

**Extract from *Secret Confessions: Down and Dusty* – Casey
by Rachael Johns; Escape Publishing, January 2016.**

Ignoring this last bit, he curled his hand around his glass but didn't drink. Instead, he looked at her unnervingly. 'What's this bloke like that wants to steal my wife?'

'He didn't steal me.' She sighed in exasperation. 'I've been working on a station as a cook just outside of Julia Creek. Samuel is one of the owner's sons and he's a true gentleman. He's a hard worker, a good person and he wants us to get married and have a baby.'

'Right.' Joel nodded once. 'And does he make your toes curl between the sheets? When he touches you, do you forget about everything but the need to fuck his brains out?'

'Don't be so crass,' she snapped, annoyed at the traitorous shiver that slithered down her spine at his words.

He folded his illegally delicious arms across his chest and hit her with a smug expression. 'I'll take that as a "no".'

'Not everything is about sex, Joel.' But she feared the quiver in her voice might make her sound like a liar. 'A relationship needs to meet a woman's other needs as well.'

'You're right,' he conceded. 'But forever is a long time to be having crap sex with the same person. You sure you're ready to say goodbye to your orgasms?'

'Who said... I... You are...' Argh. She wanted to hit something. And he was sitting in front of her. 'My orgasms are no longer any of your business, Joel Cooper. I want a divorce. Are you going to sign the papers and save us both a lot of grief?'

'You want a divorce. I don't. You always said I needed to grow up, so give me the chance. Let's settle this disagreement like adults. Naked. In the bedroom.'

It was Casey's turn to splutter her drink, only she hadn't actually taken a mouthful in the last few minutes. Despite this, she still coughed as if she'd swallowed something the wrong way. 'Are you insane?'