

Taming Hollywood's Baddest Boy Excerpt

Billie

Naked lumberjacks are all the rage. Or is it that they're *full* of rage?

I'm not entirely sure, but I think *maybe*, just maybe, it's a little bit of both.

Standing beside a hot tub outside of a rustic Alaskan cabin is a bare-chested, handsome-as-hell lumberjack of a man, and he is as naked as the day he was born.

"Who the fuck are you, and what the *fuck* are you doing *here*?" the big, burly man with a scruffy beard and piercing blue eyes asks me brusquely.

And holy hell, what a question that is.

I started this journey in a meeting in LA, promising my boss the world, continued it with a plane, a car, a hike and kayaking adventure in a cold, rainy Alaskan setting, and in a highly unanticipated twist, I'm ending it in what must be an issue of *Playgirl* magazine come to life.

And boy oh boy is the centerfold pissed...

"*Hello?*" he questions harshly. "I said, who the hell are you?"

As hard as it is, given his clothes-less state, I force myself to take a good, scrutinizing look at the rest of his face. I'm here for a reason, and with nothing more than a ramshackle convenience store owner named Earl's vague instructions to go on, I can only hope that the *here* I'm at is the *here* I've spent days in a plane, car, and kayak looking for. In addition to a remarkably carved line on the inside of each hipbone, the angry man standing boldly above me has a strong jaw covered by a beard, a little scar above his right eye, miles of muscular, tanned skin, and messy, light-brown hair. I have to look a little closer to confirm my conclusion through the

rolling waves of distrust and hatred coming off him, but when I focus hard enough, the star-quality glimmer in his eyes is undeniable.

For the love of pancakes at a Sunday morning breakfast, it's *really* him.

Luca Weaver, Hollywood's former baddest boy—*the man I've nearly killed myself to find*—is right in front of me, and he is *naked*.

At my non-answer, his jaw turns to stone. "I asked you a question. Either answer it or get fucking moving." I jolt at the rumble of his voice, but my feet do nothing to take me in any direction. I am rooted to the spot, utterly awed over the fact that I've actually managed something as impossible as finding Luca Weaver and all of my normal functions are rendered useless. He scowls, unimpressed with all the hard work I've put in—work that he obviously doesn't know about. "You have five seconds before I come back out here with my shotgun."

"Uh..." I fumble, trying like hell to grasp the English language once again. I may be distracted, but on some level, I understand the importance of getting my shit together enough to at least prevent a shotgun from joining our little meet-and-greet.

But my brain is *bus-y*. And slow.

Because Luca Weaver looks *damn* good without any clothes.

Eight years older since the last time he graced the covers of Hollywood gossip magazines, Luca is a man to whom time has been seriously kind. Either his genetics are just *that* good, or there's some kind of sexy voodoo in the Alaskan water.

I mean...his penis is *right* in front of me, and I can't find a single thing wrong with it. It's straight and veiny and perfectly pink.

"What's the matter with you? You have a death wish or something?" he spits at the statue formerly known as my body. "This is private property."

His words are serious and firm, and it seems that maybe I *do* have a dream that's reminiscent of the movie *Fargo*—*fingers crossed there are no wood chippers nearby*. Because for as much as I try, I can't stop looking at my new phallic friend, even to form a few simple words.

But, come on. *Luca Weaver's freaking dick is right there!*

It's not hard, but still, it's...*big*—so big it's not even a dick.

It's a *Richard*. *Sir* Richard.

King Richard, really.

Shit, I'm in the presence of penis royalty, and I suddenly have the urge to curtsy.

He is a lumberjack fantasy come to life. Instantly, my brain starts thinking about pine-scented flannel and chopping wood and giving a blow job... Wait...*what?*

Stop being a moron and speak words!

"Uh...so...you're...naked." *Oh god, those aren't the right words!*

He glances down, mutters something to himself, snags a towel from a few feet away, and wraps it around his waist. "I didn't invite you here," he says, his voice gritty with irritation—and maybe, a little with disuse. Which would make sense. It's taken me an entire season of *Running Wild with Bear Grylls* to get here. I can't imagine he's having book clubs and dinner parties and gabbing with his pals on the regular.

Towel adjusted and glorious goods hidden from view, he studies me with frigid blue eyes and a glare worthy of a scorned woman. I shiver.

"I'm only going to ask you one more time. What in the hell are you doing here?"

I fiddle with the edges of my shirt as I finally find my vocal cords. "I'm
Billie...Billie Harris."

And I am in *way* over my head.