



## **MORE TALES OF TEXAS VAMPIRES**

**DIANE WHITESIDE**

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**Edited by Cris Brashear**

**Cover Art by Darrell King**

**Warning:**

**The following material contains strong sexual content meant for mature readers. MORE TALES OF TEXAS VAMPIRES has been rated NC17, erotic, by three individual reviewers. We strongly suggest storing this electronic file in a place where young readers not meant to view this ebook are unlikely to happen upon it. That said, enjoy...**

## Sweet Punishment

### *A Tale of Don Rafael Perez and Ethan Templeton*

Tomorrow I'll be wed for the second time. It's time to put away the past and look towards the future. So I'll write this story out, then burn it so I can find peace with the good man who returns my love.

My family was Irish, fled to this country in hopes of finding easy money building the transcontinental railroad. Father could charm a bear from a honeycomb when he chose and my brothers inherited his knack. Unfortunately, they didn't gain any of Mother's strong sense of honor and always avoided honest work. So all too soon after our parents died, they were tricking folks out of their money.

It seemed better than starving to my young mind and I soon made a place for myself in their campaigns, as the specialist in entering dwellings by stealth to remove the more interesting contents.

It was simple enough for me to do back then. I was just as slender then as I am now and could easily pass as a boy if I dressed in breeches, making it easy to pick a lock or climb up to an attic.

Then I met a young man in a similar line of work, Daniel Moynihan. A charming fellow whose knack with words was surpassed only by his brilliant blue eyes and deftness with the cards. Soon enough, we were married and traveling together. He died all too shortly: shot dead over a faro game.

I returned to my brothers and found them changed from my memory. They'd grown far too fond of the bottle and the dinner table, thus gaining bellies that strained every button. Their tempers had also increased and I quickly learned to avoid crossing them at any cost.

It was a pleasant enough life otherwise. I met some interesting men who were more than willing to console a grieving widow for a night or a lifetime. I refused them all, still mourning for my beloved Daniel.

Only once did he not visit my thoughts when I studied a man. It was at an afternoon musicale where I found myself watching a big Spaniard with an eagle nose and broad shoulders. And eyes like melted chocolate as he listened to the violins' song. A single glance from him would have coaxed me into the garden for a kiss without a second thought. But the invitation never came and I tried to forget my spell of womanly hunger.

My brothers now lived in Austin, a plain town with little to recommend it except its role as capitol of Texas. That made it the perfect locale for my brothers' current goal: obtain a large piece of land as quickly as possible. Great tracts could be had then for a few forged bits of paper or a little gold handed to a judge. My brothers resented paying gold so they started hunting for land with a single owner. They reasoned it'd require fewer forgeries if only one person was named.

Soon enough they settled on the Santiago Trust as their target. A great mass of land did that trust hold, to say nothing of rich cedar forests, iron ores, and interests in much of the state's commerce. But try as they might, they couldn't discover who was the owner; only that many of the most-respected men, and most-feared too, were connected to the trust.

Finally, in anger and frustration, they demanded that I bring them the name of the real owner. I reminded them of the powerful men connected to the trust. My brothers took my warnings poorly and set about changing my mind. I agreed before more than bruises marked my body but resolved privately to leave them and Texas as quickly as possible.

So it was that I entered the First Bank of L-- one evening. It was solidly built to withstand Comanches and bank thieves and furnished in a rather stolid but luxurious style. A woman could have screamed herself hoarse without a soul noticing, once the iron shutters were closed. The arrangement of rooms was nothing remarkable but the large meeting room on the top floor offered a more elegant style than the other rooms.

I searched quickly but thoroughly, careful to leave no sign of my presence. While the bank was definitely deeply linked to the Santiago Trust, it offered no clue as to the

mysterious owner. Truth to tell, I was piqued that I couldn't answer that riddle since I'd always before managed to obtain whatever I wished. I did find an invitation to an evening meeting of the trust's friends.

My brothers weren't pleased by my lack of success but relaxed somewhat when I promised to spy on the meeting. In fact, they mellowed so much that they accepted an invitation to spend time in Galveston drinking and whoring.

I dressed with great care that evening: black shirt, black wool trousers, and black boots. I braided my hair and pinned it tightly up under a black cap, such as a scruffy boy would wear. I didn't bother to bind my breasts; even my fond husband had called them "small and neat."

I arrived at the bank and soon gained entry through an upper window left conveniently open to gather cool breezes. A minute more saw me ensconced between rolled maps in a large armoire, placed in a corner of the big meeting room. I settled down to wait, certain that I could hear every word but couldn't be seen.

I watched some of the most important men in Austin gather for the meeting, both Mexicans and Anglos. They chatted a little of trivialities, like the weather and the latest horse races, and avoided any taste of alcoholic spirits as they waited. Suddenly they fell silent as a carriage drew up outside and the new arrivals were greeted. I leaned forward, eager to see who could bring these powerful men to heel.

Two men entered, a tall Spaniard whose broad shoulders filled the doorway and a slender blond man, possessed of incredible beauty and the coldest eyes I have ever seen, following him. The Spaniard was striking, rather than handsome, with a brutally scarred face and eagle beak of a nose. I knew him immediately: Rafael Perez.

The same blaze of lust lashed through me as it had before. I cursed silently as I felt my nipples tighten. It would be difficult enough to eavesdrop without daydreaming about the bedroom potential of that big body.

Then I realized that the blond was Ethan Templeton, Perez's ramrod. A man whose name was spoken with fear and respect throughout Texas, a rough-hewn state that honored few. A chill brushed my excitement; if he found me, there was no telling what penalty he'd extract.

Templeton strolled around the room as Perez greeted the other guests. I quickly pulled away from the door so he wouldn't see me. My mouth was dry as a western river in the summer and my heart pounded in my ears. But his footsteps moved away from the armoire as calmly as they had approached it and I dared to look out again.

Suddenly a man's back blocked my view of the room. I bit my lip, swearing silently, as I recognized Templeton's fair hair. Surely he didn't know I was there. I was certain that I'd left no sign since I'd touched nothing in the room except the armoire.

When he didn't move, I relaxed slightly and strained to listen to the conversation beyond. Rustling papers and scraping chairs told me that the men beyond had finally settled down.

Then the door flew open and a ruthless hand yanked me from the armoire and into the room. I gasped in surprise and fought using all the tricks from a lifetime outside the law, but to no avail. Templeton soon had me trapped in front of him, where none of my struggles loosened his tight grip.

Thankfully my cap remained on my head and I decided to continue my masquerade. Pretending to be a sexless boy seemed safer than considering the hard male body pressed against me and the growing ridge of masculinity that nudged the small of my back so relentlessly.

The guests surged to their feet at my abrupt arrival, startled and irritated.

"What the hell is that boy doing here?" demanded one.

"I'm afraid, gentlemen, that we seem to have discovered a spy," Perez drawled, strolling forward to stand in front of me. My heart beat triple time at

the sight of that slow saunter, which reminded me of a mountain lion circling a deer.

"I'm sorry, Don Rafael," one man began but stopped when Perez lifted his hand.

"Enough said, Benjamin. I'm sure you checked this room most thoroughly. But sometimes mice can creep through the smallest cracks." His hand came down and lifted my chin. I glared at him fiercely, determined not to yield an inch. His eyebrow lifted slightly and his finger caressed my jaw contemplatively.

I caught my breath, startled by the contact, and looked into his eyes for the first time. His eyes were dark and cold and ancient, and held a considering spark deep within. I shivered involuntarily and heard Templeton chuckle quietly. He pulled me tighter against him so that his shaft nestled even closer. I tried to squirm away and his grip changed to brutally hard. I desisted with a gasp of pain and waited.

Mr. Perez's mouth quirked and he patted me on the shoulder before turning away.

"Gentlemen, I'm sorry but I'm afraid we must postpone this until we can be sure of being uninterrupted. I trust you won't mind joining your wives earlier than expected at the concert? Bien. My secretary will be in touch to reschedule our meeting." The men assented reluctantly and began to leave the room, most of them casting angry glances at me. No help there, not that I'd ever expected any.

Perez closed the door behind them then returned to stand in front of me. I swallowed, overwhelmingly conscious of being trapped between two big male animals.

"Was this your idea or your family's?" Perez asked.

"What are you talking about, Mr. Perez? Just let me go! I didn't hear anything," I protested.

"Your brothers' idea then," Perez remarked, his voice as icy calm as if he was ready to use a knife. I stared at him and was glad he didn't speak my name in



that tone. "Sí, it's not hard to guess who would think of spying. Fools who would rather gossip about iron ores than listen to a Mozart concerto." Dry amusement echoed as he ran a finger down the front of my shirt and circled my breast, hidden behind the shirt's linen. I choked as it quickly swelled to meet his hand.

"Still, you must be punished," he mused, eyeing my nipples as they surged against the rough cloth. "The true question is, who should do the punishment? Myself since you had the audacity to try to spy on me...or sus hermanos because you failed to carry out their commands?"

My brothers? I cringed. "I, ah..."

"Ethan, how long do you think it would take to properly lesson the lady?"

"A month, Don Rafael?"

Templeton's hand lifted my breast and squeezed it gently, as if offering a fruit to Perez. Unbelievably, or perhaps inevitably, it firmed more. I hissed slightly as he plucked my nipple casually and it lengthened still further. I had no idea what I was going to do; I'd never felt so helpless, or so sexually aroused.

"Excellent idea, Ethan. Tell me, señora. Whose punishment do you prefer to undergo? A month at our hands or a lifetime with them?" Mr. Perez ran his finger across my cheek. I closed my eyes until I could speak.

"If I underwent yours, wouldn't I also have to endure my brothers' after I left your domain?" I managed to say without looking at him.

"Very clever reasoning, señora," Mr. Perez purred as his touch glided down my throat. "Let me assure you that if you chose mine, then I would ensure that los cretinos would never lift a hand to you again."

My eyes flew to his face. I'd dance with the Devil himself for a promise like that.

"Never, señora," he emphasized and his hand circled my throat lightly.

"Yours then, Mr. Perez," I croaked. I didn't know if he could keep his word but it was worth a try.

Both of Templeton's big hands now cupped my breasts, stretching the hidden nipples between blunt fingers.

"Are you certain?" Perez asked and began to play with my shirt's top button. I barely managed not to moan as my body throbbed in rhythm with his touch.

"Yes, damn you!"

"A month should certainly be sufficient to teach you a few manners. The first lesson is that you shall always call me Don Rafael, not the Anglo Mr. Perez," he ordered as he undid the top fastening.

"Yes, Don Rafael," I choked, wondering what the hell I'd gotten myself into.

"Perhaps we should establish some rules for her stay," Ethan suggested, his voice a rich tenor next to Don Rafael's rumbling bass.

"An excellent idea, amigo. What do you have in mind?" A second button yielded to him, leaving much of my chest bare.

"She should have at least three orgasms before she is penetrated by anything larger than a finger or two," Ethan drawled calmly as his knee slipped between my legs.

I nearly fainted at the thought. More than one orgasm? I had a sudden vision of just how big Templeton's rod would be, once freed. Even so, it would probably be smaller than what rose behind Don Rafael's elegantly tailored trousers. My thighs tightened as a trickle of moisture glided down them from my over-heated core.

"Three it is then," Don Rafael agreed, his eyes dancing. He rested his hands on my hips and lightly ran his thumbs up and down the buttons of my fly. My knees all but buckled. I know I swayed and was glad for Templeton's support.

Don Rafael's hand slipped down and cupped my mound through the thin cloth. I gasped helplessly as he rubbed me, encouraging cream to flow faster. Templeton kneaded my breasts and nuzzled my neck until my eyelids drooped.

"Tell me, amigo," Don Rafael purred as he used the seam's heavier cloth to rack me higher. "Since you set the trap for this little mouse, you shall have the first taste of her. Do you prefer her virginity or her blood?"

Virginity? "I'm no virgin," I spluttered, hauling my eyes open to stare at the man tempting me.

"Indeed, señora, but there are more virginities to a woman than the one guarding her womb. There is also the first time her throat welcomes a man's cock."

I blushed hotly at the memories his drawl evoked and he chuckled.

"And there is also the delight of her back passage," he went on in a deeper rasp. "Ah, the first time a woman is savored there, her channel like flame and velvet around the fortunate man's cock. And all the other delights of her body, her breasts, her cunt, and her sweet bud...all open and available to his hands. Her climax can be truly incredible then, overwhelming all of her senses."

I stared at him and reluctantly decided that he spoke the truth. Not for me, of course, but for a few other women somewhere. Neither Don Rafael's or Templeton's cocks could possibly fit inside me.

Templeton laughed softly and delicately bit my ear lobe. I shivered, lust jolting down my spine from the touch. "Her blood, Don Rafael, if you please. A few drops only so she may serve us both tonight." Blood?

"You are generous, amigo! Graças. You shall enjoy her blood and I will partake of her virginity." Don Rafael took his hand away from me and I bit my lip, determined not to beg for more of his touch. "Now, señora, we move on to the second lesson. You must be taught not to disturb others' privacy. Bend over the desk."

"What?" Templeton stepped away from me and I stared at the two men. "What the devil..."

"Now, señora." Don Rafael's voice was cold and bit like a knife. I remembered my brothers' idea of punishment and walked slowly to the desk in

the corner. It was actually more of a small table except for the leather writing pad and writing instruments on top. Templeton lifted the inkwell and I bent over it reluctantly.

"Move back towards me, señora," Don Rafael, his hands guiding me. "Bien. Now spread your legs wide. She is beautiful like this, is she not, amigo? Such sweet curves from this angle."

"Indeed, Don Rafael," Templeton rumbled, coming up beside the desk to study me.

"Wider still," Don Rafael murmured. "Perfecto."

I closed my eyes and waited for the first pain to hit me. Instead, Don Rafael stroked my ass and thighs. I trembled as he explored my nether lips through the wool, teaching them again to melt for him.

"You are damp, señora, but should be wetter still for the heat I want in you. A fire stoked by the drumbeat of my hand on your sweet ass."

I tried to tighten my legs around his hand and he chuckled then gave a soft order in Spanish. I ignored that as I wiggled my hips in invitation and Templeton slipped under the desk.

Skilled fingers came to unbutton my fly. I jerked in surprise but Don Rafael's other hand came down to hold me in place. He caressed me again as more cream flowed from me. I moaned and wriggled and was vastly pleased when those damn trousers disappeared with a sudden rip.

Then Templeton began to stoke my fires. One hand played with my bud, teasing it so wickedly that I swear it doubled in size, while the other delved into my folds like a miner looking for the Mother Lode.

Don Rafael's first swat was light but echoed against my hunger, building my need for these men. I shuddered and sighed. The second swat was as light but deepened my lust further. I moaned again. "More," I muttered. "More."

The swats began to deepen. I didn't care: I wanted the orgasm that hung so tantalizingly close. If I could only get those male fingers to give it to me, to rub

my bud harder, or probe into me further. I knew they could provide it and I began to beg shamelessly, my hips pushing back in desperation.

Don Rafael spanked me until I was burning with need, scarlet with hunger, aching for more of Templeton's enthralling touch. Fingers dwelt within me while others worked my bud into an aching knot. Cream gushed and ran down my leg. Still, they wouldn't let me come and I cursed them, begged them, then cursed again.

And I screamed like a Comanche war party when the hardest swat of all drove my bud down onto one blunt masculine finger and climax rocketed through every bone in my body...

When I could think again, I was still lying across the desk, my shirt gone, while Templeton unbraided my hair. He combed it loose with his fingers and began to rub my scalp. I purred and leaned into his touch.

"Señora. Or shall I call you Catherine?" Don Rafael rumbled.

"Catherine's fine," I agreed before I saw what he held. It was an ivory wand, almost the length of my hand and cunningly carved into a series of bubbles and narrow valleys. He held it by its wide base as he calmly coated it with a thick layer of oil.

"Do you know what this is?"

I shook my head, still staring at the wand. It reminded me of a man's cock but what could it be used for?

"It is a dildo, of a style designed to awaken lust in the back channel."

"You're going to shove that thing into me?" I started to sit up but Templeton held me down effortlessly. I bucked briefly then quieted, still seething.

"It will ease my entrance into you, Catherine," Don Rafael remarked. "I am showing it to you now only so that you understand that we are men of our word. It would have been very simple to slip it into you while you lay stunned from ecstasy."

I flushed.

"It is no wider than two fingers, correct?" He stroked my ass with one hand as he displayed the dildo. I realized abruptly that a cooling lotion had been worked into my once-blazing skin. I still burned but it was tolerable, almost exciting.

"Yes," I whispered. I suddenly realized how much smaller the ivory was than either man's cock. My breath broke as lust whispered in my belly. "Please," I whispered, unsure what I asked for.

He smiled at me then and leaned down to kiss me. "You will find us stern but most enjoyable, Catherine."

"Yes," I murmured against his mouth. "Yes, indeed."

His mouth was more delicious than I'd hoped and I was panting again when he released me. "More, please," I sighed, turning my head to follow him.

"Ethan, amigo, display her. And distract her a bit, por favor."

"Of course." I squeaked as he gathered me effortlessly up into his arms. To my shock, he was naked to the waist, offering a tempting display of hot satiny muscles to lean against. I wriggled but he nuzzled my hair, then my temple and my cheek. I forgot my surprise and met his lips more than halfway. He kissed like a god, or an angel of seduction. More enticing than anyone I'd met except Don Rafael.

I barely noticed when he sat on the big conference table and murmured contentedly when he lay down on it. Indeed, I slid my hands into his hair and fell to kissing him long and deep, crouched over him like an eager tigress as he stroked my back.

It seemed perfection when he moved his attentions to my breasts. He suckled me hard, drawing me deep into his mouth as if I offered everything he found pleasurable. I arched for the moist heat of his caress and groaned when he worked my nipples into long aching berries.

And I shuddered in pleasure when two more hands played between my folds. My hips began to thrust, hungry to be ridden. A warm, rounded hardness

circled against my backside and I pushed against it. It traced my rosebud again and again as Templeton suckled me, sending fiery trails down to my belly as others rose from the fingers tracing my bud.

I barely noticed when the wand entered me; I was too greedy for more of those masculine hands and hard male mouth. In fact, I rocked so hard and long against those knowing hands, pleading for the climax I knew they could bring, that the wand's entire length traveled into me like a knife into butter.

I cursed like a mule driver when Templeton slid out from under me, ending my delicious climb before I'd reached the peak. I started to roll over and froze when the wand danced inside me. Muscles I'd never known trembled at the inner caress and sensations, almost of bliss, washed up my back and down my legs. I couldn't have sat up if Satan had nipped at my heels. "Oh, sweet heavens," I groaned and closed my eyes.

Don Rafael's chuckle crossed my ears, wicked and knowing. I blushed and tried again to move. He patted my ass gently and I trembled, startled by how his touch seemed to travel up the wand and into my spine. He tapped me again and again and the sensation slipped into my womb, evoking a wave of cream down my thigh. "Excellente, Catherine. You are more than ready to give Ethan what he has earned."

He scooped me up. I clung to him, too shaken by the ivory temptation inside me to argue immediately. He sat down in the big leather armchair before I could gather words and turned me so my back rested against him. Bare skin heated my back and crisp hair teased me, most of all where my derriere rested against him...And his cock burned against my backside, reminding me of how my womb hadn't yet stretched for a man that night.

I shuddered and sank my fingers into his arms, laying my head back against his shoulder while I tried to think. But words were beyond me when my body was so desperate for what it hadn't tasted in almost a year.

Don Rafael spread my legs further until his legs rested between mine. His fingers teased my bud until I moaned. I wiggled restlessly as my breasts ached and his chest hair teased my shoulders.

Then Templeton dropped in front of us and kissed my knee. He lifted my thighs and draped them over the chair's arms. Don Rafael aided him, opening me like a peach. Templeton began to lick and suck until I was as juicy as the fruit.

"Look up at me, Catherine."

"Why?" I grumbled but obeyed Don Rafael.

He smiled down at me, then deliberately curled his lip so I could see his teeth. Long teeth at the corners of his mouth.

Fangs? Was that what he'd meant by taking my blood?

Ethan's tongue circled my bud. I cursed fiercely. Their delay in giving me another climax was far more important than how they meant to enjoy themselves. "Damn you, hurry up!" I snarled and closed my eyes.

Don Rafael chuckled before his tongue bathed my neck again while Ethan hummed against my bud. I gasped when desire pummeled me harder. I gushed more and more cream as they stoked me higher and higher, Don Rafael's hands on my breasts and belly while his mouth worked my neck. Ethan's finger played a drumbeat of desire inside my core, his fingers stretching me while his mouth played games that tossed me into a frenzy.

I writhed on Don Rafael's lap, begging and moaning, promising anything if they'd just finish me. And when I knew I couldn't bear any more, that I would die if I didn't reach climax soon, a rough thumb pressed hard on my bud as Templeton bit sharply into my thigh. The sharp pain became pleasure, more intense than anything I'd felt before. I shrieked as the climax tore out of me, racking me to the bone on a thunderclap of ecstasy.

The aftermath was still washing through me when Templeton's finger found me again. I gasped as a new wave built and crested when Don Rafael sank his



teeth into my neck. I threw my head back, offering him any part of me he wanted, and screamed my pleasure like a mare in heat.

I lay sprawled across Don Rafael afterwards, dragging air into my lungs like a colt who'd just run the Derby. I was well-pleasured as I'd never thought possible and yet...And yet...

Splendid as it had been, I wanted more. I wanted cock. I lusted for those large, hard, blazingly hot male organs hidden from me behind buttons and layers of cloth. I needed to be filled and stretched until nothing existed but masculine strength driving into me.

I closed my eyes and tried to think of what to say. Thank you for punishing me? Certainly not, although I suspected that I might come to enjoy their style of retribution.

Thank you, kind sir? Not to someone who spanked that hard.

Thank you for pleasuring me but I want more? No, men whose eyes could become that frosty probably wouldn't appreciate requests from a burglar.

Then the damned ivory wand decided to jostle me. I gasped as my ass clenched involuntarily, sending a cascade of lust into my womb. I groaned something incoherent, a plea for more or less of the torment, while I realized that they could easily stuff me with something larger than the ivory but just as unfeeling. Worst of all, they could probably make me enjoy it.

I was still pondering my options when Don Rafael stood up with a snort. I blinked, pushed my hair out of my face, and stared up at him. "What now?" I mumbled.

"Look at Ethan, Catherine," Don Rafael rumbled. "His cock demands satisfaction from a woman. Can you provide it?"

Templeton finished setting his trousers on the desk and turned to face me. I moaned greedily when I eyed his cock, a scarlet bar that curved just enough to kiss his belly. He sat down in the big leather armchair, fondling his cock in long

slow pulls. A clear drop rose from the tip, then another in silent testimony to his potency.

I hissed my irritation at being so far away from it. Don Rafael set me down in front of the armchair. My mouth watered as I smelled the rich, musky scent of a man's lust.

I crawled forward the little bit necessary so I could rub my cheek against the handsome firebrand. He jerked slightly when I licked the tip, then caressed my head, playing with my hair. Encouraged, I began to explore it with my mouth and hands, old skills rising to guide me.

Soon he was moaning, long and low, as I worked more and more of him into my mouth and my fingers played with his fat balls behind their furry cloak. Lust rose in me and spiraled into my womb with every sound he made. My clit throbbed, desperate for attention, but I couldn't tear myself from him to satisfy it.

As I bent over him so I could swallow him deeper, a strong hand slid up the inside of my thighs. I willingly came up onto my knees, humming as my nose brushed his masculine fur. Templeton's hands tightened in my hair, then gentled into a slow pull and release that matched the rhythm of my mouth on his cock.

And thank heavens, Don Rafael's hand began to tease and tempt my clit. I groaned and spread my legs wide, wagging my hips in invitation. I cared nothing for what either man thought, or why they were there, just so long as they gave me what I hungered for.

The ivory wand slipped out, to be replaced by two fingers. I pushed back on them, aching for something bigger and hotter and harder. A chuckle, a few soft words in Spanish and three fingers entered me, stretching me wide. Four fingers widened me and I writhed. I'd have screamed my demands like a fishwife except that Templeton tasted too good to leave.

A blunt tip glided up through my folds and teased my backside. I shuddered in longing for more...and it slipped in. Just the tip, mind, but that was enough. I froze in shock then his finger teased me again. I groaned as the sweet tremor

flashed through my hips. His cock began to move again, every inch marked by another skillful stroke to my clit or through my nether lips.

Frankly, I'm not sure I needed those attentions. I was so eager for cock that the slow, hot ache as he filled me felt like the prelude to heaven.

He paused when he was buried to the hilt in my ass. Only the tip of Templeton's cock rested in my mouth now as a long shudder ran through me. And I wanted more. I needed to be the woman who held everything these two strong Texas men could give her.

Don Rafael said something harsh and urgent in Spanish. He started to ride me, long and slow at first while encouraging my clit, then deeper and faster as I responded. Templeton gripped my head and began to fuck my throat in an answering rhythm. Fire blazed up and down my body, from my deepest core through my backbone and out through my skin, until I was a bonfire waiting only for the torch. They tunneled deeper into me, their thrusts seeming to meet at my heart. Nothing existed for me except the two stallions filling me.

Climax came closer, closer...I pushed harder and harder into the two men until suddenly, I came. A scintillating pinwheel of sparks blazed before my eyes as wave after wave roared through me. I was dimly conscious of first Templeton, then Don Rafael's climaxing into me.

I think I smiled. I know I fell asleep without opening my eyes. And afterwards...

I began my stay as only a month's diversion for them but they taught me how to look towards tomorrow, not yesterday, while finding joy in the present. They rescued me from my brothers and gave me a fresh start in Colorado afterwards. More reward than a cat burglar deserved and the sweetest punishment a woman could hope for.

May they find as bright a future they gave me.

## Spotlight

### *A Tale of Don Rafael Perez*

TO: ritacat@nyc...  
FROM: brynda@austn...  
DATE: Mon,  
SUBJECT: Scenery

Thanks, Rita, for the care package! It was waiting for me when I got home tonight. You can find a lot of things down here in Texas, some of them damn good like the cowboys. But nothing really compares to a genuine kosher pickle from Brooklyn.

I'm still working temp, always as a paralegal so the money's pretty good. Moving from assignment to assignment keeps me from getting bored. And yes, it also keeps me busy enough that I don't think about Dave all the time.

No, I'm not coming back to Brooklyn, no matter how often you ask or tempt me with talk of clearance sales in the garment district! I'd rather stay in Texas where we were happiest. Okay, I did move to Austin but that was to avoid reminders of the Navy.

What's your next question? Scenery? Hell, you always ask about the masculine scenery but today I've finally got some to report.

I was trying to decipher Mrs. Garrity's chicken-scratches (she calls them corrections) on some filings this afternoon. Suddenly Pete Tompkins' nasal whine echoed down the hallways as he escorted a group of men into his office. His words surprised me since he was being obsequious rather than an arrogant jerk. So I looked up, fast, just to see who had humbled him.

Pete had three men with him. I can't tell you much about two of them except they were probably lawyers, given his usual taste in visitors.

The third man knocked my socks off. Big man, well over six feet, built like a linebacker, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin, nasty scar on his forehead. He was wearing a black polo shirt and chinos but so crisply that they almost looked like formal wear. He prowled down that corridor like Wayne Gretzky heading for the goal – graceful and quiet and dangerous.

They passed me by and I turned to openly stare like everyone else.

Rita, he had the finest ass I have ever seen. Hard and solid, with a beautiful rippling flow of muscle. I drooled. My mouth hung open far enough to catch flies. Some distant part of my brain considered the width of his shoulders and the strength of his thighs. But my hormones went screaming after his ass like a cop chasing a bank robber and daydreams of promotions.

Lily and I talked about the visitors for half an hour in the washroom but we made sure to be back in our cubicles before they left. Thank heavens for low walls on cubicles: I could get a really good view without being too obvious.

Let me tell you, the front half of that man was fine. Gorgeous chest and yeah, a very masculine bulge inside those chinos. His eyes met mine and I blushed scarlet but I didn't look away. His mouth quirked before Pete regained his attention.

If I wrote down the half of my fantasies about what I could do with that man, the office email system would meltdown. Let me just say that I retired to the ladies' room to enjoy them and returned to my cubicle as a very relaxed woman.

I'm feeling good enough now that I plan to go out this evening. There's an open mike every Monday and Tuesday night at a listening club I've heard of. I'll wear that great outfit you sent me from Bloomie's.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Rita:

I had planned to send an email about last night but I'm not brave enough to talk about it over the Internet. So you'll just have to put up with a low-tech account sent via snail mail.

The listening club was just the way I'd pictured it. It's an old packing shed next to the railroad tracks and is famous as the first desegregated club in Austin. (Although Lily says it always served both blacks and whites so how could it be desegregated?) It's a lot cleaner than expected, especially in that neighborhood.

The inside, though, has a pool hall, a DJ's station with some of the fanciest electronics I've ever seen, a gift shop, a small saloon, and the best listening room I've ever been in. Nothing fancy, mind, but efficient, comfortable, and almost perfect acoustics. I found a seat in the rear, paid for my soda, and settled back to enjoy.

This open mike session provided some good examples of why Austin is called the Capitol of Live Music. I listened happily to some great jazz, a couple of operatic arias, and a lot of folk music.

By eleven, I was yawning and thinking about going to work the next day. Only a handful of people remained when the MC announced that the next act would be the last of the evening.

My eyes almost fell out of my skull when I saw who the last act was: the Spanish gentleman who'd humbled Pete Tompkins. Now he was wearing the cowboy's uniform, with a long-sleeved starched white shirt, starched blue jeans, and cowboy boots. He had a beautiful acoustic guitar that he carried like an old friend.

I immediately abandoned my unobtrusive seat and found a place in front of the stage.

He sang something haunting in Spanish, his fingers caressing the guitar like a beautiful woman. His voice was rich and deep, lingering over the liquid syllables and roughening occasionally for emphasis. His chocolate-brown eyes

were half-veiled by the longest lashes I've ever seen as he sang of love lost and hope gone.

I wanted to be that guitar so much that every ripple of his fingers across the strings made me tremble. I squirmed when he finished, realizing just how much dampness he'd called forth from between my thighs. My face was flushed and my breasts ached, hungry for his touch, desperate to comfort him.

I applauded, of course, like everyone else there. He smiled at us and his eyes met mine for a moment. His eyebrow lifted and I blushed like a virgin.

"Graças, amigos. Now for something livelier, to send us all home." He played a fandango, a lively old dance tune that soon had us clapping our hands and stomping our feet. His music filled the hall and we rose with it, swaying to the infectious beat.

Somehow the rhythm stayed with us as we filed out, still humming the song. My parking spot was blocked by a big pickup truck so I had time to start thinking. About what I really wanted...and needed.

Finally I got out and went back into the club.

He was standing in the pool hall, talking to the owner, when I came in. Both of them nodded to me but, hell, I was only interested in the musician.

"I just wanted to say thank you for the marvelous performance. You're a great guitarist," I began. I had to say something respectable, no matter how much my body longed to be fondled by him.

His eyes searched mine, hot and intent for an answer to the oldest question of all between a man and a woman. Heat flowed down my spine and I must have nodded.

"Graças, señora. You are very kind." His hand slipped under my elbow, strong and warm. "Please excuse us, Gary." He steered me back towards the small saloon, which was empty and dark.

I started to chatter immediately, of course, as you might guess. "I've never heard anything like that first song you played. It sounded old, perhaps seventeenth century. My professor always said..."

He flipped open the light panel. One touch brought a single spotlight up on the saloon's tiny stage and the single stool there but left the rest of room touched with shadows. The door swung shut behind us and the room darkened further, making the single light seem even brighter.

I kept talking, nervous as hell at being this close to a man for the first time since Dave's death.

"Uh, my professor said..."

"Do you always talk this much, señora?" His voice was whisky and velvet after my jerky words. His finger lightly caressed my cheek and I trembled.

"Uh, yes," I admitted.

"Then perhaps we can find other uses for your sweet mouth." He tilted his head and I stayed quite still, my mouth still hanging open. His tongue teased my lips; I must have sighed. He chuckled softly and sucked my lip delicately. I slid my hands up his arms for support as a shaft of need raced through me.

Then his mouth claimed me and I stopped thinking. He kissed like an angel, a swirl of masculine tastes and textures as our mouths learned every detail of the other. I pressed closer to him as his tongue explored me, shuddering when his big hand rubbed my ass. I stopped thinking and just enjoyed.

I regained my senses somewhat when he settled me on the stool. I found myself on the stage, seated like a star performer in the spotlight, while he tweaked my skirts back into respectability. I shivered at the contact and tried to think.

A door closed, somewhere in the distance. "What's that?"

"Gary's departure." His voice was abstracted, then his eyes met mine again. He smiled slowly and my pulse started to race. "We're alone now, señora. Do you wish to leave?"



"No." I was very certain about that much at least. I was far too hungry for this man to walk away now.

"Bien." His mouth claimed mine again and I forgot my qualms, such as they were. His big hands cupped my breasts through the thin shirt, kneading and petting them until I swayed and moaned as my nipples hardened. "Do you like my touch?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then show me."

I blinked at the rasp in his voice and stared up at him. Hunger had tightened his mouth and brought color to his high cheekbones. "Señora," he warned me softly.

I slipped the first button free slowly and his eyes flashed. The second button was easier and the third easiest of all when he swallowed hard. I took a deep breath and let the shirt fall open.

"Beautiful," he growled and lifted my breasts in his hands. He weighed them and brushed his thumb over first one nipple, then the other. I shuddered and closed my eyes as the rough caress burned down to my belly. I was so very damp between my legs.

Then he put his mouth to work. He licked and suckled until every inch of my chest understood that pleasure came from him. I braced my hands behind me on the stool and arched my back, the better to open myself to him. I trembled and wriggled and moaned in delight at his attentions.

And I talked too, of course. About how damn good he felt, and couldn't he do the same thing on the other side, and thanked him when he did as I asked...

And I sobbed when his hands traveled up the inside of my legs, under my skirt. He had wicked hands that knew exactly how to stroke and fondle and coax yet more cream from my cunt.

"Nieve y rosas," he murmured. Then his voice strengthened. "Lift your hips."

"Huh?" I tried to open my eyes. Thinking was very low on my list of priorities at that moment, especially when a man had just compared me to snow and roses.

"Don't think, señora," he coaxed. "Live for today, not yesterday."

My eyes met his for a moment and I saw how truly he understood my grief. My eyes slid away from his, unwilling to reveal too much of myself.

"Señora," he growled softly and a jolt of lust ran through me. I took a deep breath then raised my hips. He rolled my skirt up to my waist and cold air touched my very heated skin, making me shiver. I stared up at him, speechless for once, as my panties slipped away in his grasp.

"Bien. Now spread your legs very widely." His hands guided me. "Wider still, señora. Perfecto."

I must have looked like a monument to lust under that spotlight with my shirt hanging off my shoulders and my skirt reduced to a belt. Breasts flushed and hard with nipples pointed and red, my lips swollen. "What are you going to do?" I asked inately, as if I cared what he did as long as he did it soon.

He chuckled, his eyes dancing with laughter. "Guess, señora." Then he dropped to his knees before me.

I stared down at his dark head. "Ohmygawd."

And if I'd thought he was talented before, when he taught new meanings of pleasure to my mouth and breasts, I knew he was a genius as soon as he tasted my cunt. He explored my nether lips like a man intent on learning every detail of a fabulous landscape. His tongue swirled through my folds, finding every drop of cream and coaxing out more. He lifted his head and licked his lips as he caught my eyes.

"Dulce con miel," he approved and I blushed scarlet. He smiled wickedly, his dark eyes hot as fine whisky, then returned to tasting me. He played a flamenco rhythm on my aching flesh that kept me poised and trembling, frantic

for more. I writhed under him, fighting to be closer, lust's tempo pounding harder and harder through my veins.

And I talked the whole time, praising him and thanking him and asking for just a little more...

Until I was begging him for the orgasm that hung so close and yet so infuriatingly far away. "Please, oh please, I'll do anything!"

"En verdad?" he drawled, lifting his head slightly to watch his blunt finger tease me. My thighs tightened desperately.

"Yes, damn you, anything!"

"Bien," he purred and brought his poet's mouth back to me. Before I could complain once more, he bit my thighs, bringing a momentary touch of pain, then flicked his thumb skillfully over my clit.

I screamed and shattered into a thousand satisfied pieces as he tasted my blood for the first time.

I don't really know what else to tell you, Rita. All the other climaxes I had with his head between my thighs? Or how he stretched me with three fingers then taught my insides some new ways to climax?

Or of digging my fingers into his magnificent ass, feeling it flex so he could better drive that splendid cock deeper into me? And how every pulse that carried my blood into his mouth only seemed to deepen my pleasure.

He said I could speak of our encounter once. But I'm afraid I'll forget what he was like if I tell you.

So maybe I'll just tear up this letter and keep my memories for myself.

\* \* \* \* \*

TO: ritacat@nyc...  
FROM: brynda@austn...  
DATE: Thu,  
SUBJECT: Dating in Austin

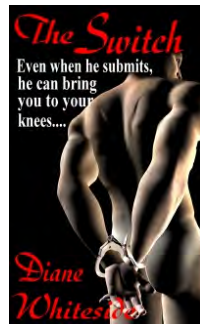
Yup, the listening club really did have some good musicians. No, I didn't go out with any of them afterwards. I'm just not ready to get involved with a man on a regular basis so it's best to stay away.

I've decided to take a steady job so I'll be starting at a local law firm next week. They specialize in real estate and their largest client is the Santiago Trust, a big trust that's been around since before the Civil War. I'm really looking forward to it as a good opportunity to use my training.

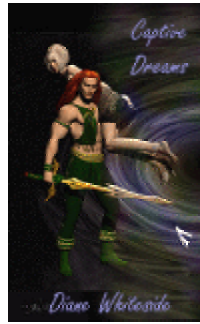
The only disadvantage is that I don't believe in mixing business with pleasure. One of their clients is that big Spaniard, the one with the best ass in the world. Obviously it would be unprofessional to sleep with him but maybe a little oral sex would be okay.

What do you think?

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