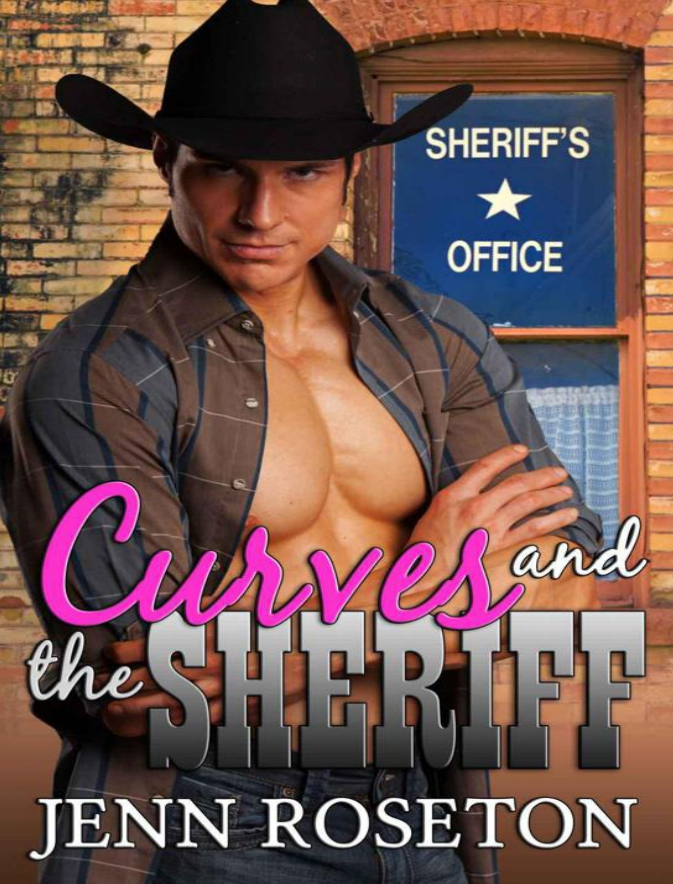


A man with a muscular build, wearing a black cowboy hat and a brown and blue striped button-down shirt that is open at the chest, stands in front of a brick wall. Behind him is a wooden-framed window with a blue sign that reads "SHERIFF'S" with a white star and "OFFICE" below it. The man has his arms crossed and is looking directly at the camera.

SHERIFF'S



OFFICE

Curves and
the **SHERIFF**

JENN ROSETON

Curves and the Sheriff (BBW Romance - Coldwater Springs 2)

by

Jenn Roseton

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This is a work of fiction. All characters,

names, places and events are the product
of the author's imagination or used
fictitiously.

This is a sexy contemporary romance
novelette.

Cover Art by *Diana Carlile*

Libby checked her watch as she drove past the sign welcoming her to Coldwater Springs. Three o'clock. Not bad, considering she'd left Laramie at lunchtime and stopped for gas along the way.

She smiled to herself as the frosty outskirts of the small town whizzed by. A new year and a new beginning were exactly what she needed. And she couldn't wait to catch up with Sarah.

She'd missed her cousin since she'd moved back to Coldwater Springs five months ago. It had been fun hanging out with Sarah in Laramie, where they'd both lived and worked. Then Sarah lost

her job and had been fortunate enough to find one in her hometown - as well as the man of her dreams. Libby hoped that one day she would be as lucky.

A siren wailed in the distance and became louder. She checked her rear-view mirror, catching a glimpse of her green-flecked hazel eyes and curly blond hair in the process. Her eyes widened as she saw the sheriff's vehicle on her tail. The driver made no attempt to pass her, instead dogging her small SUV with an intensity that unnerved her. Libby checked her speed - just under the speed limit, thank goodness. So why was the sheriff right behind her?

Sighing, she slowed down and pulled over. Once she'd come to a complete stop, she turned off the ignition and placed her hands on the steering wheel. And waited.

Libby glanced in her rear-view mirror. The officer spoke into a hand-held radio and she clenched her hands around the steering wheel, telling herself to be patient. "Come on," she muttered. She'd planned to move in to her furnished cottage today and Sarah was coming by to help.

The officer stepped out of his vehicle and approached. Tall, with dark brown hair under his western hat, his measured

strides told her he meant business. His broad shoulders filled out a zipped up tan jacket, while dark trousers and boots completed his outfit.

Libby reluctantly wound down the window. Why on earth had he stopped her?

“Ma’am, I need you to step out of the car.” His deep voice held a hint of gravel.

“What’s wrong, officer?” She frowned as she waited for his answer.

“Just step out of the car, ma’am.”

Libby looked into his dark brown eyes. Hard. Implacable. Her heart started to pound. She hadn't done anything wrong, so why was she feeling scared?

Unfastening her seatbelt, she reluctantly opened the door and exited the vehicle. Standing on the hard-packed gravel shoulder, she looked up at him. He dwarfed her height of five foot five by a good six or seven inches.

“Where have you come from today, ma’am?” he asked curtly.

“Laramie.” She guessed he called every female he met ma’am, but it

grated. Did she look like a ma'am at twenty-six? Considering he looked to be in his mid-thirties, it seemed particularly galling. Smoothing down her sky blue swing car coat over her curves, she waited for his response.

“Two hundred miles away.” He pointed at her car. “Is this your vehicle?”

“Yes.” She spied the gold star emblazoned with SHERIFF on his chest. “Sheriff.” Maybe if she was super polite to him, she'd be on her way in a minute or so.

“Where are you headed to?”

“Coldwater Springs.” She decided to ask him a question. “Was I speeding?”

“No.”

“Then why--”

“I’ll ask the questions, ma’am.” A muscle ticked in his strong jaw. His nose looked like it had been broken at one stage, but it suited his tough good looks.

Libby raised an eyebrow at his tone. Fine. She’d let him ask the questions. But she wished he would hurry up.

“Do you have the paperwork to prove you’re the owner of this vehicle?”

“Yes.” She wrinkled her brow, trying to think where the registration papers were.

“I’ll need to see it.”

His gruff voice snapped her out of her thoughts. She bit her lip, trying to think where the registration papers were. In the dash? Or in her file folder where she kept important papers - the file folder now bundled in one of the boxes in the backseat.

“They might be in the glove compartment.” Libby hoped they were - it would be too embarrassing if she had to search through the boxes in the back

while he watched her every move.

“Stay here, ma’am.” The lawman pierced her with a hard stare before opening the driver’s door of her vehicle. He took the keys out of the ignition and then opened the glove compartment, conveying the impression that although he was focused on his search, he would know the instant she moved a muscle.

Her shoulders tensed as she watched him search for the paperwork. Why had he pulled her over?

“Are you Libby Grant?” He looked up from the piece of paper he held in his hand.

“Yes.” She swallowed - hard. He looked at her as if she were a criminal.

“I’m going to have to take you in for questioning.”

“What?” She forced the words past her parched throat. What on earth was going on?

Not a flicker of emotion passed over his face. “This vehicle is the same make and model as one reported stolen from Laramie this morning.”

Libby paled. “You - you can’t be serious.” Her legs trembled and she badly wanted to sit down. This couldn’t

be happening.

“I’ll take you down to the sheriff’s department and we can get this straightened out.” His words might sound reasonable but she knew just from the way he looked at her that he’d already judged and convicted her.

“But I have ID in my wallet,” she protested.

“We’ll look at that once we’re at the station,” he informed her. He grabbed her purse from the passenger seat, then slid his hand under her elbow to escort her to his vehicle.

Her stomach fluttered at the slight contact and she felt him hesitate for a split second before he shepherded her to his SUV.

“I don’t understand.” She reluctantly sat in the back seat, thankful that at least he hadn’t handcuffed her. She crossed her arms in front of her chest.

“We can talk about it once we’re back at the station.” He checked that she had her seatbelt on and turned on the ignition.

“But what about my car? It’s got all my stuff in it!”

“It’s secure for now.” Libby decided to save her breath at his clipped tone. Once they got to the station, she would demand to call Sarah, and hopefully this ridiculous misunderstanding would get straightened out right away.

Twenty minutes later, Libby found herself sitting in a drab gray interrogation room. At least, that’s what she supposed you would call it, the only furniture being a scratched table and two chairs. She wriggled around on the hard metal seat, trying to get comfortable. The sheriff had deposited her in here and told her he would be back in a few minutes. Those minutes felt like hours.

The door finally opened and he walked in. She couldn't help but look up at him. It was so unfair. How could he be so hunkalicious when he had a big stick up his butt?

He took the seat on the opposite side of the desk. Her eyes focused on his broad chest before moving upwards to study his face. She couldn't help the shiver that ran through her. If only they had met in different circumstances - and he wasn't so uptight. She signed inwardly, telling herself not to go there. Over the years, she'd found out from experience that most men preferred skinny girls. Why would this man be any different?

“Miss Grant, I need to ask you some questions.”

His brusque tone pulled her out of her thoughts. Should she answer his questions? Or should she ask for a lawyer? She was innocent of whatever he thought she'd done. Would asking for a lawyer make her look guilty?

“You're not under arrest at this stage.”

“Good,” she blurted out. She saw a tiny flicker on his face that could be classed as the beginning of a smile. He quickly masked it.

“How long have you had the car you were driving today?”

“Two years. I have the loan paperwork in one of my boxes in the backseat.”

“With your permission, I’d like to see that paperwork.”

“Sure.” If he could see for a fact that the car wasn’t stolen, he’d let her go. Wouldn’t he?

“Why did you come to Coldwater Springs?” His eyes watched her carefully, as if he would know the instant she thought of lying to him.

“I’m moving here. The library where I worked at in Laramie had its funding cut, so when my cousin told me about the assistant librarian position here, I applied for it.”

“And you got the job?”

“I start work at the library on Monday.” She began to smile at the thought of hanging out with Sarah again before remembering that he was the enemy.

He shifted in his seat and she realized her reply had surprised him. “I’ll have to verify that.”

“Of course,” she replied sweetly.

“Just so you know, this morning we received an APB for a stolen car of your make and model. A notorious female con-artist is said to be driving it. I’ll be checking out your story very carefully.”

“Go ahead, sheriff.” Libby folded her arms in front of her chest. Did he really think she was a con-artist? A *notorious* con-artist? Seriously?

He rose from the table. “You’ll be staying in here while I make my enquiries.”

How long would it take him to do

that? She'd just bet he would take longer than necessary, just because he could. Libby didn't want to stay in that room one second longer than she had to. "When do I get my phone call?"

He paused at the door. "Phone call?"

"Aren't I entitled to one?"

He arched a brow. "Once I check out the information you've given me."

"Wouldn't it be easier if I just called my cousin? She's helping me move in today."

He rubbed the back of his neck.

“What’s your cousin’s name?”

“Sarah Grant. She teaches elementary school here.”

The sheriff froze. “You’ll get your phone call,” he growled.

###

“Sarah!” Libby rushed over to her cousin and hugged her tightly, blinking back tears of relief. It was so good to see a familiar face.

Sarah Grant returned the hug.
“Libby.” She stepped back, turning to the tall, dark haired man who had entered

the room with her. “This is Chase, my fiancée.” She shared an intimate smile with him.

“What?” Libby almost squealed.

Sarah beamed and held out her hand. Libby gazed at the large solitaire diamond on her cousin’s left hand ring finger and then turned her gaze to the man standing next to Sarah.

“*The* Chase McCord?” Libby couldn’t help the cheeky grin that lit up her face. “Sarah’s told me a lot about you. Except for the fact that you’re engaged.”

“It only happened last week.” Sarah blushed. “I wanted to tell you in person.”

Chase’s lips tugged upwards and he wrapped an arm around his fiancée. “And she’s told me about you, too. But she didn’t mention that you’re an alleged con-artist and car thief.”

“He’s an idiot.” Libby scowled. “A total jackass. Anyone can see I’m not a criminal.” She was *not* going to think about the sheriff’s dark brown eyes or tall, muscular frame. Or lips that looked perfectly kissable. Nope.

“Jake Morgan happens to be a friend

of mine.” Chase raised his hands to ward off Libby’s death-ray glare. “I didn’t say I agreed with what happened here. But Jake probably thinks you can’t be too careful.”

Sheriff Jake Morgan. The name definitely suited him. What a shame he was so - so--

Libby blinked as he appeared in the doorway. “Miss Grant, you’re free to go,” the sheriff said gruffly. “Sorry for the mix-up.”

Mix-up? Practically being arrested and interrogated was now being called “a mix-up”? She blew out a deep breath

she didn't even know she'd been holding.

Sarah must have seen the expression on her face because she hastily said, "Thank you, Jake. Come on, Lib."

Libby raised her chin as she strode past the sheriff. If she ever saw him again, it would be too soon.

"Miss Grant." She paused, hating the fact that she did so. Reluctantly turning around, she raised an eyebrow. "Yes?" She forced her tone to be completely businesslike.

"Your purse." He held out her

handbag. “Your car is in the parking lot.”

A flush stole over her cheeks. “Thank you.” She took it from him gingerly, careful not to let her fingers touch his. She remembered the tingle she’d felt when he’d escorted her to his vehicle on the highway. She didn’t want to experience that again. No way.

She walked out of the station into the dusky January twilight, Sarah behind her. Libby heard Chase say, “Thanks Jake,” before he caught up with them.

Libby breathed in the frosty air, her breath forming a white cloud in front of her face. “Oooh!”

“I take it Jake isn’t your favorite person right now.”

“You’ve got that right, Chase.” Libby ran her hand through her blond curls. “And I don’t want to think about him or what happened this afternoon ever again.”

Sarah put her arm around Libby. “Let’s get you settled in at the cottage. Chase can get us some pizzas.”

“And wine?”

Both women looked hopefully at Chase.

He chuckled. “Pizza and wine coming right up.”

####

Libby hummed under her breath, placing returned books on the trolley. She’d been working at the library for almost a week now, and seemed to be getting on well with Mrs Bird, the head librarian and only other employee.

She’d quickly settled in her cute two bedroom furnished cottage, three blocks away from the library. One of the perks of living in Coldwater Springs, besides hanging out with Sarah, would be the chance to walk to work in the warmer

weather.

Libby glanced down at her soft peach sweater and gray slacks. Somehow her outfit managed to highlight her figure in all the right places and the colors flattered her hair and pale skin.

According to magazine articles, there were tons of guys out there who liked a woman with a voluptuous figure. So where was her guy?

“Libby!” The hiss jolted her out of her thoughts and she whipped around.

“Yes, Mrs Bird?” She kept her voice low. Mrs Bird was aptly named. She wore slightly old-fashioned clothes on

her tall, thin frame and arranged her gray hair in a neat bun at the back of her head.

In Laramie, the library where Libby had worked encouraged people to bring their tablets, laptops, ear-buds and cell phones. Sometimes kids even ran rampant around the aisles. No one would dare do any of those things in the Coldwater Springs library. Mrs Bird made sure that peace and quiet reigned. All day. Except for the melodious chimes of the self-checkout machine.

“The sheriff is here.” Mrs Bird frowned.

“What?”

“He hasn’t been in here for eleven months. Not since I fined him for having an overdue book.”

“I bet he didn’t like that.” Libby tried not to smirk. It seemed that even the sheriff had to obey the library rules.

“Be a dear and go see what he wants.” The older woman patted her bun. “I have to check on the mothers’ group next door and make sure they know about the new parenting books that arrived last week.”

Libby grimaced. She *did not* want to see Sheriff Jake Morgan. She had successfully - some of the time at least -

kept thoughts of him at bay. Except at night, when images of his tall, muscular body and dark brown eyes invaded her dreams.

“Don’t think about that now,” she murmured to herself, walking slowly to the other side of the room. Be polite and professional, polite and professional, she chanted silently as she spied him standing in front of one of the shelves.

“May I help you, sheriff?” Keeping a neutral expression on her face was difficult when she stood this close to him. Why did he have to be so gruff and tough?

She took a calming breath. His scent of clean, fresh leather filled her senses. Why was she attracted to him? It just didn't make sense.

“Just looking for something to read, Miss Grant.” He turned from the bookshelf. His hooded gaze swept over her, taking in her appearance. He stared at her for so long that Libby's cheeks burned and she wondered if he was going to accuse her of stealing another car.

“Well, let me know if I can help.” Libby edged away.

“I will,” he murmured.

Walking back to the book trolley, she wondered at the soft tone of his last two words. That man was not attractive at all. Not when he suspected her of being a *notorious* con-artist. And a car thief.

Libby tried to keep her mind on her work, concentrating on placing books back correctly on the shelf. However, after working as an assistant librarian for the last three years, shelving books was something she could do in her sleep and she found herself thinking of *him*.

She fought the urge to peek around the end of the aisle. Was he still browsing the shelves? Or had he already left?

Libby wheeled the empty trolley back to the desk. The scolding chimes of the self-checkout machine reached her ears. She rounded the corner, ready to assist the patron to check out their books correctly. But when she reached the self-checkout, she saw the sheriff departing the library, a book under his arm.

She couldn't see Mrs Bird anywhere. Libby took a deep breath. "Sheriff!" Hurrying after him, she managed to catch up with him at the library door.

He turned around to face her, an eyebrow raised in enquiry. "Yes, Miss Grant?"

Why did he have to be so formal all the time? Although she supposed being called Miss Grant was better than being called Alleged Con-Artist Libby Grant.

“Did you have any problems with the self-checkout machine?”

He scowled. “What do you mean?”

She tried not to flush at his scrutiny. “When a book isn’t checked out properly, the machine makes a warning sound. Mrs Bird said you haven’t been in here for a while, so I wondered if you were familiar with using the new machine.”

“I’m sure it’s fine,” he said dismissively.

“I heard the warning chime, but not the chime for the book being checked out properly. May I see the book?”

He reluctantly handed her the popular forensic thriller. If she was wrong, she would look foolish. But if she was right...

Libby walked over to the librarian’s desk and scanned the book. Just as she thought. “I’m afraid you haven’t checked this book out properly, sheriff.”

He glowered. “I used the machine.”

“Let me show you.” So Jake Morgan didn’t know everything after all! He followed her to the machine. “First, I need your library card.”

He dug out his wallet and handed her his card. “Here.”

“Place your card under the scanner.” She pushed the card under the laser beam, her stomach fluttering at his nearness. Only an inch separated them. He dipped his head, his breath fanning her neck, and she shivered. The machine played a tune and snapped her attention back to the matter at hand. She cleared her throat. “Now place the book under the scanner, so it can read the barcode.”

A pleasant chime filled the air as the machine processed the information on the barcode and automatically printed out a date slip. Libby handed it to him, careful not to let her fingers brush his. “All done.”

“Thanks.” He put the slip into his pocket and picked up the book.

Pleased with how she handled the situation, Lobby tucked a stray curl behind her ear. She couldn’t help wondering if he’d noticed that *she* hadn’t accused him of stealing.

He turned to go, and then swivelled on his heel. “Miss Grant.”

“Yes?” Her pulse accelerated.

“I want to apologize.” He paused. “I may have been a little tough on you the other day when I brought you in for questioning.”

You bet you were. Some of the anger and frustration she’d experienced that day came rushing back and she fought for composure.

“I know you mightn’t believe it, but I was just doing my job.”

She struggled to find the right words. “Just as I’m doing my job today, sheriff.” Libby gestured to the library book

tucked under his arm.

He smiled wryly. “Truce?” He held out his large, tanned hand.

She hesitated, then placed her hand in his. “Truce.” Electric tremors raced up her arm as his warm hand clasped hers. His eyes held hers for a long moment. Libby held her breath until he suddenly released her hand and nodded, striding out of the library.

####

Music and laughter filled the old Grant farmhouse. Chase and Sarah’s engagement party was in full swing. It

had been a week since the sheriff had apologized to Libby; although she welcomed the apology, she hadn't bumped into him again.

Surveying the throng of guests, Libby wondered if he was here tonight. She shivered at the thought of encountering him again. What would she say to him? Would she feel that same tug of attraction?

More people entered the living room, including the sheriff. A ripple of excitement ran down her spine when she glimpsed him on the opposite side of the room. He wore denim jeans that fit him like a glove and a pale blue long-

sleeved shirt. Her heart skipped and she consciously steadied her breathing. So what if he was a good-looking guy? He wasn't the first one she'd seen. Ducking her head, she walked over to the punch, hoping he wouldn't see her.

“Having a good time?” Libby looked up to see her cousin's smiling face.

“Of course.” She tried to sound as if she meant it, but she couldn't help wondering if the sheriff had noticed she was here.

“Guess who's arrived?”

“Who?” Although Sarah had

introduced her around town, there were still plenty of people she hadn't met yet.

Sarah whispered in her ear. "Jake - the sheriff."

Libby drew back to look at her, trying to appear nonchalant. "So?"

"So..." Sarah's eyes sparkled. "He's attractive, don't you think?"

"I guess so, if you like that type." She shrugged, hoping her cousin couldn't hear her heart beating - hard.

"He's single." Sarah waggled her eyebrows.

“Why are you telling me this?”

“I want you to be as happy as I am with Chase.” She hugged Libby.

Libby couldn't help smiling. “I'm sure I will be - one day.”

Sarah grinned mischievously. “Why not today?”

Why not indeed? Libby snuck a peek at Jake standing near the fireplace. She didn't need Sarah to tell her he was good-looking. Although he made a regular appearance in her dreams - both day and night - she had no way of knowing how he felt about her. He might

just regard her as a pesky librarian he almost arrested.

“I could tell him you’re here,” Sarah continued.

“No!” Libby hissed, turning back to her cousin, an alarmed look on her face. “Don’t do that.”

“Uh-oh, too late.” Sarah glanced over at Jake and Libby did the same. His heated gaze held hers. A flush stole through her body.

“Lib?”

“Hmm?” She barely heard her

cousin. All her focus was on Jake. She couldn't tear her eyes away from him.

Sarah chuckled. "I'll leave you two alone."

Libby hardly noticed her cousin leaving. What a pity Sheriff Jake Morgan was so uptight. Gruff, tough men were *so not* her type.

Until now.

"Get a grip," she muttered to herself. Wrenching her eyes from his, Libby gulped her punch and headed outside. She needed some fresh air, no matter how chilly it would be.

Standing on the porch she breathed deeply, the frosty air filling her lungs. The French doors muffled the noise of the party and she heard a cow moo in the distance. Libby walked down the porch steps to the garden below. A short stroll, even though it was dark and cold outside, would help clear her head. So what if the sheriff had looked at her for a few seconds? It didn't mean anything.

###

“Where’s Libby?” Sarah scanned the room, looking for her cousin. “Chase, have you seen her?”

“Not since you were talking to her a

few minutes ago.” He wrapped his arm around his fiancée.

“Mom wants us to cut the cake now.” Sarah frowned.

“Jake.” Chase turned to his friend. “Have you seen Libby?”

“I think she went outside.” Jake had been watching every move she made. He *knew* she’d gone outside.

“It’s time for the toast and the cake. I don’t want her to miss it.” Sarah looked up at him with big brown eyes.

Damn. Chase was a good friend of

his, which meant that Sarah was his friend now as well. “I’ll go and look for her.”

“Thank you.” Sarah smiled at him before another guest claimed her attention.

Jake stepped outside. “Libby?” Damned if he was going to call her Miss Grant again. Since she and Sarah were close friends as well as cousins, he guessed he’d be seeing a lot more of her if he still wanted to hang out with Chase.

He spotted a movement in the dark and walked towards it. “Sarah wants you inside for the toast.”

Libby froze at the sound of his voice. What was *he* doing out here? Deep breath. “Okay,” she called out. She turned around quickly to face him and felt herself slipping on the slick path. “Ohh!” Her arms flailed in the air as she tried to maintain her balance.

“I’ve got you.” Strong arms wrapped around her, steadying her, making her feel safe and protected.

Libby clutched his shoulders, catching her balance. Breathing in his scent of smooth leather, her pulse beat erratically when she realized she’d started to relax in his embrace.

“Thank you.” She looked up at him in the darkness, her breathing shallow.

Tall, lean muscular. It felt good to be in his arms. So good she didn't want to leave them. Not her type, she reminded herself. And she probably wasn't his. Before she could wonder why that thought disappointed her, he cupped her face in his hands. Libby held her breath for a split second. His lips descended on hers.

Jake coaxed her lips apart, caressing and teasing, until her hands tightened on his shoulders and she leaned into the kiss, wanting more. So much more.

“Libby? Jake?” Sarah’s voice broke the sensual spell. “Are you out here?”

Jake reluctantly lifted his lips from hers and she blinked, opening her eyes.

“We’re going to cut the cake now.” Sarah’s footsteps came closer. “What - oops!”

Heat crept along Libby’s cheeks as her cousin caught her in Jake’s embrace.

A grin played on Sarah’s face. “Don’t mind me. The cake can wait a few minutes.” She hurried back to the house.

Libby looked up at him. His large hands lingered on her curvy figure. “I guess we better go inside.” His voice didn’t give anything away, and Libby couldn’t tell if the kiss had affected him the same way it had affected her.

“I guess so.” She cursed the breathy sound of her voice. Why couldn’t she match his neutral tone?

He wrapped his arm around her waist and drew her to him, guiding her back to the house. An electrifying shiver raced through her at his touch.

Jake stayed at her side for the rest of the night, never letting her out of his

sight. Each time she caught his smoldering gaze on her, Libby's mind raced ahead to the end of the evening. Would he kiss her once more? Did he want to see her again or was this just a casual kiss at a party for him?

She didn't do casual.

Finally, the party ended. Coldwater Springs was a ranching community and most of the guests had to be up early in the morning to feed their livestock and take care of the never-ending chores.

Libby hugged Sarah and said goodbye to Chase. As she gathered her coat, Jake murmured low in her ear. "I'll

walk you to your car.”

He caught her hand in his, his fingers warm against her own. When they reached her car, he wrapped his hands around her waist. “I want to see you again.”

“Yes.” She didn’t even hesitate. His breath skimmed her cheek as he tilted her chin up.

Her eyes searched his in the shadow cast by the porch light. He slanted his mouth over hers and her lips parted in surrender. Libby sighed softly when the kiss finally ended.

“Tomorrow night.” It was more of a statement than a question. If he hadn’t been such an incredible kisser, she wouldn’t have let him get away with it. Maybe Jake liked curvy girls after all.

###

Four weeks later, Libby grimaced as she looked under the hood of her car. She had no idea why it wouldn’t start. She knew enough to check the oil and water, but beyond that, she was clueless. Dropping the hood back down, she looked at the late afternoon sky. A fat raindrop plopped onto her nose. The forecast tonight was for rain, not snow, but it would still be a very cold walk

home from the library.

Grabbing her purse out of the car, she saw a sheriff's department vehicle approach and swing into the parking lot. Jake stepped out of the SUV and she sighed with relief. They'd been dating ever since Chase and Sarah's engagement party and she'd never been happier. When he said goodnight at the end of a date she was tempted to pounce on him, but something always held her back. She'd only had two previous boyfriends, and while they hadn't criticised her curves, they hadn't seemed wildly enthusiastic about them either. At the end of each date, Jake's goodnight kisses became more and more heated.

But if he found her attractive, why hadn't he tried to get her into bed yet?

Jake strode over to her and looked at her inquiringly. "Problem?"

"I've just closed the library for the day and my car won't start." Why did she always feel breathless when she was around him? They'd made plans to go out to dinner tomorrow night and she'd already chosen her lingerie - sexy and black - just in case it turned to be *the* night. The night they made love for the first time.

Rain began to fall, sharp needles that tried to pierce their clothing. He hustled

her to his car. “Get in.” They watched the driving rain for a second. “I’ll take you home and pick you up tomorrow for work.” He started the engine.

She turned to smile at him. “Thank you.”

He cupped her face with his calloused hand. “I’m looking forward to tomorrow night.” His lips snared hers and she savored his kiss, ripples of excitement stirring within her.

When he lifted his mouth, she murmured, “Me too.”

They stared at each other for a long

second, his eyes smoldering with banked desire. Then Jake seemed to collect himself and put the SUV into gear. “I’ll call Bob tomorrow and ask him to take a look at your car.”

Warmth flooded through her. Libby had been wondering whether she should call AAA or ask her cousin if she could recommend a mechanic, but she didn’t have to worry now that Jake was helping her. Just one more reason why she found him attractive.

A couple of minutes later they arrived at her house. The rain showed no sign of letting up. She glanced at him. “Have you got time to come in for a

drink?”

His eyes crinkled at the corners as his lips tilted upwards. “I’ve just finished my shift, so yes, I’ve got time.”

The way he looked at her made her forget to breathe. Sensual awareness ran through her, and her lower body shivered. She couldn’t help the husky tone of her voice as she said, “Come in.”

He followed her into the cottage, and placed a hand on her back. “You’re soaked. Why don’t you grab a shower?”

She turned to look at him. “What about you? You’re wet too.”

He shrugged. “I’ll dry off pretty quickly.”

She dragged her eyes from his. “I’ll get you a towel.” Libby pulled out a thick, fluffy towel from the linen closet and returned to the living room. She handed it to him, her fingers brushing against his.

He took it from her, the electricity from his touch almost sparking in the air. Her breath caught as she saw desire simmering in his eyes. Only when she realized she’d started to shiver from her wet clothing, did she emerge from the sensual fog.

She cleared her throat. “What would you like to drink?” Starting towards the kitchen, his voice made her pause.

“Libby.” He almost growled. “I can make the drinks. Go and warm up in the shower.”

She tried not to smile. Jake Morgan might sound gruff and tough at times, but she knew after four weeks of dating him that he had a heart of gold. “Okay.”

In the shower, Libby found herself thinking what a shame Jake wasn't in here with her. Although his goodnight kisses scorched her nerve endings, they hadn't progressed to the stage where

clothes were optional. Hopefully that would be resolved tomorrow night.

Sometimes, she thought she might be falling in love with him already. She tried to tell herself it was too soon, but there was just something about him that made her insides quiver whenever she saw or thought about him. Although he seemed attracted to her, she wasn't sure how deep his feelings ran...

Rinsing off the rose-scented soapy lather, Libby once again found herself wondering if Jake really would like her plump, curvy figure. It was one thing to kiss her when she was wearing a flattering outfit. But would he still desire

her when he saw her naked?

Stepping out of the shower, Libby briskly dried herself. Hanging up the towel, she realized she'd forgotten to bring some clothes into the bathroom. Biting her lip, she looked at the sodden clothes she'd peeled off a few minutes ago. She *wouldn't* put them back on.

Her gaze flashed to the blue satin robe hanging on the back of the bathroom door. She'd just have to slip it on, then quickly go into her bedroom and get dressed while Jake was in the kitchen.

Libby donned the knee-length robe, the satin slithering over her skin. She

quickly tied the belt in front, opened the bathroom door, and came face to face with Jake.

He paused in the act of knocking as the door swung open. She heard him inhale sharply and her hands trembled as she tightened the belt on her robe.

“I can’t find the coffee,” he said hoarsely, his hand dropping to his side.

“It’s - it’s in the cupboard...to the left of the kitchen sink.” Libby couldn’t tear her gaze from his. Her nipples tightened under his sensual scrutiny and her breathing quickened.

“Libby.” Jake cupped the nape of her neck and lowered his head. His mouth covered hers hungrily. Her pulse skittered with excitement as he wrapped his other arm around her waist and pulled her flush against his body.

She wound her arms around his neck, kissing him back with just as much hunger. Had they really only been dating for four weeks? She was *so* ready to take their relationship to the next level.

He molded her body to his, his palms roaming over the curves of her derriere. Sparks of arousal raced down her spine at his intimate touch. His lips grazed her neck, and she turned her head slightly to

grant him better access to her sensitive flesh.

Libby sighed in surrender, relishing the feel of his hard, muscular body against her soft, curvy contours. His lips and hands felt so good, she didn't want him to stop - ever.

She pressed herself against him, silently telling him she wanted more. His hard manhood jutted against her softness; her pulse pounded at the proof that he wanted her too.

“Sweetheart,” he murmured, taking her lips again. His tongue swept into her mouth and she gave herself up to the

incredible feelings his kiss aroused.

He walked a couple of steps backward into the hallway, holding her close. “Where’s your bedroom?”

Her mind hazy with desire, Libby took a couple of seconds to fully understand the question. “Here.” She tugged him into the room next to the bathroom. A brass double bed occupied the center of the soft lavender and cream bedroom.

A dresser stood near the doorway, the top bare. Jake backed her up against it, his hands fumbling with the belt of her robe. When he tugged the robe open, his

eyes flared with need and she trembled with a combination of self-consciousness and anticipation.

“You’re even more beautiful than my fantasies,” he rasped, his voice scraping her nerve endings raw with desire.

Her lingering self-consciousness vanished, and she melted at his words. Jake Morgan was definitely the right man to give her heart to.

He kissed the tip of her breast and she moaned at the sensation of his tongue on her hardened nipple. “I want you,” she breathed, suddenly aware of the damp valley between her thighs.

Jake turned his attention to her other nipple, laving the dusky pink bud, until Libby's knees trembled. She wrapped her arms around his waist for support, her head dropping back as desire swirled through her, overtaking her.

His thumbs teased her diamond-hard nipples, and his lips scorched her neck. "Please Jake," she begged, not sure how much longer she could withstand his sensual onslaught. She felt as if she was going to die if he teased her much longer.

Her eyes widened as he easily lifted her onto the top of the dresser. Her lips clung to his as he kissed her with a passionate intensity that blazed a trail of

fire through her lower body. His hands teased and caressed her, slowly trailing lower until they reached her thighs. Libby's breath hitched when his fingers skimmed her inner thighs, gently parting her moist, wet folds. She clutched his shoulders as his finger stroked her secret nub, desire and need spiraling out of control.

“Please.” She writhed against his finger, wanting more, needing to climax. Needing Jake. Now.

His finger explored her damp depths, tantalizing her with the promise of ecstasy as he returned again and again to her most sensitive spot. Her body

tightened and she grasped his shoulders as waves of incredible release shuddered through her.

Sighing with satisfaction, she opened her eyes to find Jake gazing at her with rough hunger. “That’s only the beginning.” He covered her lips with his, showing Libby just how much he wanted her.

Her desire built anew and she wrapped her legs around his waist, trying to draw him closer to her. She squirmed against him, wanting nothing more than to feel him inside her.

His brown eyes simmered with the

depths of his passion. “I can’t get enough of you.” He nipped the tender flesh between her neck and shoulder, then instantly soothed it with his tongue.

Libby gasped, her lower body thrumming with excitement once more. “Please. I need you.”

He kissed her once more, then shook out a condom from his wallet. Yanking off his pants and briefs, he deftly sheathed himself, turning his attention back to her.

Her breath caught at the size of him, anticipation flooding through her.

“It’s going to be good, sweetheart,” he vowed, his large hands cupping her hips, sliding her closer to the edge of the dresser. His fingers explored her moist depths, and then his large, hard shaft nudged her channel, demanding entry.

Libby gazed into his eyes as he forged into her, her legs wrapped around his waist, her arms stretched out behind her, the mahogany of the dresser cool against her fingertips.

Jake surged into her over and over, each thrust harder and longer than the last. Libby tightened around him as he filled her completely, crying out as her orgasm suddenly crashed over her. He

followed her over the edge, spasming as he buried himself deep inside her.

She collapsed against him, unable to move, his breath warm against her neck. He stirred, gathering her in his arms and carrying her to the bed. Jake gently placed her on top of the floral comforter and followed her down.

“You’ve still got your shirt on,” Libby murmured in wonder, her fingers stroking the cotton fabric.

His voice echoed the warmth of his smile. “I guess I was too busy to take it off.”

She unfastened his shirt buttons, parting the material to reveal his firmly muscled chest with a smattering of dark hair arrowing down. Libby explored him, enjoying the contrast of his hard muscles underneath her soft fingertips.

He groaned. “Much more of that and I mightn’t be able to control myself.”

“That’s what I’m counting on, sheriff.” She smiled mischievously, before kissing his firmly muscled torso.

He chuckled. “Minx.” Flipping them over, he pinned her body with his. Jake’s thumb brushed her cheek. “Libby.” His tongue traced her lips and she instantly

responded. His tongue glided inside her mouth; her toes curled at the tenderness of his kiss. Her arms stole around his back, stroking his strong, lean contours, and she wished they could stay like that forever.

Libby squirmed against him as his hardness pressed against her.

“Feel what you do to me,” he murmured, his breath skimming the hollow of her neck.

Her hand trailed down his body, her fingers grazing his hard shaft. “Whatever you say, sheriff.” She suppressed a giggle.

“Miss Sassy,” he mock-growled, letting her caress him for long seconds before trapping her hand with his and drawing it away from his body.

“What are you going to do about it?” Her eyes sparkled as she looked into his face.

“Tell you how much I love you.” Silence descended as both of them absorbed the impact of his words.

“Jake--”

His face lit up in a slow grin as he gazed down at her. “I love you, Libby Grant. I was attracted to you the second

you stepped out of your car on the highway, no matter how hard I tried to fight it.”

“But--”

“I know it might be too soon for you and that’s okay. I can wait.”

“Can you?” Her eyes flashed.

“Your luscious curves have been driving me crazy.” He kissed her nipple and she shivered. “But now I have all the time in the world to explore them.”

“Do you?” Libby tried to hide a smile at the dawning apprehension on

Jake's face. She pushed against his shoulders, rolling him over so she sprawled on top of him. "You seem mighty sure of yourself, sheriff."

"Libby--"

She touched her finger to his lips. "If you'd let me get a word in, then you'd know by now that I love you too." Her lips brushed his. "Even if you are a little too sure of yourself at times."

"*Libby.*" He exhaled in relief and cupped her face, bringing her mouth back to his. "It's a good thing I've got you to keep me on my toes."

“You’ve got that right.” She smiled, tracing his firm, sensual lips with her finger.

“Let me show you just how much I need you.” Kissing her deeply, his hands roamed over her soft curves. He eased her onto her back, his rigid manhood pressing against her.

“I can’t wait,” Libby murmured, her spine tingling with anticipation and desire. She must be the luckiest girl in the world, because moving to Coldwater Springs was one of the best decisions she’d ever made. And falling in love with Sheriff Jake Morgan? The smartest and most delicious thing she’d ever

done.

About the Author:

Jenn Roseton believes that romance and happy endings go together. When she's not writing, she indulges in delicious gourmet chocolate.

I hope you enjoyed reading this sexy contemporary romance. If you believe this story is worth sharing, please consider leaving a review and/or telling your friends about it so they can enjoy it, too. On the last page of this book is a Tweet/Share link. By clicking on this

link, you can tell your friends immediately that you've just finished reading Curves and the Sheriff, and I will be very appreciative if you do so.

Sign up to my Hot New Release Alerts at:

www.JennRoseton.com/hot-new-release-alerts/ to be among the first to discover my new releases.

A special free short story featuring Chase and Sarah from Curves and the Cowboy is now available through my website at www.jennroseton.com/free-reads/

I hope you enjoy it! (Note: it's a little spicier than Curves and the Cowboy or Curves and the Sheriff)

The next book in the Coldwater Springs series should be available hopefully late September/early October.

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Other Titles by Jenn Roseton on Amazon:

[Curves and the Cowboy \(BBW Romance - Coldwater Springs 1\)](#)

[Hot and Sexy 1: Seductive Persuasion](#)

- should be free on Amazon. If it isn't, please visit **www.JennRoseton.com** to find out where you can download it for free

[Hot and Sexy 2: Bridal Jitters](#)

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[Seduced by the Boss 1: Pent-Up](#)

Passion

Seduced by the Boss 2: Spanking Miss Jones

Seduced by the Boss 3: For Her Pleasure

Seduced by the Boss 4: Loving Miss Jones

If you enjoyed Curves and the Sheriff, you might also like Gentling the Cowboy by Ruth Cardello

Curves and the Cowboy (BBW Romance - Coldwater Springs 1)

When curvy Sarah Grant comes home to Coldwater Springs after spending six years in the city, the last person she expects to bump into is sexy Chase McCord. After having a teenage crush on him for years, she thought she was finally over him. After all, why keep fantasizing about someone you can never have? But when Chase makes it clear he's ready to claim her for his own, Sarah finds it hard to believe him. Can he convince her they were made for each other?

Hot and Sexy 1: Seductive Persuasion

- free download! (Visit www.JennRoseton.com to find out where you can download it for free if it's not free on Amazon.

From mild-mannered architect to hot and sexy ex-commando!

Running away to an isolated cabin for a few days, Christy is shocked when Jared turns up at her door. She wanted time alone to mull over Jared's proposition that she move in with him. Since they haven't been dating long, she wants to make sure she makes the right decision.

But when Jared follows her, hoping to

persuade her with his own special brand of seduction, she realizes there's more to him than meets the eye.

Can Jared use seductive persuasion to his advantage?

Hot and Sexy 2: Bridal Jitters

Stressed out from wedding planning, Christy packs her bags, needing to escape for a few days. When Jared discovers her in mid-flight, he finds he needs to use his own special brand of seductive persuasion once more to calm Christy's wedding jitters before the big

day. But will a ghost from Jared's past come back to haunt him before he can claim Christy as his bride?

BBW Needs Hot Sex (BBW Erotic Romance)

A Top 40 Hot New Release in Erotica - March 2013

Amy Hart is embarrassed when her sister places an ad in the personals column on her behalf, advertising her need for some hot sex. But when hunky customer Nick Logan walks into her bookshop, Amy starts to wonder if it

really has been too long since she's been with a man. Used to being overlooked by the opposite sex, she wonders if Nick is truly interested in her or if he's just looking for a one night stand.

What can Nick do to convince her that he's the real deal?

Seduced by the Boss 1: Pent-Up Passion

Can a sexy boss seduce his girl-next-door secretary?

Jemma Jones has been secretly in love

with her boss, Adam Sinclair, for the last eighteen months, ever since she started working for him. When he invites her to lunch one day, she's worried she's going to be fired. However, Adam has a different proposition in mind. When he seduces her in the office that afternoon, their pent-up passion overtakes them both!

Seduced by the Boss 2: Spanking Miss Jones

A romantic lunch followed by a sexy spanking session...

Adam Sinclair (the sexy alpha male CEO of Sinclair Consulting) and Jemma Jones (his girl-next-door secretary) plan to celebrate their two week anniversary by having lunch at the Italian restaurant where their romance first started. Afterwards, Adam has a surprise for her: a sensual spanking session in his office.

However, Jemma doesn't know what to think when her ex-boyfriend walks into the office before lunch...

Seduced by the Boss 3: For Her Pleasure

After a hectic week at work, Adam makes it up to Jemma with a night of pleasure...

Adam and Jemma are busy preparing their pitch for the Walker account. They haven't had much time for romance all week, so Adam is determined to give Jemma a night of ecstasy in the bedroom.

However, when Jemma's ex turns up again and asks her to give him sensitive business information, she's not quite sure what to do!

[Seduced by the Boss 4: Loving Miss](#)

Jones

Adam has well and truly seduced Jemma...but will their office romance last?

After a wonderful, sensual weekend with Adam (her boss and CEO of Sinclair Consulting), Jemma returns to the office on Monday morning to find it ransacked!

Shocked by the identity of the culprit, Adam and Jemma confront the guilty party with an ultimatum.

However, Adam is still waiting to find out if he's won the all-important Walker

account, and Jemma wonders if she'll ever find the courage to tell Adam she's in love with him.