

# The Cowboy Way

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ISBN 9780990595502

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Electronic book publication July 2014

### Excerpt

Unable to stop himself, he touched her hair again. The silken weight of it grounded him in the here and now. He became very aware that he sat in the near dark with a beautiful woman in his arms, sharing a very intimate moment. His body hardened and softened at the same time, and he pulled her a fraction of an inch closer. They were connected by a memory of sorrow, and they wanted a link of something good.

“Tell me about our first kiss.”

“Wow.” Her brows rose. “You change gears quickly.” Her soft chuckle made his breath hitch and his fingers tightened where they had landed on her hip. He was pleased when he felt an answering shudder race through her.

He shrugged. “I’m curious about you. About us. I want to hear about something happy.”

“You think our first kiss was a happy memory?”

“It wasn’t?” How could it not have been?

Greta threw her head back and laughed long and hard. Her hair rippled down her back and her shoulders shook as he stared at her with both confusion and amusement. It was the first time he had earned a genuine smile from her and he wanted to do it again.

“Our first kiss.” She sobered and bit her lip as her gaze focused inward. This time when she laughed it was with a low and husky purr. It poured over him like syrup and pooled in his groin. “We’d been dancing, and you were trying to convince me that I was your girl. You pulled a macho move and planted one on me as I was trying to walk away. It was the funniest thing ever.”

“Why was it funny?”

“Because it was all soft and lippy and really wet. I was surprised that the great love-’em-and-leave-’em Trey Armstrong was a piss-poor kisser.” She giggled.

“That can’t be right.” He looked away in disbelief and shifted in his seat. “You must be remembering it wrong.”

“*You’re* questioning *my* memory?”

“Well, yeah.” He didn’t recall having any troubles where the ladies were concerned. She must be playing with him. “I couldn’t have been that bad. You obviously stuck with me.”

“I had to retrain you.”

Retrain him, huh? “Was I a quick study?” he smirked.

Her expression took on a dreamy quality that had him thinking of hot summer nights tangled in crisp cool sheets. “Yeah, you were.”

He leaned in close, close enough to smell the wine on her breath. It was impossible to take his eyes off her succulent lips. “Do you think I still remember how?”

Greta’s eyes widened at the unspoken request in his query. “You’d have to tell me,” she whispered.

He dipped his head ever so slowly. Watching, waiting to see if she’d pull away. Her gaze fell to his lips, making them tingle in anticipation until he pressed his mouth to hers. Remembering her “soft lips” comment, he kept his touch firm. When he felt her smile in response, he slanted his mouth over hers and coaxed her to open for him.

She gasped and melted in his embrace, her arms slipping around his neck to hold on tight. She tasted of wine and spice, and he wanted more. Her little whimpers pushed the need to claim her to the breaking point, twisting and twisting until he thought he would snap.

Hot damn.



HOUSE OF ROSENORN

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