

Part 1: Angel in a Thong

Keith pushed his hat back on his head. He hated these stable mixers. The bosses said it was good for drawing people in to ride.

They were boring as hell. But it could be worse. Least it was Fall and not July.

He moseyed over to the apple cider. The scent of hay caught his nose in the crisp air, over the cinder of the bonfire, nothing unusual for around the barn.

A striking woman turned from the guessing game table. She looked about as comfortable as a boll weevil not on its cotton in the getup she wore. She wore a hoop under a poofy red skirt trimmed with white lace.

He blinked as she landed on her ass at his feet.

The hoop shot up with her landing, flipping up over her head, displaying that the prim Southern belle was wearing blue lacey thong underwear.

“Whoa.” She tried to push the hoop down, but it was held up by her body. Her legs punched up, trying to crab it to her feet, but it didn’t work. “Oh no.” She couldn’t get up, nor could she get her hoop down to stop her display.

Keith reached down, grasping the woman by her slim waist. His hands spanned it easily as he lifted her to her feet so the hoop would lay down. She stumbled, her body brushing against his. Shorter than he was, she came up to mid-chest. Her breasts pushed into him and looking down, he could see cleavage. She smelled of vanilla and cookies. His cock hardened. Arousal rolled through his veins. He wanted to roll around with her.

She gasped, her intake of breath shook his hand still on her midsection, then she took a step back. He reluctantly let her go. “Thank you. I was stuck. I know how a turtle feels now.” An unruly lock of wavy red hair brushed her cheek, which flushed to a bright red. Keith had never known a woman to blush.

“Not a problem, ma’am.”

Her bright smile outshone even the stars on the darkest night. Who was this angel?

A man dressed as a Confederate soldier booked to her side. “Are you all right?”

She blew out a breath, her face no longer so cheery. “I’m fine, Devlin. Just fine. I tripped.”

“I saw that. How could you be so clumsy? You showed your ass.” His grip tightened on the woman’s arm.

Keith clenched his nails into his palm. No man had a right to speak to a woman like that.

Her lips pursed. "I..." She shook her head, turning to Keith. "Thanks for helping me out."

"Yes, thanks for make sure she didn't embarrass herself any further." The man stuck out his hand.

Keith eyed it, then took it for a half hearted shake. "It was my pleasure, to help you out, ma'am." He tipped his hat. "Totally my pleasure."

She smiled at him, her green eyes twinkling in the dying light of the bonfire.

Devlin put a hand on her arm, guiding her away from Keith. "Come on before you do anything else." He sniffed. "A cowboy at a stables' Halloween celebration? How original."

He led the woman away.

Dammit. Keith hadn't gotten her name. He grinned, grabbing a cup of apple cider. All the more reason for him to encounter the little woman again tonight.

She's with someone else. His conscience reminded him. But the more he watched, the more it became apparent she didn't want to be there with good old Devlin. Keith wanted to rescue her. He wanted to explore that flash of fabric that had barely concealed her pussy.

He bided his time, watching for the asshole to leave her side. Not long to wait. Keith wouldn't leave the beauty's side if she was his. The man was an idiot. Whoa there boy, putting the horse way before the cart. She wasn't his...yet. But he intended to change that straight off.

She stood to the side of the bobbing for apples tub, staring off into the dark pastures. A horse snorted in the distance, the crickets and katydids chirping their nightly songs.

Devlin was across the party with others he'd seen them both with.

"Howdy." He came up behind her, coming to a stop beside her.

"Oh, hi." Her face blushed again. "My knight in a cowboy hat."

"Hi. Just doing my duty."

She laughed, the sound ringing out in the night. "Your duty involves pushing up a hoop dress so that a woman isn't showing her butt?"

“Usually, my duty involves getting under those hoops. Not pushing them back down.”
He winked at her.

She rewarded him with pinkened cheeks. “You’re bad.”

“Oh yeah.” He offered a hand. “I’m Keith Morganstern.”

“I’m Tessa Genoa.” She brushed another ringlet away from her face before she shook his hand. Her hand was cool and smooth, a contrast to his own rough ones. Despite it being up, he could tell her hair was long. He’d bet it would stretch all the way down her back if he could take all the pins out. It was lush hair, that a man could sink his fingers into when he made love to a woman. His cock twitched under his jeans.

“Do you ride here? I don’t think I’ve seen you around.”

Her head cocked to the side. “You work here, don’t you? I thought you looked familiar.”

He cursed silently. This vision had been here, and he hadn’t noticed? “I do work here. And I’ve missed your visits.”

“I started riding about a week ago. My instructor is Lionel.” She hesitated, biting her lip. “I saw you on a red horse one day. You rode like the wind.”

He’d been riding Firefight, a horse with hair as red as the highlights of her hair. “That was Firefight.” He couldn’t pay attention to anything but that horse when he was riding him. The horse had been wild once upon a time and still was unpredictable. Keith loved to take him out on his off hours.

“He’s beautiful.” Her voice got wistful as she whispered.

“You’re the beautiful one..”

Her eyes blinked several times as if digesting what he said. “You’re quite the charmer.”

“I can be.” He inched closer. “I can be a lot of things. With the right woman.” That was whispered against her head.

She trembled. “I’m here with someone else.” Her voice rushed like a waterfall over her lips. But she didn’t move away.

“Not someone you want to be with.”

Her sigh was long and deep. "He's my friend's boyfriend's best friend. We've been seeing each other for a while...." Her eyes lifted to his, then snapped. "Wait a minute. How do you know I don't want to be here with him? You think I'd rather be with you?"

"I know it." He grinned.

"You are so arrogant." She laughed the words.

"Uh huh." He dipped his head, barely brushing his lips over hers. The contact was slight, the power immense. He went back in, his tongue tracing the seam of her lips. But it teased and nipped, never going inside.

He pulled away, looking back at the pasture. He snuck sideways looks at her. She fingered her lips, looking confused.

"I'd like to get your number, baby."

Her tongue slid out to lick at her lips. The red tip of it tantalized him. It would swirl so wonderfully against his hard cock.

"I...I don't know."

"Tessa. Give me your number." He used a soothing voice, touching her arm. His finger tingled at the softness of her skin.

"I....."

"Tessa?" Devlin interrupted them. "We're getting ready to go." He tapped his foot, impatiently. "Come on."

"I have to go." She looked relieved. The decision had been made for her, not by her. She'd escaped without giving him her number.

"Yes, I suppose you do," Keith said. He tipped his hat. "Goodbye Tessa. I'll see you around the stables." As often as he could. Something about this woman set his blood on fire. He had every intention of exploring it.

"Bye Keith." She scrambled over to Devlin. His arm went her around her tiny waist.

Keith resisted the urge to snap the arm off. Tonight was Devlin's. But who knew what the future held? He'd find Lionel first thing in the morning and switch off lessons. Somehow, he'd find out about the naughty side of the prim woman who wore a thong under her Southern bell costume.

Part 2: A Kiss Quite Unlike Milktoast

Tessa's riding boots crunched on the loose gravel as she walked up the drive hurrying to her horseback riding lesson, late as usual.

Devlin would roll his eyes and say she would be late to her own funeral. Like she hadn't heard that one before. Devlin said a lot of things.

And if you were more a respectable woman, you'd listen to him.

But she found it harder and harder to listen to man who wanted to control her and who kissed like milk toast.

Quite unlike the Cowboy.

Keith. She corrected herself although she'd come to refer to him in her thoughts as only The Cowboy.

Even the small, light kiss he'd pressed upon her lips had ignited something within her like a flint on a match. Something none of her boyfriends to date had managed to do.

"You're late." Gia stood waiting at the gate.

"Hush, I'm here now."

"Maybe we'll see the stud riding again." They fell into step beside each other. "Wasn't he the one who was with you when you mooned everyone at the Halloween party? The one Dev fussed about the rest of the evening?"

She shrugged like she wasn't sure, her face heating for many reasons. Of course, it had been him. "Devlin fusses a lot."

Gia sighed. "Yeah, he does. Brandt says he's much too serious." They stopped outside a paddock. "Right up your alley." She started walking again.

Tessa stood still, watching her friend's blond hair bounce, gleaming golden in the afternoon sun. "I'm not that serious."

"Oh, that's BS, and you know it." Gia walked up to the rail, folding her arms on it. "I'm just glad I talked you into taking time away from that job and coming out here with me to ride."

"I like my job, Gia." Tessa tossed her tight braid over her shoulder, joining her friend to watch the horses.

“I know. And I know why you immerse yourself in it.” Her voice grew softer. “You’re not her, Tessa.”

Tessa didn’t answer but folded her arms across her chest. They’d had this conversation many times before. No, she wasn’t her Mother, and never intended to be. If that meant a steady diet of milk toast guys, then so be it.

“Hello ladies.” The drawl from behind them had her spinning around. The Cowboy...Keith tipped his hat, his longish blond hair showing. Her whole body sparked, nerves zinging along their pathways. “Miss Malloy. Miss Genoa. I’m Keith, your instructor today.” A shiver ran down her spine at the way he accentuated Genoa. He was so not a milk toast guy. She could almost hear her hormones screaming, “Danger!” He reeked with sensuality, with a carnality no man had a right to have even dressed in a simple blue cambray shirt and dusty jeans.

“What happened to Lionel?” Gia caught her eye and winked. Geesh, as Devlin was her boyfriend’s best friend, Tessa would think she’d have some loyalty for the guy.

“He wanted some hours off. We switched lessons.” He rocked back on his cowboy booted heels. His body looked so tight under the form fitting clothes he wore. She’d bet he had washboard abs. Yeah, she’d love to rub her laundry right off her body on that stomach. When had it gotten so hot in November?

“Really?” Gia grinned at him, shooting a look off to the side at Tessa, who couldn’t seem to bring any words out her dried out mouth.

“Really. Shall we get to...riding?”

The way his words moved over her electrified skin made it prickly and the clothes on top of it itch. She wanted to strip down. Prim, proper Tessa Genoa wanted to strip down and do the nasty with The Cowboy. Better never let Gia know. She’d rent the room.

Tessa put her hands down by her side, clenching them tightly, trying to find her center, anything that would take away the lust that rolled around her veins.

They reached the three horses tied a short distance away. “I’ll help you mount.” Keith nodded. Gia had her usual mount of Strawberry, a bay. Her usual horse, Shimmer, an Appaloosa, was tied beside a horse she didn’t know. He helped Gia on first, then turned to face her.

“Let’s get you seated, Miss Genoa.”

She found her voice. Damn, she hadn’t said anything to him yet, that would make a good impression. Not that she was trying to make a good impression or anything. “You can call me, Tessa.”

“Can I now, Tessa?” Oh, did he have to say her name like that? So low and deep, so gravelly. She could hear such intimacy in the way he stressed the s’s.

She nodded, turning so he could help her mount.

His hands lingered longer than needed, touching her legs, and a long stroke down her butt. None of them took too long, but her body heated and tingled. She closed her eyes briefly after settling in the saddle, trying to quell the quaking in her limbs.

When she opened them a second later, his deep hazel eyes bored into hers. He knew how she reacted to him. His face simmered with male satisfaction and primal desire.

Was he one of those womanizing cowboys looking for a roll in the hay? *See, he has you marked already.*

She shook it off. He didn’t know her or her mother. No way he could.

The ride was uneventful with him giving them pointers and catching her staring at him. Gia grinned idiotically every time it happened. Tessa was sure her cheeks wouldn’t go back to normal for a week.

They finished up, Keith taking their horses into the barn.

“Why don’t you go ask Keith for some private pointers on mounting?” Gia wagged her brows. “I’m going to find the little girl’s room. I won’t come find you for a while.”

“Gia.”

“What? He’s interested, you’re obviously interested. Go have some fun, girlfriend.”

Tessa watched her friend flounce off. She shook her head, blowing out a breath. Turning to walk, she encountered a blue wall at eye level. Not a wall at all, but the chest of The Cowboy, who stood inside her personal space, eyes glinting down at her.

“Uhh,” she murmured. “Sorry, I didn’t realize you were there.” But she didn’t take a step back. The pull of his body was too great, she couldn’t resist staying so close to it.

“That’s OK.” His voice sent her stomach flutterings spiraling around. “You need some private lessons? On mounting?”

He’d heard Gia. Crawling into the hay sounded like a good idea right now because he’d heard Gia detail it all, her darn big mouthed friend. Only he took a step forward and to keep the little bit of distance between them, she had to take a step backwards, so he took a step, and she did again until her back brushed the stable wall.

“Well, do you?” He pushed his hat back on his head.

“I...” She pressed her body into the wall. “I...” She flailed her arm to talk and winced as she slapped a shovel leaning on the wall beside her on a tool rack, and it fell, smacking him in the foot. “I’m so sorry. That must have hurt.”

One cringe had been the only reaction, and if anything, he’d now gotten closer. “It’s nothing. Though you could kiss it and make it better.” His head cocked down to come in low. “Your kiss anywhere could make it better.”

“Keith, we can’t do this.” She panted, trying to draw air in through her lungs. It took a minute to remember why they couldn’t, especially with his luscious lips a few centimeters from her. His sinewed body so hard against hers teased with the barest of touches.

“Why not?”

“Ppppeople. All around. And Delvi...Devlin.”

“He’s not here. And there’s no ring on your finger, last time I looked.” His mouth drew up into a grin designed to make her weak in the knees. “And we haven’t done anything...yet.”

She tried to urge blood to her brain to think but everything about him took conscious thought away. He smelled so good, so spicy, earthy. She wanted to wrap herself in that scent forever, wrap her body up in his forever.

“You know, if we were alone, first thing I’d do is take out that braid. See your hair wavy and flowing.” His growl reverberated down deep in his chest. Her thighs clenched together tightly, her wetness growing. He’d unbind her in so many ways. No woman could come through time with Keith Morganstern without losing a little of her rigidity. They’d have to bend, to adapt or never make it with him.

“Then what?”

“Then this.”

His mouth claimed hers with a ferocity that outdid the worst summer thunderstorm. It claimed, it plundered, it didn’t let her hide her reactions but drew them out and savored them.

This was a kiss. The first one had been a tease, a taste. This was the real thing. And no dream had ever tasted this fine.

She rubbed her stomach against his groin. He groaned instantly, grasping her hips, pulling her even more against him so he could rub his hard cock against her middle. He

was just as ready for her as she was for him. Since the moment he'd drawled "Howdy" she'd been primed.

It ended all too soon. He pulled his mouth off of hers. "Tessa." His rough deep voice brought her out of the sensual haze.

Her hand came up to her mouth, rubbing the swollen flesh. She slid out of his clutching hands. "No. I can't."

She ran out of the barn, speeding for her car on legs that wobbled, heading for the bland safety net before she gave in completely to The Cowboy.

Part 3: I Didn't Even Get To See If She Wore A Thong

Keith let out a sigh as he moved through the barn. Yet another woman wanting to Save a Horse, Ride a Cowboy. Sometimes he hated that song. Not that he hadn't taken some opportunities. But lately there was only one woman he wanted to rope him and ride him. And she didn't have the interest. Scratch that. She had the interest. Just not the...what? He didn't know why she always ran so scared of him.

Why was he so hung up on Tessa Genoa?

He didn't know the answer, but his hard-on was a given whenever he was around her.

He fell back into his chores, willing himself not to think about the auburn haired beauty who raised his blood pressure.

Much later, he was the last one left at the barn. He finished up some chores before heading out to his truck parked under a light. A sports car zoomed into the spot beside him.

Tessa got out of the car, wobbling on her feet. "Just who the hell do you think you are?" The words slurred, but the tone snapped.

Keith looked behind him to make sure he was all alone. He had no idea why she was pissed off at him. "What?" He watched her attempt to walk closer to him. The smell of tequila hit about the same time she almost fell. Tessa was plastered.

"You know what I'm talking about. You went to Deblin. Told him I was lusting after you." She snorted, which turned into a hiccup. "As if."

"Tessa, I did no such thing. And you are lusting after me." He couldn't help himself. He shouldn't provoke her, especially in her inebriated condition. But even like this, she was so damn beautiful.

She shook her finger at him. "Am not."

"Are too."

She let out a frustrated shriek, and stepped close to pummel his chest. "I'm not a whore." Her whole body shook as her fists clenched. She wrapped her arms around her. "Not like my mother." Tears streamed from her eyes. She rocked back and forth on her feet, muttering, "Not like her. Not like her."

Keith enveloped her in his arms. "Never a whore, baby." The shudders wracked her slim body.

She let out a little snorting sound. “Deblin said I was.” Her words were muffled by his damp shirt.

“Deb...” He shook his head. “Devlin is an asshole idiot.” Who he’d shake one day. He had no right to make Tessa miserable. This wasn’t the first fight Keith had heard about. He’d heard enough talk around the stables to know that Tessa talked about her Dad but never her Mom. Her words tonight made a few things click into place.

She wiggled closer, pressing her full breasts against his chest. “He said if I wanted you so bad, I could have you.” She sniffled again.

He stroked her back, his hands going up under her hair to the soft skin of her neck. She smelled like a fresh spring rain. Under the tequila of course. Her hair slid across his fingers, silky threads so much finer than a horse’s mane.

She turned her head, making a noise of pleasure in the back of her throat. When her lips came up to plant a kiss on the skin in the V made by the buttons of his shirt, his whole body shivered from the simple contact.

Lifting her head, her eyes stared into his, limpid pools of green, showing everything about this woman.

She wrapped her arms around him, her own hands sifting through his hair. Leaning up, she lifted her lips to his. Temptation beckoned, and he couldn’t stop a taste of her sweetness.

His lips roamed hers, taking advantage of all she freely gave to him, teasing her, tasting her, urging her for more. His tongue raced hers, not caring who won, only that the embrace never stopped.

He half turned around, pressing her back against his truck. She moaned, sliding her body even closer to his than she was before.

“Tessa...”

“Don’t stop,” she murmured.

“Won’t.” He slipped his hands under her shirt, grazing her hard nipples through the cotton of her bra. She leaned back onto his truck, groaning. He pinched one gently, rolling it around in between his fingertips. Slipping a leg between the heat of her thighs to prop her up, he moved aside her bra and palmed her breasts.

She fit perfectly in his hands. He wanted to see, wanted to devour her body as much with his eyes as his mouth. Her thighs clenched against his leg demonstrating her arousal and it lit the fire in his blood more than any match.

“So good.” Her throaty voice told him, she was lost in the web of sensations.

“Are you wearing a thong?” His vision of their first meeting had haunted him. Every time he saw her, he wanted to know what she wore up under her clothes.

“Find out.” She lifted her head, a half smile on her face.

Ripping off her jeans. Yes, his cock surged with that idea. He could plunge into her, take her, find out if all that red hair was natural. Damn, she was so fine, so curvaceous. He hooked his fingers in the waistband of her pants.

So drunk.

He froze, fingers touching the warm satin skin of her hips. The idea ate into his desire. She’d had way too much to drink.

“Dammit.” He shuddered, searching for any control. Then, he pulled her bra back down and slid his hands out of her shirt, his leg out from under her.

Her passion glazed eyes registered shock as she regained her balance without her prop. “What are you doing?”

“We can’t do this.” No matter how much he wanted her, he couldn’t take advantage of her. He wouldn’t.

“Why not?” She struggled to straighten up. “I’m not good enough for you?” The anger that had laced her voice at first, simmered back close to the surface.

“Don’t. If we did this, you wouldn’t remember it. And when...*when* I take you, Tessa Genoa, you’re going to remember every touch and nibble.”

“Bastard.” Her eyes squinted. “I’m not drunk.” She took a step, almost toppling over. “I’m not.”

“Uh huh. Let’s see about getting you home.” And him an icy cold shower. He might drive back up here to jump into the pond at the stables. She’d had to come to him drunk.

“I can’t get myself home, you...” She started calling him names that would make his Momma wash her mouth out with soap and that Tessa would be embarrassed about when she recalled them.

He leaned in to kiss her deeply again. She tasted wonderful with a taste of liquor. His hand slid around to her pocket where she’d put her keys, fingers slipping around them to slide them out.

He broke the kiss, ending with one last nibble of her lips. "You're not driving home." He pocketed the keys.

"Give them back!" She sounded outraged. "You just kissed me to get my keys."

"No. On both counts."

She stomped her foot. Her breasts bobbed up and down, reminding him that they'd been in his hands not too many minutes ago. His fingers ached to take them back in hand. "You're...you're a beast."

"Yeah." He nodded. "I am. Now get in my truck, and I'll take you home."

She marched to the passenger side door, which he opened. She climbed in with a huff and slammed herself down in the seat.

He shut the door, shaking his head. Red heads and their tempers.

She didn't speak to him for two miles away from the stables. And when she finally did, it was to moan and say, "I'mgonnathrowup."

He pulled off to the side of the road. She scrambled out of the truck. He quickly got out of his side and walked to her retching body. He helped to hold her hair back. Then took a wipe from a box he kept in his truck, to wipe her face off. The hangover was hitting.

Guiding her back in the truck, she laid her head back on the seats. "I'm sorry. I'm an idiot." Her voice still slightly slurred.

"No." He took her hand in his, stroking it with his much larger fingers. His hand was so worn, so tanned compared to her soft pale one. "You aren't." Idiot would never describe her. He wasn't sure if words existed describe her.

He'd retaken his seat in the truck when she mumbled, "Thank you." And closed her eyes. He had barely started the truck when soft snores emanated from her sleeping form.

He sighed. She'd had to come to him drunk, dammit. His cock went back to hard, watching her, reminding him of what he wasn't going to get tonight.

She'd brought her purse, so he rifled in it for her wallet. That way he could get her home and in her bed safely.

A grin perked up his face. He had an "in" with her to go on a date. She wouldn't like it, but she'd go, because of what had happened. And one date would never be enough for either of them. He'd convince her of that. Things were finally going his way.

Part 4: Awakenings

Tessa shifted in her bed. She peeked open one eye. “Ack.” Too bright, the eye quickly shut. The one word came through a crusty mouth that tasted like something had crawled in and died. She smacked her lips, trying to drum up some moisture. This motion alerted her to the fact an alien was trying to drum through her skull with little hammers.

She brought up her hands to rub her face. Her stomach lurched at the motion. She moaned, laying there until the queasiness eased.

Feeling like her limbs existed on another plane, she managed to finally roll over in bed and sit up. She wore a shirt, no pants. Her jeans lay on the beige carpet by the bed, but she wasn't about to bend over and get them yet. Why did she want them anyway? Her thoughts were so muddled. She didn't remember taking them off. Her eyes turned to her small oak nightstand, blurrily looking for the little red numbers on the digital clock.

“Ohhhhhhh.” She was late for work. She didn't have a phone in her bedroom, so it would have to wait until she could get up. When she could move without making the alien hammer harder, she'd call in sick. It wasn't a lie.

A green bottle and two red dots against the wood grain caught her eye. Some ibuprofen tablets along with a bottle of ginger ale rested beside her clock. After opening the soft drink, she popped the pills into her mouth, taking a small sip of the bubbly liquid. Then, she leaned back on her pillow again. She put the slightly cool plastic bottle against her aching head.

She remembered Devlin and her fighting. Not unusual. He'd broken up with her. She remembered an awfully big blue margarita. After that, things got fuzzy. Really fuzzy.

Her mouth drew up in a frown. How had the medicine and drink gotten on her table?

“Are you wearing a thong?”

The Cowboy's voice echoed in her head. She stilled, willing her muddled mind to remember. Had he been there? Or had it been a dream?

She sipped the ginger ale until she thought she could make it out of bed without falling flat on her face or throwing up.

In her kitchen, the scent of coffee wafted to her nose. *Manna*. Someone had set up her coffee pot to start brewing this morning. It hadn't been her, she didn't even remember undressing or falling into bed. Who had it been? Surely it hadn't been the man who asked her about wearing a thong.

She poured the steaming hot liquid into a cup. Her stomach rumbled, but didn't rebel. With a yawn, she opened the gleaming white refrigerator to get some milk. As she shut it, a note hung under a magnet caught her eye.

*Good morning baby
See you tonight for dinner
Keith*

The Cowboy had left her a note. He'd been in her apartment. The proof stared her in the face. She dropped the milk carton, where it splattered all over her blue linoleum kitchen floor.

What had she done last night? She'd seen The Cowboy, had she embarrassed herself? *Of course you did, idiot.* She dropped paper towels down to cover the milk spill. Flashes came to mind. A kiss. Some touching. Beyond that, her mind wouldn't work. Had they...? No, surely she'd remember if they had. Shit, he'd taken off clothes, her pants. The nerve of the man. Anger at herself transformed into anger at The Cowboy.

She yanked the phone up, dialing quickly with extra effort to press each number. "Yes, I need to speak to Keith." She didn't know his cell phone number, but she did the stables' number.

"Hello baby." His voice sent shivers running up and down her body. She told herself to stop that as he continued, "Miss me already? How are you feeling?"

Riling up the flames of her anger, she snapped, "What did you do to me last night?"

"I didn't do anything. You, however, were most intent on getting me out of my cowboy hat."

The heat rose up her cheeks. Him out of his cowboy hat, whoo whee what a picture. His body looked hunky enough in the cowboy hat. She'd bet he was one of those men who only took it off for two things. Shaking her head, she tried to focus. "I was not."

"You were, too. Quite intent when you want to be." His easy drawl was followed by a horse whinny.

"You jerk. Did you take advantage of me?" Never mind she'd been drunker than drunk. Why had she gotten that huge drink? She never drank that much. Devlin's voice echoed in her mind just as it had last night after he'd left her. *Slut.* She wasn't. Had spent her whole life working to escape that label. Just because everyone thought, like mother like daughter, didn't make it true. No matter what her father or Devlin thought. Or even the Cowboy.

“Hold your horses, baby.” His voice sounded clipped, aggravated, then loped back into his easy going drawl. “I did nothing of the sort. If I had taken advantage of you, I’d still be there. Taking advantage of you again. And again. And again.”

Her stomach clenched and not with nausea. Desire fanned out through her body. She couldn’t find her voice as her thighs clenched together.

“Tessa, if I’d done anything to you, I’d still be there doing it.” A rustle sounded, he’d pulled the phone closer. He must not want anyone to overhear.

“Then you tell me, what did happen? Your side of the story. Exactly.” She wasn’t admitting she couldn’t remember. Just asking for his side of it.

“You showed up. We talked, we kissed, you were drunk, I took you home and tucked you in. End of story.”

She closed her eyes, rubbing her still throbbing head with her free hand. He made it sound so simple, but it hadn’t been. There was more he wasn’t telling her. She’d made a ninny of herself in front of him. But she didn’t think he’d done anything to take advantage. He wouldn’t be so darn cocky, otherwise. “I don’t usually drink that much.”

“Don’t worry about it, baby. You can make it up to me at dinner tonight.”

His note had mentioned that. Her brows wrinkled as her mouth fell open. “Dinner?”

“Last night, you agreed you’d go to dinner with me tonight.”

“I did not.” Even if Devlin meant for the breakup to be permanent, she wasn’t dating some playboy cowboy. He probably had a different woman in the saddle every day of the week. And not riding horses either.

“You did.”

“Did not. Even if I did, I was drunk. You can’t take me seriously.” She bit her lip. Dating The Cowboy wasn’t something she could do. She was not going to be another notch on his freaking bedpost.

“A promise is a promise, Tessa. You said you’d go to dinner with me tonight. And I intend on picking you up and taking you out.” He lowered his voice. “Give me a chance.”

Her teeth went in further. “No. I can’t.” Her life was ordered. Settled. It had no room for some cowboy. Even one as sexy as Keith.

“You can. You aren’t seeing Deb...Devlin.”

The statement set off no pain. No feelings at all. She'd just broken up with her boyfriend. She should feel something. But she didn't. Maybe they'd all been right, and she was an ice princess. But then why did Keith make her feel so much. Make her feel so hot with a drawl or a light touch. She didn't understand it. She clenched the phone tightly in her hand. She feared what he could make her feel. She wouldn't become her Mother, letting hormones rule her, hurting everyone else in the process. "It doesn't mean I want to see *you*."

His breath rattled harshly against the receiver. "I won't beg. Goodbye, Tessa." He hung the phone up.

She blinked, staring at the receiver humming a dial tone. He'd given up? Well good. Good riddance. Tears pricked at her eyes. She hadn't wanted to go out with him anyway.

Dialing again, she called her boss. "I'm not going to be in today. I'm sick. Sorry I didn't call earlier..."

"Your boyfriend had called and left a message on our service so I knew you wouldn't be in." Her boss's concerned voice interrupted. "I hope you feel better soon, Tessa."

"My boyfriend?" Her lip curled up in puzzlement. No way Devlin would call in for her after last night.

"I assumed that's who it was. He called late last night, said you were very ill and wouldn't be in today. Had a very sexy Southern drawl."

For the second time, Tessa stared into the phone. It couldn't be. But it had to be. "Oh, thanks Miriam." She hung up, ignoring that even her boss noticed Keith's sexy voice.

She sat there, staring at her pot full of steaming hot coffee for a few minutes. Not only had Keith taken her home after she'd been stupid, he'd done so much for her. The pain medicine, the ginger ale, the coffee, calling in for her. And she'd been an ass. Again. Calling him up and berating him for taking advantage of her. She balled up her hand into a fist. Turning down his date. If he'd wanted her only for sex, he could have had her last night. Yet, he'd been respectful of her, caring. Even when she didn't respect herself. She'd jumped, trying to stave off his interest. And now she had.

Give me a chance.

She couldn't give herself up to this, could she? Would she regret it if she didn't? Could she take a chance on the man who seemed to play her knight in a cowboy hat so often? Even if she could, was it now too late?

Part 5: Second Chances

Keith reached down a hand to the running faucet. Cupping water, he splashed it up on his face. The coolness didn't help. The damn heat wave.

"Hey Keith? Some lady's requested you for a ride along."

He turned to face his lanky boss. "I'm off."

"She specifically requested you. And you know we aim to please the customer." His boss folded his arms across his chest with an expectant look.

Keith gritted his teeth. Dammit, the last thing he felt like doing was taking out some starry eyed woman who probably wanted to become a buckle bunny. He'd had enough of women right now. Maybe a roll in the hay would be what he needed. But he doubted it. "Fine. I'll saddle up. But you owe me."

His boss grinned. "The lady will be waiting for you by the barn door."

Shaking his head, Keith got his mind on saddling his horse and getting ready. He plastered a smile on his face as he strode out of the barn doors, leading his horse, a spunky roan. Heat rushed at him full blast in the strong sunshine.

The smile faded along with all the breath in his lungs.

Tessa stood by the gate. Her red wavy hair flowed down past her shoulders. She wore a button down shirt that had a gaping V in the front. And riding pants so tight they could have been painted on. Her expression was one of unease until she saw him. Then, it radiated such a sexual heat, it blasted him more than the heat of the day did, like a furnace letting loose.

"Hi, Keith." Her throaty voice conjured up all sorts of images. Images a few weeks ago he'd gladly welcomed.

His traitorous cock grew from semi hard when he'd seen her to complete fullness. "Hello, Tessa. You better saddle up." He noticed his boss stood chatting with another hand a few feet away.

She lowered her lashes. He turned to face his horse and mount, seeking a measure of control as she asked, "Aren't you going to help me mount?"

His hands clenched. Mounting, she could do on her own, and he damn well knew it. But with his boss watching them, she knew he wouldn't refuse her. "I can, darling." Sarcasm edged his voice.

He didn't allow his hands to linger, but boosted her up into the seat quickly, though couldn't stop his nose from catching her soft scent. Why'd she have to smell so good? So like heaven? His eyes shot to the curves of her body, the heavy swell of her breasts and her rounded hips so well shown off by what she wore. Desire surged through his body.

She bit her lip, looking down at him. "Thank you."

Without a word, he walked over and swung up on his horse, trying to ignore his arousal. He would get through this ride. And walk away. "Lead on."

A swallow moved down her throat. "O.K." She clicked her tongue to the spirited mare she usually rode.

He followed behind her, his eyes taking in the way she sat in the saddle. Damn, she had a fine seat. Nice ass. Shifting in his saddle, he trained his eyes on her back instead of her backside. Beautiful woman, but he wasn't falling back into old habits.

They'd gone a ways down the trail. She cleared her throat, slipping back to ride alongside him. "So how have you been?"

It had been two days since they'd talked. He hadn't changed much since then. Only gotten wiser. "Fine."

"You look fine." Her shy smile gentled her face even more.

Looking away, not wanting to see the green of her eyes, he didn't say anything.

"I wanted to thank you for all you did for me the other day." His head swung to look at her. Her face possessed an earnest gratefulness.

"No worries."

"Are you going to say more to me than one or two words at a time?" Her voice sounded somewhat exasperated.

"Maybe." He leaned back in the saddle.

She pulled her horse to a stop. He didn't. He continued ahead of her.

He heard a soft sigh. "Can we talk, please?"

"Why? You said everything the other day."

"Well, at least, I got more words than two. But, no..." He heard the soft sounds of her horse come up behind him quickly. "I didn't say everything. Would you please stop?"

He pulled up the reins, bringing the horse to standing still.

“I need to talk to you. I’m paying for the session. Can we dismount please? Talk face to face.”

He shrugged, sliding off the side of his horse. “I don’t see the point. But as you pointed out, you’re paying.”

Before he could move away, she dismounted, coming too close to his body. Her warmth singed him, drew him. The V in her shirt parted from the motions of her body, giving him a glimpse of blue silk bra. Damn. Was it the match to the thong he’d first seen her in? Shaking that off, along with imagining how soft her skin would be trembling under his fingertips, he stepped away. His boots clipped on the loose gravel of the trail.

He dropped the reins, but motioned to her. His horse moved several steps away to graze on the shoulder of the path. “Your mare will stay with my horse.” A lilac bush must be planted nearby. The scent mixed with hers. His parents’ place had lilacs. The soft hum of a bee drew his attention to the bush. A small white butterfly flitted by. It gave him something to focus on. Besides the woman who’d rejected him.

His eyes turned back to her. Her hands shook as she dropped the reins. Her horse joined his near a small poplar tree. She was nervous. Facing him, she smoothed down her shirt, bringing attention to her small waist. “I made a mistake with you.”

“Did you now?” He watched as her mouth quivered. That full pink mouth that been the cause of so many daydreams even as she’d shot him down each and every time he’d made advances.

“I let something in my past control me. I was wrong. I’m willing to admit that.” She smiled, looking a bit sadly. “Doesn’t that count for something?”

A trickle of sweat rolled down his forehead. Her hair wasn’t the only thing that had gone down. Her guards were down. Her vulnerability was being held out in front of him, swinging in the wind. He eyed her warily. “What the hell from your past influenced you?” He’d challenge her to reveal herself. Before he invested any more into her.

Her tongue slipped out to moisten her lips. Something he wanted to do for her even as he cursed himself for a fool. Damn this attraction. “My...my mother slept around on my father. She left us for another man. My father...always warned me about being like her.”

“What does that have to do with us?” He looked back to the lilacs. The delicate purple flowers stood out just above her head. Its heady sweet scent came and went as the bush rustled with breezes.

“It has everything to do with us. You... No man has ever affected me like you do. You made me want to leave my boyfriend, for pete’s sake.”

He snorted, bringing a matching one from her horse. “Baby, you should have left him long before.” Too late, he realized he’d used his old pet name for her instead of the casual darling he’d intended. He tapped a toe in anger. This wasn’t how it was supposed to go. He was supposed to be cool, unaffected. And walk away. Like she’d done the morning she’d shut him down with a phone call.

A chuckle moved her chest up and down. He found himself fascinated with the motion. “I know. But I don’t want to be like my mother.”

“What? I make you feel like a slut?” That was ludicrous. He kicked a rock with his boot. Dammit, he hadn’t pushed her hard. Not like he wanted to.

Her breath hitched. “Yes.”

His heart pounded in his chest. That had never been his intent. “Well, don’t worry. You don’t ever have to worry about me making you feel slutty again.” She could go back to her safe tower and forget she’d ever wanted sex with a cowboy. He waved a hand. “Can we head back now?”

She took two steps toward him. Her horse nickered, the sound whizzing on the light breeze. “You asked me to give you a chance before. Well, I’m here. To do that.”

“It’s too late.” His words bit out through clenched teeth. He’d taken one look at her and wanted things with her beyond anything he’d ever wanted. And what was she was saying wasn’t enough to rope him back in.

“No.” She shook her head stubbornly. “It’s never too late. Not when...” She took a deep breath. “You do things to me with a look that I never imagined happening. I was scared and made a mistake.”

“But I haven’t changed. I’m still just Keith Morganstern. I won’t change.”

“You haven’t. But I’m working to. To forget the past. And I think with you in my life, I will change.” She grasped his arm. “For the better. Please give me a chance. Like you asked me.”

“You turned me down.”

Her eyes met his, tears welling up in them. “And I’m hoping you’ll be a better person than I was. Because I’m sorry I turned you down.”

Looking into pools of emerald, he spoke...

Part 6: Marshmallow in Flames

“And I’m hoping you’ll be a better person than I was. Because I’m sorry I turned you down.” Tessa bit her lip. She’d laid it all out there, stripped herself bare, hoping against hope, he’d give her another chance. But things didn’t look good. She hugged herself, knowing for the rest of her life she’d wonder what could have been.

His hazel eyes stared into hers. Somehow they pierced into her like he could see things in her no one else could. He opened his mouth, putting his hand down by his side, clenched into a fist. “To be with me, I ask you to try and do one thing.”

“What is it?”

“You need to be bad, baby. Real real bad.” He circled her, somehow seeming more predatory than the cowboy she’d known up to now. His look made her want to strip or run, and she wasn’t sure which. *If you run, he might chase you.* But that didn’t seem such a bad thing, especially if he caught her.

“I can be bad.” A lie because she hadn’t so far in her life. But she was learning.

His voice lowered, eyes glittering in the low afternoon sunshine. “Prove it. Kiss me.”

“Here?” She glanced around the public trail. The horses lifted their heads almost as if they were watching to see what she’d do.

Approaching him, she tripped on a rock, and as she teetered, she caught a bigger rock and lost her balance completely. She fell forward, launching into his arms. With a grunt, he barely stopped her fall, but the slight incline to the trail worked on Keith’s balance and down he went with her on top of him. Luckily, they didn’t land on any horse presents.

His grin was instant. “Now this is more like it.” His lips captured hers, sliding in to tempt her. She gladly succumbed, taking in as much of him as he would give.

His hands were wrapped in her hair by the time the kiss had gentled. “Go out with me. Dinner. Tonight.”

Relief pushed the air up from her lungs. “Yes.”

He continued to kiss her, nibbling at her lips like she was the appetizer before the meal.

“Did you come out here to seduce me?” He pushed her hair back from her face, leaning up on one elbow.

“Sort of.”

“There should be a law against those pants.” His hand caressed her hips. “What do you mean sort of?”

“I err...hadn’t planned to have...sex now. Here.”

He blinked at her, then threw back his head and laughed. “What did you plan to do?”

“Get you to go out with me.”

With a sigh, he rose to his feet, offering her a hand to pull her up. “One day, baby, you’re going to plot to get in my jeans.”

She snorted. “You’ll be plotting to get in mine first.”

“Baby, I already am.” He waggled brows at her as he whistled for the horses. “Let’s get some dinner before I change my mind.”

* * * * *

Only three weeks later, it wasn’t such a challenge any more. Why hadn’t Keith gotten into her jeans yet? Or gone under them? Not that they didn’t have fun together. But the time had come for action. Tonight was the night.

Tessa jiggled a foot nervously as she waited on a bench for him to finish up with their horses. This time, she had come ready to seduce him. Hard for her to believe, but she had.

Yeah, wearing riding pants and a shirt, how sexy is that?

It was hard to dress provocatively when going on a riding date, the trials of dating a sexy cowboy. But she could live with that.

They were headed for his house, dinner, and hopefully dessert in his bed.

“I’m done.” He loped out from the barn. “Ready?”

“Yep.” She stood and fell into step beside him as he placed a hand on the small of her back. Her skin warmed instantly under his touch. “See you at the house.”

At Keith’s, they both arrived about the same time.

Once inside, he asked, “So what do you want to eat?” He headed off to get dinner going. Only she had a surprise for him.

Her tongue streaked out to lick her lips. She could do this. “You.”

He'd almost reached the kitchen but stopped at her words. Turning to face her, he ran a hand over his chest. "Me?" He stalked toward her, stopping mere inches away.

"You." She drifted in to kiss him, slow and luxuriously, like she could do it all night. With trembling hands, her fingers found the buttons to his denim shirt and undid them.

"Are you sure?" He pulled away to ask, staring intently into her eyes.

His check of her feelings made her heart palpitate. What a man. "I am." The shirt slid to the floor in a crumpled heap.

Picking her up, he headed for his bedroom, depositing her on the unmade bed and joining her. The look on his face, warmed her whole body. She'd never wanted anything more than to be with him right now.

Keith nibbled a path from her earlobe to the hollow of her throat. She ran her hands along his bare back, loving both the smooth feel of his skin and his tight muscles. The time had come for her to quit fighting this attraction. Let what would be, be.

He gently tickled her throat with his tongue. "Cut that out." She laughed and squirmed away from him.

He lifted his head and smiled at her and then dipped in to claim her mouth. Their tongues danced against each other, his thrust against hers, which gave her thoughts of things to come, causing tremors and heat to pool deep in her stomach. His hand ran up her side and palmed her breast through the V-neck top. She arched upwards and closer to his body.

"Like?" he murmured as his mouth left hers and returned to her neck as she leaned her head back giving him better access.

"Yes," she moaned. She'd never heard anything so throaty, could hardly believe the sound came from her.

"I love the way you blush. I can't wait to see it if covers your whole body," he whispered. His strong fingers had inched the gaping neckline and bra cups away enough to reach in and cover her breast. His hips moved against her, letting her feel his erection against her thigh.

His fingers teased her bared nipple while his other hand palmed her breast from outside, using the softness of the cloth to torment it. Whimpering, she ran her arms up and down his sides and stopped at the waistband of his jeans. She hesitated only a moment before she started inching them downwards. They were going to come off anyway, she might as well help.

He pulled away only a second to finish shrugging them off and then pulled her up to tug the shirt over her head. Reaching around her, he made such quick work of her bra clasp, it must be a new world record. She wasn't even that fast with it.

As he eased her back down, she could feel the hard length of him against her, which was soon to be inside her, and just knowing that made her shiver. Before he could react, she reached down and gently stroked him. His skin felt like satin stretched across his hardness. Moisture pearled at the end of his tip. She toyed in the slippery wetness.

"Oh baby," he mumbled, laying back a bit and she put her hand on his chest and pushed him back the rest of the way, "Are you having your way with me?"

She stiffened, unable to help it, too many emotions rolling around within her.

With a look that would have melted the ice on Mars, he shook his head. "Be a bad girl."

Her lips tipped up in a smile, relaxing at the phrase that was both a challenge and a tease between them. For him, she could be. He liked her that way. Maybe one day he'd love her that way. That was one thing she could focus on, pleasuring him. She kissed down his throat as her hands stayed where they were. He continued to move his hips against her, grinding his hardness into her palm.

She moved down, gently flicking his nipple with her tongue, then eased lower and lower, tasting him all the while. She tasted a mix of salt and something undefinable, a taste of the man. She heard his groan in anticipation of what she was about to do.

As she slipped her mouth over him, his hips bucked a little. She circled him with her tongue and then took him as deeply into her mouth as she could, using tricks taught her in college. Her fingers firmly cupped his balls, squeezing gently, then relaxing. Using her cheeks, she created suction around him, slowly moving her mouth up and down, so tightly around him, she occasionally heard a slight pop sound.

The sound of a cell phone made her release him and look up. It came from her pack where she'd stashed her phone. "Shit."

His hands clenched down by his side. "No kidding."

Her eyes caught his as she cocked her head. "Bad girls don't take work calls during sex."

He snorted. "Bad girls don't take their work phones with them when they intend on seduction."

"So I need a little work." She sighed. She needed a lot of work in this area.

He sat up, pulling her down beside him. "I can help." His mouth nipped her chin.

“You think?” He could help. Help her right out of her clothes. Her stomach rolled in desire.

“Oh, yeah.” His tongue plunged into her mouth, taking control over it as he kissed her into mindless oblivion. “My turn.”

His mouth lowered to just above her nipple, and he laved it with his warm tongue. Butterflies played chase in her tummy as lovely sensation overtook her.

His other hand skimmed down her body, running over her stomach. The riding pants, which he liked, were not zipped or buttoned long. She gasped as his hand slid under her underwear into the heat between her legs. She arched her hips. His large hand didn’t have as much room to work as she would have liked. The riding pants were too tight. He needed more room, which she ached to give him so his hand could pleasure her more.

Keith pushed up to his knees, grabbing her leg with the hand that had abandoned her sex. Pulling with his might, he yanked off one riding boot, then the second, both of them tossed to the floor. Hurried hands gasped her pants and underwear, easing them down her legs.

Yes. Her body shivered with the cool of the air and the strength of her desire.

He tossed clothes where the boots had gone, and stared down at her. His voice sounded strangled. “God, you’re beautiful, baby.”

Prowling back up her body, he slipped a finger inside her as his mouth encircled her nipple. Heat engulfed her like a fire to a marshmallow. She was burning, flames licking her on all sides. He moaned against her breast seemingly enjoying the responses he was causing.

“Keith.” She panted as he switched his mouth to the other breast. One finger gently slid in and out of her slick wetness as his thumb caressed her clit.

“Something you want, baby?” His body hit a tremble as a gush of moisture coated his hand.

“You,” she moaned, “I want you. Now.”

He slid his fingers out. “That’s it, baby. Tell me what you want.”

She reached down and helped to guide his cock into her. “I want this.”

He threw his head back as he entered her, and she felt a hundred different nerve endings fire off at one time. His finger touched her side, wet with her pre-come.

"I love you," she blurted out. Her whole body froze as did his. His thrusts stopped. *No, no, no.* It was too early for that. They barely knew each other. But she knew her heart had fallen for him. It was why he'd been so hard to resist.

"I love you, too." His voice came hoarse and rough. He sat up still holding them joined and helped to lift her on top of him and not miss a stroke.

His lips claimed hers as his strong arms grasped her sides to keep the pace in the new position, which created more sensations. She surrounded him, enjoying his penetration. The anticipation built. One arm dropped down and his fingers found her clit again, and it was more than she could take. She shattered around him. His mouth took her throaty cries that would have scared the neighbors. Mere whimpering sounds escaped his mouth as his tongue and hers mimicked the dance they were already doing.

As the tremors subsided, he eased her back down. He ground himself so hard against her, she couldn't tell where she ended and he began, like they were truly fused. He couldn't seem to get close enough, and she urged him even closer, moving her hips to fit him, pressing on his back, raking her nails across his skin, and rising to meet him thrust for thrust.

The tension built up in him, and then his whole body stretched taunt. He growled her name as his orgasm finished, making her tremble.

They lay gasping for breath in each other's arms as the tremors subsided. He tenderly kissed her lips. As they calmed down, he spoke in a gruff tone. "I meant it."

It took a minute for her to think about what he meant. He loved her. She drew in a deep breath, hard to make her lungs inflate after that. "Good."

If this was being bad, it sure as hell was a lot more fun, and it surely suited her.

Part 7: What a Big Bed You Have

Tessa stood in the doorway of the bedroom she and Keith now shared. The deliverymen had just dropped their bed off. Man, it was huge. It looked even more massive in there than it had in the open space at the store.

Her old bed hadn't been big enough once Keith moved in. He was so tall compared to her. Her face heated, thinking about him telling his friend how he'd rolled them out of the bed on occasion. He was the only man who made her blush on a regularly.

Her hand reached out to caress the massive post coming up from the side. She now owned a poster bed. Keith had said the better to tie her up with. Reaching up, she patted her cheeks. Damn, the man could even make her blush when he wasn't there.

With a sigh, she peeked through the green velvet curtain surrounding the sides. She could imagine so many private intimate moments in there along with many hot sweaty sessions. At times, when Keith kissed her, she was apt to forget her own name much less remember where she was. No one had ever made her feel the way he did. He'd better come home on time. She'd taken the day off to handle receiving the bed. All day home alone with thoughts of things to come in their new bed, and she'd be one wet wanting woman by nightfall.

They hadn't had any sheets to fit the mattress so had bought sheets when they finalized the sale. She'd slipped on the satin sheets after the delivery men had left. They were emerald green to match the velvet curtains and canopy. She'd never had satin sheets before. Her fingers ran across their smooth softness.

The posts stretched up almost to the ceiling, and the canopy draped across them. The headboard was humongous. She touched the cool oak and traced the intricate swirls in the wood. Then she sunk down into the plush mattress as she stretched out and laid her head on the pillow.

She kept touching the sheets with her fingers. She loved the feel of satin. It occurred to her, she'd bet it would feel that good all over. On bare skin. She was alone now. Why not? She'd be finding out when Keith got home how good they felt on naked skin.

She hopped out, stripped off her clothes and got back in.

She was careful not to slide too fast, the sheets were slippery. She could imagine herself sliding from one side to the other right off the bed. That wouldn't be a tale she'd want to tell at the emergency room.

Oh, my dear lord.

The satin brushed coolly against her body, smoothly stroking her skin. She scooted around getting comfy, eventually settling on her stomach. The material caressed her

legs, whispering over them. Her nipples perked as the soft fabric touched them. She slid her legs up and down. This was nice....it was almost...erotic being naked in this bed on these sheets. Her pelvis thrust into the mattress.

Her hands slid down to stroke her thighs, one finger swirling through the hair to dip into her swollen moist depths. Her own cream coated her fingers. She fingered her clit, twitching against it, imagining the touch was her boyfriend's.

"Ohhhhh." She got lost in sensations as her finger circled her bundle of nerves and the satin material tickled her skin.

The door to the room creaked open.

Pulling the sheet around her chest and flipping over, she sat up, calling, "Keith? that you?" He was the only one who had a key. She had locked the front door. Hadn't she?

She heard rustling and a soft kerplop, then Keith's head parted the curtain. His voice had that sultry Southern baritone that made her shiver. "Who else would it be? Like the bed, Tessa baby?"

She smiled, reaching out to touch his face. "I sure do. What are you doing home?"

"I decided to come home for lunch and see if the bed had been delivered. I couldn't find you, baby. Then, I saw your clothes outside the new bed." His nose twitched by her fingers. "You've been having a little fun."

She swallowed, her face heating. He could smell her arousal on her hands. She hadn't thought of that when she'd reached out to him. Trying to jerk her hand back, he caught it in his.

"Fun's good." He ran his tongue along her pointer finger, then sucked it into his hot mouth. "Let's have some more." His voice came quiet in the room, but it caused her heart to start pounding, the blood rushing around her ears.

Her mouth went dry as Keith slowly crawled up on the bed, dressed as she was, in nothing.

As their bodies came into contact, skin against skin, she closed her eyes and just allowed herself to feel. His skin was rough and scorching against her own, his body, hard and muscular. The contrast of the softness and the hardness, alluring.

Her breasts grazed his chest. His powerful legs threaded through hers. She could feel his arousal against one hip. One strong arm wrapped around her, and with the other hand, he lightly caressed her cheek. She had thought rubbing against the satin was sensual. It was nothing compared to Keith's body rubbing against hers.

She opened her eyes and met his, looking into his hazel depths. The pad of his thumb traced a circle on her cheek and then lightly brushed her lips, tickling them.

"Don't you need to eat lunch?" she whispered, heart still thumping and her clit pulsing in her pussy, "I know you don't have much time before you need to go back to work." She lived a good distance from the stable. He'd barely have enough time to fix something to eat.

He smiled lazily. "You're the only one who can give me what I hunger for, baby."

His lips came down, branding hers and whatever protest she was going to make was lost. His tongue thrust hungrily into her mouth, giving no quarter and exploring all. When it touched hers and coaxed her to explore him, she felt rather than heard his moan.

His mouth left her lips with interspersed kisses and tiny nibbles along her neck and collarbone. When he found that sensitive spot under her ear that she loved him to kiss, her body arched up into his and her hands threaded into his hair. She brushed it back from his face, fingers deep in its silkiness.

Her mind finally got back to a conscious thought. He could distract her so easily with that questing mouth of his. "Keith." He nipped her shoulder blade. "You...I mean...I don't...I..You should have some lunch."

He lifted his head. "Alright baby, I'll start right here," and he flicked her nipple with his tongue making her whole body jerk.

"Keith," she gasped, and he did it again. His hand came up to palm her other breast and then knead it softly, as he teased her with his tongue. Finally, after several more passes, he suckled gently, pulling the nipple firmly in his mouth, making her cry out softly, as his fingers nimbly stroked her other breast.

He switched off mouth and hand. She shuddered, forgetting everything but him and what he did to her. She gripped at the sheets, hands bunched.

After he'd thoroughly kissed and touched her chest, he slid further down, his mouth nuzzling her stomach and belly button. The lower he got, the more her breath quickened, the more her body tingled, her pussy moistened. He nipped her hip, and she shook.

Slowly, every so slowly, he slid a finger into her heat. She knew he could feel the wetness that had pooled there since she'd first climbed on the bed. He growled as his finger gently explored going where she most needed it. She shamelessly moved against his hand, rocking back and forth. And then, he put a second digit inside her. He moved them in and out, readying her, torturing her. She swallowed, at a loss for air.

Looking down her body at him, his eyes met hers and the look in his was pure promise. Made her weaker in the knees than she already was. And God knows, had any fire

alarms gone off, and they might, things were that hot, she wouldn't have been able run on such rubbery legs.

He lowered his head, his tongue gently caressing her folds as his fingers still plundered. She was on the brink. She could feel her body tightening in anticipation. Much as he had her breasts, Keith flicked his tongue over her nub and she writhed. He did it again, eliciting a gasp. Then, he suckled shooting her all the way to the moon as she cried out from the strength of her climax.

He didn't stop but instead speeded up the rhythm. The first one wasn't finished spiraling before the second one began. She shattered all over.

He slowly withdrew his digits, allowing her body to finish its last shudders as she milked his fingers.

He slid himself up her body. It shook at the contact. "You make the best lunch, baby." In one smooth fast stroke, he entered her causing both of them to hiss in pleasure.

"Ohhh, Keith, I love you," she moaned.

He moved against her, rocking his hips, "I love you, Tessa. You feel..." She arched into him, rocking herself against him and the words became huskier. "...so good."

He kissed her, his mouth feverish in his assault on hers. Oh, the way he moved. The way he felt. Her hands were on his back, a silver ring shining in the light. She couldn't get him close enough. He increased the tempo as she wrapped her legs around his, taking him in as deeply in her body as she could.

Keith completed her. In some odd way, she and he fit together and their different selves meshed. He was a part of her, a part of her soul.

As his body tensed and he groaned, beginning his release, she felt her own body tense. She climaxed yet again, a loud cry shouting out before she could quiet it. His body shook as he poured into her.

Both of them panting, they lay there, joined. When he tried to slide off her, she stopped him with her legs and arms, "Another minute, please," she whimpered. She didn't want the contact to end.

"I don't want to crush you, baby," he whispered, softly kissing her nose.

"I like your weight on top of me," she whispered back. She liked the feel of them joined. She thought she could stay this way all day.

As if reading her mind, Keith tightened his arms around her. "I wish we could stay like this. Forever."

After a few more minutes, she reluctantly unwrapped herself from him. "I know you need to get to work."

One last kiss and he slid off of her and sat up. "I'll have to find some sandwiches and eat them on the way back. Something quick. I have to keep up my strength." He winked. "You sure know how to work up an appetite in me."

She shivered, sitting up and hugged him from the back. "Get dressed, I'll fix them."

She brushed her breasts against his back, and he leaned back into her and moaned, "Not if you keep doing that."

With a smile on her face, she dressed. She'd shower after he left. Or maybe not. Maybe she'd keep the scent of their loving on her the rest of the day. A spring in her step, she went to go fix Keith's lunch.

Part 8: What A Big Package You Have

Yawning, Tessa got home from work. She nearly tripped over the package at her front door. “What the heck is that?” She hadn’t ordered anything...lately. Amazon and Lands End had been safe from her credit card. She had more important things to do in the evenings. Like be screwed out of her mind. That’s why she was so tired. They’d had a particularly eventful night. She’d lost count of how many events she’d had. Keith had had three.

She picked up the plain brown box, then opened the door, carrying it inside. There was a company name she didn’t recognize. Huh. It was addressed to Keith. She shook the package back and forth. Somehow she hadn’t pictured Keith as an online shopper. But, she learned new things about him everyday.

She tucked it away beside the entertainment center in the living room.

Fixing dinner, she heard the door open. A few minutes later, a kiss planted on her neck. “Evening, baby. Smells good.”

She snuggled back against his body, liking the feel. He usually smelled sweaty and like horses, but he somehow found a way to make it sexy most days. “I’m fixing pork-chops and steamed vegetables.”

His chuckle was low and deep as he placed a hand on her stomach under her shirt. The rough hand tickled her skin. “I meant you.”

A shiver ran through her body. “Oh.”

“I’m going to shower.” He always did when he came home. “Join me?”

She snorted. “That’s how I burned dinner last night.”

His hand cupped a breast. “Complaining?” He pinched a nipple.

Her thighs widened her stance as her pussy clenched in appreciation. “No,” she whispered.

The other hand reached around to go to the breast on the other side. It cupped, the thumb grazing her nipple through the lace of her bra, while the finger on his other hand, rolled her nipple between them.

Between her thighs got slippery. “Ohhh.”

He rubbed his cock against her butt, letting her know how hard he was. “I like short skirts.” He leaned back to flip it up, then rubbed himself against her lacy underwear.

One hand dropped out from under her shirt to run over the strip of material now being coated in her arousal. He brought the fingers up to his face. "So do you."

She gulped, knowing he could smell how turned on she was. Yeah, they'd done it at the kitchen counter more times than she could count. Breathing deeply, she brought in his scent again. Her nose wrinkled at the sharp smell cutting into her passionate haze. "Keith..."

"Yeah, baby?" He nuzzled the back of her neck as his hand dipped back down to stroke her.

"You stink." She bit her lip, holding back a laugh. He really did. Smelled much worse than he usually did.

He pulled his hand out from between her legs and gave her a solid smack on her rear.

"Hey!" She wriggled to pull away from him.

"Telling me I stink." He spanked again, his hand coming down flat, before releasing her. His eyes twinkled as she turned around to face him.

"You do."

He shrugged before winking at her. "You won't come up with me to get me clean, baby. I need help scrubbing."

"Maybe..." She began to fold against his persuasion the way she always did. He could talk her into anything.

With a grin, he planted a full kiss on her willing lips. "Nah. I mucked stalls today due to being shorthanded. I do stink. Let me get cleaned up. Then, I'll clean your clock." One last smooch, and he headed to the stairs.

By the time he got down from his shower, dinner was on the table so they had a leisurely meal. After dinner, she remembered the package. "Hey, you got something in the mail today." She went and grabbed it.

"I did?" She handed it over to him. He looked down at the box. "So I did." He broke out into a grin that was as wide as Texas.

"What's in there? New cowboy boots? A hat?" It didn't look big enough but knowing what they could stuff in there. From the grin, it must be something good and that peaked her curiosity.

"Sex toys."

She blinked at him, her eyes wandering from him to the box. “What? No, really what’s in the box?” There was no way her Cowboy had bought that. No way.

His laughter was deep and boisterous as he took his pocket knife out to cut the packing tape. He sat the box down on the kitchen table, flipping it open and taking out the top packing materials. “Sex toys.”

She moved an inch closer, peering in the box. There were black restraint straps and a medium sized silver thing in the shape of an egg. A vibrator. “Restraints and a vibrator??” Her mouth hung open. She couldn’t believe he’d bought sex...stuff. “Keith, what on earth?”

He pulled her into his arms, pointing into the box. “That egg thing has a remote. I plan to drive you downright nuts with that. These babies...” He picked up the black restraints with Velcro ends. “...these are for tonight. You think I haven’t noticed how you like my bandannas. My hands holding you down? Thought this would be easier.”

She buried her face into his chest. God help her, he’d tied her up one night before they’d gotten the big bed with bandannas. It had been intense. She’d loved every minute of it, but never thought he’d go do something like this. “I can’t believe you did this.”

He pulled up her chin to look at her. “You like it. Be a bad girl, Tessa. Very bad.” The words had become their mantra. He lowered his mouth to claim hers, his tongue delving in immediately to dance.

Oh, yeah, she always wanted to be wicked with him. He picked her up as she picked up the black straps. “You make me so...”

“Horney? Sex starved?”

She patted his shoulder as he took them up the steps. “Adventurous.”

His grin stilted. “Damn, baby. I was going for something different there.” He charged through the door to their room before setting her on her feet. Opening up the packaging, he pulled out the black cloth straps. She watched as he secured each one to a poster on the bed. Chills ran through her. Her pussy twitched, knowing that he’d tie her to those straps and screw her mindlessly. Very soon.

He turned toward her, bulge evident in the front of his jeans. He crooked his finger, that dangerous gleam in his eye she loved. “C’mere.”

She shook her long hair back, taking the two steps over to him. He proceeded to dip his head and kiss her thoroughly. His hand came up to slowly push her hair out of the way. He nibbled a path from her chin to her shoulder, licking then biting down slowly and soothing the spot with his tongue. She tugged his t-shirt out of his jeans, rubbing her hands down his lower back.

Disengaging for a second, he pulled his shirt over his head, then hers for good measure. Reaching around, he released the catch to her bra, sliding it over her arms. He put his face against her chest and moved it back and forth in the middle of her boobs. Before she could even remark, he turned his head and flicked a nipple with his tongue. His hand came up to grasp her breasts as he pulled back to feast on her, taking the nipple deep within the wet recesses, pooling his tongue over it again and again.

Her knees buckled slightly. She locked them to keep upright, and his arm grasped her butt to help. Whimpering, she leaned more against his arm when he let the first breast pop out and attached himself to the second.

He finished on her moan, letting her go. She sagged, catching her breath. Her hands went down to grip the waistband of his jeans. Without a word, he helped her slide them off, his cock springing free. As she always did, she bit her lip looking at the hard red length of him. Her hands automatically slid to touch. She never could resist touching him there. His cock jerked, following her hand's movement.

His own hands flew to her waist to slide down her skirt, leaving her in the scrap of lace. Twisting, he laid her down on the bed, breaking the contact her hands had with his cock. "Later, you'll suck me." She nodded her head on the sheets, loving the feel as she slid her back back and forth. She would. Willingly.

He grasped her hand and wrapped the first strap around them. The Velcro scratched into place. She scooted further up on the bed, placing her head on the pillow. After sliding down her underwear, he moved down to run his hand across her leg, before securing the first ankle.

At the second restraint coming into place, her breath began to come in tighter pants as her heart pumped loudly in her ears. Moisture pooled up between her thighs. She felt herself get wetter.

His not quite dry brown hair shown in the low lamp light of the room as his nostrils flared.

He moved to the other ankle, wrapping it in the material before cinching it tight. It spread her out, exposing her sex. "So pretty and pink, baby." He nipped the outside of her outer thigh before moving to the other arm. "You O.K.?"

He always checked to make sure she was all right with whatever he was doing. She was more than all right. More like turned on beyond belief. "I'm wonderful."

His grin showed his teeth as he moved to secure her. Her hands were held firmly above her head, ankles to the footboard. If she really needed to, she could break free. But short of a fire or earthquake, nothing was going to be enough to make her. "Good."

His eyes ran the full length of her body, desire blazing like a floodlight from them. One finger reached out to caress her cheek. Slowly, it wound a path down to her chest, circling the mound of her breast all the way up until it circled around a nipple to the tip.

Her dry mouth attempted a swallow. There had to be more moisture in a desert while her pussy dripped like an Amazon rain forest.

His other hand slid up to trace along the outside of her lips. Greedily, she sucked a fingertip into her mouth, letting her tongue play a game of circle tag. He tasted sweet and salty, a delicious mix.

The other hand continued its slow tracing descent, having circled the other breast. It ringed her belly button before sliding around her hips. The slight pressure tickled and tantalized.

Withdrawing his finger from her lips, the others went down low to the place she wanted them. The place that it would feel so divine. He traced the outside of them, coming in to make a circle pattern on her labia and clit. He squeezed her clit between his fingers. Her thigh muscles clenched. His thumb went up on it to stroke down. Her hips raised slightly. God, he felt good. The thumb continued a pecking motion while another finger slipped in her inner lips to her channel.

“Baby.” His word was hoarse, guttural.

She leaned her head back into the pillows, enjoying the sensations, the feelings evoked by what he did to her. Her arms moved slightly against the bonds, wiggling for more room to stretch.

Her panting increased as the orgasm rolled through her, over her. Her eyes closed, giving into the blackness and the stars behind her lids.

His fingers withdrew. She didn't look to see him, but prepared herself for him climbing on top of her to drive her even wilder. Instead, breath puffed against her pussy.

Her eyes flew open in surprise. His tongue arced a wide path, drawing up her entire sex. It flicked quickly against her clit, before sliding down to penetrate her. He created a rhythm she was helpless against.

Flick flick inside. Flick flick inside.

It wasn't enough to drive her over the sacred edge. One more flick to her clit, and she'd come. Each time she geared up, grasping the sheets in her hand, but not achieving what she needed.

“Please...” Begging him for release, she tried to shift up to take it, but the bonds kept her from going too far. “Please...”

“Let you come?” *Flick flick inside. Flick flick inside.* “I haven’t tasted enough honey yet, baby.”

“Keith...” His name ended on a wail of frustration.

A few minutes later after more torture, his tongue flicked her. “What do you need?” His voice sounded rough.

“You know.” She panted, her eyes watering. The first one hadn’t taken any edge off. She needed to come. He knew it.

“Tell me.”

“Make me come. Please.”

“Since you asked nicely.” His tongue twirled hard against her clit, licking. Then, he sucked her in before the tongue went back to twirling. It was enough. Over the edge she leaped, panting and limp as it finished.

He reached down, ripping loose one ankle, then the other. “I want your legs around me.”

She didn’t remember him coming up her body. He was just there, entering her with his tip at the same time his face came into focus. After a minute of slow pumping, he thrust wildly into her. She cried out with the surge of their hips together. Her whole body felt polarized. He raked fingers across her shoulder. The pain pleasure line was blurred. It felt hot, making her pussy clench around the hard cock inside it.

She rose to meet him as much as she could, loving the press down of his body, his full penetration of her. It wasn’t long before he shouted her name, caught in his own climax.

Coming back down on top of her, he opened the Velcro, releasing her arms. “Told you the better for tying you up with.” He disposed of the condom she didn’t remember him putting on. She’d been in a space of her own, helpless, and under the man she loved.

Chuckling, she wrapped arms around his sweaty body, snuggling into his warmth. Big packages and beds, who could ask for anything more?

Part 9: Up in the Hayloft

Tessa glanced up at the hayloft and then at the back of Keith's head covered by his cowboy hat. He walked in front, leading her to the ladder to go up. She tugged on his hand. He stopped, turning to face her.

She whispered, afraid of being overheard, "I don't know about this Keith. I don't want to get you in trouble, and I don't want to...ummmm get caught."

With a grin that was his ultimate weapon, he assured her, "We won't get caught, baby." He tugged on her hand to get her moving again, but she stayed still.

"I don't know. I mean they're gonna know even if they just catch us coming down what we were up to." She bit her lip, worrying it with her teeth.

He sidled his big body closer to her. The heat from the almost touching skin caused a ripple of sensation. "I think everyone knows you and I aren't exactly playing scrabble in that big bed of ours, Tessa. And we won't be the only ones who escape up there from time to time."

She felt her face heat as she gulped. "I know...I mean...but that's a whole lot different than getting caught in public."

She'd brought lunch out to have a picnic with Keith. She'd worn a long sleeved, scoop neck T-shirt with a few laces at the top that didn't really "do" anything, jeans, and riding boots so she hadn't been trying for seduction or anything. But Keith hadn't taken his eyes off of her since she'd found him for lunch, and somehow and only he could have done it, he'd talked her into going to visit the hayloft. Not to see the hay either. He'd given her a sultry look, passion lighting those deep hazel eyes, made her babble, and next thing she knew, she was following along behind him. She was about to have a sexual tryst in a public place, another first for her.

He pulled her against him, his hard body feeling so good against hers. His scent that was uniquely him surrounded her. He bent down to nuzzle her ear, his breath tickling it as he spoke. "Come up in hayloft with me, my beautiful Tessa."

That got a full blown shiver. "Oh, that's not fair."

His tongue lightly traced the outer edges of her ear before plunging in lightly. "Be a bad girl."

"Keith, I..." He kissed the side of her throat. "Not fair at all." She gulped as he continued to nip and kiss, moaning as he nibbled the sensitive spot underneath her ear. He was too close. Too good. How could she resist him?

They got to the ladder, and he said, "Ladies first."

She smiled brightly at him and headed on up, taking each rung carefully. "You're such a gentleman."

He laughed. "Somewhat a gentleman. It gets you in front of me. For me to check out your ass."

"Keith!" Her face heated all over again. She looked back, and he was watching her intently with that gleam in his eye that she knew so well.

"Not a thing to fuss about. You have a nice one." He reached up to pinch her butt, causing a small squeal.

"Stop that!"

"Move up the ladder. Then, I won't be as tempted." He winked at her.

She turned, started up the ladder again, reached the top, quickly crawled off and turned to help him, but he was already up. The crisp scent of new hay was even sharper up here, giving her ideas.

"You know it wasn't fair the way you persuaded me up here with you." She arched a brow at him.

"Worked didn't it?" He had a smug expression that begged for her to retaliate. It begged for her to tease him. Not that he wouldn't win in the end, he always did.

She glared at him, and used the only weapon she had up there, hay. She tossed a golden clump, intending to have it be a warning shot past his head. Only she had better aim than she intended, and it landed on his hat covered head, raining down around his face.

She brought her hand up over her mouth. "Oh, I didn't mean to do that."

He shook off the hay. "Come here, you." His look was pure wickedness.

"Oh, no. Not until you promise you aren't going to get me." She shifted her weight on her feet, ready to run. Not that there was a lot of space to run to in the hayloft.

"I'm going to get you alright." And Keith darted after her. "By the time I'm done, I'll get you under me."

She carefully darted off, stepping on the seasoned boards that creaked under her booted feet, "Keith, we don't want to call attention to ourselves."

"Stand still, and we won't."

She went the wrong way in the hayloft, to the back, having never been up in one before, and there was nowhere else to go but down.

Tessa turned to face him. "I really am sorry." She bit back a grin, trying to look contrite.

He crooked his finger at her. "No where to go, baby. Now come here."

She started like she would walk over to him. But then, dashed around him. Only he caught her with muscled arms and tackled her back into the pile of hay.

Squirming underneath him, she couldn't get loose from his body. Then, something poked her middle, and she no longer wanted freedom. She arched up into his erection, rubbing her stomach side to side against it.

Keith's mouth gently claimed hers. He kissed her deeply and thoroughly.

Birds chattered from outside the barn, their sounds punctuated by an occasional neigh.

His hand crept under her shirt, his palm grazing her tummy, and gently began to tease her. Her nipples hardened more in his fingers. His tongue became frantic against her own as the kiss lost the earlier gentleness and became something else all together.

She shivered. His body was warm and muscular against her even under his clothes. The rough material of his jeans rubbed against her own pair. His musky scent overtook the fresh cut scent of hay.

"Tessa?" His lips left hers as he felt the shiver. He was checking on her. For all his teasing, he'd never make her do anything she truly was uncomfortable with. He only liked to push her limits.

"You really want me right now, don't you?"

His chuckle was humorless. His eyes had darkened. "You're the woman I love, I always want you." He shook his head, his hair bouncing in the low sunlight. "You drive me crazy, and then, you're amazed I want you so badly."

Her whole body sizzled. She put her hand on his sculpted chest and whispered, "I love you, too. I want you..."

Before she could finish, their mouths drifted into one another's. There was no gentleness. Instead it was a violent combustion that had both of them panting. At that moment, she didn't care they were in a hayloft and could get caught. Her world narrowed down to only one thing. Keith. And getting more of him.

Under his jeans, he was rock hard, rubbing against her. She wanted him everywhere at once, especially her wet pussy, which begged to be filled...now with no waiting.

His hand tugged at the top of her shirt. She didn't even have to look down to know he was untying the laces, not that they did much. As the last of the ribbon bowed away, he thrust his hand down, bypassing her bra to cup her, her breast swollen, and aching for him. He rubbed his palm back forth against her nipple. She gasped, arching up into him. His hips bucked against her, matching her rhythm. They were still completely clothed and the motion was blissful torture.

Tessa pulled his shirt up out of his jeans. Her hands explored his back. She pulled him as close as she could, sliding one hand around and rather clumsily undid the front of his jeans. After unzipping, she slowly slid a hand over the fine hairs leading a path down. He jerked as her fingers brushed him.

Carefully, she slid his underwear and pants down a little. His cock sprang free. She slowly stroked her fingers up and down his length, feeling the softness of the skin yet the steel feel of him straining into her hand, eager for her touch. How she loved to touch him. A little bead of moisture had escaped his tip. She captured it with her fingertips, swirling it around the outer edge.

Keith moaned, gripping her hips tightly in his large hands, his whisper hoarse, "I need to be in you. Now. I can't wait any longer."

She was already nodding as he roughly unsnapped her jeans, yanking them and her underwear down. He looked at the jade green satin and lace bikini briefs with such a heated look, her heart and stomach fluttered.

"Keep those on for later," he muttered, "I want to see you in them some more." He slid his own jeans down just as her pants came off one foot but not the other. Her shirt and bra were still on but askew. He helped to position her over a hay bale, her bottom up in the air.

She gasped. They hadn't done it this way before. A slight tremor of fear slid up her body. She trusted him. But this was new.

He used one arm to guide himself. The other steadied her as he slowly inched himself into her sleek wetness from behind.

"You're so tight." His fingers caressed her butt. "Such a sweet little ass you have." He slid his cock steadily back and forth, taking every advantage until she could accommodate him completely.

Oh, God, from this angle he was so full inside her. It tickled nerve endings that didn't usually fire. She felt so stretched around him. She shut her eyes and her back arched. His length was fully housed inside her. So big.

All she could hear was the blood pumping through her veins and Keith's panting.

She moved back against him. He gripped her hips to control the pace before he thrust. She could feel his thighs hit the back of her own more and more frenetically. Faster and faster, the excitement built around them. Her lips were dry as her breathing labored through her chest. Her body shook in the onslaught of him.

He moved his hand around, kneading her breasts, sliding across her tummy down between her legs. He flicked his finger across her clit, and then began to stroke in time with his thrusts.

"Oh, Keith," she moaned throatily, and Keith put a finger to her lips.

"Don't forget where we are, baby." He panted. She drew the finger into her mouth and suckled it.

His body shuddered as he stopped moving for a second. She pushed herself backwards, impaling herself more, moving them herself. With one last strong stroke, he released as she felt herself get lost as well. She'd managed to close her mouth to keep the shriek from sounding.

He collapsed on top of her, holding up his weight on his arms, but they didn't stay long that way long. He hurriedly helped her back into her pants.

"Can't have anyone seeing those briefs but me," he said with a grin and a soft pinch to her bottom, making her yelp. She shook her head, as he quickly snapped his jeans and retucked in his shirt.

They climbed down the ladder and headed out of the barn. Her walking was a little unsteady. The new angle had stretched her muscles, and her orgasm had left her weak in the knees. Her gait didn't escape his notice, and his grin was all male pride.

She gave him a quick kiss. "Don't be cocky. Have a good afternoon. I'll see you for a late dinner."

He smiled. "Yes, you will. You might even be dinner," he said with a wink.

She giggled, knowing he was probably right. Sometimes his seduction was slow and easy and other times like in the hayloft, it was fast and furious. And sometimes, she was one who seduced him. She never knew what was going to happen between them until it did. It was as it should be.

Sam, who worked with Keith, waved and came over before she reached the parking lot. "Hey, Tessa." He grinned at her, the grin wide and knowing.

"Hi, Sam." She took a quick look down to make sure she'd tucked everything in right.

They talked for a few minutes.

“I better run, Sam. I’ll see you later.”

“Ayep, you will.” He reached out and pulled a strand of hay from her hair. “Next time have Keith check your hair after.” Striding away, she heard him chuckle.

Her entire body heated. Sinking into the earth sounded like a good plan. If only she wasn’t looking forward to going up again in the hayloft already.