

“Mummy, Sam said he needs a good luck kiss so he doesn’t fall off the wild horse.” Rosie trilled, her eyes huge and full of appeal. “I gave him a kiss already, but he said he needed a kiss from a pretty lady to make sure his luck holds, seeing as it’s a big wild horse ... and mean too.” She smiled proudly up at her mother “I told him to come over and you would give him a kiss, cos you wouldn’t want him falling off that big ugly thing.”

As Lydia’s startled green eyes met his own, Sam moved in closer, so that he stood between her legs. He placed his hands on the top of her thighs and grinned up at her.

Lydia flicked an anxious glance around the corral as the interest from the other ranch hands turned to them. If she didn’t give him a swift kiss, she was going to embarrass both herself and him.

He had her cornered, didn’t see that he had given her any option and the thought had him grinning up at her as she cast her eyes around the corral.

He felt the heat of her thighs through her jeans as he gave a gentle squeeze to get her attention back.

“Hey, pretty lady,” He had to look up slightly at her as she perched on the fence. Her mouth was almost level with his nose. He tipped his head back and grinned some more, biting his tongue trying not to laugh at her wide, frantic eyes. “How about a good luck kiss for a brave soul?”

She held still so long that he wondered if she was going to make him look foolish. He could feel his smile waver as he held his breath and waited for her to make a move. If she would only dip her head and place her lips on his cheek it would be a huge step forward and would save him a ribbing from the boys.

Lydia raised a hand and brushed a stray hair back from her face and then brought the same hand down to rest on his cheek, bringing her other hand up to cradle his face. Christ he had no idea she was actually going to touch him, her cool fingers delicately rested on his face and his pulse shot through the roof. His heart hammered in his chest as she took her own sweet time while she decided whether to kiss him or not. He’d thought it would be amusing to corner her, but it appeared she’d turned the tables on him now. She’d wiped the smile off his face as she studied his lips like it was a life or death situation. She stared at his mouth for so long that he shifted uncomfortably, moved in closer so that she didn’t have far to go

It was just a kiss. A brief, innocent, kiss.

For one split second he imagined a light of devilment glinted in her eyes as she touched her tongue to her bottom lip and almost made him beg.

Rosie clapped and Aaron stood quiet and serious as Lydia leaned

toward him. Sam slowly closed his eyes, almost shuddering as her soft lips met his harder ones with a gentle pressure that she held for a moment and that devil he suspected was inside her obviously became too much of a temptation.

Her lips parted and her cool, sweet tongue swept lightly across his closed lips.

His eyes shot open and before she could draw in a breath, he snatched her off the fence and into his arms. His mouth hot and hungry captured hers as he allowed himself to indulge in a deep sensuous kiss, sweeping his own tongue into her mouth, tasting her. Slowly he pulled back before she had the opportunity to withdraw. Her eyes were still wide open, her breath shallow and quick and he smiled as he let her body slide back down his until her feet touched the floor.

(unedited version)