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*Here goes the
Bride*



Aurora Rose Lynn

Here Goes The Bride

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By

Aurora Rose Lynn



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Here Goes The Bride

Chapter One

Cynthia Harrison should have been happy. This should have been the best day of her life. The day she had waited for thirty-two, long years. But she didn't want to marry Jack. She had realized that as soon as she lifted her veiled head and saw him waiting at the altar.

Now, she stood beside him, her bell-shaped, white gown dwarfing him. In front of her, the minister had begun the wedding ceremony. Behind her, a hundred guests, mostly friends and family on Jack's side, waited for the final pronouncement so they could get drunk, feast and make general fools of themselves.

The day shouldn't have been so pleasant, redolent with the fragrance of the roses in her bouquet, on the altar and on the pews. She should have told Jack her doubts when she minced up to stand next to him. But she couldn't. Maybe she was making a mistake if she told him she didn't want to marry him.

He was too businesslike. Too driven by his work. Too lackluster. She sneaked a peek at his profile. He was only eight years older than she was but he already had a beer belly that came from sitting behind a desk and working too many hours. His hair was thinning slightly too. Not a lot, but enough to make her think he'd be balder than an egg in less than five years.

She had a few minutes more before the minister said, "Do you take this woman?" to dredge up the courage to say, "No, I can't."

She wouldn't be the first woman to do so. Nor the last, she suspected. Despite his physical failings, Jack was wealthier than a god. He could provide for her in ways she couldn't as a mere waitress. Since the economy had soured, so had her tips. How was a woman supposed to pay for an apartment, and food and the necessities of life with a measly thousand dollars a month?

Waiting on tables, she remembered meeting a tall, dark, handsome man during a rushed lunch hour. He was the kind of man who made a woman take a second look, who made her think naughty thoughts. Not just any kind of naughty thought though. The kind where sex was uninhibited, maybe even a bit kinky.

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Life wouldn't be like that with Jack. No, life would be yawn inducing and predictable, but he'd keep her out of the poor house. Did she really want that kind of life? To know she had trapped herself in a stifling marriage because she hadn't had the guts to say, "No" at the crucial moment?

Jack nudged her. "You're shaking. Are you all right?"

This was the time to tell him she couldn't go through with this. To hell with the money. To hell with security. "Yes," she murmured, blushing under the gauzy veil.

Liar! What would have happened if the dark man she had served in the restaurant stood next to her instead of boring Jack? Cynthia sucked in a breath. She rubbed her thighs together. Their marriage would be one long sex fest from morning to night and beyond.

The minister droned on and on.

She knew nothing about the stranger. Except how his dark jeans fit so snug across his ass. Why was she hankering after him like a hungry predator intent on its prey?

"Is there anyone present who objects to this man and woman being joined in holy matrimony?"

Cynthia heard the words. A heaviness settled over her like a dark, storm cloud. Who would object to Cynthia Harrison and Jack Brightman getting hitched? They were all wrong for each other, but no one had bothered to point that out. If they even acknowledged that fact to themselves.

"I certainly do." A deep voice boomed out from the back of the small church.

Astonished and openmouthed, Cynthia turned around. Her taffeta gown rustled and her slippers slid on the hardwood floor. Who had done what few other people had dared during a ceremony uniting two supposed lovers?

"What the hell?" Jack grumbled. "Who's that asshole?"

Her eyes widened. The man was tall, dark and handsome. In a bad sort of way. His Stetson covered half his face and shielded his eyes. She had seen those gorgeous blue eyes before as she waited on him in the diner. The assessing look he gave her as she served him the house special breakfast. When she had turned away with her notepad, she'd half expected him to rub or pinch her ass. But he hadn't. She'd felt strangely disappointed.

His black jeans fit tightly over his thighs and the bulge at his crotch. His long-sleeved, denim shirt was molded to his biceps and across a broad chest. The man spelled out the best of sultry, hot nights between naked, entwined lovers.

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Her nipples peaked under the organza of her slip. He was the kind of man who could spend the rest of his life ravishing her and she wouldn't regret it.

"I feel faint," she said, clapping the back of her hand to her damp forehead. Why was he here?

The church was as silent as a grave. The congregation was still too stunned to react.

The cowboy stepped forward, his high-heeled, black boots clicking on the floor. "That's right, folks. Just everyone stay nice and quiet and no one will get hurt."

Cynthia wondered if the silver gun poking out from its elaborate holster was real. The rope certainly was. He released the hemp hanging from his belt, made a large hoop and threw it in the air. The rope twirled like an unfurling snake and the next thing Cynthia knew, the rope had fastened around her upper arms as the man jerked her forward.

"How dare you?" she spluttered. She'd seen cowboys lasso calves but she had never seen one lasso a human being.

The rope tightened, not enough to hurt but not enough to wiggle out from either. And God knew, she tried. He walked forward with a dangerous grin.

Her thighs scraped against the harsh fabric of his jeans and her breasts caressed his broad chest. Electric sparks flew in every direction. "Don't you think he's the wrong man for you, princess?"

Without another word, he threw her over his shoulder and stalked out from the church.

"Put me down!" she shouted, helpless to do anything but ride his shoulder. The pebbled walkway flashed by under his feet as he strode purposely forward and she got a good look at his fancy, snake print cowboy boots. And once again, his ass swayed back and forth in an appealing, manly manner. He carried her as if she weighed nothing at all. "Put me down or I'll—"

"Save it for someone who'll listen, princess," the man said, his voice unruffled, his actions unhurried. If she didn't know better, he sounded like he had a blade of grass between his lips.

"Help! Help!" she screamed in frustration. Wouldn't anyone from the congregation rush out and help her? She heard nothing but the gentle trilling of birds.

"Their feet are stuck," the man said. "Can't help themselves none."

"What did you do to them?" she demanded, knowing she was hardly in a position to ask for answers.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you, so I won't bother."

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“You arrogant S.O.B.”

“I’ve got half a mind to dump you on the grass and spank your pretty little ass. Since it’s sticking in my face any way. Making me hornier than hell.”

“Try it and I’ll make sure you get arrested.”

The man mumbled a few nonsensical words, tipped her and threw her on a carpet of grass. “Them posse can’t find me. They can’t find their own nose.”

Cynthia gasped. They weren’t near the church. They didn’t seem to be near civilization. Her world had changed as suddenly as a TV screen after a commercial.

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Chapter Two

A stream babbled on her right and in the distance, a farmhouse stood sentinel over the arid landscape. “How did you do that?” she demanded.

“You ask too many questions.” He sat cross-legged beside her. The Stetson still rode low, making it impossible to see his eyes.

“Untie me.”

“I have other ideas.”

“Like what?”

Deliberately, he unfastened the buttons at his collar and opened his shirt. He had a strong, muscled neck.

Her breath stuck in her throat. The man was killer gorgeous.

“Like having my way with you.”

“You wouldn’t!” Cynthia exclaimed.

But the very idea made her pulse skitter.

“Why were you marrying Jack if you didn’t want to?”

She’d never told anyone. How did he know?

“Cynthia, you can’t live a lie. Haven’t you discovered that yet?”

“How do you know so much about me?”

“Let’s just say, I have my ways.”

She struggled to free herself but the rope around her arms wouldn’t budge. Why fight? She paused to examine the man. If he wasn’t as sexy as a Greek god a la Western style, what was? She had never known a cowboy who didn’t have facial hair of some sort and he was no exception. The beard shadow across his jaw and chin made him appear rakish.

“I’ll have my way with you, and then I’ll let you go and marry that loser if you want.”

Cynthia spluttered in astounded rage. “How dare you to talk to me like that!”

“Simple,” he said in an outrageously calm manner. “I know what you want.”

She swallowed hard. She knew what she wanted too and it wasn’t to marry Jack. Why had it taken so long to come to terms with that?

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She knew she shouldn't ask, but she went ahead. "What do I want?" Dreading his reply, she held her breath.

"You want me to fuck you real good."

"You ought to have your mouth washed out with soap," was all she could think to say.

"Your peaked nipples show through that flimsy bodice. Doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out what you need."

Cynthia's cheeks burned bright pink. "How dare you!"

"Could ask the same question of you. Why were you thinking of me when you're marrying another man?"

"I did no such thing."

He smiled with a self assurance that made her want to kick him. In the nuts.

"Since you're tied up, you can't do that, princess. No matter how you try."

"What are you?" she insisted. "An alien from another world? Or a man on some type of hallucinatory drug?"

"None of the above. Just a down to earth cowboy from the Texas plains."

"Looking for some woman to have your way with."

A lazy smile touched his heart-shaped lips. The man was pure strength and sexual karma. "Not just any woman. *You*."

Why her? Why did a man have to kidnap her from her wedding ceremony to tell her things she didn't want to hear? She would have been better off marrying Jack. Maybe.

"Let's see," he went on. "What would happen if—" He tipped his hat back on his head and gave her a devilish grin, "I lowered your bodice and sucked on your nipples?"

What would happen indeed? Fire licked at the blood flowing through her veins. "I don't want that."

"You're fighting the inevitable. Tell me what do you think you want?"

"To be taken back to the church."

He threw his head back and laughed, infuriating her further. For the first time, she caught a full view of his face. He had an aristocratic, sharp-boned nose, and eyes the color of vibrant sapphires. She pegged his age as early forties.

"Princess, if I took you back to the church, Jack wouldn't want you any more. He wants his women unsullied, let's say."

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"I don't understand." How could she if he was talking in a language she didn't comprehend? Why was her body reacting to his presence like iron filings to a large magnet?

He leaned forward and with a tanned hand, he traced a circle on her bare upper arm. Her skin tingled with awareness. "Forget him. You know what I want to do?" he drawled. He paused for a maddening second. "I want to tear this dress off and see you naked and begging for my cock in your pussy."

"Didn't your mother teach you about decent manners and good language?"

"My mama, God rest her soul, was a saint. Now when love is the language, there is no such thing as good or bad. Only what feels pleasurable. Pure and simple."

"Those words are offensive."

"Really?" He continued to trace a circle on her warm, bare skin. "I will make sure you learn a few words. By the time I finish with you, and that could be a long time, years maybe, you'll learn to say 'Fuck me'. You'll beg me to."

"I will not!" Cynthia replied indignantly. "Untie me *now*."

"Not before you've felt my cock inside you." He sighed, as if with unrestrained pleasure.

"What are you doing? Torturing me?" What else could he be doing when he was talking dirty and arousing her in a way she never had experienced before?

"Just tellin' it like it is, princess. You want me."

"You're an arrogant—"

"You call me whatever you want. You'll thank me when the day is done."

She had the feeling she was wasting her time with this kook. Maybe her fiancé and the congregation were on their way to rescue her. "Why?"

His hand meandered to the vicinity of her left breast where the nipple still stood at attention. "You want to feel my hands on your naked skin, teasing, caressing."

Cynthia could have sworn her whole body was on fire from that single spot of contact.

"I've watched you for a while. I know what you want, what you need. Very simple."

"You have no clue."

He chuckled. "I have an excellent clue. You're so hot you'd rip your dress off trying to get out of it fast enough to fuck me."

"I wouldn't do anything of the sort." What was he thinking? That he was God's gift to women everywhere? However, her body loved the suggestions.

"Only to you, princess." His voice was soft as he gazed into her eyes.

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“How do you do that? Who are you?”

“Which question do you want answered first?”

“You’re an infuriating—”

“Save it, princess. Which question bothers you more than the other?”

She wanted to cup his angular face in her hands and taste his lips as his Stetson shadowed their heads.

“I don’t know,” she muttered.

This was all so confusing. He could obviously read her mind. He had kidnapped her right from the church where she was about to marry her fiancé. And now this stranger’s touch made her pulse dance in every direction.

“How do I do that?” he prompted.

She swallowed hard. His smile made her want to kiss him and do other naughty things. “Okay. I’ll start with that question.”

“I’m not from these here parts.”

“I figured.”

“Guess it wouldn’t hurt none if I told you I was from the stars, that I traveled from a point beyond your galaxy.”

“Where exactly?” All Cynthia remembered learning about astronomy was the Big Dipper and the Little Dipper, neither of which she could point to in the night sky with any degree of accuracy.

“From a place called Andromeda. If you look in the sky tonight just after the sun sets, you’ll see the remnants of a star. That’s where I came from.”

“The remnants of a star?” She made the mistake of looking at his crotch. The man had a hard-on the size of a small country straining at the seam of his jeans. Hastily, she glanced away and fixed her eyes on his face.

“Andromeda Cassiopeia went supernova a thousand years ago. You can’t see it with the naked eye but with a telescope you can see what looks like a cloud of gas spiraling outwards.”

That explanation made a whole lot of sense. When she walked home from Charley’s Restaurant at night, she’d wondered about the stars. Where had they come from? What made them twinkle like small diamonds against a backdrop of black velvet?

“It doesn’t mean anything to you, I know,” the man said. “But it was my home.”

“No one travels into space further than the moon,” she objected.

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“No one that you know of. There aren’t many of us though. In fact, I’d swear I’m the only who has come to your planet. So pretty with all that blue ocean from way up in space. Besides, your heart sang to me.”

“Okay, that does it. You’re a certifiable lunatic. No one travels far into outer space and hearts can’t sing through space.” Cynthia made an attempt to struggle but, like the last few times, the rope didn’t shift.

He shrugged. “It doesn’t matter if you believe me with your mind. All that counts is that you believe with your heart.”

“You’re insane,” she spluttered.

He ignored her. “Your second question, in order of curiosity, was ‘what’s my name?’”

“Yeah, but that hardly matters if you’re insane.”

Her comment seemed to make him draw back into himself. His eyes hardened into glittering blue gems. “Everything matters. I didn’t come all this way so you could turn me down.”

Cynthia didn’t know what else to do. She started screaming as loud as she could.

What did the insufferable jackass do? He reached under her gown, trailed warm fingers up along her hosiery, along her quivering thigh and into her bikini thongs.

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Chapter Three

Outraged by his effrontery, she stopped screaming and gave him a shocked look. His finger was warm against her pulsing clit. Honeyed juices slipped over that finger before he withdrew it. How she had betrayed herself. She was more aroused than a volcano in the throes of an eruption?

"My name," he said, as calmly as if nothing had happened, "is Dylan Medea del Casseras."

"That's great. Now untie me." What did she care what his name was? Once the guys from the loony bin came with a straitjacket, they'd have time to figure out what his real name was.

"I can't do that."

"You will when the cops get here."

He shook his head. "Like I said, the posse can't find their nose let alone a traveler from the stars."

Realization hit her but two and two still didn't add up. "You're invisible."

"To everyone but you and to whom I give the power to see me."

"Great. Just great. I'm stuck with a lunatic in the middle of nowhere. Hell, where are we?"

"Somewhere in a place called Texas."

"Do you know how big the state is? It's like the size of a country. Where in Texas exactly?" She tried to ignore the fire burning between her legs. This Dylan, or whoever he was, had her more wound up than she'd ever been in her life. Hot and bothered were inadequate descriptions of her body's state.

"Don't matter none, princess. Looks like a good place. Lots of green grass, a farmhouse yonder. What more does a man need?"

"A straitjacket," Cynthia quipped.

Dylan shoved the hat forward on his head and got to his feet. "I've had enough of the chitchat. I'm a man of action."

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Cynthia found herself tossed over his shoulder again, like a sack of turnips ready for the market. “Put me down,” she shouted, hoping someone would hear her. The sound of her high-pitched yelling echoed in her head.

The grass under Dylan’s feet became brick colored stepping-stones, and once again, he seemed to move forward with strength and determination. This time, instead of sprawling ignominiously on the grass, she was set on her feet. Her knees trembled.

She stood inside a redwood trellis swathed in a mix of fully blooming and barely opened red roses.

“Okay. I’ve had enough of you transporting me everywhere. I demand to go home.”

Dylan merely shrugged. “I’m going to take care of your needs, princess.”

Cynthia shuddered at the image his words evoked. Her naked body pressed against his denim, covered chest. Her lips locked in a moist kiss. She sighed.

He roared with laughter. “You shouldn’t think like that, darlin’. You know why? Because it really turns me on.”

She gasped. “You *can* read my mind.”

“Is your memory short term? I’ve demonstrated my capabilities already.”

She’d forgotten with all the excitement of being kidnapped. Right from her own wedding.

He slipped the lasso from her arms and immediately slid a black leather strap around her left wrist, securing it to the trellis.

“What are you doing?”

“Seems to me like this pretty waitress wanted her ass pinched. Isn’t that what you thought that day in the diner?”

“You hardly ate anything. Why did you waste your money?”

As he spoke, he tied her right wrist above her head to the trellis. “Didn’t have much of a hunger for anything but you.”

Cynthia knew that even if she tried, she couldn’t hope to escape him. And she didn’t want to.

She wanted him to make love to her. Hadn’t she wished he would in a kinky way? This experience might not be so bad. He was quite the gentleman, especially when he shoved his finger between her skin and the elastic of her panties to get at her clit. For some reason, the leather strap made her feel cozy with this man, or space traveler, or whatever he was, in complete contrast to the shyness she normally felt with strangers. His nearness made her want to hyperventilate and throw her scanty silk thongs in his direction.

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“Just keep up thinking like that, princess. I love it.”

“Oh!” Could the man get more infuriating?

“I could but I’m all fired up wanting your body,” he drawled.

Cynthia made a sound low in her throat, not quite growl but not quite snarl.

He knelt and she watched helplessly as he took one ankle, and then the other, and tied it to the base of the trellis. Every touch was loving and considerate. She couldn’t see the expression on his face that was hidden by the Stetson.

“What are going to do now?”

“You’ll have to wait and see.”

Should she scream?

“Don’t bother yelling your head off. Like I said before, it won’t do you any good.”

“Don’t think for a second you’ll get away with this.” She was spread-eagled, her ankles two feet apart, both arms above her head and tied to the trellis. Strangely, she felt no discomfort at all. It was as if she was being held up on a pillow of air.

“Oh, I’ll get away with it. You know why?” he asked, lifting his head and looking straight into her eyes. “Because you want me to.”

“I do not!” she protested feebly.

His tongue darted out and moistened his full, lower lip. “I’ll show you how.”

He leaned forward and with a gentle caress, kissed her lips. Her blood raced from her head to her toes. The crotch of her panties dampened with agonizing desire. As his tongue slipped into her needy mouth, he fingered the folds of the skirt at her waist.

With a swift tug, he tore at the seam holding the gown’s bodice and skirt together. Cool air brushed against her sensitized flesh.

Dumbfounded, she drew back and broke the mind-numbing kiss. “What are you doing?”

“Preparing you,” was the only reply she received.

“I don’t need any preparation,” she objected. “Not the kind you’re planning.”

His mysterious gaze met hers. “What kind am I planning?”

“The kinky sort,” she bluffed.

The tips of his generous mouth curled in a tight smile. “Kinky, huh?”

She nodded, as his hand traveled to her waist, and rested on the flat of her stomach under the torn taffeta. He had big hands. She bet he could circle her waist with them.

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His hand shimmied up her ribcage and stopped under her full, aching breast. She wanted to scream, "Touch me!" before she remembered he could read her mind as easily as she could see the cloudless sky above.

He laughed, the sound light and mocking. "Didn't I tell you that you'd want me to touch you?"

She blinked as he stared at her. His hand started to move again but downward, sweeping the gown away from her feet and tearing the fabric down the back, leaving her thinly clothed ass almost bare.

"What are you doing with my dress?"

"Relieving you of it," came the unhurried response.

She sighed. "I spent a lot of money on it."

She felt his eyes scrutinize her. "So?"

"Oh. You're another one of those. Kiss 'em and leave 'em types, huh?"

He shrugged. "I've had my share of women during my lifetime."

She trembled to think he could have been with a dozen, or even a hundred women before her. But didn't that make him experienced, more focused on how to make her body respond to his pleasurable touch?

"Not that many," he chided.

"That many what?" she asked, suddenly breathless. He kicked the gown aside. The fabric pooled on the grass outside the trellis. She stood in the remnants of her bodice and her slippers remained on her feet.

"Women." His large hand brushed against her thigh. Her skin tingled with the sensation. "You want me to strip you bare and arouse you to fever pitch. That's all you want."

"No," she moaned, knowing he'd read her thoughts accurately once again.

He sank to his knees, the Stetson hiding his expression. He roamed her thighs with his palms, up and down, inside and outside, so slowly, she vowed she would scream. Why wouldn't he touch her clit?

"I will. Just be patient."

She swore in an unladylike manner. "You can't torture me."

"I'm not," he replied too easily. "You're doing this to yourself."

"Oh! You're the most infuriating, the most impossible—"

Then he did what she had hoped he would. He slid his fingers into the crotch of her thongs, sending shivers of delight and anticipation through her.

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He slowly rubbed her clit, massaging the hard nub. Her body tensed like a live wire ready to explode. Surely, she would embarrass herself and come before he plunged his shaft deep within her.

“It’s okay to come. It might take the edge off your desire. Or it might not.” The words were spoken with an ominous twist.

Exasperatingly, he edged his finger away from her clit and thrust one into her wet channel.

“When was the last time you’ve had a man?”

“As if it’s any of your business,” she retorted breathlessly, thinking no man had ever taken her to bed.

“That’s a shame. Your dates didn’t know how hot you could get.”

“When will you stop invading my mind?”

“When you stop thinking.”

“Well! That won’t happen you know.”

“Better for me.”

Oh, his finger felt good where it rested inside her. He blew on her stomach and started thrusting several fingers inside her, plunging them in deep and then out. The sucking noises her body made embarrassed her.

“I’d have thought you’d have had at least one man in your life.” He shrugged. “I’ll be your first, princess, but I promise you won’t regret it.”

Cynthia tugged on her wrists. “You are so arrogant. Let me go. I don’t want to be with you any more.”

He looked up at her then. His sapphire eyes surveyed her with nonchalance. “Even if I do this?” He blew light puffs of warm air onto her stomach as he tore the thin scrap of silk from her mound.

She shuddered with pleasure and cried out as she arched to accommodate his fingers.

“You’re such a passionate woman, Cynthia. You need all the loving you can get. And then some.”

This time, he didn’t chuckle.

Abruptly, he slid his fingers from her sheath. She was stunned by how fast he moved. Her bodice and her bikini thongs were gone in less than a millisecond.

Her lower lip quivered and her eyes misted with tears as her nipples puckered from the cool air arousing them. She was totally nude in front of his assessing gaze.

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He stood several inches taller and pulled the pins out of her hair one by one. Her long hair tumbled around her shoulders and over the tips of her breasts. “You’re more beautiful than an Andromedian star flower.”

She felt vulnerable and exposed. With her wrists and ankles tied to the trellis, the fate of her body was at his whim. He could do anything he wanted and she’d be helpless to prevent him.

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Chapter Four

Dylan tucked his knuckles under his chin and hummed softly as he examined her with a critical eye. Tears strolled down her cheeks. Why was he inspecting her as if she was cattle on the pasture?

He strolled around her, raking his fingers through her hair. Caressing her cheek, he ran a fingertip down the length of her throat along her collarbone and down to her breast, and across a taut nipple. Something in the pit of her stomach tightened. Why was he checking her out like this?

His light laughter broke the tense silence. "I read many romance novels over several days to see what kind of man a woman would truly fall in love with on this planet." As he spoke, he circled her, patting her ass on both cheeks, and pulling his fingers through her curly pubic hair. "I could have been a doctor, perhaps one who does those gynecological exams. Wouldn't that feel good, placing a cold speculum in your pussy and opening you wide? Or a bossy CEO who would threaten to punish you if you didn't rip open your blouse at his request. How I would have loved to see your averted eyes as I asked you to comply. You wouldn't have been able to refuse. Or I could have been one of those dashing pirates, old-fashioned to be sure, but still worth a fantasy or two. I would have plundered the enemy's ship to find you, a lovely, abandoned damsel and I would have had my way with you. But would you have fallen in love with me?

"Probably not. So I continued to read and came up with the idea of transforming myself into a cowboy from Texas. Women are more likely to fall in love with a strikingly, handsome cowboy."

"I wouldn't fall in love with you if you were the last man on earth," Cynthia spit out. She attempted to regain a little of her dignity but her position didn't allow her that luxury.

"But I'm not the last man on earth, so you don't have to worry on that account."

"You arrogant—"

He made small clucking sounds, rebuking her. "You'll see."

Her eyes almost popped out of her head when a large bottle with glass the color of the azure sea appeared between his hands.

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“How did you do that? What’s in there? What are you going to do with it?”

“One question at a time, princess. How did I do that? I cast magic spells. Comes with having lived on a star cluster for so long. The people were all highly talented and magical. I’m nothing less than the best.”

That insufferable conceit came through again. “And that makes you think you rule the world?”

“No. Only you.”

She made a gurgling sound. “Untie me right this instant. I don’t take the hallucinatory drugs you do.” If that’s what he was smoking or snorting.

“You don’t?” he asked, mirth filling his blue eyes.

“I don’t smoke. I hardly drink. My friends call me a Goody Two-shoes.”

“I can see where that comes from, but you won’t have that name for long.” He uncorked the bottle. “This is something special I brought with me—liquid fire to help you forget all your inhibitions, to make your blood boil in your veins.”

Dylan stepped forward and tipped the bottle at a forty-five degree angle over her shoulder. Cold liquid dribbled down her upper arm, down her breast to chill a peaked nipple, and inched its way down the flat of her stomach and into the curls at the apex of her thighs. She watched as a slow trail of amber liquid traveled down her body.

He stepped to one side and tipped the bottle again. This time the fluid ran down her opposite side in a similar path as before.

“You can’t do this,” Cynthia complained, flustered. Dylan observed the wet streaks down her body. When he stepped behind her and repeated his performance, she cried out as the liquid ambled down her burning skin.

“How does that feel?” he asked, facing her. His thick eyebrows rose with inquisitive interest. He moistened his lower lip with his tongue.

“Please. Stop,” she begged. The fluid was suddenly warm and felt like cooking oil fragrancd with the heady scent of lavender.

“You don’t really want me to, do you?”

Her jaw trembled. What she did want was for him to stop toying with her and fuck her.

His grin bowed his lips. “See? I have you begging. But I’m not finished yet.”

Cynthia groaned. If only he couldn’t read her mind. She tugged on her wrists but the effort accomplished nothing. “Don’t torture me like this. I’ll do anything you want.”

He poured the oil on his fingers and set the bottle down on the ground. His grin widened as he rubbed his hands together.

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Seconds passed before he angled both palms between her thighs. He inserted several fingers into her pussy and with the other hand, he circled her hardened clit.

Fire lapped at her insides, coiling downwards from her pussy and into that most sensitive spot. She was primed and ready with Dylan's slippery fingers tenaciously massaging her. Her eyes closed in anticipation.

She exploded. Waves crashed and roared through her consciousness. Fire and ice mingled in her veins and galaxies exploded across the map of her mind. She sagged against her bonds.

Dylan's fingers had fallen silent. Cynthia cracked an eye open. He looked as if a ton of rocks had dropped on him. He leaned his back against the trellis, squishing several roses underneath his bulk. His eyes were closed and his face was ashen gray.

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Chapter Five

“What’s happening?” she whispered.

“You can’t shield your thoughts from me,” he murmured, as if struggling for air.

“How am I supposed to do that?” she shot back.

“I don’t think you can but I left myself unprepared for the onslaught of your feelings.”

Honeyed cream ran down the inside of her thighs. She hadn’t understood until she climaxed, how badly she could lose control over her body. The intensity had been mind shattering.

He pushed away from the trellis, as if robbed of his strength, and slowly untied her wrists.

Cynthia didn’t think to unfasten the straps from her ankles. She found she worried about Dylan.

“Can you still hear my thoughts?” she asked, caressing his cheek with tender fingers.

He blinked. For a second, she believed he no longer understood her. What kind of man was this who read romance novels with the hope of enticing a woman to love him?

“No. I don’t.” He surveyed her expression. “I can’t hear you at all.”

She suddenly felt sorry for him. “Not at all?”

“Nothing. It’s like my mind has been wiped clean.”

“Do you remember who I am?”

He nodded. “The woman I fell in love with and traveled many thousands of light years to meet.”

“You did that? For me?” How could one person be so important to another that he would travel a long distance to find her?

He nodded again. “I’ve got to sit down for a minute.” Dylan stumbled to a bench and seated himself.

Cynthia pulled her feet loose from the leather straps, shocked at the sudden transformation in this devastatingly, sexy man.

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Some rare fact from one of her high school classes resurfaced. “Doesn’t it take, like, forever to get from one galaxy to another?”

“I traveled faster than the speed of light.”

“That’s impossible.” She sat beside him. The bench was cold against her bottom but she didn’t care.

“Why?” He brushed the side of his hand back and forth across his brow.

“I think I heard nothing can go faster than the speed of light.”

“There’s certain modifications that have to be made, but I don’t know how to explain them in a way you’d understand.”

“Is this your house?” Cynthia cast a glance over her shoulder. She sure hoped the place didn’t belong to someone else. Someone who was about to step out and see her butt naked.

“Yes. I brought a lot of gold with me, in case you’re wondering. Standard currency throughout the universe.”

“Oh.” So he was rich. Why didn’t that fact bother her? She’d figured that out.

“Your king Midas was rich. Like I am.”

“Do you hoard your gold?”

He nodded, still rubbing his hand against his forehead. His Stetson slipped off his head and settled between his back and the house’s brick wall.

“Did I say you sure make a pretty sight for sore eyes?”

“Why is your English so good?”

“Easy. I had thousands of years to study before I got here.”

“Thousand of years? Impossible! That would make you thousands of years old.”

“True. Guilty as charged.”

“But you sound like a modern cowboy.” How could he be so old and look so young? She gasped. “That means you left your galaxy long before I was born.”

“Let’s figure this all out after we’ve had sex.”

Cynthia reconsidered. “That sounds all so clinical. Is this all I am to you? A clinical study?”

“As an Andromedian sorcerer, I was able to see into the future and pick any bride I chose. It didn’t matter what time-period she was in, what world, or what galaxy. It didn’t even matter if I found her in another dimension.” He scratched his head.

“Those dimensional shifts are hard on the physical body so I don’t do them too often.”

Cynthia’s head spun with all the information Dylan had relayed. “You shift between dimensions?”

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“Not anymore. It’s child’s play, really. When you’re young and ambitious.” He patted his thigh. “Come sit here. I want to smell your perfume. I want to smell your musky essence.”

She obeyed him. “If you knew me a long time ago, why did you let me walk down the aisle?”

“You’re a woman of free will. Would you have believed me earlier if I had told you what I just did?”

“Probably not. This is all far too impossible to believe.”

He sighed. “Open your legs.”

Cynthia edged her thighs apart. What more could she do for a man who had come millions of miles to claim her as his own? He wasn’t crazy. With Dylan, inexplicably she was at peace with herself and the world.

He ran his hand across her silky thigh and down into her pubic curls. “You’re so amazing.” He trailed a finger through her creamy juices and lifted his hand to his mouth to suck on the digit. “You taste wonderful.”

“Can you read my mind now?”

With his lips set in a grim line, he shook his head.

“I know you’ve been here for at least three months, judging from the time you stepped into the diner. When did you arrive?”

“It doesn’t matter. Let’s enjoy each other. Do you want me to tie you up again?”

“No!”

A quirky smile appeared on his lips. “Sounds like you’re saying no, but you mean yes.”

“Okay,” she admitted.

Dylan scooped her into his arms and strode into the house through a simply furnished living room and into the bedroom. He tossed her onto the four-poster bed and came down next to her, his thigh next to hers.

Cynthia surveyed the large room. “Wow! Look at this place. Did you decorate it yourself?”

Ugly wasn’t the best description. The walls were paneled with knotty pine wood, the drapes were a rich, burgundy, velvet with balloon valances, and a lamp with a fringed shade sat on a rustic armoire that really could have used a better paint job. A dried out bull’s skull completed the bizarre scene.

“Right out of a romance novel.”

“Really?”

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“What? You don’t like it?”

She didn’t want to hurt his feelings but she had to tell him the truth. “It’s darned ugly.”

He scratched his head. “Actually, the romance novels I read didn’t give good descriptions of a bordello.”

“A bordello? Is that what this room is supposed to resemble?” she asked incredulously.

“Well, yes. Those are the rooms romance novelists use the most often for love scenes.”

“They do? I don’t believe that.” She pondered her question. “What type of romance novels were you reading?”

“Texas style Westerns, I think.”

“Oh, I see. Too bad you can’t read my mind. I would have shown you what a real bedroom looks like. Soft, frilly, pink—”

“Pink? I hate pink,” he muttered. “Time’s a’wastin. Let’s make love and forget the room.”

“I’ve never seen any room quite so hideous. Do you have any other styles available?”

He made a small sound of frustration in the back of his throat. “Forget the room, will you?”

“I can’t. It’s too gaudy.”

“Are women always so troublesome about where they make love?” He clasped the back of his hand to his forehead.

“Are you all right?” She brushed aside a stray lock of hair falling into his eyes.

“I feel as if I’m missing something important. But you’re here and that’s all that matters.”

“Would you have been able to find me even if you couldn’t read my mind?”

“No. Your presence was like a homing beacon for me.”

“Even before I was born?”

“Yes.”

Cynthia began to unsnap the tiny buttons fastening his shirt together, the room already forgotten. “I want to see you naked.” Her toes curled in eager anticipation.

“I’ll show you anything you want, princess.”

She saw his beautiful eyes glitter with joy. He was the most magnificent man she’d ever seen. Even if he came from another world. Had she fallen in love with him at first sight? When love was involved, even if it had happened rather suddenly, she

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would do everything in her power to make him happy. Hadn't he traveled for years and made every attempt to make her comfortable as he seduced her?

She opened his shirt. She exhaled. "Oh my God. You're gorgeous." Fine hairs were sprinkled across a bronzed, god-like chest. Each muscle was perfectly honed to fit the man.

He chuckled. "You think I was hiding something from you?"

"You should have stripped down when you spirited me to Texas." If he had, she wouldn't have struggled nearly so much. She would have probably collapsed into his arms and let him have his way with her, ravishing her into submission.

"I want you inside me, Dylan," she whispered, leaning forward and licking the crown of his ear. Her hand strayed to his crotch and his bulging erection. He rolled her nipples between his thumb and index fingers.

"Hot tamales, but you're something special."

Her pussy wept with pleasure. "Just fuck me. I don't care about hot tamales or anything else."

"Not even the room?" he teased.

"Nope." She seized his wrist and lowered his hand to her mound. "Touch me."

"You're so hot," he exclaimed.

She groaned as his fingers slid through her wet juices. Her hands found his silver belt buckle and loosened the engraved metal.

He wiggled away.

"Where are you going?" Her hands fell helplessly to the silk sheets.

"To strip. For your eyes only."

He rocked his hips back and forth. She blushed as he made a production of shucking his jeans over an erotically bulging erection.

"You're big," she exclaimed, as a glistening, mushroom-tipped cock sprang free of the waistband of his briefs.

"Only the best for my lady."

"Are you pretending to be someone in particular?" His devilish smile made her heart somersault.

"A jeegilow."

"A what?"

He repeated the word as he swayed in a little dance.

Cynthia frowned. What did he mean? "I don't understand."

"You know. A man whose only purpose is to service women."

Then she got it. "You mean a gigolo!"

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“Yup. That’s it.”

His mangling of the word flew out of her head as she watched him throw his boots and jeans off. He stuck a thumb on each side of the elastic of his white briefs and observed her as he slowly pulled down the cotton.

His erection, a splendid piece of pulsing flesh, bobbed upwards.

She groaned again, as he pushed her backward on the mattress and settled his knees on either side of her hips. “I never thought I’d have a man quite like you sitting on top of me.”

“Does it feel good?”

Reaching out and touching his shaft, she giggled, reminding herself he could no longer read her mind. “What if I said it doesn’t?”

A thoughtful expression passed over his face. “I’d say you were lying.”

She nodded. “You caught me on that one, even though you can no longer read my mind.”

He laughed. “That doesn’t matter. I know you, Cynthia. I know the kinds of things you like and dislike.”

“I bet you do.”

He angled his hard cock between her legs and touched her inner left thigh with the wet tip. “You want me to fuck you long and hard.” He bit his lower lip. “But I don’t think I’ll be able to hold on. I’ve waited too long and my teasing you out in the garden has frayed my self-control.”

“Who were you torturing then?” she asked in amusement.

“Both of us. I think.”

She looked down at his hovering body above hers. His long, lean thighs were roped with rigid muscles and his skin was tanned. His pubic hair was thick and black.

He raised himself up on his elbows and made a simple request. “Touch me, Cyn. Touch me.”

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Chapter Six

She barely made contact with the vein throbbing along his shaft, and he growled, "That wasn't a good idea."

His facial muscles became tense and his eyes focused inward as he opened her entrance wide and slid into her wet sheath.

She shrieked at the sensation of a big cock gliding inside her vagina.

Dylan immediately stopped. "Am I hurting you?"

She nodded, expecting him to stop.

"Oh, I remember what the problem is." He rubbed her creamy juices over her clit, making her want him more. His fingers slipped against the soft flesh as he circled her clit.

"No. No more. Come inside me."

"I can't wait any more," he moaned.

He thrust into her. She gritted her teeth as there was a moment of discomfort and then there was nothing but pleasure as his length invaded her, entering as far as he could.

"Are you all right?"

She nodded. "The pain lasted only for a second."

He grumbled, "In my hurry I forgot you are a virgin."

"Not any more." She smiled with tenderness.

"You are worth every second of the thousands of years I had to wait for you. Every bit."

He thrust in and out, his balls slapping her upper thighs. The lovemaking was frenzied and passionate. Cynthia closed her eyes and reveled in the pressure of his cock in her pussy. In and out, in and out. The bedsprings creaked.

When he groaned like a man in pain, she blinked her eyes open to see an intense expression on his face. His neck muscles were corded with the effort of his lovemaking. His beautiful eyes were shut tight. His dark eyelashes feathered his cheeks. Sweat glistened on his forehead, and on his massive chest.

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The world spiraled out of control into indecipherable mazes with no possibility of exit once caught inside. She arched her back, giving him better access to her deepest place.

The moment of release came like glass shattering into millions of pieces but with the addition of wind chimes tingling under the caress of a breeze.

Dylan collapsed onto his elbows. Even so, Cynthia felt his heart hammering. His body was drenched in perspiration and his breathing ragged as he tried to regain his equilibrium.

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Chapter Seven

Cynthia gazed past him. Slowly, the ugly room came back into focus but she didn't mind the unattractiveness so much this time. Hadn't he gone out of his way for her? Literally? She could overlook the mismatched elements in the room.

He let a tiny breath escape. "I didn't mean your first time to be so quick. I just couldn't help myself."

She patted his shoulder. Perspiration clung to her fingers. The room smelled of myriads of roses and the musky scent of sex.

She hadn't dreamed making love could be so explosive. And she was more needy than she had been an hour ago.

Dylan propped himself up on an elbow. "Did I tell you I love you?"

"Didn't what we just did qualify as saying that?"

"I read somewhere that women like to be told their man loves them. The words make them feel more fulfilled."

She ran her knuckles down his cheek, amazed this man, or whatever he was, had come into her life when she needed him the most. "I feel like I could fly. But I know I can't."

His eyebrows furrowed. "Why not?"

"Because I'm not built that way."

"Do you want to learn?"

It was her turn to give him a puzzled frown. "I can't learn. I don't have the right equipment."

He flicked his wrist with a dismissive motion. "If you believe, you can do anything you want."

"Except fly. Look at all the trouble they have keeping planes in the sky."

"Maybe the airlines should hire sorcerers to keep the airplanes flying."

Astonished, she let her hand fall to the rumpled sheets. "Sorcerers don't exist here."

"I do. I'm unemployed. I could use a job like that."

"No one would hire you to make sure airplanes stay in the sky."

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He inhaled. "I disagree."

"You can't do that. Everyone would laugh you out of the country."

"Maybe, but I've got my trusty spaceship and I don't have to stay here. I can go anywhere I want."

A sense of loss enveloped her. "You're leaving?"

"If I have to."

"Oh. So you're one of those love em', leave 'em types, huh?"

"I didn't say that." His blue eyes sparkled.

She scooted out from under him. "I get it. You're using me. You tell me you love me but you don't give a damn. You just wanted to knock me up."

He squinted as she paced back and forth in anger. "You're making a lot of unfounded accusations."

"Accusations? If you were in my shoes, what would you be doing?"

"Asking questions, not jumping to conclusions." She caught him examining her. "By the way, you're awfully beautiful when you're angry. And naked."

"Okay. That does it. Where is my dress? I'm not going home naked."

"Who said you were going home?"

"I am," Cynthia replied, thumping her chest with her hand. "And you can't stop me."

"You think so?"

"Yes!" she shouted and marched out from the bedroom. The temperature had become chilly and the skin on her arms goose bumped. The drop in temperature should have warned her.

"I didn't know it gets dark so early," she muttered. Maybe she'd have to quit being in a snit and determine to leave during the day when there was plenty of light to shine her way home.

She pulled aside a calico print curtain and looked outside. She hissed in pure shock.

"My God. The stars are whizzing by."

She turned around, angrier than she had been before. "What do you think you're doing?"

The sky was pitch black and she considered the possibility that Dylan and she were in outer space.

"I wanted to tell you, but I didn't think it was a good time," he said, his tone weary.

"Where exactly are we?" She dreaded the answer.

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He rubbed his hands together. “You’ve got to understand how much I love you.”

“Just get it over with, will you?”

“We’re in outer space, far past your galaxy.”

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Chapter Eight

Crestfallen, Cynthia sank on the couch in a boneless heap. “I can’t believe this. Why didn’t I feel anything as we took off?”

Naked, he sat beside her, his thigh brushing hers. A jolt of electricity bounced from his hand as he placed his fingers on her knee. “A few hours ago, you had an orgasm, right?”

She gave him an angry look. “This isn’t about sex, Dylan. It’s about taking me away from my home, from the people I love. It’s about abducting me. How could you?” she shouted.

Throwing up his hands in resignation, he whispered, “I didn’t do it. You did.”

“Right. You’d have me believe I can launch a spaceship. Without knowing it. Right.” What kind of ludicrous idea was that?

“Look. I was getting to that. Remember when you had your orgasm?” He gave her a blunt, no nonsense expression that begged her to interrupt. Then he hurried on. “Your climax wiped out my ability to read your mind.”

“Okay. So say I go along with that supposition. What next? What kind of crap are you going to come up with?”

She surveyed the living room. The décor was as atrocious as the bedroom’s. The couch was covered with some black material and the rest of the room was decorated in black and white. “Looks like a home for a skunk.”

“Pardon?”

“This room isn’t any better decorated than the bedroom. Who does black and white?”

“It was quite popular in the early twenty-first century. I thought you might like the style since it’s functional.”

She shrugged. “I don’t think much of your decorating style.”

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

“I’ve tried to be nice to you. I’ve done what no other man in the universe’s history has done. I traveled through time in order to be with you. What do I get?” He

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raked his hands through his hair. "I get a harpy. A woman who doesn't know the first thing about how to make love."

Cynthia got to her feet. "How dare you." She wanted to run at him, punch him in the stomach, and watch him collapse in a heap. "You're an arrogant—"

"SOB," he finished. He gave her an exhausted look of appeal. "I've done what I could. If you want to go back, you'll have to come make love to me again."

Enraged, Cynthia screamed, "I'll have to do what?"

"Make love to me." His scowl might have melted an iceberg with its fierceness. "You still don't get it, do you?"

"No! What am I supposed to get?"

"When you made love to me, you received a part of my magic. You can do almost anything you want."

Those words made her furious. "Let me get this straight, you big schmuck. Every time I have an orgasm, I somehow interact with the universe and magic happens or you lose some precious ability?"

He nodded. "That's about it."

She strode to the window where the stars' configurations she had seen when she first looked out, had changed. "Who's driving this thing?"

"We are."

"We are," she repeated, dumbfounded. "That's great."

He walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist from behind. "Just take a good look out there. Everything is ours for the taking."

"This is way too strange," she muttered, responding to his nearness and turning.

"I did this all for you, Cynthia." Suddenly, he wore his cowboy hat and a pair of faded jeans. "You love cowboys. Will you give me a chance to be your man?"

Her nipples puckered as he lowered his head and suckled her left nipple. His hand strayed between her thighs and into the tight curls of her mound.

Why stay angry with him? What good would it do? "Can we go home if we want?" she asked, surveying the back of his head. What did he think? How far had he come? How long had he lived?

"If you want. If you make love to me."

Her body hummed with pleasure, her anger forgotten for the time being. "I'm going to do something I've never done before."

He attempted to slip out of her grasp. "You mean you're going to deck me one if you have the opportunity?"

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She fell to her knees and hooked her fingers in the waistband of his jeans. “No, I want to give you something else.” She pulled down the zipper and was pleased to see he wore nothing underneath. That would make her task easier.

She grasped his rigid shaft and kissed the tip of his glans before she swirled her tongue around the pre-come.

“Don’t do that,” she heard him pleading.

She raised innocent eyes to his. “Why not?”

“You’ll make me come.”

“What’s wrong with that?” She gave him a teasing smile.

The smile fled when she found herself back in bed on her stomach. Magic.

“What are you doing?”

“Experimenting.” He tugged the jeans down his thighs and pulled her to her knees. “I think you’ll like this.”

The tip of his cock grazed her wet entrance.

“Place your elbows beside you to support yourself.”

Unable to do anything but, she did as he asked. Tucking her chin against her chest, she saw her breasts dangling like over ripe fruit with turgid peaks. Farther down, his strong thighs and his hairy balls turned her on like no other sight ever had.

Dylan opened her pussy wide and thrust into her wet sheath as he placed his palm against her mound, toying with her clit.

A moan of frustration rippled from her clenched lips. Two could play at this sexual game. She imagined her ass in his immediate line of vision. She wriggled her cheeks. “Are you enjoying the view from up there?”

“Oh yeah,” he replied in a dreamy voice. “Are you enjoying the view from down there?”

Cynthia couldn’t say why but the sight of his fingers against her curls, his cock deep in her and his balls slapping her thighs made her feel ultra feminine, ultra sexy.

He moved deep inside, and almost pulled out before he thrust again. She rocked with the motion. His free hand slipped into her pussy, widening her.

The action made her head spin. She plucked at her hardened nipples, enjoying the sensation. His cock felt snug in her warm wetness.

She tensed as her orgasm neared. Oh, how she wanted the tension to build up and then to explode.

Dylan thrust faster and faster. His breathing quickened. “I can’t hold on,” he grunted.

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She held back for as long as she could as the tension made her arch her back and hold onto her orgasm, riding wave after wave of delight. Zillions of stars detonated against her closed eyelids.

His come spurted into her hot channel. Agonized moments passed, with the only sounds in the room being their labored breathing. Sweat sheened over them both.

“Wow, princess, but you’re one hot commodity.” He stayed within her.

Cynthia opened her eyes and sighed. “I don’t suppose you’d be up for another round.”

“Hey, I’m an old man,” he protested.

“Trapped in a young body,” she responded coyly.

He drew his flaccid cock from her pussy. “Hot tamales, but I made the right decision when I left Andromeda Cassiopeia over four thousand years ago.”

She collapsed onto her stomach. “You’re that old?”

“Why are you so shocked? Haven’t I told you all along?” He settled down beside her and lifted her into his arms and against his chest.

“At first, you didn’t.” She traced his rugged jaw with her fingertip. “I guess I just didn’t listen. Couldn’t get past how such a handsome dude could want anything to do with me.”

He smiled. “This dude wants you for the rest of his life.”

“And how long is that?”

“Forever.”

She shook her head in amazement. “Don’t tell me you’re immortal.”

“Almost, but not quite. In outer space, time slows down, princess. The aging process does too.”

“So that’s the trick to staying young?” She would have never guessed that she wouldn’t marry Jack because a sexy alien turned cowboy would ravish her.

“Yep.”

“With a cowboy’s magic touch?”

He held her tight and kissed her forehead. “Especially with a cowboy’s touch.”

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Author Bio

Aurora Rose lives in the Pacific Northwest with her husband of four years and a small menagerie of pets. She is published in contemporary, romantic suspense, fantasy, paranormal, and science fiction.

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