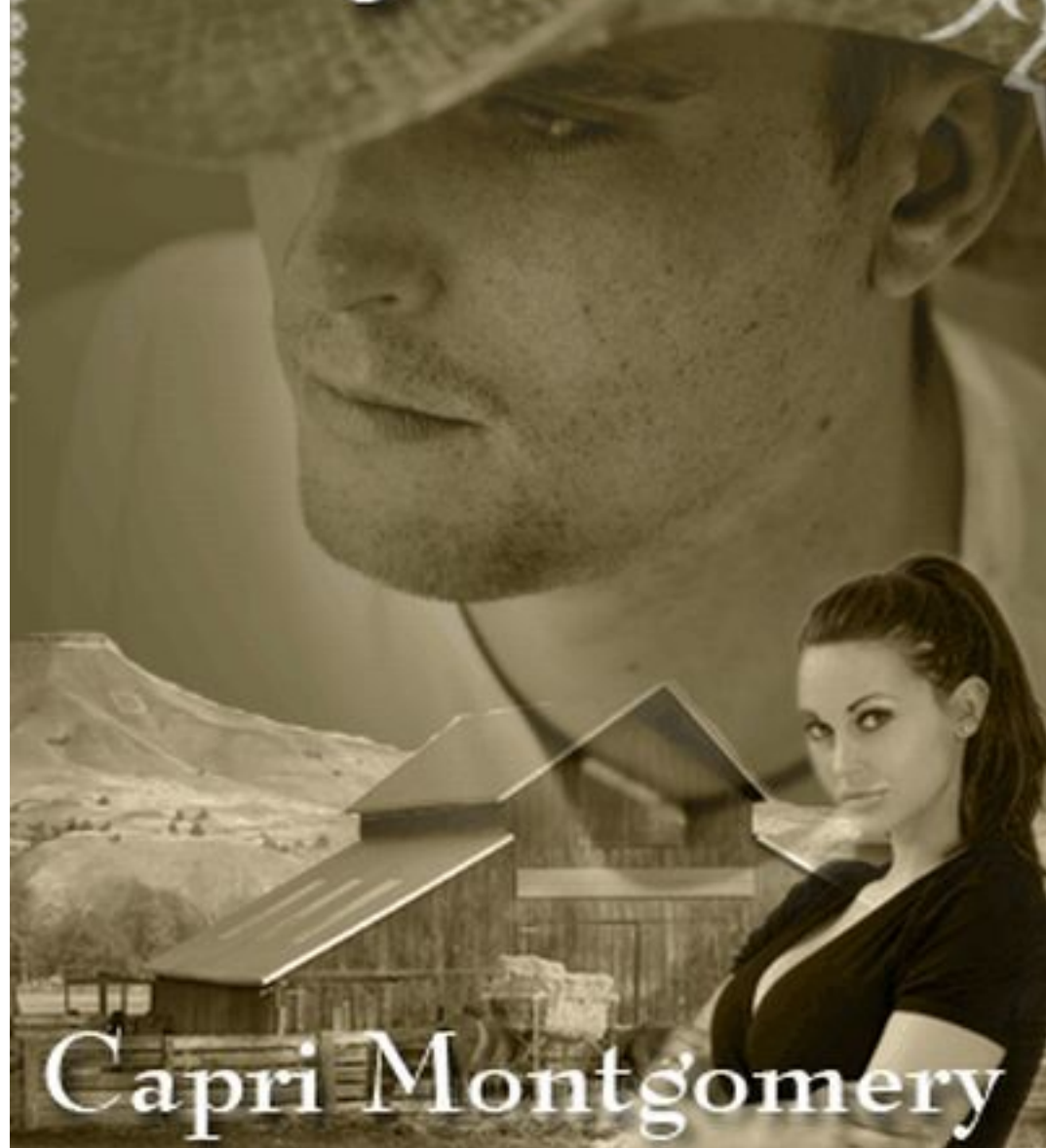


Dark Eden Press Presents

RIDE A COWBOY



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Ride a Cowboy

Capri Montgomery

To the people who inspire me—you know who you are.

Chapter 1

Jaine and Marcy walked into the rustic town bar, hoping the inside provided at least the modern convenience of a phone. Jaine felt that uneasy feeling building up in her stomach. Walking into that bar was like walking into a biker bar—full of men, and not all of them were the type she'd want to get to know. She wanted to turn around and find the next establishment, but they had walked so far already with nothing in sight. There was no guarantee there would be a better place down the road to get help.

“Woohoo! Do the world a favor darlin', save a horse and ride this cowboy.” Dex tipped his broad rimmed cowboy hat at Jaine. Jaine was about to come back with some smart remark about preferring the horse to a middle aged, disrespectful, potbellied cowboy when the cowboy in reference took a fist to his chin.

Jaine looked at the tall, sexy stranger who had come to her rescue. He had been sitting at the bar when she came in. He held his head low and all she had seen was the top of his cowboy hat. It wasn't until he stood and looked at her that she realized how drop dead gorgeous he was.

“She's a lady Dex; you best treat her like one.” Jack's black button down shirt clung to his body in the most seductive manner.

“Damn Jack. That wasn't necessary.” Dex rubbed his chin as he picked himself up off the floor.”

“No fighting in my bar,” Joy Reynolds said. “You boys know the rules.”

Dex tipped his hat at Jaine before grabbing his beer and walking away.

“I bet that's one cowboy you wouldn't mind riding,” Marcy mumbled to Jaine.

They were more than coworkers, Marcy was her friend and Jaine was sure that Marcy could tell that she was already in lust after Jack. He was gorgeous. Tall, maybe six feet, with dark hair and killer blue eyes, a chest a girl wouldn't mind licking her way up and down. Jack had a presence that would make even Martha Stewart forget her lines.

Jack stepped toward Jaine, tilted his head and said, “What can we do for you ladies?”

Jaine looked him over appreciatively. Jack could do her, that’s what he could do, but she couldn’t say that to a man she didn’t know. She wouldn’t even say that to a man she did know. She knew what she couldn’t say, but unfortunately she hadn’t quite figured out what she should say before she opened her mouth to speak. “Uh,” Jaine stammered at a loss of words, clearly her libido overtaking her tongue.

“What my friend means to say is our car broke down. Isn’t that right Jaine?” Marcy elbowed her friend in the ribs, trying to jolt her out of the stupor that took hold.

“Uh huh,” she hadn’t yet closed her mouth, so Marcy helped with the honors by placing her fingertips underneath Jaine’s chin and pushing upward, much to the amusement of Jack who stood, watching on.

“How far down the road?” his sensuous lips curved slightly, betraying his amusement.

“About a few miles that way, I’m really not sure. Back by the cow infested field.” Marcy waved her hand in the general direction, her rushed New York City accent thick on her tongue.

“That’s about five miles.”

“That explains why my feet feel like they’re about to fall off.” Marcy sat down on the nearest barstool.

The walk had been bearable only because they had passed the time trading secrets from their past, laughing over stories they told along the way. As always, Jaine came out looking like a saint while Marcy looked more like a sinner.

Jack eyed Jaine from head to toe, his eyes lingering at her long legs before checking out her stiletto clad feet. “Your feet must be hurting you too.”

“Oh please. Jaine’s a prize.” Marcy interrupted before Jaine could speak for herself. “She could walk twenty miles in those things and come out on top. Me, I’m ready to drop after two blocks.”

“This isn’t exactly city walking.” Jack smiled. It was hard to think when a man smiled like that.

“Um, we need to use your phone. Neither of ours seems to have reception.”

“It’s just over there.” Jack pointed just past his shoulder, without taking his eyes off of Jaine.

“Oh, don’t move, I’ll do it.” Marcy eased off the barstool she had positioned herself on and went to call the office.

“I’m Jack Harrison. I can take you back down to your car and have a look at it for you.” His voice was smooth and deep as he looked directly at Jaine.

“Oh that would be great. I’m Jaine, by the way. Jaine Hoffman.”

“Nice to meet you Miss Hoffman.”

“Jaine,” she extended her hand. His hands were rough, worn and firm. Her delicate skin, pale from too many hours inside the office, looked even worse compared to his tanned hand.

“Well Mike says he’ll let our clients know we’ll be delayed, but we have to call in later and let him know how long.” Marcy stopped, noticing the blatant sexual tension rising from the two. “Well...”

“Thanks Marcy,” Jaine removed her hand from Jack’s. “Jack is going to give us a ride back to the rental and see what’s going on.”

“I swear they gave us the lamest car. It’s without air conditioning, nothing but a radio, slower than a slug and hotter than Hades.”

“Well the a/c really isn’t something we use in Dakota, slow is about the pace of things around here and the radio usually suits us just fine.”

“I can see why,” she leaned over and checked out the rear view. “If women around here are entertained by men like you everyday I might have to move to South Dakota.”

“Marcy!”

“What? You told me to take in the sights.”

“I meant the landscape.”

“Oh the landscapes just fine love. Nice and round.”

“Please excuse my friend.” Jaine sent a harsh quick glare towards Marcy. “She’s a New Yorker. Brash is the only way she knows how to be.”

“No problem. I grew up there myself.”

“Really?” Disbelief evident in her tone

“My family moved here when I was nine. I come back for three months out of the year to regain my sanity.” He chuckled at his own situation.

“You live in the city?”

“He just said that, Marcy.” Jaine frowned at her friend’s behavior.

He just smiled. “Live and work there. If you can call it living.”

“You should look Jaine up when you get back. She’s single. Hasn’t had a boyfriend in over a year. Sex either...” Marcy chattered voluntarily.

“Marcy, shut up.”

Jaine was sure she had seen Jack’s lips curve upward before he lowered his head. So he thought it was funny that she was an overworked, undersexed advertising agent. Well he would think it was even funnier if he had a look at some of the lingerie from her client’s latest campaign. Optima Sexy was the hottest designer in Seattle. Everybody thought they were idiots for opening up shop in South Dakota, but an additional store in a remote country town proved to be more lucrative than opening on Madison Avenue. Hallie was the manager for the South Dakota branch and she had insisted Jaine and Marcy come see the new store. They were going to discuss the sexy lingerie line while they were there. “It’s good for business,” Mike Peters had said. If he hadn’t been the boss, Jaine might have protested, but Mike had the final say in all projects and she knew her protest would only fall on deaf ears. He shipped them off to South Dakota—to the wrong airport with a two hour drive through the country just to get to their destination. If they would make it that far that is, so far they were stranded in the middle of nowhere.

Jaine was convinced Mike just wanted her out of the office for a couple weeks. She had managed to work steady after their breakup, remaining professional while he paraded a short skirted, fake breasted bimbo on his arm week after week. Jaine swore that she would do everything the mature and acceptable way. She gathered that’s what made him angry. He had wanted to make her jealous, make her come crawling back to him, but it wasn’t going to happen. He had cheated on her with Jessie Romano, the owner of Optima Sexy, and Jaine wasn’t going to forgive and go crawling back to the bastard.

Jack helped Jaine into the front seat of his F-150 while Marcy situated herself in the back. “Careful,” he said, eyeing her heels. He closed the door and walked around to the other side.

“Bet this back seat has seen some action.”

“Marcy, shut up.”

Jack fastened his seatbelt and gave one more look at Jaine. “Ladies,” he said.

“Sexy.” Jaine replied before realizing what had just come out her mouth. Marcy giggled in the back. “Sexy lingerie is what our client makes.” She cleaned up her statement. “We’re supposed to drive into town to show them our advertising campaign. It’s kind of far from the airport.”

“Yeah, that it is. So you’re working with Optima Sexy?”

“Yes we are.”

“My little sister made me drive her forty minutes into the city so she could shop there. Not the highlight of my life.”

“You don’t like sexy underwear?” Marcy asked.

“Not when I’m shopping with my little sister.” Jack gave a huff of amusement.

Jaine quickly changed the subject to keep Marcy from saying something that might embarrass her. “So your family lives here permanently then?”

“Yeah. They love it here. I do too, but my business is in New York. I would sell it and quit, but honestly, I like it there too.”

“You don’t have an accent.”

“I lose it when I’m here and gain it back once I go home. I prefer to not stand out while I’m here and a New York accent makes me look like a city boy who wants to be a cowboy.”

“Well aren’t you?” Marcy inserted flippantly, Jaine considered her attitude just plain rude.

“Marcy!”

“It’s okay.” Jack smiled again. “Since I spent most of my childhood here, I like to think I’m a cowboy who just happens to get to play a city boy for nine months out of the year. A little diversity is good.” He winked at Jaine and she felt what she could only describe as that butterflies in the stomach feeling her friends had talked so much about.

“Jaine is from Florida originally. She came up for the job at Arrows and Associates and she’s been a New Yorker ever since. Well, we could work on her some more.”

“I think she’s perfect.” Jack said softly as he put the truck in drive and took off down the road.

It wasn’t long before he pulled up beside their abandoned car. It looked as if it were two steps away from being something out of the junk yard. Surely the rental agency had better. Jack lifted the hood and surveyed the part of the car that actually counted.

“It could just be the radiator, but there could be more.” He dropped the hood back into place. “They can fix it at the garage, but you might just want to get the rental company to come tow it back and give you ladies another car.”

“We’re going to be late Marcy.” Jaine hated being late for a meeting with a client. It was unprofessional and most times inexcusable for an advertising agent to waste the client’s time, but there wasn’t much she could do about it now.

“Why don’t you put your bags in my truck and I’ll give you a ride into town. You can have your meeting and I can come back for you and take you to the hotel.”

“Motel,” Marcy mumbled. “Al’s and Hal’s I believe.”

“That dump?” Jack figured they must have been with a struggling company because no reputable business would subject their employees to such hellish conditions.

“Dump?” Jaine raised an eyebrow.

“It’s not the best place for you all to stay. Usually a stomping ground for sordid affairs and unwelcome critters.”

“Great,” Jaine sighed, irritation was rife in her tone. “Well it’s just for the night, so I guess it’ll do. You can just drop us at the store and we’ll get a ride back to the motel. I don’t know how long the meeting will take and it doesn’t make sense for you to drive all the way back just to take us to our lodging.”

“Okay,” he popped her trunk and took out two, travel size suit cases.

“There are certain things a lady can’t do without,” Marcy stated as she pulled another bag from the back seat. She had packed the standard outfit for an evening meal, and for the plane ride back, but Jaine had talked her into bringing an extra casual outfit just in case something happened to the first. She hated Jaine’s over preparedness because it made her look inadequate, but Jaine was usually right about these things, so she had reluctantly agreed. They shared the last suitcase with a pair of worn blue jeans apiece, a casual top and a comfortable, or in Jaine’s case, stiletto pair of shoes. The last bag was the left over, unused lingerie that came from Optima Sexy for the photo shoot Jessie had demanded.

Jaine grabbed her portfolio and loaded it safely inside the truck. “We’ll pay you for your gas and your trouble.” As long as he took a check because the only other thing she had was Visa or MasterCard and she didn’t exactly expect he was the type to walk around with a credit card processor strapped to his hip.

“No problem at all. I won’t take your money.”

“We really should reimburse you.”

“I won’t hear of it,” his lips curved into an upward grin that set another round of emotions coursing through her body. Jaine wanted those lips in just about every way she could think of, but the fact was she was here on business. She also barely knew him. Not that she wouldn’t mind getting to know him better—much better.

Jaine shook the thoughts from her mind and climbed into the truck. It had been a while since she had been with anybody, since Mike actually, and she figured that absence of affection was playing on her sensibilities.

Chapter 2

“Hi ladies. I’m glad you made it safely.” Hallie was their local contact for the ad campaign. She was nicer than Jessie and easier to work with.

“We’re all meeting upstairs, but let me give you a tour of the store.” She wanted to show them all six thousand seven hundred square feet, both top and bottom. Jaine wondered how any store could house that much lingerie, but she kept her thoughts to herself. Optima Sexy had no problem selling lingerie, and that probably came from offering a wide selection.

“The adult naughty stuff is upstairs. The bridal collection is all the way in the back and then we work our way from tame to tempting. But upstairs is where it’s really at. The offices are up there too, so let’s go look around down here and then we can tour the store upstairs before we get started.”

“Hallie they can do that later; bring them up now.” Jessie pushed her wire framed glasses back up her nose. She didn’t need the glasses to see, but as she had told Jaine, men liked the naughty librarian look.

Jaine looked up. “This just keeps getting better and better,” she mumbled. Jessie was like the girl in high school who just couldn’t get enough of making everybody else’s life miserable. Jessie was the woman who had busted up a happy—or what Jaine thought to be happy—relationship.

“We had no idea you would be here,” Marcy smiled for show. Jaine knew she was just trying to be professional because Marcy had uttered more curse words than a sailor any time she referenced Mike and Jessie.

“This is my store ladies I don’t trust my advertising campaign to the people who work in it.”

Hallie gave a sigh of discontent. She had worked her butt off for Jessie for the past three years. When she was told to move to South Dakota to head up operations of the new store she jumped at the chance to branch out, take responsibility and get as far away from Jessie as she could. The chance had proved less than substantial at keeping Jessie away.

They walked up the stairs to the office section of the store and entered the sparsely decorated room. A conference table, eight chairs and an easel was all that occupied the space. Jaine had imagined there would be something better behind the closed doors, but Jessie had obviously not seen the need to provide her staff with all the comforts that the head office enjoyed.

There were only eight chairs; six of them were already occupied and Hallie and Jessie were obviously content to take the last two. Marcy looked to Jaine and shrugged. A few minutes to setup and Jaine was on her way. She presented as Marcy handed out miniature samples for the campaign. Things seemed to be going well. Seven people were nodding in appreciation of the soft, sensuous pinks and reds that adorned the page. The layout had been applauded and the presentation was in the proverbial bag—for seven people that is.

“We have a computer presentation to show you what the graphics will look like. After approval we can put them into the layout and print a proof copy.” Jaine started to remove the laptop from the bag.

“No need.” Jessie stood. “This is the worst advert I’ve ever seen.”

Marcy and Jaine froze in place. Of course they'd had clients want to change things before, but this felt different. Jaine felt her stomach twist into a knot as she listened to Jessie speak.

“When Mike suggested you for this I thought he was out of his mind. I thought maybe I would give you a chance since it was for him. But I have to say, this is trash. How long has it been since you’ve been laid? Because the lack of passion in this advert tells me you have very little experience in anything sexual.” Jessie spoke directly to Jaine, ignoring Marcy’s presence.

“I thought it was good.” Hallie chimed in.

“When I want your opinion I’ll give it to you.” Jessie looked over the rims of her glasses, shooting a sneer towards her hapless assistant.

Hallie sat back and crossed her legs. She would shut up before she faced the same wrath Jaine was receiving.

“It’s clear you don’t know what sexuality is. I’m disappointed.”

“Jessie,” David stood up. “It’s fixable just give them a chance.”

Jaine didn’t want a chance. She wanted to run from the room and not look back. Her face flushed. She knew it had flushed, as much as she wanted to appear as if it hadn’t. She was angry and hurt. Mostly, she was embarrassed. She hated suffering humiliation once again at the hands of Jessie Romano.

“Fine. You have until Tuesday to get something together.”

It was Thursday, there was no way they could redesign an entire ad by Tuesday morning. She didn’t have her tools, she didn’t have the computer programs, and she certainly didn’t have any desire to create anything. It had taken nearly a month the first time around. Hours of drawing, late nights with PhotoShop, all of it had been wasted on an incredibly self-centered witch.

“Hallie, throw some more samples in the bag for Jaine.” The one moment she broke her attention from scolding Jaine had only been to bark out an order. “Make it a good mix.” She looked back to Jaine. “You can keep these. Wear them and maybe they’ll inspire you to think like a woman instead of a little girl.”

Jaine would have hurled something suitably heavy at Jessie’s head, but she didn’t have anything to throw. She also needed her job. A condo in Manhattan wasn’t cheap and if she didn’t have a job she’d be in foreclosure before she could blink.

She simply smiled and said, “We’ll work on a new design layout for you. Is there anything in particular you would like to see?” It wasn’t as if she hadn’t asked that question before. She had asked what colors she would like, what idea she wanted to go with, and she had been told by the “assistant” that the creative process was in the hands of the assigned advertising agent.

“For God’s sake, do you need me to do your job for you?”

“Since you don’t like our current design it would be helpful to know what you’re aiming for.”

“Unimaginative,” Jessie’s lips curved in to a wicked grin. “No wonder Mike sought gratification elsewhere.”

Jaine was about to rip into her when Marcy put a firm hand on her arm.

“We’ll get right on those changes for you if somebody could just drop us off at our lodging.” Marcy kept her tone calm. As calm as she could.

“Hallie, take them to wherever they’re staying.”

“Al’s and Hal’s. You suggested it remember,” Hallie’s tone was sharp and condemning.

“What did you say to me?”

“Nothing.”

Chapter 3

“Can you believe she said that? I fly out to the middle of nowhere to meet with her team and she shows up and blasts my design in front of the entire staff. That...”

“Jaine, calm down.”

“No, I won’t. I hate her. I hate him too.” Had she known Jessie was going to be there she might have found some excuse not to go. Jessie was the client Mike had found himself in bed with on what was to be their one year dating anniversary, and her birthday to boot.

“I don’t know what sexuality is! How long has it been since I’ve been laid! That witch.”

“That was harsh on her part, but just let’s use this anger to put together a new plan.”

“We have to stay here, Marcy. Mr. “I think you need inspiration and Jessie can give it to you,” has already cancelled our friggin flight.”

“I know dear. I’m not happy about it either.” She was planning on going home the next day and calling up Roman—her little Italian play toy. “Look, let’s just put something together and quick okay?”

“Marcy,” Jaine sort of deflated, falling down on the dingy flowered sleep couch, putting her face in her hands as she started to cry. “I’m not...I’m not that pathetic am I? I mean, the ad wasn’t that bad. Was it?”

“No doll it wasn’t and you’re not. It just needs some spice.”

Looking up at her friend, tears streaking, ruining her makeup she made the suggestion. “Maybe you should do this one on your own.”

“Hey, I helped with the last one and she didn’t like it. Look, we both need a little inspiration that’s all.” She wrapped her arms around her. “Oh honey, stop crying.”

Jaine started sobbing so hard Marcy barely heard the knock at the door. If it were the dead beat that subbed as a motel attendant she was going to beat the crap out of him for taking his liberties with his hands earlier.

“What! Oh hi.” She opened the door and let Jack in. Jaine wiped her eyes.

“You okay?”

“Yeah,” she sniffled and rubbed the back of her hand against her tear soaked cheek.

“Listen I got to thinking about you ladies stuck in this god-awful place and well, I have plenty of room at my place.”

“We’d love to,” Marcy jumped at the chance to get out of there. Mike must have really had it in for Jaine lately because his treatment had sunk to new levels. Surely there was a better place in town than Al’s and Hal’s.

“We don’t want to put you out.” Jaine sniffed feebly.

“Speak for yourself honey.” Marcy grabbed Jaine’s suitcase and rolled it over.

“Listen, my house is about forty minutes away and you’ll actually be in the guest quarters, so you won’t even have to see me.”

Jaine had no problem with seeing him. In fact, she wanted to see more of him.

“Okay, well, it’s better than here that is for sure.” Jaine thought for a moment, they had only passed three houses in the forty minute drive, and they were all within at least an acre of each other. “Isn’t that house a little big for just you?”

“My family has the land off to the far right, the first house we passed. Then I’m in the middle and the guys are the last house on the left. The ranch hands,” Jack clarified.

“Guys,” Marcy smiled and Jaine rolled her eyes.

“They work the land year round. I told mom to move into my place, but she says someday I might settle full time and she wants it to be nice when I come back. They keep an eye on it for me. Anyway, behind the house is the guest apartment and you two can stay there.”

“Thanks. This is really, well it’s really nice of you to offer.” Jaine started to grab her bag, but Jack took a firm hold of the handle.

“Why don’t you ladies go check out?”

“Please, we’re going to let that bastard pay for the entire stay after what he just did to Jaine.” She eyed Jaine as if to say she’d check out if she wanted her to, but this was the perfect chance for revenge.

“Damn straight.” Jaine said as she walked out the room. Mike might not have been expending much on that dump of a motel, but he was going to have to pay the tab in full.

Jack drove the ladies back to his place. Jaine couldn’t help but notice it looked very, house in the country on the outside, but pure cowboy on the inside. Rustic, masculine, entirely sexy. No woman had had a hand in this décor that was for sure.

Jack showed them to the guest house, vastly different from the main house. This house was purely feminine, as if decorated by two very different people. She figured he must have a lot of ladies stay over and he probably entertained there. On the other hand, he did have a lot of family and maybe one of them used the place for company. Either way, she wasn’t going to ask.

Jack had told them to get cleaned up and come on down to the main house for dinner. It really wasn’t that far to the main house. Once she crossed the sitting area with the hot tub and the pool, all she had to do was walk up the stairs to the kitchen door to get in. Jack had left no luxury out when designing this place.

Jaine cleaned up first. Marcy had said she didn’t want to feel rushed, so she’d rather rush Jaine in and out of the shower instead of going first. When Jaine finished preparing, a little more than she needed to, for dinner she crossed the yard to the main house. Jack was already at work in the kitchen and she wasted no time jumping in to help.

“Thanks again for letting us stay here.”

“No problem. You really don’t have to do that.” She had insisted on helping him with dinner. While he liked the close proximity, it wasn’t a necessity.

“I like to cook...when I have time that is.” She chopped the celery into small pieces.

“So why were you crying earlier?” He wanted to have this conversation before her very vocal companion joined them for dinner. He wanted to take her in his arms and show her there were ways he could calm her nerves.

“It’s nothing.”

“Obviously it was something or you wouldn’t have been crying.” Jack placed his hand on her middle back. She froze. His touch felt so good, electrifying and incredibly melting. His hand slid lower to her forbidden, “no touch” zone. It was the area that, when touched, led to more than just a kiss.

“Well,” she said trying to break the seductive haze he had her in. “She didn’t like my designs.”

“Surely you’ve experienced a fickle client before.”

“Yes, but this is different.”

“How so?” His voice was lower, she wasn’t imagining it. He was flirting with her.

“Well, I didn’t know she would be there. You have to understand there’s some history in this.”

“So tell me.” Jack steadied her hand. She hadn’t realized it was trembling.

“Jessie is the owner of Optima Sexy and I didn’t know she would be here. You see I dated this guy named Mike. We work together actually, and it was probably the dumbest thing I could have done getting involved with him.” She set the knife down, but she refused to turn to face him. “It was our one year anniversary—the night I thought he would propose. It was my birthday too. I brought home wine—his favorite—and I was all set to have an unforgettable evening when I walked into our bedroom and he was in bed—with her.”

“Go on,” he stroked his fingers up and down her spine in short, linear movements.

“Well we broke up, but he’s still my boss. When he snagged the entire account for this advertisement campaign, he assigned me to it. I don’t know why, other than it was his way of getting back at me.”

“Getting back at you?”

“Women don’t leave Mike. I left, publicly left, and the entire office knew because I wouldn’t put up with his advances at work when he tried to apologize. Anyway...” Maybe the details weren’t so important. “She said something that hurt that’s all.”

“What did she say?”

Jack was closer, much closer than before. She couldn’t think with him standing so close.

“She asked me how long it’s been since I’ve been laid because I obviously have no idea about anything sexual. In front of everybody to boot. It just got to me.” Until Mike blamed her for his infidelity she had always considered herself slightly above average in that department. Now she had doubts. So much so that she had avoided dating and getting involved.

“I can see why that hurt you.”

“It wasn’t just that,” she continued, but she didn’t understand why. She told him about the breakup, the things Mike had said to her, her own insecurities. “I’m not a sex cat you know. I wish I could be that woman that drives a man wild, but in the end I’m just plain Jaine and that’s all I’ll ever really be able to give I guess.”

Jack turned her to face him, “somehow I doubt that.” He pushed her closer to him. She could feel his reason for doubting her “plain Jaine” statement very clearly.

“You just need the right man. Let me be that man.”

“But Marcy,” she whispered.

“I’m not interested in Marcy and threesomes aren’t really my thing.”

That’s not what she meant at all. She meant how would it look? What would Marcy do? What would Marcy say? And then it hit her, she spent too much time worrying about other people. Marcy would jump at this chance. That was the difference between them. Marcy knew how to take what she wanted, and Jaine always waited for it to be given. Well, tonight would change that. Tonight she would get what she wanted, even if it would only be for a short time.

“Fine,” she said more confidently. “If you think you can.” She checked her tone. That wasn’t Jaine, not the same Jaine that she knew. That was Jaine’s personality number twenty-two. The Jaine she knew would never be so forward.

“I know I can.” Jack winked. Her knees went weak. If he could send her into a complete state of meltdown with one look, she was sure he could do all that he said—and much more.

“We’ll start tonight.”

Tonight! Putting a time stamp on their arrangement made it final, it meant it was really happening and Jaine wasn't sure she was one hundred percent prepared for that. It had been a year, maybe a little over if she really took count of the nights Mike had worked too late or too hard to be interested in sex. She didn't have any sexy clothes, but then again, she had been given a whole new bag of goodies and told, "Try them on, maybe they'll inspire you to create something better than this trash." Well, she could certainly try them on tonight. The biggest problem to this uncharted quest, "I'm not on the pill."

"I have something." Jack nuzzled her neck with his mouth.

Of course he had something. A man like that, why wouldn't he? *This is insane.* Wildly insane, but exciting. Thoughts of Marcy and what she would think raced through her mind. She quickly pushed them away. First of all, Marcy would probably buy her a bottle of wine as a celebratory offering for her ability to go outside of her comfort zone. Second, it didn't matter what Marcy thought. This was her life and she was going to start living it.

"Tonight," she confirmed. "God if he doesn't stop touching me like this he's going to have to take me now."

Faint air wisped across her neck. The makings of a controlled chuckle she imagined.

"Did I just say that out loud?"

"Yeah," he laughed. "You did." Was all he would say before tasting her neck once more, ravishing her with sweet kisses.

"Why are you doing this?" She had an idea, but she still felt the need to ask.

"You need inspiration; I can certainly give you inspiration and much more. I wanted you from the moment you walked through the doors of the Circle T Saloon. Every inch of your mile long legs looked inviting."

She had used a soft shade of pink for her lips, subtle shades of crème decorated her eyes, and her hair—the slightly caramel tint to the deep, rich brown had made her ash gray eyes pop. Her cheekbones sat high, like a classic movie star and her body could have landed her in a video for the song Brick House because she was definitely stacked in all the right places.

“Let’s be upfront about things.” Jack pulled back a little so she could focus on what he was saying to her and not what he was doing to her. “Just so we’re clear, I’m not making any promises to love and cherish forever. When I first saw you I wanted you to ride me hard; my first thought wasn’t to take you to the nearest chapel and sign a certificate.”

“Understood.” She smiled. If he thought she wanted forever with a man she hardly knew, he was seriously mistaken. Then again, she was promising a few nights of coming together on a purely physical level and most of the women she knew didn’t do things like that—except for Marcy. Marcy was the exception to everything Jaine’s momma had raised her to be.

Her lips curved upward. “And to think, you knocked that guy out because of what he said to me.” She teased.

“Yeah well, part of me thought he should have showed you a little more respect.”

“And the other part?”

“The other part was thinking the same thing.” He winked.

Jaine turned sharply at the sound of Marcy clearing her throat.

“Well since you’re apparently going to be busy tonight I’ll just make myself scarce. I could walk down and see what the boys are up to.”

“Oh Marcy, it’s just...”

“Yeah, I heard the “just” part. Saw it too,” she winked. “Well, have fun girly, I’m going to go see a horse about a man of my own.” She grabbed the bottle of white wine, assured that Jack wouldn’t mind if she took it, and headed out the door.

Chapter 4

“Hey boys.” Marcy leaned on the doorpost, bottle of wine in one hand and acquired cowboy hat in the other.

Drake gave her the once over, his eyes looking their fill, taking an extra long look at her d-cup breasts.

“I found this hat in the barn, thought I’d return it to its rightful owner.”

“That would be me,” Drake stood. His six-five frame was even sexier standing than sitting. “Though I like to leave that one where you found it.”

“Oh,” she winked. “Well then maybe you should walk this city girl back so she can put it back for you.”

“Maybe I should.”

It was clearly obvious to Nate and Sam that Drake was getting the girl this time. Obvious, but not entirely acceptable.

“Maybe you won’t mind sharing,” Sam stood. “The honor,” his tone was anything but gentlemanly.

“There’s plenty of this to go around,” she held the bottle up.

“One problem darlin’, you forgot the glasses.”

“Well I’m sure you boys can think of a creative way to have a drink *on me*.” She gave a devilish grin. So she was going to miss her at home play date with the sexy Roman, that didn’t mean she had to spend the night alone.

“I’m sure we can. You coming Nate?”

“Can’t. I’ve got a date with that Hallie chick from town. Maybe next time.”

“Definitely,” Marcy winked. If Jaine could see her now she’d probably have a lecture prepared about finding a long-term guy instead of a one night stand. She usually lectured her. Then again, Jaine was no longer in a position to lecture. It looked as if they were both going to relieve some stress tonight.

Drake turned on the indoor lamp. "Battery operated and reduces the risk of fire," he said. "Now break open the wine." He licked his lips.

"I think you better do it for me." She handed him the corkscrew and the bottle like a damsel in distress.

"The good stuff," he surveyed the label. "Jack loves this stuff."

"He was a little busy, so I took it. A wine this fine is meant to be drunk." She pulled her t-shirt over her head, revealing perfectly bare breasts. Sunbathing on the roof of her building had paid off by way of a nice even tan with no lines.

Drake walked closer. For the first time since her first time, Marcy felt nervous. She was five nine, evenly proportioned and sexy. She had no doubt of her sex appeal, but next to these two cowboys she felt like a timid school girl.

"Nice," he slipped his fingers through her short red hair. "Very nice," he tipped the bottle of wine just enough to send chilled liquid spilling onto her left breast. He cupped her breast in his hand and licked and sucked until he had lapped up all the wine from her skin.

"Damn good." He took her nipple between his teeth and squeezed gently.

"Oh," she moaned.

"And I'm not talking about the wine." He lifted his head. "Sam, have a drink."

Sam walked over, following his big brother's lead and sampling Marcy's right breast.

A rough hand slid down her back and cupped her butt. "Hmm..." Another hand slid down her stomach, covering her jeans, masterfully finding the zipper and slowly easing it down. Marcy tried to take control. After all, this was her idea and she was always the one to set the pace. She grabbed for the hand that had found her zipper.

Drake grabbed her hands. "This one needs a lesson in submission little brother."

"I'd say so." Sam slowly walked behind Marcy. He dropped to one knee, grabbed the waistband of her jeans and pulled down. In one motion he had her jeans and panties pooled at her feet.

"Nice ass Miss Witter," he bit at her flesh gently.

She wanted to know what these two men could do for her. "Are you going to tease me or fuck me?"

“All in due time. Right now, I want to introduce my cock to that sassy mouth of yours.” He stripped off his clothes, took a condom out his jeans pocket and rolled it on. Drake placed both hands on Marcy’s shoulders and pushed her down. She knelt before him. He was hung; there was no doubt about that. She felt Sam tug her jeans away from her ankle. Marcy was naked and on her knees in front of one wicked cowboy.

Sam stripped off his clothes.

“My God!” Her eyes widened at the sight of him.

“It runs in the family.” He ran one hand up and down his cock.

Drake teased Marcy’s lips with his tip. “You do know how to suck don’t you.”

“Better than anybody who’s sucked you before.”

“Let me be the judge of that.”

She opened her mouth, taking his tip in first. She sucked him soft while squeezing his balls. He was getting hard just like she wanted.

Sam eased in behind her. His fingers teased her nipple, pinching and caressing. Drake pulled out of her mouth long enough to lie down and to come to rest against a stack of hay. Once he was settled he guided his cock back to her warm mouth. “Suck me hard.”

Sam positioned her knees wide. He dipped into her pussy a few times. She was wet and warm. He got what he needed and set his aim on the orifice he was after.

Without warning he thrust into her ass and begin to ride her hard. Her breast jiggled from side to side. Her mouth sucked harder, more needing.

“Yes!” He screamed, wrapping his hand around the back of her head and holding her in place. He watched her jaws work as she sucked him. Her hand caressed his balls and in one final suck he shattered.

Jake eased out of her mouth. Marcy's breathing was rapid as Sam pleased her from behind.

Sam pulled in and out, pushing in deeper with each thrust and then he came on a loud howl. Marcy collapsed. If Jaine was experiencing half the fun she was having tonight then inspiration for the ad would be no problem.

Chapter 5

“Take off your clothes.”

“Right here? What about the dishes? We should clean up first?”

“Now.” Jack pulled off his belt, shucked his shirt and his jeans.

Jaine was starting to chicken out, but she wanted this. She needed this. She slipped her top over her head and slowly removed her jeans to reveal pink, cotton, bikini-cut panties.

“Very nice.” He removed his boxer-briefs and stood before her—naked. She took off the last of her clothing. She could do this. She just needed to believe it.

Jack walked around her, admiring the view. She was as beautiful naked as he imagined her to be. “Damn fine,” he mumbled.

He traced a feather line down her spine with the tips of his fingers. Rough skin meeting smooth flesh, sending an impulse of pleasure shooting through Janie's body. “Take off the rest,” he said. She did.

Jack touched every inch of her, slowly ingraining the feel of her in his memory. She was a beautiful woman, sexy and vibrant. He led her to the bedroom.

Jaine laughed as Jack pulled a wrapped condom from the nightstand drawer. It's exactly where she figured he would keep it. He rolled it on gently before coming to rest between her legs. She had the best thighs he'd seen on a woman. Muscular, lean, but packed with strength. He couldn't wait to have those thighs squeezing him tight.

He kissed her slow, trailing light, tender pecks down her throat, over her collarbone and down her belly. “Oh this is nice,” she mumbled. Jack was much gentler than she thought he would be; she liked it. She liked the fact that he hadn't rushed to some goal of conquest, but that he was taking his time and making sure she enjoyed the moment too.

His kisses reached her center. Jack slipped his hands between her thighs, parted her folds and sent one long stroke of his tongue up her flesh, stopping briefly at her clit to tease and taste.

“Oh God,” she tried to move away. He steadied her and took another taste. She was already wet for him.

“Just as I imagined,” Jack said before taking one last taste and coming back up her body to nibble at her ear. “You’re sweet everywhere,” he whispered.

“I’m glad you like,” she smiled.

“Oh yeah, I like.” He liked it a little too much. She wanted a rough and ready cowboy, not a man who was going to go soft on her for a romantic relationship. Jack had known that from the way she looked at him at the bar. She took him in wantonly like this could be some sort of one shot deal so he let her believe that was all he wanted too. The truth was he wanted more of her. He was going to take more of her too; she just didn’t know it yet.

Jack eased in, slowly, softly as if wanting to shelter her from some blunt intrusion. With a little coaxing she opened for him, nice and wide as he slid all the way inside her.

“Relax,” Jack whispered in her ear as he rocked slowly. She slid her hands down his back, over his ass and squeezed, urging him to pick up the pace.

“More,” she moaned.

He complied. She wanted more, he would give her more. Jack pushed into her harder than before. His pace increased as he pulled out and pushed back into her again and again. Her body rocked beneath his, undulating like an ocean wave, building with each thrust to something bigger, better than before.

“Yes!” Jaine cried, spreading her legs wider for him to go deeper, and he did.

Her eyes narrowed into dazed slits, her brow creased, she inhaled sharply and came with a series of wild convulsions. Jack was right behind her, riding her hard until his cock jerked and released.

He collapsed on top of her. Still inside of her he said, “I want more.” Never before had he wanted to make a commitment, but Jaine was different. She was funny, and sweet, determined and headstrong, but she had a finesse that he just hadn’t seen in other women. She was dangerous and she didn’t even know it.

She wasn’t sure what he meant. From the feel of him he was nowhere near ready to take her again. “Later,” she mumbled groggily.

Jack eased out of her. She hadn’t meant he needed to pull out. She was rather enjoying the connection. He discarded the condom into the trash and repositioned himself by her side. “I meant I want more of you. I’m tired of the musical chairs with women. I just never thought I’d find a woman that made me want to explore more. You’ve done that. I’m not saying I want to marry you or anything, but I’d like to get to know you better. When I’m back in New York I’d like to see you.”

She smiled and rolled over into his arms. “I’d like to see you too.”

Jack relaxed. He had spent dinner worried that she wouldn’t feel the same.

“Just one question.”

“Okay.”

“Condoms in the nightstand?” So it wasn’t really a question, but from the look in his eyes she figured he knew what she meant.

“I bought them earlier and put them there—before I came to pick you ladies up at the hotel. I just couldn’t stop thinking about you and well, I figured if the opportunity presented itself I didn’t want to fuck it up. No pun intended.”

She laughed. “Oh that is so good to know Jack.” So maybe she wouldn’t find a way to get back at Mike for sending her here. Maybe it was fate, though she didn’t believe in fate, but what were the odds of her meeting Jack Harrison in the city? A billion to one probably.

She inhaled his masculine scent as she drifted off to sleep in his arms.

Chapter 6

Jaine pushed the cover away from her new designs. “We added a little spice to your ad.” She revealed the cinnamon toned background with the scarcely clothed model in black lacey underwear. It just took taking the same photos from the initial shoot, changing out the pose and the background colors to add flare, but what really did it was the addition of a male model. “We used one of our other stock photos and superimposed the images so that we have the male,” she pointed to the male model with his blue jeans and open button down white shirt, “who appears to be lusting after our female.” Who just happened to also be in the most risqué position they could show for a national campaign.

Jessie took in the curvy female model squatting on the bed and the male lingering at the doorway. It could work.

“It’s like, buy your underwear from Optima Sexy and inspire your hunk to want to ravish you.” Of course she knew it wasn’t the underwear, but the confidence in the woman. Jack had ravished her for hours and all she had worn was pink cotton panties and a simple seamless bra.

“I like it,” Jessie tapped her pen on the table. “This is much better.”

Jaine pulled a little bag full of underwear from beneath the table. “Good, I’m glad. And you can keep these I didn’t wear them. In fact, I didn’t need them at all for inspiration.” She smiled. That had felt good. “Mike will be in touch with you for further explanation as to just when the campaign will kick off. Marcy and I have a plane to catch.”

So their plane didn’t leave until six and it was barely noon. They both had men they wanted to say goodbye too and it was going to take a lot more than a peck on the cheek at the airport to do that. Jack had promised he would come see her once he was back in New York. Somehow, she believed him.

“Good day.” Marcy said as she packed up the designs and left the packets Jaine had printed off.

“Jaine?”

“Yes, Jessie?” She said with more confidence and flare than she had ever used when she talked with the other woman before.

“Um, well. It’s great. You don’t have to rush off you know. We could talk some more about the things we have in common.”

“By in common you mean Mike I suppose. Well we no longer have Mike in common and beyond that I think it’s best if we keep things professional. If you need to talk about the ad, we’ll be back in the office tomorrow morning at...oh, ten.”

Marcy smiled.

“Ciao,” Jaine winked and walked out the door. This was going to be the start of an entirely liberated Jaine.