

# RUNAWAY by Bobbi Smith

Destiny awoke just as the Eastern sky began to brighten. She was nervous, and she had to admit, excited. This was her wedding day. It wasn't what she'd always dreamed of, but it was her wedding and she wanted to look her best.

She wasted no time getting out of bed and gathering what she needed to bathe and get ready. It was early, so she didn't wake Gertrude. She would wake her when she was finished.

All was quiet as Destiny made her way to the kitchen. Without thought, she went to the washroom door and opened it.

Lane hadn't worried about heating up water for his bath. He'd taken the time to shave and then had filled the tub with cold water and made short order of scrubbing himself clean. He had just stood up and grabbed his towel to start drying off when the door opened unexpectedly and he found himself face-to-face with his intended.

"Oh, my—!" Destiny froze in the doorway, shocked by her first-ever glimpse of a naked man. She remained unmoving, staring at the magnificent specimen of manhood standing before her. She took it all in—his broad-shouldered physique, his hard-muscled, tanned chest and powerful arms, still shimmering with the glaze of water he had yet to dry off, his lean waist and... Heat burned her cheeks.

Lane was as shocked to see her as she was to see him. Embarrassed to be standing before her so unclad, he reacted quickly, wrapping the towel around his waist.

Lane had cautioned himself ever since he'd come to the ranch to be on guard every minute. He'd warned himself to constantly be on the lookout for trouble. He'd never thought trouble would come in the form of this beautiful innocent walking in on him just as he'd finished his bath.

Seeing her distress, he said wryly, "Good morning."

"I-um-I didn't know you were in here." Realizing how ridiculous she must look standing there blushing, she forced her gaze to the ground. "I'll wait outside."

She backed out and closed the door. As she glanced at the closed door again, she had to smile to herself as a vision of him standing there naked before her played in her mind. He was a handsome man, there was no denying that.