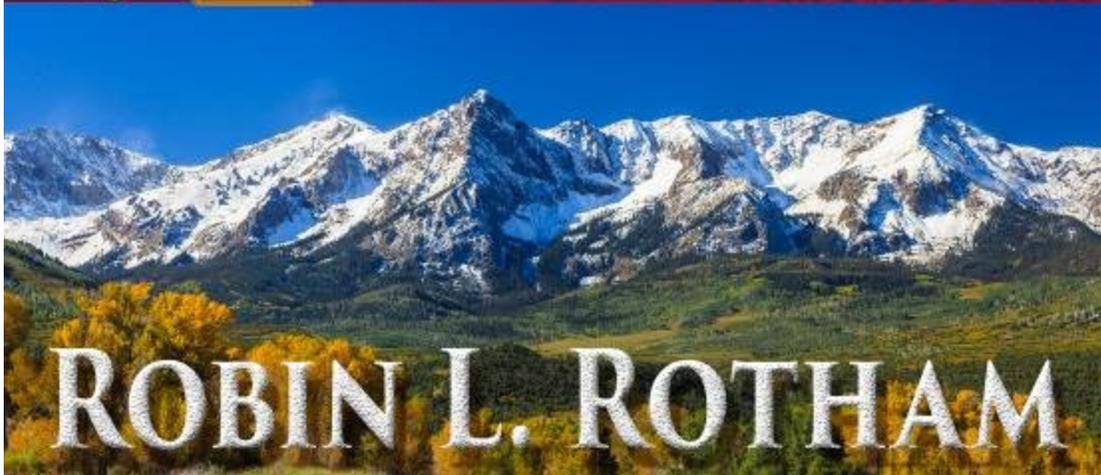




A CARNAL  
PRELUDE  
TO A CARNAL CHRISTMAS



ROBIN L. ROTHAM

**A Carnal Prelude**  
*to A Carnal Christmas*

**Robin L. Rotham**

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Cover art by Robin L. Rotham

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## **Table of Contents**

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Sneak Preview: A Carnal Christmas](#)

[About Robin L. Rotham](#)

## Chapter One

### ~ *A Birthday Surprise* ~

*August*

She deserved a lot worse than a spanking for her birthday.

Mandy Stivers felt about three inches tall as she gazed around the accommodations Hake had booked for their weekend in Denver. Her darling husband clearly paid through the nose for the huge, sumptuous corner suite, the living room of which boasted floor-to-ceiling windows on two sides and a spectacular view of the Rocky Mountains—as if driving her more than 600 miles to see Ed Sheeran in concert weren't enough. There was even a bouquet of fragrant red roses waiting for her on the small dining table, and not just one but *two* bottles of champagne chilling on the kitchenette's granite countertop.

Hake had pulled out all the stops for her birthday. And she'd repaid him by sulking almost half the way here because he wouldn't drive through Goodland so she could visit her *three* lovers.

"Hake..." The lump in her throat grew too thick for her to continue, and she blinked back tears.

"That bad, huh?" he murmured with an amused glint in his eye as he set their bags down by the door and looped his arms around her.

She buried her face in the open neck of his cotton shirt. "That good. I don't deserve this."

He chuckled. "Honey, if you gave me everything I deserved, I'd be six feet under by now."

"That's not true," she said, though she had to smile. He *had* given her a couple of hairy moments over the last few years.

Hake pulled her face up with a finger under her chin. "So you think you're over it now?" he asked, a sly little smile curving his lips.

"I am *so* over it." She pushed his hand away so she could wrap her arms around his neck and kiss him soundly. "I'm sorry, Hake. I mean it. You were absolutely right—it would have been thoughtless and rude of me to drop in on Joe, Brent and Ariel when they're in the middle of building a house and trying to get the machinery ready for harvest."

He nodded. “Yes, it would.”

“And I acted like a spoiled brat.” Which actually worried her more than she wanted to think about.

He nodded. “Yes, you did.”

“Am I going to get a spanking?” she asked with a coy smile.

“Think you deserve one?”

Her smile faded. “I don’t know.”

Hake’s gaze narrowed on her face and then he grinned at her. “Hey, don’t look so worried. I’ll save the real spanking for your birthday—that way you’ll have something to sulk about on the ride home, too.”

When Mandy stuck her tongue out at him, he raised an arrogant brow. “The plan was to stop at forty-five, but if you’re going to be bratty, I’ll—”

“No, no—forty-five’s plenty, thanks.” She dropped a kiss on his chest and then pulled away to pluck the card from the flowers, giving them a long sniff of appreciation in the process. When she read the message, her eyes widened.

*With hugs and kisses and kinky birthday wishes!*

*Love Joe, Brent & AJ*

“These aren’t from you!” she exclaimed.

He grinned. “I know.”

“Oh. I just assumed...” She frowned at the card. It looked like Ariel’s handwriting. How had they managed that?

Hake ran a fingertip down the frown crease between her brows. “And there’s the pout again. Does that mean you’re not over it after all?”

Trying unsuccessfully to suppress a smile, she smacked him with the tiny card. Then she smacked him with her lips to make up for it. “I’m more than over it.”

“Glad to hear it.”

“So what are we doing tonight? Exploring Denver? Christmas shopping?” Running her fingertip down his throat, she purred, “Or should I pour us some of this champagne and work on thanking you for my present?” The concert wasn’t until tomorrow night, which left them more

than twenty-four hours to indulge in numerous bouts of hot, sweaty sex, mile-high sex. If she had her way, they might not be in any shape to leave the room until the concert.

“Oh, I don’t know.” Hake set her away from him and went to open the bedroom door. “I thought maybe we’d have an orgy with a few friends.”

Before she could process his words, three people spilled through the doorway, shouting, “Surprise!”

Mandy screamed in disbelief, literally jumping up and down with joy. “Oh my God, oh my God!”

Grabbing her arm, Hake slapped a hand over her mouth. “Save it for the concert tomorrow night or the neighbors’ll call the police.” Then he grinned. “Oh wait, this is an end suite—we don’t have any neighbors.”

Still trembling with excitement, Mandy smacked him with the card again and pulled her face away from his hand. No wonder he’d just accepted her stewing all morning with an occasional smirk. “You rat, you planned this.”

“Ariel and I did,” he acknowledged with a smug nod.

“So the contractors aren’t really working weekends to make up for all the rainy days?” she asked with a pointed look at Hake.

“Well, they are,” Brent told her, his eyes twinkling, “but we don’t have to personally supervise every single nail that gets hammered into the house. That’s what we pay the general contractor for.”

“Of course it is.” Unable to wait any longer, Mandy launched herself at her favorite triad. “Oh my God, I can’t believe you’re here!”

She grabbed Joe’s neck and laid one on him right under his oh-so-manly moustache. He kissed her back soundly, bending her over his arm in an exaggerated Hollywood embrace while she clutched at his broad shoulders. “Happy birthday, Mandy-girl.”

Hake’s cousin Brent cut in and yanked her against him for an even more thorough kiss, during which she made a mess of his short blond hair. When he finally let go and added his birthday wishes to Joe’s, they were both flushed and breathing hard, grinning from ear to ear.

And then it was time to greet Ariel, Joe and Brent’s third and the newest member of their kinky little play group. “Happy Birthday, Mandy.”

They stared at each other almost shyly for a second and then wrapped each other in a long,

tight hug that made Mandy's eyes prickle with tears again. It had been almost three years since Brent Andersen and Joe Remke first granted her kinky wish at Hake's request, and she'd grown to love them both, but it was Ariel she missed most often, for a variety of reasons.

Mandy gave her a quick kiss and then made herself pull away, wiping her eyes.

"I noticed how you signed the card, Ariel Jane Pender," she scolded. Ariel had gone by AJ most of her life, first because she was a confirmed tomboy and then because it was a more appropriate name for a farmer—or that was her standard excuse, anyway. Mandy knew it was because all the men in her life had made her feel less than feminine and worthy.

*Their loss, the fucktards.*

"It's a small card!" Ariel laughed. "And I guess old habits die hard."

"You might need a spanking too, then, pretty girl," Hake said, tugging her in for a kiss. He pulled away long enough to add, "Just for reinforcement, of course."

"Of course," she agreed, her blue eyes already darkening with desire as he settled in for a longer, more sensual kiss.

Brent snagged Mandy's belt loop with a finger and reeled her in with a wicked smile. "Come here, birthday girl—we've got some unwrapping to do."

## Chapter Two

### ~ *A Carnal Party* ~

When Brent slid his hands under her layered tanks and dragged them slowly upward, caressing her bare back along the way, Mandy twined her arms around his neck and pulled him down for another kiss, humming her pleasure. He was so much like Hake in some ways—the calloused palms, the lean build and laid-back humor—and yet so deliciously different in others. Where Hake smelled like soap and shampoo, Brent wore an understated men’s cologne that evoked images of sex in the meadow on a hot summer afternoon. Hake could hardly manage a clean shave because his beard was so thick, while the skin on Brent’s jaw felt like the softest suede against her face.

And their kisses... Oh God, they both drove her insane, though for different reasons. Hake was always on a mission, his kiss intense and seeking, if not downright demanding, but Brent’s kiss was lively and inquisitive, his tongue playing hide and seek with hers before drawing it between his teeth for a bit of sensual torture.

That was what got her—Mandy whimpered, leaning into him as need tightened her belly and made her pussy clamp down on nothing but her own slickness.

She’d barely registered warm breath against her neck when Joe’s arms wrapped around her waist, and she gasped when his hands went to work on her button fly.

“It’s been too long since I had my hands on this hot little ass,” he told her as he dragged her panties down with her jeans.

Five minutes later she was naked on the king-size bed, already deep into her favorite role as the filling in a hot farmer sandwich, while Joe and Brent handled her in ways that had her more than ready for somebody, *anybody*, to fuck her.

Orgies were the best birthday surprise *ever*.

“I’m loving you guys so hard right now,” she panted, sucking at the sun-weathered flesh of Joe’s throat, feeling his pulse pound under her lips as Brent kissed and licked his way down her spine.

“Say ‘Thank you, Hake and AJ, for planning this,’” Joe prompted in a deep rumble.

She raised her head just enough to focus on Hake, who was right beside them on the plush

mattress, his long lean body stretched out over Ariel's, his dark good looks contrasting vividly with her Nordic blondness despite their matching farmer's tans. They'd both lost their shirts at some point and they looked incredibly hot together as he held her down by her wrists and devoured her small breast.

The sight made Mandy's breath quicken with excitement even as her heart swelled with love.

When he glanced up at Mandy without relinquishing his mouthful of AJ, she batted her lashes at him. "Thank you, Hake and Ariel, for planning this."

Hake grinned and drew back with hollowed cheeks, pulling AJ's flesh taut, making her whimper and writhe in his hold. Then he released the suction with a smacking sound, letting the juicy little mound bounce back onto her chest. "You're welcome. You're also still getting a spanking."

"So you keep saying," Mandy said with a smirk. Entranced by the sight of AJ's pink nipple, she leaned to the side and captured the deliciously hard, wet morsel in her own mouth. She sighed with relief at the renewed contact—it had only been three months since they last got together but even that was getting to be way too long.

"Hey..." Hake nudged her chin with his arm, rudely separating her from her prize. "You've got your own toys to play with, Greedy McSulkypants."

"I thought all the toys were mine today. It *is* my birthday orgy," she reminded him, grazing his elbow with her teeth as she drew back.

"We must not be keeping you busy enough," Joe said, tweaking her nipples with his big work-roughened fingers. "Time to get down to the business of your birthday present."

Intrigued, she propped her elbows on his chest and tipped her head to the side, peering into his heavy-lidded blue eyes. "Oh yeah?"

Every time the five of them got together, the guys fed Mandy's muse with some kinky new sexual adventure they'd plucked from one of her books, and a couple of them had pushed even *her* limits. The last one, for instance—she'd made the mistake of including a fisting scene in her newest manuscript and Hake had been all over it when Joe, Brent and Ariel came through Garver in the spring. Fortunately for her, he'd decided his hands were too big and used Ariel as his proxy while Brent and Joe made sure Mandy was too aroused to care *what* went into her pussy, as long as something did, "*and now, dammit!*"

The memory of Ariel's fist thrusting delicately inside her at Hake's avid direction made

Mandy clench with renewed arousal and grind against the man between her thighs. Ariel might be their newest member and the least experienced among them but she more than made up for it with her enthusiasm and intrepidity. The fact that Hake—hell, all the guys—got so turned on by seeing them together made it that much hotter.

Joe's chuckle felt like an earthquake under belly. "Feels like you and your fertile imagination are starting without us."

She smirked as she cupped his jaw and ran her thumb over his salt-and-pepper moustache. "You'll have to work fast to catch up with me, Josiah."

"Oh-ho, it's on now," Brent declared, pulling her up to kneel over Joe and handing him a condom. "We can't let a challenge like that go unanswered."

"Don't worry, birthday girl," Joe observed as he tore open the wrapper and suited up, "we're gonna use plenty of lube for this."

When he grabbed the bottle of lube off the nightstand and started coating his cock, she tilted her head to the side with a frown. Why would *he* need lube? He was in front and she was aroused enough to produce plenty of her own lubrication.

Then she heard the sound of a second wrapper tearing behind her and her heart began to pound. Brent and Joe only used condoms when they fucked her pussy because they'd all exchanged medical reports and now played exclusively with each other, and she was the only one who could get pregnant. Surely they weren't going to try to squeeze in there together...

Were they?

"Ride, pretty lady," Joe ordered, setting the bottle aside and tugging her down with one hand on her hip while he aimed his cock at her with the other.

Mandy obeyed, closing her eyes and clutching at Joe's muscled ribs as she sank onto him. She groaned with delight at the feel of that lovely, blunt head opening her up, and at the thought of what might be coming next. Already the air was so heavy with the scents of down-and-dirty sex she could almost taste it.

When she hit bottom, she swiveled her hips a little, grinding her clit into the wiry nest of his pubic hair without a trace of self-consciousness.

"That's not riding." Grabbing her hips with both hands, Joe urged her into a relaxed rhythm and groaned. "Ah, now that's riding."

Mandy slid up and down on his cock with increasing enthusiasm, glorying in the sensual

heaviness of his expression, the compulsive clenching of his hands on her hips and the way his chest heaved under her palms. She rode him until her quads burned and the resistance inside her vanished in a smooth, hot glide of flesh on slick flesh.

Then Brent slid his arms around her ribs, plucking at her bouncing breasts with one hand while the other delved into the audible abundance of lubrication between her and Joe. “You ready to take this to the next level?”

The touch of those clever fingers on her ultrasensitive clit made Mandy’s legs collapse. She groaned, breathless from her exertions, as she sank down onto Joe and let her head drop back on Brent’s shoulder. “Please!”

“You’re going to need to relax for this,” Brent murmured as his hand burrowed deeper between them. Her breath caught when his fingertips edged into her right along with Joe. They stayed there just inside, wiggling and tugging, stretching her gently, making her groan and squirm against his palm. When he pushed them deeper and pumped them gently, the fullness of orgasm was burgeoned in her abdomen, heavy with promise.

Then he gently pulled out, much to her dismay.

“No,” she whimpered.

“Shh. We’ll get there.” He urged her forward until she lay securely in Joe’s arms again and then braced a palm on her lower back as he rearranged himself. Acutely aware of Joe’s hairy thighs coming to rest on her heels and the mattress shifting under her toes as Brent moved to kneel between his legs, Mandy rested her forehead against Joe’s sternum and breathed in time with its rapid rise and fall, her eyes closed tight, her hands curled under her chin. The hotel room was silent except for all the heavy breathing going on.

Her breath left her in a rush and chills rolled over her back when the cool, lubed head of Brent’s cock nudged the place where she and Joe were joined. “Time to relax and let me in too, sweetheart.”

Too nervous and excited to reply, she sucked in a breath through her nose, and then another.

Joe grasped her wrists and stroked the backs of her hands with his thumbs. “You know you can do this, Mandy-girl.”

Although she wasn’t as confident as she thought she’d be, Mandy nodded without lifting her head. “I know.”

At once she felt the pressure, the burning pinch as he slowly forged in. Holy fuck, they were

really doing this—two large penises, one small but mighty vagina...

“Wait, why am I doing this again?” she gasped.

She heard a snort of laughter before a heavy hand settled on her head and stroked her hair.

*Hake.* God, she loved him. “Because you’re endlessly curious, wife of mine.”

“And kinky as hell,” Brent added, gripping her hip with his free hand.

“Greedy, too.” Joe gave a cross between a laugh and a groan. “Aw fuck, that’s tight!”

“Because you’re a goddess,” Ariel declared in her husky, turned-on voice, “and goddesses get *all* the peen.”

Mandy couldn’t help but laugh, and then groan when it caused Brent to slide in a little faster and a lot deeper. She pushed up to rest her forearms on Joe’s chest again in a bid to take some of the pressure off her nether regions, letting her head hang between her shoulders. This was way different from having one in each hole—everything felt so tight and tense, so achy at her core and a little fiery now at her opening. Together, Joe and Brent felt like a tree trunk lodged deep inside her. No way could she come, but having this experience with these wonderful, amazing lovers, was worth more than any orgasm.

And Hake was the only husband in the world who was generous enough, and secure enough in her love, to give it to her.

Opening her eyes to look at him, she said with feeling, “All the peen in this room is more than enough.”

## Chapter Three

### ~ *A Passionate Conclusion* ~

“You guys still aren’t keeping her busy enough,” he said, rolling off Ariel and right off the bed. “She’s thinking too much.”

“We’re trying to be careful with your wife,” Brent growled as Joe shook with another chuckle.

Ariel pushed up to kneel at Mandy’s side and curled a palm around her neck, her gaze soft and clouded with arousal. “Maybe I can help,” she murmured, just one sweet breath away from Mandy’s lips. “Happy birthday, Mandy.”

Mandy’s throat tightened with more emotion as she closed the gap between them before AJ could, latching onto her mouth with a groan. She adored the bold claiming of a man’s kiss, but she was becoming dangerously addicted to the soft exploration of a woman’s. *This* woman’s—Ariel’s. Everything about her kiss was as feminine as her given name, the slide of her tongue against Mandy’s tentative and yet inviting—the opening of a dialogue rather than a conquest.

Mandy replied with caresses that grew increasingly demanding, her heartbeat thick and heavy in her ears. When Brent slid his hand over her shoulders and nuzzled her neck, she pulled away from AJ with a sigh.

“Best. Birthday. *Ever*,” she sighed, instinctively looking for Hake again as she ghosted one last kiss across Ariel’s lips. He’d come around to the other side of the bed to sit beside them, watching her intently with a little smile curving his lips.

*I love you*, he mouthed. Then he leaned down to nibble at her breast while his fingers went to work on her clit, teasing until she groaned at the hot tingle in that tiny bundle of nerves. Ariel pulled her face around for another kiss, and just like that, Mandy became the center of the orgy.

Brent gripped her hips and began to rock her, pushing her slowly forward, sliding her sensitive flesh off that tree trunk inside her and then dragging her back onto it at the same agonizing pace, bumping the swell of her sensitive clit over Hake’s fingertips with every pass. He did it again, and then again and again, until the hot tingle became a sizzle and that thick, heavy friction inside her started to feel incredibly good.

Joe and Brent inside her, Ariel’s lips against hers, Hake at her side... It all felt so right, so

perfect, that she wanted to capture the moment and make it last forever.

Tears prickled once more and she squeezed her eyes shut to keep them from falling. The weekend had barely even started and already she missed them. The morning after the concert they'd go their separate ways, and then it would just be just her and Hake again. Wonderful, sexy, generous Hake, who was her everything to her. When had everything stopped being enough?

“Are you okay?” Ariel whispered against her mouth.

Mandy gave a little nod. “Just feels so amazing,” she said, her tone throaty with emotion.

Brent's hands stilled her. “Let's see if we can't make it even more amazing.”

Holding her in place, he and Joe began to move in unison, and Mandy knew instantly that she'd been wrong when she thought she couldn't come this way. Lightning bolts of sensation were already streaking out from the place where the three of them were joined, and all the ravenous mouths and demanding hands touching her skin only intensified her reactions. When her lovers joined forces to give her a final nudge and plunged her into the vortex of a raging orgasm, she stopped wondering when she'd fallen in love with three more people, or why, and just went with it. They were together now—that was all that mattered.

Later, as she lay amid a tangle of sated bodies, Mandy stared into the dark, her impetuous heart throbbing with the need to wake everyone up and settle things *now*, before they had to part ways again. They belonged together, all five of them, and it was about more than just the amazing sex—which grew more amazing every time they came together. It was about their hearts, and their minds, and their whole lives. About being five pieces of the same beautifully complex, nontraditional whole.

It sounded crazy, she knew, but some things were just meant to be and everything in her shouted that this was one of them. She didn't know how much longer she could take being two states away from them for months at a time.

The internal struggle took hours, but eventually her head convinced her heart to stand down, insisting that she had to share her feelings with Hake first. He was the love of her life, the foundation upon which her world was built, and somehow she knew he'd not only be on board with whatever she wanted to do, but he'd take charge of making it happen, no matter how long it took. Joe, Brent and Ariel lived just a day's drive away, and they'd still be there whenever she and Hake decided how they should proceed. What she wanted wouldn't be easy, and the last

thing she needed to do was rush it.

With that realization, the feeling of urgency abated and Mandy was finally able to breathe. She relaxed under the protective weight of Hake's arm and drifted off to sleep with a smile, knowing they had all the time in the world to come up with a plan...

## Sneak Preview: A Carnal Christmas

*By Robin L. Rotham*

### Chapter One

*December 23*

An orgy might make for the perfect holiday weekend, but the prep work sucked ass.

“Are we done yet?” Joe pushed the can of furniture polish and soiled rags into AJ’s hands with a long-suffering sigh. When she’d handed them to him earlier—right after he vacuumed at least an acre of carpet—he’d protested that it was a brand-new house and they’d been in it for less than a week. How much dust could have accumulated?

One swipe of the rag had shown him. Jesus, no wonder women bitched about housework. All that dust was enough to make him question their decision to build on Brent’s acreage instead of in town.

“Sorry, old man.” AJ grinned as she turned toward the broom closet. “Am I working you too hard? Do you need to take a nap before Mandy and Hake get here?”

He gave her a swat on the back pocket of her faded jeans, making her yelp and dart out of the way in case another was coming. “Watch it, little girl, or you won’t get what’s coming to you this weekend.”

“You say that like it would be a bad thing.”

“It would be for you. Unless you’re in the mood to experience prolonged orgasm denial...?” He raised his brows.

“Maybe next year.” *Or not* written all over her face, she shoved the dusting supplies into the closet and shut the door, turning around just in time to catch him decapitating a gingerbread man with his teeth. “Joe!”

“What? It’s Christmas,” he said around a wonderfully spicy mouthful, “and gingerbread is my favorite.”

She scooted lanky frame between him and the kitchen island, where two dozen and eleven of

the cookie's delicious little brothers lay cooling on wire racks. "They're not iced yet!"

"So I saved you some time."

"I'd rather save the gingerbread for after dinner," she informed him sternly.

Still chewing the last of the gingerbread man, Joe leaned down and gave her a peck on the lips. "*Orgasm. Denial.* Remember those words, doll face."

She bit her lip and then said, "I just want you to be healthy."

He sighed. Not this again. "AJ, I'm fine."

"But your blood pressure—"

"Isn't even high enough to require medication."

"Not if you watch your diet and ex—"

"AJ, you're not my mother," he snapped, "and I'm not your doddering old father. I don't need you to take care of me."

He wanted to kick his own ass the instant the words left his mouth. Jesus, he couldn't have said anything more hurtful if he'd tried, and the pain that flashed over her face before she hid it made his gut twist with regret.

"You're right," she said softly, turning around to scoot the cookies onto plates.

"Fuck." Joe shoved his hands through his hair. "AJ, look, I'm just—"

"No, it's okay. You're right. I have no business mothering anybody."

"That's *not* what I meant, Ariel Jane," he said in a louder tone than he'd intended, anxiety and guilt tightening his every muscle.

She glanced up at him. "No, really—I mean it. You're a grown man and you can take care of yourself. I'm sorry I overstepped."

*God dammit!* "Come on, Ariel, you know I—"

"Can we just drop it, please?" she said, taking the racks to the sink and turning on the water. "I still have a lot to do."

The stiffness of her back told him saying any more right now would be worse than useless. And what was he going to say anyway? He had no idea what to say to a woman and never had, at least beyond talking them into bed. Which was just one of the many reasons his wife had left him. And why he left most of the "couples" communication to Brent.

He shoved his hands into the pockets of his jeans. "Got anything else for me to do?"

She shook her head. "I think I can get the rest."

“I really don’t mind helping, y’know.”

Finally she gave him a little smile over her shoulder, and it felt like the sun peeking out in the middle of a storm. “I know. Thank you, Joe, but the rest is stuff I need to take care of.”

He sighed. “Guess I’ll take a walk, then, see what’s going on outside.”

He’d just about made it to the garage door when she said softly, “Don’t forget your coat. The wind’s changed.”

Though he’d heard the north wind come up when he was dusting a half-hour earlier, he just said “Thanks” as he grabbed his jacket off the hook by the door on his way out. Why that kind of mother-henning didn’t piss him off, he couldn’t say for sure, but it didn’t.

He walked through the two-car garage and out the open overhead door on Brent’s side. Brent’s pickup was still gone, of course—when the time came to help AJ clean, he’d suddenly, and very conveniently, had an appointment with the accountant that couldn’t be delayed.

“I might need to spend some money,” he’d said with a grin that wasn’t the least bit apologetic. And the hell of it was, between his custom farming income, the equipment sales and the profit on his own crops this year, he probably *did* need to buy some inputs for next year to keep his income tax bill manageable, but that was no consolation when Joe needed him here.

Why the hell hadn’t he just let AJ’s gentle nagging flow over him like so much water off a duck’s back? It wasn’t like she was being genuinely obnoxious or controlling, and she really was worried. Dammit, he should never have let her drag him to the doctor last spring when he had the flu. She’d heard the words *high blood pressure* and been prodding him about it ever since.

So his blood pressure was a little high—big deal. Some things in life were just inevitable, like taxes and menopause. Reading glasses and hearing aids. Hip replacements and ear hair. And eventually a dirt nap.

Everyone’s blood pressure went up sooner or later, and yet most people still lived to a ripe old age. As far as he could see, there was no rhyme or reason to who died when, or why. Health nuts and athletes got cancer, while guys who lived on fast food and beer in front of the TV carried on into their nineties. Life was a crap shoot, and it seemed like the harder you fought to keep some affliction at bay, the more insistently it came after you.

But try making AJ see that.

He stopped long enough to pick up a nail some carpenter had dropped and stuck it in his pocket before it wound up in someone’s tire, then zipped his jacket all the way up to his chin and

continued down the long gravel driveway. Damn, it really had gotten cold all of a sudden, and the air smelled like snow. The skies had been overcast all day, and the forecast called for up to a foot of accumulation in the next twenty-four hours. That would be a rude shock after the record warmth they'd enjoyed for the last couple of weeks. Brent's cousin Hake and his wife Mandy were getting here just ahead of the storm and could possibly be snowed in for a few days, which shouldn't be a hardship for any of them.

If he didn't know better, he'd think the girls had ordered up the storm for just that purpose—they'd both bawled like newly weaned calves when they said goodbye in Denver this summer and AJ had moped for weeks afterward. It had crossed his mind more than once that he and Brent might come to regret having thrown those two together, especially if he kept saying thoughtless shit like *You're not my mother. And I'm not your doddering old father. And I don't need you to take care of me.*

Jesus, talk about the fucking trifecta of insensitivity.

But it was too late now—they'd let that horse out of the barn and burned it down behind them when they inducted AJ into their little kink society last fall. If she left them for greener, more feminine pastures, they had only *him* to blame.

### **A Carnal Christmas**

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## **About Robin L. Rotham**

Robin L. Rotham is currently a bestselling, award-winning author of erotic romance for Samhain Publishing. Though her genres run the gamut from contemporary to futuristic and sci-fi, and even to fairy tales, Robin's stories all include ménage and BDSM themes. She loves exploring evolving sexualities and the fluidity of D/s dynamics in her writing. Robin is married to a farmer, has three teenagers, and lives in rural Nebraska.

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