, how did you come to own the campground?” Colton asked.

“Well my grandparents owned it for as long as I can remember. I spent every weekend, every spring break, every summer there.” She paused and looked away before continuing, trying to decide just how much she wanted to tell him, she quickly made the decision to tell him the truth without holding anything back. “My parents had a very shaky relationship. They fought constantly, sometimes dragging me into the middle of their disagreements. It got very ugly at times; my dad could get physically violent towards my mom, and at times toward me as well.” Colton face darkened as he reached across the table, and held Georgia's hand giving her the courage to continue. “The

campground was a place where I could be free of that, where I could be safe and just be a kid. I loved it there. My parents finally split when I was sixteen. I went to live with my grandparents while my mom got resettled. She moved to Arizona, my dad to Florida. I never lived with either one of them again. I was in college when my grandparents decided to sell the place and move to Arizona to be with my mom. I just couldn't bear the thought of someone else owning the one place that I had been so happy at, so I dropped out of school, took out a loan and bought it." Georgia shrugged, "It's really the only home I've ever had. I love it there."

"My God, Georgia, I can't even imagine what you've been through, and yet, you're the strongest, kindest, most beautiful woman I've ever met." Colton brought her hand to his lips, and kissed it tenderly. Georgia felt the shockwaves clear to her toes.

The band had finally stopped tuning up and started playing a slow country song. Across the table Colton grinned. "Finally. I've been waiting all night for this, would you like to dance?"

"You've been waiting all night to dance?" Georgia asked with surprise. It had been her experience that most men were self-conscious about dancing and really didn't enjoy it.

Colton stood, and pulled her into his arms. "Nope, I've been waiting all night for an excuse to hold you in my arms." He pulled her in closer, and Georgia felt her nipples tighten as they rubbed across his shirt front.

"You needed an excuse?" she asked playfully, as blood roared in her ears at his touch.

"You tell me, its ladies call." He replied, his dark blue eyes almost black with their intensity. His body was warm and unyielding. Yet his touch was gentle, he held her like he thought she may break. Like he thought she was precious. Georgia felt safe for the first time in a long time.

Georgia felt her body heat in response. He pulled her in closer, almost indecently so as his muscled arms held her firmly. Colton slowly moved her across the dance floor, his belt buckle rubbing against her navel with every movement. Catching the eyes of other women, she saw them watching him, the lust and jealousy on their faces blatant. She had to admit he was smoking hot. The way he never took his eyes from her face, his attention

Stone Hard

solely focused on her eyes as if he could see into her soul, left her almost giddy with desire. Her entire body was throbbing with a need she hadn't realized she possessed. "The lady thinks we need more privacy. Can we get out of here?" she asked somewhat breathlessly.

His arms dropped from around her, and he grabbed her hand. The speed with which he moved had her throwing her head back and laughing. Had it been a different time, he may have picked her up and thrown her over his shoulder as he pulled her from the dance floor, gracefully avoiding the tangle of other dancers and leading her back to their table. Spotting their waitress he snagged her and asked for the check. She nodded and said she would be right back, perhaps she too sensed his urgency.

"Well, well, well if it isn't Georgie-Porgie. Girl you are looking fine as wine." At the sound of the male voice Georgia inwardly groaned. Across from her she saw Colton stiffen, his face having gone like stone as he stared the fellow at the end of the table down.

Georgia looked up. "Hi Billy Joe, how are you?"

Billy Joe was obviously well on his way to becoming falling down drunk. He staggered on his feet, sloshing the beer he held in his hand over the top of the mug and onto the floor. He leaned over the table to get closer to her. "I'm good, darlin', but still not good enough for you, am I?" His breath stank of stale beer, and Georgia shrank back from it.

She decided to ignore his question, and looked over to Colton, "this is my...um...fiancé, Colton. Colton this is an old friend of mine, Billy Joe. He and his family use to spend a lot of time out at the campground when we were teenagers." Colton raised an eyebrow at her, but thankfully didn't say anything about the fiancé remark. She sent him a silent thank you for playing along.

"Fiancé, is it?" Billy Joe didn't do a very good job of hiding his surprise as his eyes narrowed at Colton. He seemed to snarl his lip at him, before rudely turning his back and smiling at Georgia. "Well congratulations Georgie, I hadn't heard the good news. You're going to break a lot of hearts, mine included." He leaned in to kiss her, but she turned her head and, jumped up from the table so quickly that the glasses rattled.

Stone Hard

“If you gentlemen will excuse me, I need to visit the ladies room. It was good to see you Billy Joe.” Colton stood as Georgia rushed away. She knew she had just taken the chicken way out, but damn Billy Joe to hell. He had just embarrassed her, and furthermore, Colton looked mad as hell! But introducing him as her fiancé had been the first thing she had thought of to keep Billy Joe from hitting on her for the umpteenth time. She only hoped Colton would understand.

Both men had turned and watched as Georgia made a quick exit, Colton’s eyes were filled with concern, and Billy Joe’s with undisguised lust. “Man, you’re one lucky son of a bitch if you’re getting to hit that fine ass,” Said the clueless Billy Joe. “I would fuck her so hard she couldn’t walk for days. Hell I’ve been trying to for years, but I guess I wasn’t ever good enough for her.” he turned back to grin stupidly at Colton.

Colton saw red. He grabbed Billy Joe by the throat. “The only reason I’m not going to beat the shit out of you here and now is because you’re so fucking drunk you wouldn’t even remember it. But hear me well, if you ever speak about Georgia so disrespectfully again, friend or no friend. I will find your *sober* ass and give you such a beat down, you little prick, you will never fucking forget it. Do I make myself clear?”

Billy Joe wasn’t able to speak, but he did manage to nod. His face had gone an ugly red color.

“Good. Now get the fuck out of my sight before I change my mind.”

Colton watched as Billy Joe staggered away, but not before sending a parting shot Colton’s way. “Fuck you man! You better watch your back! You hear me? You just made an enemy!”

The waitress handed Colton the check, and he peeled off a couple of hundreds. “Call that man a cab, please. He’s in no shape to drive. Use this to pay the cab and keep the change for yourself. Thank you.”

“All ready to go?” asked Georgia as she watched the waitress leave with the money. Colton had watched her eyes make a quick survey of the vicinity, and he saw the relief on her face to see Billy Joe had moved on. She was completely clueless as to what had just

happened, and Colton wanted it to stay that way. He never wanted to see fear in those gorgeous blue eyes. No one would ever hurt her again. He would see to that.

Colton smiled, nodded, and placed his hand on the small of her back to lead her out the door. Ever watchful for the obnoxious drunk Billy Joe, he didn't relax until he was pulling out of the parking lot and back onto the road. For several minutes they road in an uncomfortable silence, before Colton stopped at a red light and looked over at Georgia. "So, *fiancé*, what's next? Should I meet the family? Order the tux? Buy you a ring perhaps?"

Next to him Georgia's face turned a becoming pink. "I'm so sorry. It was just the best way to get rid of him at the time. Billy Joe can be a pig when he's drinking. I've known him since we were teenagers, and he can get a little...forceful."

Colton was silent as the light turned green, and he continued down the road. The thought of Billy Joe getting "forceful" with Georgia made him want to turn the truck back around and go find him to beat the shit out of him, drunk, or no drunk. Once again he dropped his arm across the back of the seat to play with her hair. Completely at ease on the outside, but seething with rage inside that someone would dare touch her. "I hope you know I would have never let him hurt you. You're safe with me Georgia. I don't know what happened between the two of you in the past, but there was no way in hell I was going to let him hurt you."

"He wouldn't have hurt me I don't think, but he does have a tendency to get a little hands-on especially when he's drinking. There has never been anything between us Colton, though he has tried for years. Are you mad about the whole fiancé thing?" she asked quietly.

Colton pulled the truck to a stop in front of the camp office. Chris had left the porch light on, for Georgia, damn if he didn't like that kid better and better. No other lights shone, the campground was quiet, sleeping. "Let me see." He pretended to ponder her question, "Am I mad about someone thinking that I am engaged to the most, beautiful, sexy, kind woman that I've ever met? No. I don't think I am. But since I'm your fiancé, I have to inquire; does the job come with any special perks?" He asked right before his lips found hers.

Stone Hard

Georgia sighed when Colton's lips touched hers. She had been waiting for this all night. His lips moved across hers, urging them to open for him, and of course she did. His tongue slipped inside and swirled around her tongue; teaching her its motion, sucking hungrily at it. Colton's hand reached up and cupped her breast through her dress. Of its own violation her bottom wiggled, her body knowing the motion that would bring it to nirvana. He released her mouth and began a slow descent down her throat, sucking and nibbling to her collarbone.

"I have an idea," she managed to get out between pants. God bless the man was stealing her breath away.

Colton paused. "Babe, I hope it's the same idea I've got." He grinned wickedly against her throat. She couldn't see it, but she felt his lips move.

"Let's go skinny dipping." It was Georgia's turn to smile.

Colton froze. "Okay...that's not exactly what I was thinking, but go on, I am intrigued."

"Come on. I know a secluded little alcove in the lake. And did I happen to mention I would be naked?" she teased.

Colton grinned and wiggled his eyebrows at her, causing her to giggle. "Damn babe you drive a *hard* bargain. I'm in. Just lead the way."

Georgia directed him to drive to his camp, and then on foot they traveled a little farther into the woods, until just like she had said a small sandy alcove appeared before them. The area was wooded and private. Somewhat shyly now that they had arrived, Georgia bent down and unbuckled her sandals before pulling her sundress over her head. Standing in front of Colton in only her tiny bra and panties, she couldn't help but notice that he had yet to move. "Do you need help getting undressed?"

"You are the sexiest woman I've ever seen. Please continue, and indulge me in the pleasure of watching you go first." Colton said his voice a soft, husky whisper that almost got lost in the night sounds and the lapping of the lake against the shore. His look was so intense that Georgia felt it scorch her skin. Something akin to lava made its way to the apex of her thighs. Georgia reached behind her back, unhooked the bra, and let it fall to

the sandy ground. A low growl sounded from Colton as her perky breasts bounced free of their restraint. Her nipples instantly peaked as his heated gaze watched with interest. Georgia nibbled her lower lip as her hands slid across her breasts and then down to the edge of her panties, her thumbs hooked into the lacy elastic of her panties. Slowly Georgia wiggled them down her long legs, before stepping out of them and standing completely naked in front of Colton.

“My God, you are perfection,” he hissed, stepping toward her to pull her into his arms.

“No, no, no. You don’t get to touch...not yet anyway.” She pushed his arms to his side. “I think you’re wearing too many clothes sweetie. Let me give you a hand.” Georgia slowly started to unbutton Colton’s shirt, little by little his smoking hot chest came into view. He was cut and muscled up. She ran her hand across his pecs, tweaking his nipples as she went. His hiss warned her that he was near his breaking point. His chest was so wide and hard—all muscle. “Nice, real nice, it looks like you work hard for your money.”

“Just hurry and get these fucking clothes off me,” Colton said through clenched teeth.

Georgia frowned down at the cowboy boots he wore. Those could be a problem. “I may need help with your boots.”

Colton reached down and yanked them off. “Done.”

Georgia’s lips quivered as she fought not to smile. “Well...okay then.” She unbuckled his belt, carefully unzipped his zipper then catching both his boxers and his jeans with her thumbs pulled them down to his ankles in one fell swoop. Colton’s large, hard cock sprang free, bobbing like a bobber on the end of a fishing pole. “Well, that’s quite impressive.” She said licking her lips, the need to taste him was strong as she traced her finger down the ridges of his flat stomach. Her hand encircled his erection, and she slid her hand upward until she reached the velvety-smooth, glistening tip. Colton growled low in his chest as she leaned over and licked the pre-cum off before releasing him suddenly. She then turned unexpectedly, and raced for the water. “Last one in is a rotten egg!”

Colton said a few choice words as he tried to give chase only to fall flat on his face because his jeans were still bunched around his ankles. Quickly untangling them and flinging them off, he raced for the water, but he was too late. Georgia had already totally submerged herself after giving a squeal of laughter as she watched his awkward approach. Colton swam out and ducked under in search of Georgia. She popped to the surface in front of him, and he dove for her, only to have her slip away, swim underwater behind him and playfully splashed him with water. Colton hunted her, but getting his hands on her proved to be easier said than done. She was an excellent swimmer, and as slippery as an eel. Georgia had managed to slip away from him twice, and thanks to her, he had swallowed a fair amount of lake water. So when she popped up in front of him again he managed to catch her by both arms and pull her to him. Her wet breasts flattened against his chest, and she looped her arms around his neck. “You little minx, you damn near drowned me,” Colton teased, pulling her even closer.

“Well then, lucky for you I happened to be certified in mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.” She grinned.

“Is that a fact now? Am I also going to have to regret telling you that story too?” asked Colton as his hands slid up her smooth back and down the curve of her ass. Good lord the woman had him wanting to pound into her, how was he ever going to be able to take his time and be gentle when she had him so fucking hard? “I’m having a lot of trouble breathing right now. Commence with the mouth-to-mouth.” He whispered against her lips as he pulled her up, and her legs wrapped around his waist.

“Let me see if I can help you with that.” Georgia said right before their lips met in a bruising kiss. Colton’s tongue eased into her mouth for the taste that he had been craving all night. He was barely conscious of moving with her toward the shore and laying her down on the warm sand. His hands and mouth suddenly couldn’t get enough of her. His lips left her lips, and moved down her neck. His chest tightened at the moans coming from her. He latched onto a nipple and sucked as Georgia arched her back toward him. She grabbed a hand full of his hair and held him down as he loved it, sucking, nipping, and then licking it before moving on to the neglected other one. Beneath him, she wiggled impatiently.

“Colton...Oh please,” Georgia pleaded. His answer was to move between her long legs and run his thumb up her wet pussy, separating the folds.

Colton’s eyes met Georgia’s. “I have to taste you.” He pulled her legs up and over his shoulders before leaning into her, pulling her gently apart and swirling his tongue inside. Georgia gasped and moved her hips higher, offering herself up to Colton. Over and over again he moved his tongue over her clit, before plunging a finger inside her slickness.

Georgia whimpered, “Colton, Oh God...please.”

Colton slid a second finger inside her and followed it up with his tongue. He felt her first orgasm as she clenched around his finger and shuddered, flooding his tongue with her sweetness. He then moved slowly up Georgia’s body, stopping to suck, kiss, and nibble at strategic locations along the way. By the time he reached her mouth she was urging him on again. “Now! Colton, please fuck me now!” She reached between their bodies and helped guide his engorged cock into her waiting tightness. He plunged in with one quick thrust, and they both moaned with the intense pleasure, that washed over them. Colton desperately wanted to be gentle, he wanted to take his time and make it last for the both of them. But damn if she would let him.

“Georgia, baby let me be gentle. You are so fucking tight, and I don’t want to hurt you.”

“I don’t want you to be gentle right now, Colton... harder, fuck me harder.” Georgia urged, meeting him at his every surge down and in and out. Georgia’s feet were flat against the sand, her hands gripping his ass as they slammed against each other, racing toward that pinnacle. And when it came, Colton, smashed his mouth against Georgia’s to swallow her scream of pleasure as they both shuddered and buckled to a finish.

Later they dressed quickly and walked the moonlit path back to Colton’s tent, where Georgia sighed as Colton laid her down on the sleeping bag and eased into her again. This time they took things slow and easy, delighting in each other’s body. Colton pulled a nipple into his mouth and sucked as Georgia ran her hands up and down his back with every slow stroke of his cock. They came together. Quiet, sweet cries of passion heard only by the night, before snuggling under the warmth of the sleeping bags. Colton’s arm

reached out to pull her back to his chest as she rested her head under his chin. He kissed the top of her head, “Georgia, can we talk a minute?”

“Don’t say it Colton. Don’t ruin this moment. Just don’t make promises you can’t, or won’t keep. It is what it is, and I’m okay with that,” she murmured.

“And what exactly is *it*? What did you think I was going to say?” he asked.

“Listen, I know the speech that comes now. The thank-you-but-let’s-just-be-friends-speech or even the lets-do-this-again-sometimes-when-I’m-in-town speech that usually follows sex, we are just two adults enjoying each other for the week, or however long you happen to be here. Have no fear Colton. I don’t expect any promises from you, or anything at all for that matter. And please don’t insult my intelligence by telling me some lie that will never happen. When it’s time for you to leave, just go, move on. I won’t make any demands on you or your time.” Georgia yawned loudly, stretched, and then turned, wiggling her ass up against his cock, Colton groaned, but pulled her closer still. Soon Georgia was snoring softly, her delicious lips parted slightly.

Was that what he was going to say? That he just wanted to be friends? Lord knew he had said it a dozen times through the years to a dozen different women. But somehow Georgia felt different. And he knew it was because she was different, he couldn’t explain it. He just knew. The thought that some unknown asshole had said it to *her* in the past, made him want to find the prick and punch his face in. He couldn’t even think about another man touching her, it made him crazy. It was a long time before Colton was able to sleep. The scent of Georgia was burned into his memory...sunshine and honeysuckles. And hot, hot, sex. Not just any sex, but the best sex he had ever had. He had taken her twice, in the space of a couple of hours, and yet he wanted her again and again. She was his. Georgia was what he had been looking for. He knew that now. Colton didn’t want to move on in a week, or even a month. A lifetime with Georgia would never be enough. He spent the remainder of the night just watching her sleep, if moving on was what she wanted of him, what in the hell was he going to do?

“Hey there,” Georgia leaned down and looked under Colton’s truck in a vain attempt to see something other than just long, denim clad legs sticking out. “Is something wrong with your truck? Maybe I could help, I’m pretty mechanical.”

Colton slid out from under the truck with a grin, his eyes traveled up long, golden legs, before meeting her amused eyes. “I’m sure you are babe, that’s something that makes me hard as a rock just thinking about.”

“What, me fixing you’re truck?” she asked.

“Nope, you with a tool in your hand,” he winked suggestively at her, and Georgia rolled her eyes. “But I’m just tinkering, killing time until you could get free.”

“I’m free now, thought we could do a little fishing. I’ve got a couple of poles, a tackle box and I packed a couple of bologna sandwiches,” Georgia said, indicating the items in her hands.

Colton’s eyes glanced across her and she felt herself flush. She had slipped into a bikini top and a pair of cut-offs, but then it didn’t seem to matter what she wore when she was around him. Colton always looked at her like she was the most desirable woman he had ever seen. It was in a way that made her feel wanted and needed clear to her toes. No man had ever made her feel like that...so necessary.

Colton came to his feet grinning, that crooked little grin at her that always sent her pulse in hyper-drive. He planted a quick kiss to her upturned lips before asking. “Fish biting this time of day?”

“Does it matter?” she teased.

“Hell no.” He reached for the tackle box and poles and started following her down the path.

Georgia looked at him over her shoulder, “FYI country boy, fish are always biting in my lake, it’s stocked. Besides if they aren’t I’m sure we can find something else that does bite to occupy our time.”

“In that case maybe we should forget about the fish and just get to nibbling each other.” Colton said as he leaned over and caught her around the waist pulling her to him as he pretended to bite at her neck. The fire she felt deep inside every time he touched her caught a flame. And the pounding of her heart fanned it. Georgia’s squeal of surprise was muffled by his mouth, and it was a long time before they got around to actually fishing.

Stone Hard

Beau Stone glared at the teenage boy in the camp office. He knew the kid couldn't see his eyes through the dark shades he wore, but if he could, he would have surely melted with the heat his eyes must have given off. "So you're telling me you have no one meeting that description driving a black extended cab truck staying at the campground?"

"Yep, that's what I'm saying."

Beau swore under his breath and turned away. He knew the kid was lying, but for the life of him he couldn't figure out why. Beau had been driving all day looking for Colton. He had stopped at every campground, motel, and hotel, between here and Climax Holler. Colton wasn't answering his phone, and had in fact turned it off. He hadn't told Cooper yet, but he was starting to worry. It was then the sound of laughter caught his attention, and he turned, watching as a couple made their way up the trail toward the office. The blonde wore cut-offs and a bikini top. She was the type of girl that any red-blooded American boy would have stopped and stared at. She carried two fishing poles and was looking up into the face of the man walking beside her...Colton!

That Son-of-a-Bitch! Here he was worried sick about him, and he was out having a good ole time fishing with some hot blonde! Beau was furious as he marched down the trail to meet them before they could reach the camps' office. Colton saw him coming, and the smile froze on his face. "What in the hell do you think you're doing?" Beau demanded when he reached the twosome, snatching off his shades so Colton could see just how mad he really was.

Colton sighed with resignation and turned to the blonde. "Beau, meet Georgia. Georgia, this angry man is my cousin, Beau."

Georgia turned her head to the side and seemed to study him before smiling and offering her hand for a shake. "It's nice to meet you, Beau. Colton has told me so much about you and his brother Cooper. I hope you will stay for dinner, we caught plenty." She indicated the string of catfish that Colton held. Beau noted that Colton's other arm was firmly wrapped around Georgia's tiny waist. She was a stunner, he would give him that.

Colton frowned at him. "Actually, Beau can't stay, isn't that right Beau?"

Clearly Colton didn't want him to stay, which was why Beau pulled off his ball cap, slapped it against his leg, ran his hand through his straight black hair sending it scattering around his shoulders and jammed it back on his head. He took his sweet time adjusting the bill getting it just right before he answered. "That sounds real good ma'am. Thank you, I think I will stay for dinner." His look to Colton dared him to say he couldn't.

Colton's face clearly said he wanted to hit him. Georgia seemed slightly uneasy at the tension that she sensed, but she smiled anyway. "Awesome, I'll go get the fish cleaned up and start dinner." She reached for the string of fish, and Colton finally took his angry gaze off Beau long enough to smile at her. Beau took note of the fact that when he looked at Georgia his entire demeanor changed. He relaxed his stance; he smiled it was a smile that reached his eyes, and he genuinely seemed happy. Beau tried to remember the last time he had noticed Colton this chill, and well, the answer was never. Colton had always been hyper, an over-achiever who stayed on 'go' all the time. Had Georgia finally tamed the wild country boy?

No, babe you're cooking, so I'll clean them. Could you just bring me a bowl and some pliers? I'll be over there by that flat rock."

"Sure, I'll be right back," Georgia said, turning to leave but not before planting a quick kiss on Colton's cheek. "Be nice," She whispered, but Beau had still heard her, and he quirked up an eyebrow at Colton.

"You heard her, be *nice*," mocked Beau.

Colton, who was clearly not amused, stormed past him and headed to the rock. Beau followed. Before he had the chance to say anything else, Georgia came back carrying a large plastic bowl and a pair of pliers. She gave Colton a quick pat on his ass and a knowing wink before heading back into the building. Beau turned to watch her walk away. She really was a fine looking woman. When he turned back, his nose met Colton's fist...hard.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" Beau wiggled his nose to make sure it wasn't broke, satisfied it wasn't, he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and tried to stop the bleeding.

I didn't like what you were thinking," said Colton meeting him eye to eye for a stare down.

“Oh, so you’re a fucking mind reader now are you?” asked Beau angrily.

“Nope. Because if I was, you would be on your ass right about now,” answered Colton, nonchalantly.

“It’s like that is it?” asked Beau.

Colton frowned. “Yes, it’s *exactly* like that. Don’t try me Beau. Not when it comes to Georgia.”

After about a minute Beau chuckled. “You haven’t hit me over a girl since Luanne James decided it was more prestige to go to the homecoming dance with a junior versus a lowly sophomore, and she promptly dumped you, to go with me. Do you remember?”

Colton smiled as he squatted down to start working on the fish. “Oh yeah, I remember that well. You damn near beat the crap out of me after I gave you a black eye.”

“And was she worth it?” Beau asked squatting down beside Colton.

“Fuck no,” Colton answered quietly.

“And Georgia is I take it?” asked Beau.

Colton stopped gutting the fish with his pocket knife and looked up. “Yes.”

Beau stood and walked around the rock as Colton continued to clean the fish. His voice was quiet as he asked, “What in the hell are you doing here Colt? You have a successful business, a house, a family that loves you. Your life is in Climax Holler, not in, whatever-the-hell-this-dinky-town is called. Is Georgia willing to move to Climax Holler? And if not, is she worth throwing everything you, no make that *we*, have worked so hard for away? I mean the girl is clearly beautiful and all, but...”

Colton glared up at him. “You’re skating on thin ice with me Beau. I would be extra careful what you say after that *but*, or you may find yourself on your ass in the dirt after all.”

Beau yanked his hat back off and scrubbed his hand down his face. “Are you telling me you’re in love with that girl?” he asked pointing toward the camps office for emphasis.

Colton stood and looked Beau in the eyes. “Yes.”

A slow grin appeared on Beau’s face. “Oh hell man, you’re fucked up now. You have known that girl less than a fucking week! Are you insane? Does she even know?”

Stone Hard

Colton shook his head. “No, and I would appreciate you keeping your big mouth shut. I would like to be the one to tell her. I just have some shit to straighten out. I’m going to have to go home and talk to Cooper. The three of us need to have a meeting. There has got to be a way to make this work without hurting the business.”

“And if there isn’t? What then?” Beau asked.

Colton’s blue eyes met the gray eyes of his cousin. “Then I walk.”

Colton was leaving. He hadn’t said as much, but then he didn’t have to. Georgia could feel it, and she missed him already. How had he become such an important person in her life in only a few short days? Already she knew she would miss his teasing, his crooked grin, and the way his dark blue eyes seemed to go straight to her soul, and she would absolutely miss his body, and the way it made *her* body feel. He was such a contrast of rock hard and gentle. The way he made her feel when he was moving inside of her...Oh God she could come just thinking about it. What had she done? Common sense had told her this wouldn’t last. She had known that eventually he would be going back home to Climax Holler, where his home, business, and family were. She was missing him, and he hadn’t even left yet. Stupid, stupid girl! Why had she let herself fall in love with him? He was going to break her heart, and there wasn’t a damn thing she could do about it. She quickly brushed a tear out of her eye, and looked up to meet Beau’s measuring gaze. So he knew it too, did he? Of course he did. After all, that was why he was here. He had come to collect Colton.

Dinner was a somber affair, with Colton staring down at his plate and only speaking when spoken to. Beau had tried to lighten the mood with a few stories, but eventually even he had given up and joined Colton in staring down at his plate. Chris, perhaps sensing something was up with the grown-ups had retreated to his old standby, his phone. Georgia sighed, and all three pairs of eyes looked to her. “The fish was good don’t you think?” she asked.

They all nodded their agreement. Colton reached out and took her hand. “Dinner was delicious, thank you, babe.”

“Sure, you’re welcome.” Georgia grabbed her plate and headed for the sink. She had to get away before she lost it in front of all of them. She had survived much worse than this. She could do this too she told herself. She felt his warmth before she felt his body. He had pressed his self to her back as he slipped his arms around her waist.

Colton kissed her right below her ear. “Leave the dishes—Beau and Chris can do them.”

“We can’t do that Beau is company,” she protested.

“He ain’t company he’s family, there’s a difference. Hey boys, you’re on dish duty,” he called over his shoulder. They both opened their mouths to protest, but took one look at his face and quickly shut them. Colton took her by the hand, and she followed him down the stairs and out into the night. “Let’s walk by the lake. I need to talk to you.”

Georgia nodded, but she had a sick feeling of dread in the pit of her stomach. She had told him when it was time to go he could just go, and there would be no hard feelings. Why then was she feeling like she was losing her best friend? “You’re leaving aren’t you?” she asked, trying to keep the sadness from her voice.

“Yeah, I had hoped to stay longer, but Beau has reminded me that I have obligations that need my attention. But I’m coming back, Georgia.”

Georgia shook her head. “Don’t, Colton. Please don’t make promises. Remember our first night together, when I told you I would hold you to nothing?”

Colton ran his hand down his face. “Georgia, I want to be with you. It’s not just about sex anymore for me. Hell I don’t think it ever was. From the beginning you have always been someone special.” Colton turned her to face him and brushed her hair over her shoulders. “If you feel that way too, I want to propose a business deal to Cooper and Beau and of course to you too. I want to stay here. Maybe we could open up some kind of a franchise, here near your place? Maybe even on your place, if you’re willing. I don’t have all the details worked out yet, but say the word, and I’ll leave tomorrow and talk to the guys. Of course, if that is not how you feel say so, and I’ll just leave if that’s still what you really want.”

The tears that had been threatening finally spilled over, and ran freely. “No, Colton, I want you here, in my life. But I can’t ask you to just give up everything for me.”

Stone Hard

“Georgia, you’re not getting what I’m saying. *You* are my everything, without you in my life nothing else matters.”

Georgia smiled. “I just have one request. Will you spend one last night with me before you go?”

Colton pulled her into his arms. “Oh God, baby, you don’t even have to ask. There is nowhere else I want to be. But know this, I’m not making a promise, it’s a fact Georgia, I’ll be back. You and I are not finished.”

Georgia sighed as he pulled her into his arms. “Shhhh, just kiss me, please.”

Georgia stood in front of him. They both were completely naked in her bedroom, the lamp on the bedside table giving off a soft glow. Chris had long since retired to his room downstairs, and Beau had taken Colton’s tent. It was just the two of them. Colton walked toward her and reached out to cup both breasts. “You take my breath away every time I see you.” He lowered his head and licked one nipple, and then blew his breath across it before moving on to repeat the process on the other one. Once both stood at attention he sucked one into his mouth, and watched Georgia’s face as her head dropped back. She moaned with a mixture of pain and pleasure.

Colton moved down her body to the tight little triangle of blonde curls. “Spread your legs for me, babe.” And when she did, he growled. “That’s so fucking sexy.” He ran his finger through her wetness and grinned up at her before he dove in head first, his mouth kissing her pussy, his tongue swirling in and out around her clit. Georgia’s knees buckled, and he caught her easily enough pushed her up against the wall. “Easy now, I’m just getting started.” His hands held her around the waist as his mouth sucked at her juices. God, the scent and taste of her had him hard, throbbing, and drunk on need. The need to plunge inside her, to hold her against the wall, and pound until she screamed her pleasure damn near got the best of him. But Colton was determined to make this a memorable experience for Georgia. If he wasn’t ready to say with his voice that he loved her, then he would show her with his body. That he did indeed worship this woman.

Stone Hard

Her hands were gripping his hair as she thrust toward his face, grinding her pussy on his tongue. Colton could taste that she was close, so damn close. And when he felt her shudder and cry out, Colton was able to catch her as she collapsed. Tenderly he laid her on the bed, rubbing her breasts until her breath caught in her throat. “Watching you come is one of the sexiest things I’ve ever seen.” He whispered the words against her mouth.

Georgia smiled and pushed him over on his back, saying, “Your turn, country boy.” Slowly she kissed her way down his abs, his erection stood up hard, and pulsing, and she encircled it as she slide her hand up and down before pulling him into her mouth. Her eyes watched his face as he groaned. She popped him out of her mouth, and asked. “Do you like that?”

“Fuck yes, I like it,” he answered. Georgia smiled at his enthusiasm, and ran her tongue from his balls to the bulbous tip before sucking him back into her mouth.

“Georgia.” He hissed her name as his hands sought her head. He held it still as he thrust into her waiting, hot mouth. “Oh God, I love your mouth, but you’ve got to stop before I come. I want to be buried deep in that hot body when that happens.” With one last swirl around the tip of his cock, Georgia released Colton and began a slow crawl up his body, her eyes never leaving his. Colton grinned, “You are such a tease.”

Georgia shook her head from side to side, sending blonde strains tickling across his stomach and chest. “No I’m not. Teasers don’t deliver, and I’m going to deliver you to bliss.” Straddling his slim hips she impaled herself upon his huge erection and slowly slid down until she had taken ever centimeter of him into her aching body. Throwing her head back, she rode him. Colton gripped her hips and plunged upward with every down slide of her body. Faster and faster they worked as they were both intent on bringing the other pleasure. Both their bodies slick with the effort.

“Now, baby. Come with me now,” gasped Colton, through clenched teeth. Georgia shuddered and gave a long sigh as she collapsed on top of Colton. He immediately wrapped one arm around her and with the other gently pushed the hair back from her face, kissing her tenderly behind the ear as he whispered. “I’m completely addicted to

you Georgia Morrison.” Slowly, with their bodies still joined he flipped them until he now lay to the side of her.

As hard as she tried she couldn't keep the tears from escaping down her face, so she turned her head away from him.

Colton cupped her under the chin and turned her back to face him. “Did I hurt you?” he asked, suddenly concerned.

Georgia shook her head. “No, it...” She couldn't say it. She couldn't tell him how much she didn't want him to leave even for one day. She had a bad feeling that she just couldn't explain. She couldn't believe how much he had come to mean to her in such a short time. “It was just really beautiful, wasn't it?”

Colton smiled. “That it was babe that it was.” And then he kissed her, and Georgia forgot to care about tomorrow.

Colton slowly came awake. Alarms were going off. That's funny he didn't remember setting an alarm, but maybe Georgia had. Beside him Georgia stiffened, then coughed. Colton stretched and then froze. Smoke alarms! The smoke alarms were going off. “Georgia! Georgia, wake up, the smoke alarms are going off. We have got to get out of here!” Already the room seemed smoky, and he could feel the burning in the back of his throat, like he had been in a honky-tonk where everyone was smoking but him.

Georgia sat up, her eyes panicked. “Oh God, Chris! We have to get to Chris.” They both sprang from the bed, and begin to pull on clothes. Georgia's apartment was basically a large open space, the bed sat on the far wall away from the door leading to the stairs. Jumping from a window was not an option since they were up too high. Colton raced to that door, the one that led to the stairs, and then down to the office, storage room, and Chris's bedroom. He placed his hand on the door, and then tested the knob. Neither was hot, but he could see tendrils of smoke coming from under the door, curling their way into the room. Running back to the bed, he yanked off the thin summer blanket.

“What are you doing?” asked Georgia as he ran past her and into the bathroom, where he turned on the shower, soaking the blanket.

Coming back out with the wet blanket, he wrapped it around the two of them. “Hold the corner over your mouth to breathe, stay with me, and stay low.” He took a moment to plant a quick kiss on her lips. “It’s okay, baby, we’re getting out of here.”

Though her eyes were wide with fear, Georgia nodded that she understood, and together they began to make their way down the stairs. They were going on instinct and touch only as the smoke had made it impossible to see much of anything. Colton’s eyes burned, and he could feel the heat from the flames scorching his exposed skin. Flames blazed near the front of the office, yet none had extended to the stairs. They finally reached the bottom, and Georgia pointed to the back of the building where Chris slept. Between the roaring of the fire and the blaring alarm, talk was impossible, but Colton understood, and together they headed to Chris’s bedroom.

Thankfully the door wasn’t locked, so they were able to get inside and quickly shut the door behind them. Smoke had filled the room, while the heat from the fire made it airless and stifling. Chris was lying on his back on the bed, sleeping the coma-like sleep of a teenager. A headset of some kind was over his ears blaring music, which explained why he hadn’t been able to hear the alarms. Georgia yanked the headset from his head and frantically shook him awake as Colton ran to the ground floor window. He struggled to raise it, but at some point it had been painted shut and wouldn’t budge. “Cover your faces!” yelled Colton as he picked up the desk’s chair and hurled it through the window effectively breaking the glass. They were all coughing violently, and Colton knew they had just a matter of seconds left to get out, or die!

Colton tossed the blanket over the window sill to minimize the chances of getting cut by all the glass. He was helping Chris out the window, when a dark shadow suddenly appeared on the outside. Beau!

“Hurry!” Beau called out as he helped a barely standing Chris out the window.

Colton had never been happier to see his cousin. He handed Georgia out the window to his waiting arms, before jumping up and climbing out his self. Behind him the sound of crashing sounded as the fire continued its destructive trek through the building. Once outside away from the burning building the three of them gasped to drawl fresh air into their oxygen starved lungs.

Stone Hard

People had gathered, presumably campers awakened by the commotion as fire trucks, police cars, and an ambulance pulled up to the scene. Someone draped blankets around their shoulders, and within minutes they had oxygen masks pushed to their faces.

“Is there anyone else in the building?” A fireman asked of Colton, and he shook his head no as he watched the fire department run hoses to the lake for water to put out the fire. Beside him Georgia stood silently watching as her home went up in flames, her arm draped around Chris’s shoulders for comfort.

Colton pulled the mask off as he turned to them. “Are y’all okay?”

Georgia raised her eyes to his; they were haunted and hurt. Tears threaten to spill and run down her beautiful face which was covered with soot. But bravely she nodded. Colton pulled her into his arms. His stomach clenching with the fear that he had almost lost her. He wouldn’t have been able to go on had he lost Georgia. She had become his world. “Oh baby, it’s going to be okay I promise,” he murmured into her hair as he clutched her trembling body to his own. Over the top of her head he met Beau’s eyes, and Colton nodded his thanks. Beau looked grim, but relieved.

“Folks, you all should probably go to the hospital and get checked out,” said an EMT as Georgia handed him back her oxygen mask, and he handed out bottles of water to them.

“Thank you, but I’m fine. My voice is just a little scratchy, but I’m good,” said Georgia taking a long drink from the offered bottle. “Chris?”

All eyes turned to the teenager as he reached up and pulled off his mask as well. “I’m good. I’m not going to the hospital,” he stated firmly. The EMT worker shrugged his shoulders and went back to the ambulance.

“Miss Morrison, any idea how this fire could have started?” Georgia looked up to see Officer Scott standing in front of her. He was someone she was familiar with as he had been out to the campground a few times both as a customer and on official business.

Georgia shook her head. “No, Officer Scott, we were sleeping and the smoke detectors went off. That’s pretty much all I know.”

Stone Hard

The policeman scribbled something in a notepad. “You were lucky you had working smoke detectors. I have to tell you, ma’am, the fire department is telling us the fire is suspicious. They smell an accelerant and, feel one was used to start the fire somewhere towards the front of the building,” he stated before stepping away to listen to a call on the receiver attached to his collar.

Georgia’s terrified eyes met Colton’s. “Who could have...who would have...done such a thing?” she asked.

“10-4—bring him in,” said Officer Scott into the receiver before turning back to a stunned Georgia. “We think we may have a suspect. Another unit picked this guy up about a mile away. He was drunk, passed out in his car, with an empty gas can on the seat beside him.” They all turned as a police car pulled up. “Do you know Billy Joe Holland?”

Georgia gasped. “Billy Joe?”

Beside her she felt Colton explode. “That son of a bitch! I will kill him when I get my hands on him. He almost killed us!” As the police car stopped they could clearly see Billy Joe sitting in the back, a glazed look in his eyes. Colton raced passed her and headed for the car. Yanking open the door he reached in and grabbed Billy Joe by the collar, pulling his handcuffed body from the seat. “You little prick!” he screamed.

Beau and Officer Scott acted quickly to pull a combative Colton off Billy Joe. The other officer came from the driver’s seat to put Billy Joe back into the vehicle before driving off with him. Georgia felt like she was looking in on the whole scene from a distance. Beau was talking to Colton trying to get him to calm down. Officer Scott was threatening to arrest him if he didn’t. Chris stood silently to her side, looking like a lost little boy instead of the teenager that he was. And all Georgia could think was, why? Why had Billy Joe tried to kill her?

“Miss Morrison, I’m going to need all of you to come down to the station to make a statement.” Georgia looked up to see Officer Scott standing in front of her, a furious Colton to his right.

“As you can see officer she is clearly exhausted. Can we do this later this morning?” asked Colton.

The officer looked down at his watch before answering. “It’s going on 3:30, I’ll give you to 10:00, and then I’ll expect to see all of you at the station.” His face softened. “I’m

Stone Hard

sorry for your loss Georgia. You've done a fine job here since your grandparents left. I hope you'll rebuild and stay part of our community." With that he nodded, got in his cruiser and pulled out. Georgia watched him leave as the firemen started rolling up their hoses. They would be gone soon too. Most of the onlookers having decided the excitement was over had wandered back to their beds.

"What's next?" asked Chris. Georgia had no answer for him. She just felt numb inside.

Colton watched Georgia's face. She was near collapse, possibly even close to shock. He had to get her out of here, the more she stared at the burned out remains of her home and business the more desolate she looked. "Georgia, are there any cabins empty?" he asked gently.

She took so long to answer that Colton was beginning to think she wasn't going to. "The family in cabin six left before dinner, so it's empty."

"Good. That is where we will be staying for the rest of the night." Colton pulled Beau to the side, and they had a quick conversation before Beau nodded and headed back to the tent. Colton helped Georgia down the trail to the boat dock, Chris followed them silently. It was just a short trip across the lake in one of the motor boats that sat ready for rent, and they were at the door of the cabin. Thankfully one of the upgrades that Georgia had installed was a keyless entry to all the cabins, Chris stepped forward and punched in the code before swinging the door wide. Colton took quick stock of the place. It was a small two bedroom, one bath with a living room, eat-in kitchen. "Chris why don't you take a quick shower and grab the bedroom with the bunk beds in it," suggested Colton.

Chris headed down the hallway, and within seconds water could be heard running. Colton sat Georgia down on the leather couch and briskly rubbed her upper arms. "Baby, talk to me. I need to know that you're alright."

"I'm okay Colton." She said it so dispassionately that rage built inside Colton all over again. If he could get his hands on Billy Joe he would kill the bastard a hundred times over. He had promised Georgia that he would keep her safe, that he wouldn't let

anyone especially Billy Joe hurt her, and he had failed. She had almost died. She seemed to read his mind as she raised her hand to his face touching him softly. “I can see it in your eyes. Don’t Colton. Don’t blame yourself. It’s not your fault. If it hadn’t been for you, Chris and I would be dead.”

“I promised to keep you safe,” he groaned.

Georgia smiled. “And you did. Thank you.” She leaned over to touch her lips tenderly to his, but at first touch Colton grabbed her and pulled her to him, clutching at her as if she were his life line.

“God, I love you,” he whispered into her smoke filled hair.

Georgia’s eyes glowed as she answered, “And I love you too Colton.”

Chris came out of the bathroom a towel wrapped around his waist. “I’m going to bed now. Wake me when it’s time to go to the police station.” Colton nodded at him. He turned, and the click of the bedroom door closing echoed down the hall. Colton took Georgia’s hand and led her to the shower. The two of them stripped off their smoked filled clothing and stepped over into the shower. Gently, reverently they washed the soot off each other. Colton couldn’t hide his arousal from Georgia, nor did he have too. She took his hand and wrapped in towels they made their way to the bedroom where he laid her down and ever so gently slid into her waiting body. Slowly to make her feel every inch of his love he moved in and out of her slickness. They came together. Crying out softly, wrapped in each other’s arms, before falling into a dreamless sleep.

Beau showed up the next morning with a bag from the local Wal-Mart. It contained clothing and toothbrushes. Gratefully they all dressed and silently piled into his truck. They made a quick stop for breakfast at a diner before heading into the police station where they were separated and questioned. Colton told the police about his encounter with Billy Joe at the steak house when Georgia and he had been on a date. In the end the police told them that Billy Joe had been so drunk that he actually had no memory of starting the fire, but that all the evidence pointed to him as the arsonist. He did admit to having feelings for Georgia and being angry at her for never returning his feelings. Her engagement announcement and the run in at the restaurant with Colton had presumably set him off.

Stone Hard

Beau left the next day. With tear-filled eyes Georgia hugged him, thanking him for all his help. Beau shuffled his feet, gave her a peck on the cheek and winked at Colton before hopping into his truck. Colton stayed another week, he helped Georgia, and Chris get settled into the cabin, and he was beside her as she met with the insurance adjustor. He was supportive. There when she needed him even before she knew she needed him. He had become her rock, and Georgia couldn't imagine her life without him. As she stood next to his truck holding his hand she knew she had to be strong. "I'll be back in two weeks tops. If you need me call, I can be here in less than four hours, just call babe."

Georgia smiled. "I'll be fine. I'll miss you though, so drive safely and come back to me."

Colton placed his hands on both sides of her face; his eyes were intense as they looked into hers. "There is not a damn thing on this earth that would keep me from coming back to you. You're my home Georgia. I'll be where you are...always."

"Promise?" she asked with a twinkle in her eyes.

"Oh hell, yeah," he murmured right before his mouth descended on hers.

THE END

Loving Dragon

T Lee Garland

Catherine Stanley has been raised in the lap of luxury. As the only child of a prominent, well-to-do family, she has been treated like a princess her entire life. Until the day that her step-father locks her in her bedroom and vows she will stay there until she agrees to marry a man thirty years her senior.

Escaping to another town, Catherine takes a job at a bar, where she meets former MMA Champion Dane “the Dragon” Maldonado, and heated sparks soon fly between “the Dragon” and the “princess”. Dragon knows Catherine isn’t telling him everything about her past, but can a relationship between the two of them work without trust?

When her dangerous ex-fiancée decides he isn’t taking her leaving him lying down, this princess is going to have to trust her dragon to handle the heat.

Mastered by the Mothman

T Lee Garland

College student Kate is headed to a cabin in the remote mountains of Virginia to meet up with her sorority sisters when she finds herself lost and stranded in a broken down car. After falling asleep, she is awakened by what she assumes is the glow of a police car coming to her rescue, but instead comes face to face with the legendary Mothman. A half man half moth, the beast has terrorized the mountains of West Virginia and Virginia for more than a half a century, with his glowing red eyes and penchant for showing up at disasters.

Horror-stricken when he quickly scoops her up and flies her to a cave on top of a mountain, Kate thinks the mysterious creature intends to make her his dinner. Kate quickly discovers, however, that the Mothman does have a voracious appetite – one that will leave Kate hungering for more...

August Heat

T Lee Garland

Daisy Mae Coleman is spending the summer after her college graduation at home on the farm in Kentucky. One sweltering evening she decides to cool off by taking a dip in her favorite swimming hole...only to discover a naked man has beat her to it.

After his fiancée decides she'd rather be with an investment banker, cowhand August Henson leaves Texas in search of a new life. The last thing he had in mind when he took on a position at the Coleman farm was falling for the boss's daughter.

Passion ignites between Daisy and August, but soon the real world comes crashing in on them. Daisy's father expects her to leave after the summer is over and find a job in the city. After all that is why she went to college, isn't it? And August is from the great state of Texas...will a Kentucky farm girl be able to hold his attention long enough for him to want to stay?

Whatever the outcome, one thing is for sure...it's going to be one hell of a hot summer.

Wicked Lessons Learned

T Lee Garland

When Lisa's husband of twenty years leaves her for an eighteen-year old with the brains of a hamster, Lisa realizes she lost more than a husband. She had also lost her self-confidence.

Twenty-year old Evan is house-sitting next door when he meets a bikini-clad Lisa. She offers him the chance to get "lessons" on how to please a woman and he eagerly takes her up on it.

It isn't long before Lisa starts to wonder who is teaching who? Her new "boy-toy" is definitely hot, and she has a new found sexy confidence. But she starts to wonder if Evan is really the one for her?

Evan is leaving for Madrid soon...will Lisa follow? Can this cougar get her happy ever after?

Cowboy Combo

T Lee Garland

Sam and Shane are twin brothers who own The Smoking “S” Ranch. When they hire a personal chef they expect “Aunt Bea” from Mayberry, but what they get is petite and sassy Piper. She takes one look at the hot duo and knows she wants them in her bed. The brothers know a good thing when they see and taste it and no way are they letting her out of their lives or their bed.

But the brothers have a secret and trouble soon looms. Can this spunky little girl save the day and keep her new found loves?

About the Author

T. Lee Garland lives in Clarksville, Tennessee. One of her first memories as a child is her Uncle Roy giving her a Little Golden book for her Birthday. That's all it took, she was hooked on reading. She read her first romance book at seventeen and never looked back. She loves a bad boy who doesn't know how good he really is. As a matter of fact she married one! She loves writing strong female characters who know what they want and aren't afraid to go after it.

She shares her home with about one hundred Barbies, countless books and movies, a rescued beagle named Samwise Gamgee (Sammie for short) and a plump, elderly cat named Coco. She is most proud of her two sons and the beautiful, talented ladies they married. She would love to hear from you on her Facebook page at <https://www.facebook.com/pages/T-Lee-Garland-Author/661072240627493> or follow her on Pinterest at <http://www.pinterest.com/authortleegarla/>

And in case you were wondering that Little Golden book is still one of her most priceless treasures...forty-seven years later.

Dark Hollows Press

Dark Hollows Press is a publisher of all genres of romantic expression.

We believe our authors are artists and their talent shouldn't be censored, so our authors present high quality stories full of romance, desire, and sometimes graphic moments that are both entertaining and erotic. We have an exclusive group of talented writers and we publish stories that range from historical to fantasy, sci-fi to contemporary.

We invite you to visit us at www.darkhollowspress.com.

