

Excerpt from *Mountain Hot*

When Craig left the lodge he was glad he had hiked over from his office instead of taking his truck. *Couldn't ask for a prettier day. You'd never know it rained like hell yesterday. Think I'll take the scenic route to the office.* Sunlight streamed through the trees and made the clear water of the nearby stream sparkle. *A great day and it got even better seeing Storme all sleep-tossed and wild looking...* A high-pitched scream broke through his reverie and then he saw a tube minus its passenger shoot past him. *Tourists.* Knowing someone had to be with it, he went on high alert. A moment later he was shocked into action as a familiar midnight-black head sped past him. His heart in his mouth, he raced further ahead to the bend in the stream, dove in quickly, and went after what could only be Storme Weathers. *Gotta catch her before she gets caught in the rapids.*

Knowing his body could withstand the force of the stream was one thing but rapids were another story. Fear for her safety nearly choked him. His mother claimed he was as strong as an ox. Hell, he hoped she was right because the force of the stream was strong—way too strong. When Storme plowed into him, his body met the supernatural strength of the river. *Damn!* His body fought the stream as his foot slipped, and he grabbed a low-hanging branch to steady himself. *Whoa, close call.* Shaken by the strength of the impact, he fought off her legs that were striking out hither and yon hitting him nearly as hard as the rushing water. “I got you. You’re alright. Relax against me. Let go.”

“Let go? Are you crazy?” Hanging on for dear life, she wrapped her legs even more tightly around him.

“Stop flailing around like a flounder so I can get us outta here. I can’t walk.” There was no choice. *No time to be a gentleman.* Grabbing her ass and hoisting her up and off his legs, he stalked to the bank. When he moved to set her down, she continued to cling to him.

“Don’t let me go.”

While he tried to pry her off him, she began shaking violently. With her soft body practically plastered to his, he groaned. *Gotta get her off me. I'm getting a freaking hard-on. Shit! Storme's hot even when she looks like a drown rat.*

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