

**Brit  
Blaise**

**ANOTHER  
CAVE  
CREEK  
COWBOY**



## ANOTHER CAVE CREEK COWBOY

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“While you’re at it, pinch me,” he murmured, his dark eyes shinning at her. “I think I must be dreaming.”

“Oh, I’ll pinch you if you want, cowboy. But since you’re probably new at this, I think I better take it easy on you.” She gave him a playful slap on the thigh, but not too playful from the way he jerked...

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*The Virginia Model-Logues*

# ANOTHER CAVE CREEK COWBOY

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BY

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AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

<http://www.amberquill.com>

ANOTHER CAVE CREEK COWBOY  
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Copyright © 2005 by Brit Blaise  
ISBN 1-59279-392-4  
Cover Art © 2005 Trace Edward Zaber

Layout and Formatting provided by: ElementalAlchemy.com

PUBLISHED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

*For my cousin Deb,  
who is always an encouragement to me.*

# CHAPTER 1

Alicia Moore needed to tell Brett she'd been caught in a compromising situation with not one, but two, naked men. That wasn't the worst of it. Her hands had been tied above her head, roped to a rafter, while she was impaled on their cocks, with one in the front and one in back.

"You're invited to a wedding," he said, rubbing his large, callused hand across his five-o'clock shadow.

Brett Coleman had an uncanny ability to look great without any effort, even when he badly needed a shave.

"Ridge and Holly are getting married in Vegas during the rodeo."

"You're inviting me to your best friend's wedding?" Alicia asked, trying not to let her irritation show. Of all the people in the world, why did it have to be Ridge and Holly? Holly, who'd hidden to watch in silence while Alicia fucked two men, and Ridge, who'd insisted his best friend needed to know about it.

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“A wedding in Vegas the same weekend as the rodeo,” she simpered. “How romantic for them. And fast, too. Holly’s only been back in Cave Creek about six weeks.”

Brett nodded, evidently not hearing the tinge of sarcasm in her voice. “Six weeks of Arizona sun has done wonders for her. She looks great and Ridge has never been happier. You already planned to be in Vegas for the barrel racing competition, so come to the wedding.”

When he turned away to open the door to his refrigerator, Alicia experienced a breathtaking view of his jeans-clad buns as he bent over to reach for a beer on a lower shelf. Before he straightened, he looked back over his shoulder. “Want one?”

When Alicia didn’t answer immediately, the conceited grin on his face told her he’d caught her ogling him. Normally, she was more discreet since he already had a big enough head.

“Sure, I’ll take one,” she answered, suddenly taking an interest in the weave of the place mat in front of her. No man alive had the ability to rattle her like Brett did. She could feel a flush of heat rushing over her face and almost got up to leave. Only the thought of how amusing he’d find it stopped her. She’d be damned if she’d let him see how much he affected her.

Brett teasingly pulled her ball cap off and tossed it onto the table. “You’re still going to Vegas, aren’t you?” He sat her beer in front of her and pulled the chair out next to her, surprising her. Since she’d boarded her horse with him over the past four years, she’d never seen him sit in any chair except one directly across from her. It was almost as though he was making a silent declaration by sitting next to her.

*Damn! First an invitation and now this?*

“Of course I’ll be in Vegas. I wouldn’t miss it. My ranking this year is the best thing that’s ever happened to me, even if I haven’t made the top one hundred,” Alicia said, while she tried to figure out what Brett’s invitation meant in the social scheme of things. Could Brett finally be



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making a move on her? Why *now* since she'd ruined any chance she had with him?

"A big win in Vegas would move you right up the list," he said giving her the thumbs-up.

"I could use the money," she said almost absentmindedly. "I had to find a part-time job until Vegas so I could pay my expenses. And I still owe you money for paying my entry fees. Not to mention the fact you don't charge nearly enough for boarding my horses here."

"You've almost paid me off. And you know why I give you a good rate. You keep the barn neat as a pin and I never have to worry while I'm away with you looking out for everything around here. Hell, I should be paying *you*. You didn't answer me about the wedding..."

"So are you saying since I'll already be competing in Vegas, I should come by the wedding? You didn't see my name on any guest list, did you?"

"You could put it like that, I guess." He narrowed his dark brown eyes as he stared at her, but he didn't sound as sure of himself. "I don't think they're being too formal about this." Brett picked her up her bottle and twisted off the cap for her. "I thought maybe you'd like to stop by."

"A wedding isn't usually a 'stop by' kind of affair."

"I didn't realize I'd get the third degree by inviting you," Brett huffed. "Come, or don't. It's not a big deal."

That was the final straw!

Alicia felt her temper begin to flare.

Brett took her for granted, always had. Why did she even care for this insensitive control freak masquerading as an easy-going cowboy? Maybe because she'd had a crush on him for as long as she could remember? He'd always treated her more like a kid sister than a girlfriend.

Brett stretched his legs out in front of him. "What's got into you?"

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You've been touchy ever since Holly came home. I thought you liked Holly, since you used to hang out over there."

Alicia looked away. Sure she liked Holly, but Holly probably hated her now.

"You didn't have designs on Ridge, did you?" Brett reached over and gave a tug to her ponytail.

"Designs on Ridge?" Alicia flipped her hair back over her shoulder where it wouldn't tempt him. The man dearly loved to pull her hair. "You don't have a clue. Your buddies know, but not you. If you asked Ridge, he'd say I have designs on *you*."

"We're just friends," Brett said, looking uncomfortable. "If you weren't so young and innocent...then maybe."

"Innocent? Do you have any idea where my mom is right now?"

"No. And maybe innocent isn't the right word...inexperienced maybe."

"She's in the county lockup. Busted again for prostitution. I don't think you can call the daughter of a hooker innocent or *inexperienced*. And as long as we are on the subject, it's as good a time as any to set you straight. I'm not a virgin and haven't been since I was eighteen."

Brett's face twisted into a frown at her words. "I'm sorry about your mother. I know she's got her problems. But fooling around a little and practicing sex on a regular basis are two different things. We'll talk again in a couple of years."

"A couple of years? Don't do me any favors, cowboy. No wonder I ended up in such trouble waiting on you." Why did she think she ever could get him to notice her? Hell, he'd only kissed her—really kissed her—*once*. And then he'd had too much to drink at the time. Later, he claimed not to remember.

"Trouble?" Brett growled. "Is that why you wanted me to know you've had sex? Are you pregnant or something?"

"One minute you say I'm innocent, and the next you accuse me of

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being pregnant. Make up your mind. No, I'm not pregnant." She slugged him in the arm for asking such a stupid question.

"Damn, Alicia," he complained, rubbing his arm. "'Cause if you are, you can count on me. If the baby's father doesn't step up, I'll be there for the both of you."

His words cut into her heart as she thought about *her* father. Her own father didn't want her, and here was a man willing to take responsibility for a child not even his? Why couldn't her father have been more like Brett? Why couldn't Brett see how much she loved him? She'd boarded her horses on his ranch for over four years and followed him around like a puppy several years before that.

"I'm not pregnant. I'm not *that* stupid. Do you think I'd bring a child into the world without a father? I know what fatherless feels like and I wouldn't do it. I'd rather go without sex for the rest of my life than have a baby without first having a husband."

"Like you have so much sex it's an issue."

The final straw came down on Alicia's head wrapped in a fifty-pound bale. She should have had the sense to forget about him and walk away right then. But when did she *ever* use good sense? One look at all the mistakes she kept making told the story.

She put the bottle to her lips and took a strong pull. She didn't lower it until she'd emptied it. Slapping the bottle on the table, she swept up the handful of ropes Brett and Ridge used to tie calf legs together in their roping competitions and stuffed them into her rear pocket. "Hell, if I'm in trouble, I might as well go for broke. I'm not leaving here tonight until I fuck you."

Brett spit the beer in his mouth across the kitchen floor. "What's gotten into you, little girl?"

"I'm *so* not a *little* girl anymore, and haven't been for a long time, whether you want to believe it or not. Don't trifle with me. I want you in the bedroom. Now."

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Brett hesitated, almost as if he was uninterested and, for a moment, Alicia thought she'd just blown her last chance with him. It would be hard to give up a ten-year-old dream. She'd laid down her bet when she was fourteen that she would marry him one day and she wasn't any closer to getting him to notice her now than she'd been then. Only now, she didn't have anything to lose. He sure as hell wouldn't want her after he learned about her unfortunate threesome.

"I'll play along. You don't have the nerve." At first, his voice had an edge to it, but then he laughed.

"You don't have a clue who I am, Brett Coleman. I think it's time you find out."

"Right this way." Brett set his empty bottle on the table, then pulled two more from the fridge before heading toward the bedroom. His tone told Alicia he didn't believe her. His exaggerated swagger said he thought it was all a big joke.

She followed behind him, shedding her clothes while they walked. He *definitely* didn't have a clue. But he would! By the time they'd walked into the spacious bedroom, Alicia had lost both her shirt and bra. When he turned to look at her, she was unzipping her jeans. He did a comical double-take before his eyes became so heated he managed to curl her toes. What would he do when he touched her?

Alicia tried to ignore him, walking around him and straight to his bed, a four-poster. *Ah! Yes!* She sat on the edge to remove her boots. "Did I ever tell you I have a thing for ropers and their ropes?"

"No. I think I must've missed that conversation," he said in a husky growl, sounding less sure of himself again.

Alicia knew him well enough to know why. He hated not to be in complete control. Boy was he in for a surprise!

Alicia stood and lowered her jeans and panties in one swoop before she stepped out of them. Brett groaned out loud and set their beers on the night-stand, spilling one in the process.

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She was confident she looked good. She did a slow circle in front of him. “What do you think, cowboy?”

“I think you look incredible. You’ve been hiding those legs all these years and I never knew?”

“There are a lot of things you don’t know about me.” Alicia took the full weight of both her breasts in her hands. “What about these?”

“They’re great, but I’m a leg man.” He reached his hand out like he wanted to touch them—her. “You have the best legs I’ve ever seen.”

“I’m glad you think so,” she told him and pointed to the bed. “That’ll make this a whole lot easier for you.”

“Alicia, are you okay? I think maybe you’re having some sort of nervous breakdown.”

“I turned twenty-four on my last birthday and you still treat me like I’m illegal, like you did when I was a kid.”

Brett gave a shrug and took a step nearer. Without his boots, he was only a couple of inches taller than her five-ten. They would be perfect together.

“I never gave it much thought. I figure everyone has probably experimented *some* by twenty-four.”

Alicia tried not to let her frustration show. It was hard to hear he’d never thought of her *that* way. “Why doesn’t it surprise me that you’ve never given me much thought? But I can damned well guarantee you’ll remember this night before I’m finished with you.”

Brett looked confused. “I didn’t mean that like it sounded. Of course I’ve thought of you that way. I just always thought you were too young. I’m willing to admit, I could be wrong.”

“Too young, in general? Or just too young for you?” Alicia didn’t really want to talk, but the words kept coming.

“I’m eight years older than you. I figured we’d probably be on different wave lengths.”

“You got that right. Now lose your clothes, cowboy,” Alicia told

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him and held her breath, hoping he'd play along.

*Only it isn't really playtime for me, is it? It means everything to finally be with you!*

## CHAPTER 2

Brett hesitated, making Alicia wish she'd kept her mouth shut and her clothes on. Reaching up, she unclipped her hair, sending a cloak of blonde to cover her. Tears stung the back of her eyes and she tried to blink them away. He was going to reject her.

"You're sure you know what you're doing?" he asked finally and reached to rub a strand of her hair between his thumb and middle finger.

"This is just sex. If you can't handle it, just say so," she told him, trying to sound worldly. "I'm standing here naked and you want to talk?"

Brett shook his head and began to undress, pulling the button snaps on his western shirt. Alicia made a promise to herself. *You're never going to forget this night, cowboy. For as long as you live, you're going to think of me as the one who got away, and not the slut who got caught fucking two men by your best friend.*

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"You have fire in your eyes," Brett said and then gave a sexy wink. "I'm beginning to think maybe I've been a blind fool."

"You talk too much," she said while she drank him in. The man was gorgeous in a rough and dangerous sort of way. His dark, wavy hair was too long, always falling in his eyes. His chest was thickly covered with dark hair curling against his tanned skin. As he shrugged out of his shirt, her breath caught in her throat. Long, lanky and muscular, he had a taut body to make other men envious, and women drool.

When his hands moved down to unfasten his big, silver championship buckle, she had to restrain herself. She'd always wondered about *that* part of him. She'd seen him shirtless, but never anything more. When his thick cock sprang free, she almost threw herself to her knees in front of him.

"On the bed, and on your back." Her voice was hoarse with lust and so many other emotions, she couldn't begin to examine right then.

"You'd better not be teasing." Brett raised a dark brow, but took his time while he finished undressing and stretched his long lanky frame on the bed. He was beautiful, so virile. Perfect. She stood over him, examining every inch of him, until he shifted his weight to his side and patted the bed next to him.

Joining him on the bed, she took a second to trace a finger over his chest, following the line of hair, traveling all the way down to nest around his large, magnificent cock. She stopped short of taking him into her hand. Instead, Alicia popped up from the bed to scoop up her jeans.

"Now I know this is a joke," he said and chuckled, sounding almost relieved at the prospect. "I'm going to get you back for this, Alicia."

When she pulled the ropes from her pocket, puzzlement replaced the smile on his face. She tried to ignore him as she sat back down at the end of the bed and reached for his ankle. When she wrapped a rope around it, he moaned.



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"I wouldn't want to strap you down if you can't handle it," she said, giving him a chance to call it quits.

"You'll take them off if I tell you to?"

Alicia thought for a second. Half the fun would be making him beg a little. "That depends."

She pulled his leg toward the post and paused. "I'll give you until the fourth post to stop me. Just say the word. After that, you'll have to trust I know what's best for you." Alicia finished tying him down with the speed and skillful precision of someone who knew what she was doing. She wanted him to know she wasn't a complete novice at this, however, the only time she'd actually done it, she's spent the whole time wishing she were with Brett. Walking around the bed, she repeated the process with his second leg.

"While you're at it, pinch me," he murmured, his dark eyes shining at her. "I think I must be dreaming."

"Oh, I'll pinch you if you want, cowboy. But since you're probably new at this, I think I better take it easy on you." She gave him a playful slap on the thigh, but not too playful from the way he jerked.

"Yeah, right." He didn't sound quite so self-assured.

"Be careful, or I'll put my boots and spurs on before my ride." Alicia didn't say anything else, afraid he'd change his mind, until she'd tied both his hands.

"Twist over so I can see your ass," she told him once she had him tied. When he complied, she gave him the pinch he'd asked for. "Well, what do you think, are you dreaming?"

"Damn, that hurt."

"Let me kiss it and make it all better," she purred.

She bent down, first licking the pink spot she'd left and then kissing it.

"You want to pinch my cock?" he teased.

"I can do better than that," she promised.

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Alicia brought her face down level with Brett's cock. It was beautiful, maybe even too big for her to deep-throat, but she wasn't going to complain. The thought of asking for a condom passed through her lusting brain. She'd never had sex without one—not oral—not any kind—ever. She'd done a lot of stupid things, but never that.

Instead of going with her first impulse and taking him into her mouth, she took a few more seconds to look at him. She ran her hand slowly over the length of him, starting at the base and stopping short of his glans. When she wrapped her hand around him, her thumb and middle finger barely touched. A drop of cum seeped out, proof he wasn't impervious to her. She captured it with the tip of her finger and rubbed it between her thumb and finger as she looked into his eyes.

"Promises, promises," she said. Then she brought her hand down to his sac where she momentarily stopped. At the same time, she placed an open mouth kiss where the drop had been.

After kissing him, she gave homage to him with her tongue and began fondling his swollen balls. Finally, she licked his long, thick shaft from the bottom up, taking a deep breath and then taking him into her mouth. When she began to swallow, Brett started to moan. She slid him as far into her throat as she comfortably could and held him there until she needed to take a breath. Slowly, she eased him back out and took another breath before she swallowed him again.

"I won't last with you doing that," he protested with a long, low moan.

Alicia didn't listen. She repeated the process several times while continuing to get acquainted with his excess baggage. She sucked his cock until his balls grew taut against his body. Only then, did she stop. Soothingly, she tugged his sac above his balls and worked them until they loosened again.

"Who are you?" he gulped.

"Alicia Moore. National ranked women's barrel racer and world

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class fuck, and don't you forget it, cowboy." Even as she made the bold and ballsy claim, she knew she was grossly overstating her qualifications in bed, but, she figured, what's wrong with a little confidence?

Alicia had every intention of taking Brett to the edge until he begged for his release. However, the nearly unbearable ache building inside her own body told her she may not last. "I'll give you advance warning. I intend to keep doing this until you relax. Trust me."

"I believe you're crazy if you think I can relax with my cock in your throat."

"You're going to wish you listened," she warned and took him into her mouth again. This time she licked his head like a lollipop and was rewarded with another moan of pleasure from him.

"No, no," he insisted when she started to swallow him again. "I'm going to come."

She pulled him back out of her mouth and tried to circle the base of his shaft with her thumb and index finger. At the same time, she worked his tightening sac back away from his body with tender stretching until she was confident he wouldn't end her fun before she was ready. Trouble was, she was being tortured beyond anything she'd ever experienced. She wanted him inside her so badly she could weep.

Need outweighed wanting to be perfect for him. Alicia pulled back, drew herself up and threw her leg over him to straddle him.

"There are condoms in the drawer beside the bed," he said.

She rose again to reach for the drawer and found them immediately. When she ripped the foil, her hands were shaking and she hoped he didn't notice. He might take it for nerves, when it was really just excitement. *Yeah, right!*

Taking her time sheathing him, she then rose up on her knees using one hand to pull him up to her core where she was wet and ready for him. Grasping the headboard with the other hand, she poised like that

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for a second, enjoying the view. Brett was also looking where they joined.

Wet heat surrounded her aching center as she held off until she was trembling and gripping the headboard so tightly she splintered a fingernail. She'd wanted *this* since her first taste of sex at twenty-one. Brett had always had her heart, even if another had her body.

She took him inside a single inch. Brett pulled against his restraints and thrust upward until he filled her halfway, not able to go higher because of the ropes.

"More, cowboy. Give me more," she taunted, knowing he couldn't.

Brett pulled down and strained upward again, but stopped as short as the first time. Beads of moisture were popping out on his glistening body while he pulled against his restraints to get into her. "Untie me," he demanded. "Please?"

"Remember I told you I'd let you know when you're ready to be freed? You aren't ready. I'm going to make it a little harder on you first."

Alicia let go of the headboard and used one hand to separate the folds of her pussy. With her other hand, she first touched where they were joined and then her clit. She traced around the button with her fingertip while Brett watched. The more he strained against the restraints, the more she pulled up and away. When he relaxed, she lowered herself onto him. He learned quickly. Almost too quickly. Then again, as the pressure built inside her own body, she knew she couldn't last long.

"Alicia, please?" he pleaded. Knowing how much he hated not being in control, she took mercy on him.

"Are you just a little sorry we didn't do this sooner?"

"I plan to make up for lost time," he groaned. "This is only the beginning."

"That's what I wanted to hear." Alicia thrust down on him, taking

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him all the way inside her. Taking another moment to relish the joy of having him completely, again she felt tears threaten. Frustrated by emotions she'd never experienced, she gripped his muscular thighs with her strong legs and began to ride him hard. Using her legs to squeeze him and her arms on the headboard to push down with more force, she increased the tempo.

"I'm going to come," he panted.

Alicia increased the pace, knowing she'd probably beat him to the finish line. The first contraction immobilized her, effectively paralyzing her while the intense sensations gave her a reaction totally new to her. The orgasm altered her conscious state. Her breathing slowed, and she rocked back and forth on him, allowing the feeling to grow stronger. For the first time, she lost mental control and her body took over. Even though Brett was the one tied, Alicia felt as if she were nailed to an invisible wall. She couldn't think about Brett's pleasure...she was immersed in her own.

"You are taking me places I've never been, sweet girl."

## CHAPTER 3

*Three weeks later*

Buck was so excited, Alicia nearly fell off of him in front of everyone. “Easy there,” she told him.

“Bring it home!” she heard a female voice shout from somewhere behind her.

“Did you hear, Buck? It’s up to you.” Alicia tightened her legs around him. “It’s time to give me all you’ve got.”

“Stay on top,” someone else called out.

Alicia experienced a jolt of energy zapping through her body with jet propelled speed. Her breath was coming in deep pants. “Yes,” she whispered. “Are you ready, Buck?”

She slapped his behind with her crop, then sticking it sideways into her mouth, she clamped down hard, sinking her teeth into the leather. She only had a fraction of a second to grab hold of the reins with both

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hands. Buck went ballistic.

They were approaching the first barrel too fast!

She'd never be able to control him at this rate. She pulled back, and for a second, he fought her before he began to slide toward the barrel. She reined him close, all the while trying to keep from hitting the barrel. She felt the barrel hit her leg hard and watched it begin to wobble. She didn't look back as she headed toward the second one.

The roar of the crowd assured her it still stood. The second turn came easier as Buck settled down to work. Going after the third barrel, Buck gained speed again.

As she rounded the last barrel without knocking it over, the crowd was rooting for her louder than she ever remembered hearing. Buck leaped into the stretch toward the finish line as if his life depended upon it.

When the buzzer sounded, she stood in the saddle to rein him in. He was heaving from the exertion, trembling and jumpy from the excitement, tossing his head while fighting her for the bit. She leaned down, threw herself around his neck and began to cry. They hadn't announced her time, but she knew. It was good. Damned good.

"We have the best time of the day with a 13.96 for Alicia Moore and the best in four rounds. We'll look forward to seeing what she'll do in Round Five." The announcer's deep voice sent a chill up Alicia's spine with his encouraging words. If she ever needed a win, it was now. Something had to go right in her life. Since the perfect night she'd spent with Brett, her life had spun out of control.

"Alicia," she heard called from the sidelines. She immediately recognized the voice. Brett. The first and the last person she wanted to see.

She looked over to wall running around the arena, spotting him quickly among the crowd of faces. After a moment, she reined Buck in Brett's direction. Each prancing step in the saw dust brought her closer

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to the man she loved—would always love. Brett was also the man who would soon hate her guts.

“What a ride! You just raised your season earnings by twelve grand.”

A couple of people standing nearby offered their congratulations along with Brett’s praise.

“I’ve never needed a win so badly. Somehow I think Buck knows and gave me his best. And to think I was on cloud nine when I rode to sixth place in the first go-round.”

“You ever want to sell him, you can name your price,” another man said.

Alicia smiled at him. She had no intention of selling Buck before she came to Vegas. Now she might *have* to sell him.

“I’ll keep that in mind,” she said and watched Brett’s eyes narrow and darken. “I hadn’t planned on riding Buck today, but he insisted.” Buck tossed his head as if agreeing with her statement. She alternated rounds between Buck and her mare, but Buck had nearly broken the stall door down to get out.

Brett made a gruff sound. “Now I know something’s wrong. That comment about keeping an offer to buy Buck in mind, and the fact you’ve been avoiding me for the last three weeks makes me want to know what exactly is going on.”

“Not here,” she said.

“Then where?” he demanded like a man accustomed to getting his way.

Where women were concerned, Alicia supposed Brett always got his way. He had more than his fair share hanging around him.

She dismounted and moved close to the wall where she could speak without everyone hearing. “When Ridge caught us in bed the morning after—”

“After we made love all night long and fell asleep from



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exhaustion?" Brett interrupted. "You took off like a scared rabbit, just because my friend walked in on us?"

"It's not just...I thought your friend would've filled you in about bad girl Alicia by now."

"Ridge hinted there's something I should know about you."

"Hinted?" Alicia was surprised. She'd been certain both Holly and Ridge would stop at nothing to make sure Brett knew the sordid story.

"I told Ridge if it was about another man, I didn't want to hear it," Ridge said testily.

That didn't surprise Alicia. She knew Brett didn't share well. What was his, was *his*. Period. End of story.

"What did Ridge say?" Alicia asked.

Brett waved his hand dismissively. "You'll be there tonight, won't you?"

Alicia wanted to run. The last place she wanted to be was at the wedding of those two. Especially now. "I guess. I'm really tired and I need to make sure Buck is taken care of first."

"I guess I didn't make myself clear. I want you to come as my date."

"I've wanted to hear those words since I was fourteen. Why couldn't you have asked sooner? Now it's too late."

Brett's eyes narrowed at her words. Alicia had no doubt she'd made him mad. Better mad than hating her, but that would come soon enough, too.

"I'll pick you up at seven. Be ready." He didn't give her a chance to respond before he stalked away.

*Damned cowboy.* What had she done to deserve this? Now, to make matters worse, she had a date with a pregnancy test. No way would she go to the wedding without knowing for certain if she'd gotten herself knocked up. It would be a high price to pay for one perfect night with the man who had her heart.

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Brett walked out of the arena feeling not much better than when he went in to watch Alicia ride to first place. There was something wrong. Something much more serious than anything Ridge could tell him was bothering Alicia.

“How was Alicia’s ride?” Holly’s called out. “I wanted to see her, but I had to buy a few things for tonight,” she said holding up two overflowing bags. “I don’t know how I let this man—” She smiled up at Ridge. “—talk me into an out-of-town wedding”

“Holly aced it. I’ve never seen her ride like that. She just covered her expenses and then some.”

Ridge looked away from Holly and scowled. “Have you two had a chance to talk?”

“Not now,” Holly interrupted.

Brett’s fists involuntarily balled, making him uncomfortable. The last person he wanted to punch was Ridge. But enough was enough. Alicia’s *past* was none of *his* business...he was her future, or wanted to be. Maybe it was time to take a stand about his feelings for Alicia. “I think I may have always loved Alicia, but I knew for certain the night before you walked in on us. Now I can’t even get her talk to me at all. So, no. No, we haven’t *talked*.”

“Walk us to our trailer,” Holly suggested and handed her packages to Ridge. She didn’t wait to see if either of them followed.

Brett and Ridge looked at each other. Ridge shrugged and they both started to walk.

“When did you get this?” Brett asked as the walked up to a brand new, three-horse, fifth-wheel trailer with living quarters.

“It’s my wedding present to my husband,” Holly said as she opened the door. “I sold some land the same day I stuck up a For Sale sign.”

Brett followed her inside, marveling at how big it was inside with the roll-outs. He sat on the chair nearest the door while Holly curled up

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on the sofa and Ridge took his packages up the stairs into the bedroom.

"I disagree with Ridge about Alicia," Holly started.

"You know what happened, too?"

"I was there."

Now Brett was totally confused.

"I was at the old ranch house when Alicia came there to have a private moment with company. At first, I didn't realize it was her. Then later, Ridge walked in, so he got involved. If you didn't even realize you loved her until after the unfortunate incident, I think it should stay between Alicia and us. Ridge, on the other hand, thinks you need to know."

Brett looked up at Ridge as he came down the stairs. "If I say it doesn't matter, can you leave it alone? Can you allow Alicia to tell me or *not*? It's not like I've been a saint. Or you either for that matter."

Ridge paled and looked away from Brett to Holly. "This is a damned mess."

"Ridge, you're being stubborn," Holly said. "Just let it go. If anyone ever needed our support and love, it's Alicia."

"I agree," Brett added.

Holly frowned at her future husband. "Alicia has never had it easy, and now with her mother in jail again, it's got to be difficult for her. She's never had a good role model. When she needed me, I left town and abandoned her without telling her why. For the first couple of years, she wrote heartbreaking letters to me about her life and her feelings. I failed her. I was going through my own hell with cancer and didn't give her the support she needed."

"When you put it like that..." Ridge offered.

"I won't let her down again," Holly said, her threatening tone directed to Ridge. "Nor will I allow *anyone* to hurt her."

Brett understood Holly was warning him to take care, too. He didn't need to be warned. He already understood, despite the bold display of

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bravado and sexy enticement she'd given with her sexual escapades, Alicia was fragile.

"It's forgotten. I can't even remember that afternoon, except you seduced me," Ridge said to his wife. "Consider it a wedding present."

"And you'll never mention it again? And you'll tell Alicia you'll keep quiet?"

"Do you want me to write it into my wedding vows?" he asked testily.

"That would be nice. What do you think, Brett?" Holly gave him a wink and grin.

"I'm for anything that lets Alicia off the hook. She's wound tighter than that horse of hers at the starting gate."

"Have you told her you love her?"

Brett thought back to their night together. They'd made love at least a half-dozen times before they'd fallen asleep. Then he'd awakened with a hard-on and they'd made love while they were still half-asleep. Hadn't he told her then? They'd dozed off still joined. Brett could feel his face coloring. Alicia hadn't seemed to mind.

"Brett?"

"Yeah?"

"You didn't answer me. Have you told Alicia? Don't bother to answer. I can tell by the silly look on your face. Get out of here and go find her. And don't be late tonight."

Brett didn't need to be told twice. He needed to let Alicia know she didn't need to worry about Holly and Ridge. And then *maybe* he could concentrate on winning the next calf-roping round, because he sure as hell hadn't made a good showing so far.

It took him less than five minutes to get to the stable where Alicia had Buck. Buck was there with a pretty young girl fawning over him and giving him a rubdown, but Alicia was nowhere in sight.

"Where's Alicia?" he asked.

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"She's paying me to look after Buck. Do you believe that ride today?"

"Where is she?"

"She went back to her hotel to lie down. She's not feeling too good."

*Damn!* Brett tipped his hat and turned on his heels. It took longer to find a cab than the actual ride to her hotel.

It was small place just off the strip that catered to penny-pinching cowboys coming in for the rodeo. When he knocked on her door, he hoped she wasn't sleeping.

"Who is it?" Alicia called through the closed door.

"Look in the peep-hole," he answered.

She opened the door a crack and peered out at him. "It's all cloudy. It's not time to go already, is it? Aren't you planning on changing?"

"You suppose I can come in?"

She hesitated.

"Are you sick?"

Alicia allowed the door to swing open. She wore an old terrycloth robe that she clutched at the neck to keep from falling open. She should have been more careful of the bottom. It opened to expose her knock-out legs, and he immediately started to get a hard-on.

"I'm not sure what's wrong. I think maybe it's something about Vegas. Maybe I'm allergic."

"To the town?"

"I was about to jump in the shower to get ready for tonight," she said, impatiently.

"Holly told me to come. She had a message for you." He was hedging. Why couldn't he just come out with it? What made those three little words so hard to get out?

Alicia hugged her robe tighter. "She doesn't want me at her wedding, does she?"

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"It's not that. She wants you there."

"Yeah, right."

"Really. She wants you to know both Ridge and she have completely forgotten what happened. I told them it was your business and I didn't want to know, since I didn't fall in love with you until after whatever it was."

"You love me?"

Brett gave a sheepish smile. "I love you."

Alicia started to cry. At first it was a small sob, but soon became hysterics. "I don't know what to do!"

"Why do you have to do anything? I told you, it doesn't matter to me what you've done in the past. We're starting our relationship from a little over three weeks ago. You haven't done anything since then I should know about, have you?"

Brett wasn't sure if she even heard him because she didn't stop crying.

"I need to think," she sobbed.

Brett did the only thing he could do. He took her into his arms and began to kiss her tears away. She snuggled into him, kissing him back. His building need for her exploded inside him so hard it hurt. This feeling, the sensations and the powerful emotions were all new to him. While compelling, they were also intimidating.

Her lips were wet with tears, softly yielding to him, so unlike the first time they were together. It was as though she had relinquished control, something he understood she wouldn't normally do. He explored the soft interior of her mouth with a slow dance while drugging ecstasy seeped into his veins. When he told her earlier he loved her, how little did he know. This kiss told him love was like a fast-moving train and he'd just begun the wild ride.

Alicia wriggled in his arms. Brett pull back to see her trying to remove her robe. *Yes!* She paused looking up into his eyes.

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“Whatever happens...” She hiccupped and stopped. “Whatever happens, I want you to know, I’ve always loved you. You’ve been the one constant in my heart and my head.”

Brett swept her into his arms and carried her the remaining few feet to her bed. Alicia had never seemed so fragile to him. Laying her on the bed, he lingered over her, placing another kiss on her soft lips.

When he stood to remove his clothes, her shimmering blue eyes watched him intently. He began to unzip his jeans, and she splayed her hands wide on either side of her, as if she worried about falling off the bed. Her eyes widened and he could see the wheels turning in her head. What was she thinking? And why had she been crying because he certainly didn’t buy her allergies story. How could he get her to trust him enough to confide in him?

By the time he freed his cock, she was writhing on the bed as she stared at that part of him. Even though he was ready to sink into the velvety warmth of her beautiful blonde pussy, he wanted more for her. Moving to the end of the bed, he crawled up between her legs. The sound of her breath catching in her throat told him she guessed what he planned to do.

Starting at her ankle, he worked slowly up to her knee, kissing the inside of her leg. He ran his hands over both legs, marveling at her muscular beauty. The closer he came to her sweet core, the harder it seemed to be for her to lie still.

“Remember what you told me the last time we made love?” he told her. “Relax. You’re all over the bed.”

“I’ll try,” she promised breathlessly.

“Good girl.” Brett moved up to the juncture between her legs.

Her scent drove him wild, making him want to take her fast and hard. Instead, he willed himself to regain control before he disappointed her. Using both hands, he gently spread the down-covered lips to expose her wonderful pink interior. He gently kissed her

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sensitive bud before exploring every inch of her with his tongue. He laved her core until she threaded her fingers in his hair and began to pant.

When he concentrated on teasing her clit, she began to moan and call out his name. He inserted his index finger into her soft warm tunnel. The walls of her pussy clamped down on him as he searched for her G-spot. He flicked his tongue again and again over her clit. He began to suck her clit and massage the magic spot inside her until he felt her clutching and pulsating against his finger.

Suddenly, nothing would do but burying his throbbing cock into her as she came. He moved upward and pushed inside her at the same moment she lit up like a rocket. She lifted them both off the bed when she began to come. He did the only thing he could—hung on for the ride of his life!



## CHAPTER 4

Alicia had almost dozed off when she heard her cell phone. She debated on answering it, but since it was probably her mother, experience told her it wouldn't do any good to put off the inevitable. It would only make her mother harder to deal with when they eventually talked.

Throwing off the covers, she grabbed her robe from the floor on her way to the dresser where she'd laid her fanny-pack. By the time she dug her phone out, it had stopped ringing and the number displayed gave her no clue to the caller's identity.

Brett gave a long, low moan and shifted in her bed. "I should head for my trailer to shower and shave before it's time to go to the wedding. Since I'm the best man, I can't be late."

Alicia still held the phone in her hand when it rang again, startling her. Flipping it open, she saw the same number illuminated.

"Hello?"

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“Alicia, thank God! You’ve got to get me out of here.”

No niceties from her mother. Alicia sighed. “Can we talk about this later? I’m in the middle of something.” She watched Brett sit up and stretch his spectacular body. Even sated beyond belief, she felt a jolt of sexual energy zinging through her tired body.

“No!” her mother screamed. “We can’t talk later. I need you right now.”

“I’m not in Cave Creek. I’m in Vegas. I don’t know what you think I can possibly do for you from here.”

“I know where you are,” her mom said contemptuously. “And I know you have the money to help me. If you pay my bail this one last time, I promise I’ll never ask again.”

Brett shot her a smile. Alicia turned away so he couldn’t see her face. “You know the answer to that. I told you I can’t help you again.”

*Not now, Mom! Please not now!*

The door leading outside was only a couple of steps away. She turned back to Brett, held the phone up and motioned to the door to let him know she needed privacy. Walking into the corridor, she pulled the door shut behind her before she put the phone back to her ear.

“Alicia? Alicia, can you hear me?”

“Mom, how did you hear I won today?”

“I have my ways. Now what about it? Are you going to help me or not?”

“Aside from the logistics of getting money to you in jail while I’m here, I can’t do it. I told you the last two times not to ask me again. I’m still paying off loans from borrowing money to get you out before.”

“I told you I’d pay you back.”

Alicia threw her head back and closed her eyes for a moment. Dealing with her mother was never easy. “You say you’ll pay me back, but you never do.”

“So you won’t help? Even though you have money to spare?”

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“No, Mom. Not again. I don’t have money to spare...just to pay my debts.”

“You leave me no choice, you ungrateful, little slut.”

Now the name calling would escalate. Alicia wanted to hang up. “What is that supposed to mean?” The sound of a click told her she wouldn’t get an answer. Alicia didn’t want to think about the threat. She had enough to worry about. As she reached for the door, she realized she’d left her card-key inside.

She knocked.

When Brett didn’t come, she knocked a second time. Just as she was about to knock a third time, the door opened. Brett was dressed and...the look on his face stopped her cold.

Her heart plunged.

“I had to pee,” he said.

At first she didn’t comprehend what he meant or why he felt compelled to inform her of his bodily functions. Then she remembered...

“I asked you if you were pregnant when you told me you were in trouble. Why did you lie to me?” he demanded.

In her wildest imagination, she’d never believed he would think *that* of her. He thought she was trying to trap him with someone else’s baby? He had to know it could be his. It had been three weeks since they’d made love and she was a week late.

Her phone rang again.

“You better answer,” he snapped, angrily. “It’s probably the baby’s father.”

“It’s my mom,” Alicia corrected and flipped it open.

“I warned you,” her mother said. “I told your father what an ungrateful daughter he gave me.”

Alicia felt as if she’d been smacked with a two-by-four, by Brett and then by her mother in rapid succession.

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“What do you mean you told my father? You always said you couldn’t even remember his name. That he split as soon as you told him you were pregnant.” Alicia didn’t want to look up at Brett and see what he thought of her humiliating conversation.

“Someone here in lockup taught me to use the internet. I decided yesterday to find him just in case. Especially with you there in Vegas. I told him to talk some sense into you.”

“What are you saying? My father is here in Vegas?”

“Your father never had a pot to piss in as far as I know, probably still doesn’t, but I thought maybe things had changed. I told him he owed me big time and I told him what an ungrateful child he gave me. I expect to be bailed out by tomorrow at the latest. Tomorrow.”

“No, wait,” Alicia said, even as she heard the click.

“Like mother, like daughter?” Brett said, sarcastically with more venom than she would have believed possible for him. As she met his heated eyes, it was more than she could handle. Brett, her mother, and a dead-beat dad she’d never known—all of them had made her feel worthless.

“I need you to leave,” she said calmly, while motioning for him to go.

At first it seemed like he wanted to argue, but then he stepped aside, allowing her inside her own room. Without another word, he moved past her and out the door. Probably out of her life, too. For good.

\* \* \*

Brett chafed in his starched shirt as he listened to the minister ask Ridge if he was ready to recite his vows.

“I, Ridge White, take you, Holly Turner, to be my wedded wife. I make this solemn promise to you. I will move heaven and earth to stay by your side for as long as we live. I give you my undying love, and especially my trust. I will always trust that you love me every bit as much as I do you. I’ll never allow my stubborn cowboy pride to

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separate us again. I've learned there's no worse torture in the world than to be apart from the woman who has my heart. Nothing you could do will ever stop me from loving you. If I'd been smart enough ten years ago when our love was new, I'd have known that then. But I damned well will...sorry, reverend...I'll make it up to you, Holly. As God and these here folks are our witnesses, I will love you forever."

"Forever," Holly whispered back.

Brett mulled Ridge's words over while Holly began to speak. In ten years, would he feel the same about Alicia? What if he was on the verge of making some of the mistakes his best friend had made—letting the woman of his heart go because of pride? Brett winced. He sure as hell didn't want to go through what Ridge went through.

\* \* \*

"What's wrong?" Holly asked later at the reception in a nearby hotel.

Brett glanced over to where Ridge stood talking with their two calf-roping buddies, Tam and Mike. The happy sound of their voices cut into his heart.

"Can you keep this to yourself for a while?" he asked.

Holly nodded. "Is this about Alicia?"

Brett nodded back. "She's pregnant."

"Oh, Ridge," Holly gasped.

Brett shrugged. "I don't know why she didn't tell me when I asked. I told her I'd help any way I can."

"When did she tell you?"

"That's just it. She didn't. I found out by accident."

"By accident?" Holly seemed confused. "I don't understand any of this. You and Alicia were—" Holly cleared her throat. "—intimate, over three weeks ago. That tells me she could only be a week or so late, or not at all. You're angry with her for not telling you sooner?"

"She had one of those tester things in her bathroom. The box said it

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was positive. The baby's not mine. She told me she was in trouble before we ever made love. She said both you and Ridge knew about it."

Brett could see the wheels turning in Holly's head before she spoke. "I don't think you're right about this...unless Alicia said so."

"Alicia isn't talking."

"I think Alicia meant she was in trouble with Ridge. He threatened her. He told her she needed to tell you what we walked in on, or else. He thought you two were an item. And one other thing, I haven't talked much to Alicia since she's been out on her own, but we used to be close. Alicia knows what it's like to grow up without a father. I'd take bets she practices extreme care. I know she used protection the night we saw her."

"You think I could be wrong?" Brett held his breath, waiting for her answer. Why had he been so quick to believe the baby wasn't his? Because he didn't want to be disappointed?

"You need to talk to *her* about this."

\* \* \*

Alicia sat on her tack trunk while Buck munched on the apple she'd brought him.

"You'll spoil him," a male voice said.

Alicia turned away from her horse to see a familiar face. She couldn't remember his name, but she'd seen him from time to time at different rodeos.

"He deserves it. He's the only one in my life who hasn't let me down." After she made the comment, she wished she'd watched her mouth. What had possessed her to talk that way to a complete stranger?

Alicia turned back to her horse so she wouldn't have to see the pity in his eyes.

"Mind if I pull a chair up and sit a spell?"

Alicia wanted to ask why. "I'm not very good company. Especially today." She heard the scrape of a metal chair on the concrete despite

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her words.

“I hear you had a big win today. Why the long face?”

“Have we met?” she asked, suddenly feeling uncertain.

“Not that I know of. I got a call today from someone I used to know. She told me to look you up for her.”

The trembling started from a place so deep inside Alicia, she didn’t know how to keep it from showing. She turned away from Buck and for the first time really looked at her visitor.

The instant she gazed into his eyes, she knew. They were her eyes. The same eyes she saw when she looked into a mirror, light blue irises ringed in a darker blue. His hair was the same light blonde as hers, only his was graying as well. But it was his stubborn, overbearing chin that convinced Alicia she was looking at her father. She’d always hated that chin on herself.

Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Brett coming down the aisle way. He stopped short, eyeing her father with suspicion.

“Why are you here?” She had no idea what Brett could want from her at this point in their disastrous non-relationship.

When both men started to answer her at the same time, Alicia looked from one to the other and wanted to run.

“Maybe I should come back at a better time,” her father said.

His civility frustrated her. “Maybe you should’ve come around a long time ago. If you’re running an errand for my mother, don’t bother. I’m through bailing her out of jail.”

Brett’s eyes narrowed and he moved closer to her side as if sensing trouble.

“Brett Coleman.” Her father stood, extending his open hand. “I’ve seen you and your partner ride. How’d you do today?”

“Mr. O’Dell, I didn’t realize you knew Alicia.”

Her father waited for her to answer, however, she couldn’t find the words. She was too busy thinking about her father’s name. It was the

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first time she'd heard it.

"Call me, Dell. You and Alicia are close?"

"Not nearly as close as I plan to be," Brett answered and looked away from her father to stare at her.

Tears were stinging the backs of her eyelids. "Don't make me cry in front of my horse," she begged. "You'll upset him."

"I was afraid of this," her father said, sadly. "How about we all go have us a drink or two?"

"She's not drinking," Brett said, almost too quickly.

"I have a feeling I showed up at the worst possible time," her father said.

Alicia shrugged, pulling her legs up to hug them against her chest. "There pretty much has never been a good time in my life. But anytime *sooner* would've been better."

"I didn't know about you. I mean I knew your mom was pregnant, but she said it wasn't my child. She even gave me a name of someone I knew who'd been hanging around her. Someone I didn't like very much."

"Someone with money she wanted to shake down?" Alicia quipped.

Her father seemed to flinch. "He had a trust fund and let it be known. But I'm not sure she even knew for certain. Maybe she didn't realize you were my daughter until you started to grow and looked like me."

"Damn," Brett cursed. "This is unbelievable. Alicia always thought her father didn't want her."

Her father looked ready to cry, too. "It's been bad for you?"

"You wouldn't believe how bad," Brett answered for her.

"You're doing good *now*, though?" His voice sounded desperately hopeful. "I mean, you and your horse are starting to make a name for yourselves."

Alicia wanted to scream. No, her life wasn't better. It couldn't get



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much worse.

“Alicia’s a fighter. She doesn’t let anything keep her down.” By the sound of Brett’s voice and words, she might wonder...

Brett moved to stand next to her, placing his hand on her shoulder. “Alicia and I have been friends for years. But we’ve recently fallen in love. I’m hoping she’ll consent to become my wife.”

The news didn’t seem to surprise her father, but Alicia nearly tumbled from her perch on the trunk. Brett had just managed to shock the hell out of *her*.

“When’s the big day?” her father asked Brett.

It was only then Alicia realized how uncomfortable this whole thing was making Dell. It was easier for him to talk to Brett than to her.

Brett looked at her imploringly. “I was hoping the day after tomorrow.”

Alicia didn’t believe what she was hearing.

“I hope I’m invited.” Her father pulled his wallet out of his pocket and handed them both a card. “You’re welcome to have the reception out at the ranch. I have seven thousand square feet under roof and only use a couple of rooms. It would be a nice way to get to know my only daughter and her new husband. I’ll be fifty this year and never thought I’d *be* a father.”

“And grandfather,” Alicia whispered.

Within two minutes, everything had changed. She now knew these two men wouldn’t abandon her—ever. Silent tears started pouring down her face.

“You’re kidding! What a day! I learn I’m a father and soon a grandfather in one day.”

“Not soon,” Alicia corrected, hardly able to talk. “About eight months from now.”

Her father’s face suddenly darkened, his eyes glistening with unshed tears. “I promise you, if I’d *known*, I’d have made sure you

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were taken care of. I can't find the words to tell you how badly I feel I've let you down."

Alicia jumped from the trunk and threw herself into his arms. The sobs came at the same time, making him hold her tight. He was saying something, but she couldn't hear what. She'd never dreamed this day would come for her."I don't think all this crying is good for the baby," her father said finally, and before she could think, Brett pulled her away and swept her into his arms.

"I have a trailer nearby," Brett said to her father. "Let's get her over there."

Alicia threw her arms around his neck and allowed him to carry her, digesting everything that had just happened as they walked. Could Brett really want to marry her? Could her life suddenly go from hell to heaven?

Brett stopped outside his trailer. He lowered her to her feet and began to dig in his pocket.

Her father gave her a reassuring smile. "I'm going on home now. You don't need any more excitement for one day. How about I come by in the morning to have breakfast with the two of you?"

"That would be great, sir." Brett gave Alicia his keys and offered his hand to her father.

"I'll be here about eight."

"That's good," Brett answered for both of them.

Her father gave a wave as he walked away humming. Brett took his keys from her hand to unlock the door. "We need to get you off your feet."

Alicia felt like laughing. "Are you suggesting I get in your bed?"

Brett gave a negative shake of his head that he quickly changed to a nod.

"Make up your mind," she told him.

"Oh, I've made it. I'm not going to make the same mistakes Ridge

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and Holly made. I'm going to trust you, and I want you to trust me."

Alicia reached behind him to lock the door, just in case. "So we're getting married here in Vegas?"

"If you'll have me? I still wouldn't blame you if told me to stick my head in a heaping pile of horse shit. Especially now you have a rich father ready to make up for long lost time."

"He's rich? Never mind...we'll talk later. Follow me." Alicia headed to the rear of the trailer.

"Follow you where? You need to rest."

"I'll admit I may have been over-excited, but the last thing I need is rest." Passing by the table, she scooped up his calf-roping ropes. She stopped in the tack compartment just behind the living quarters and pushed him back against the wall between a saddle and his tack box in the corner. The room was small, probably no more than four to five feet across. Alicia could spread her arms and touch both sides.

Brett stood waiting with a silly grin on his face. "Does this mean I'm forgiven?"

"Hands above your head," she ordered. When he complied, she tied both hands together and looped the rope over a hook on the rack running the length of the wall.

"Shouldn't you have taken off my clothes first?"

"I can't wait that long," she told him. "Sorry to say, it's a character flaw you should know about. I want instant gratification." She picked up a stool and sat it in front of Brett's feet. She could feel herself smiling as she worked through her brain how to accomplish what she wanted.

"Right now it doesn't seem like a flaw to me!"

She unfastened his big, silver belt buckle, unzipped him and lowered his jeans and boxers until his thick cock sprung free.

"This is cowboy Kama Sutra—the Alicia chapter." She sat down on the stool to remove her boots before she stood to shed her jeans and

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panties.

“What are you thinking?” he asked, sounding husky and breathless.

“I’m thinking you need to get used to the idea I like to do things a little differently. Just when you think you have me figured out...I’ll surprise you.”

She stepped onto the stool with her back to him, rubbing her bottom against his stiff cock. Reaching down between her legs she guided him down to a horizontal angle between her legs. When she leaned over against the wall and looked down, his penis was sticking out like it was hers.

She laughed. “I wish I had a camera.”

Then she began to rock back and forth, squeezing her legs tightly around him.

So suddenly it shocked her, she needed him inside her, filling her. She lifted a leg, resting it on the trunk beside her and then guided him inside her. She poised like that, trying to catch her breath. Then she lowered her leg and used the wall in front of her to leverage back onto him until he filled her. She was shaking so hard, she wondered if she would tumble from the stool.

It was so delicious she wanted to cry. When he began to move, she pushed back to stop him until she regained control. Brett moaned.

How did he have this affect on her? He was tied, but somehow he always managed to turn the tables on her. She was shaking from head to toe, trying to make it last. The pressure was agony and ecstasy in equal measures. Finally, she leaned forward, allowing Brett to move. Even with his hands tied above his head, his motions weren’t limited as he pumped into her.

Her orgasm began only seconds later. Brett was moving harder, the trailer was rocking and she was delirious.

“You forgot something,” Brett said a long time later.

“Right now I can’t remember anything.” Alicia giggled. “Give me a

## *ANOTHER CAVE CREEK COWBOY*

chance to lose the glow.”

Brett pulled her into his arms to deliver an open-mouthed kiss, full of promise. “If I have anything to do about, you’ll never lose that glow. I intend to make sure of it.”

“You are one cocky cowboy. What did I forget?”

“You never said you’d marry me,” Brett said meekly.

Alicia couldn’t believe her ears.

“I’ve loved you for as long as I can remember. I only wish I hadn’t been so afraid to let it show sooner. I was just so afraid you’d reject me, like everyone else in my life. Yes, I’ll marry you.”

“We may have made a late start, but we began with a bang. We’re about to have the time of lives.”

“I want you to know I didn’t get pregnant to trap you.”

Brett kissed her. “As I recall, it was my fault. I was responsible for not wearing a condom that last time we made love.”

“So you don’t doubt this baby is yours?”

“I just didn’t know you could find out so soon. It’s only been a few weeks.”

“Three to be exact But when my monthly didn’t come on schedule, I knew right away. I’ve never been a day late. One last thing before we cement this deal. Brett, I think I should tell you—”

Brett put his hand over her mouth.

“Don’t do it,” he said. “If you do, I’m going to have to reveal all my wicked and wild ways. Trust me, you won’t like it.”

Alicia thought about it. He was right. She’d hate to hear about his other women. She’d been with only three men besides Brett. It was just her bad luck that two of them were at the same time.

“You have a deal,” she said, finally. “I don’t want to be responsible for my jealous nature.”

“Seal it with a kiss?” Brett asked.

Alicia did the only thing she could do. She dove into his open arms.

## **BRIT BLAISE**

Brit Blaise lives and writes in hot and steamy Phoenix, Arizona, where she owns a mountainside home among the Saguaro cacti, rattlesnakes, smoldering temperatures and lots of real cowboys. She has a husband, three children and two Labradors. Brit loves the history and adventure of the sunny southwest even if she doesn't love the heat (that kind anyway).

Brit started seriously writing in 2002. Her first contemporary comedy was a finalist in the 2002 Realizing the Dream Contest by Phoenix Desert Rose and since then she's added to her list of achievements.

She enjoys writing and reading above all else, but her hobbies include needlework, quilting, gardening and arena football. Go Phoenix Rattlers! She likes to hear from readers; you can visit her website at [www.Britblaise.com](http://www.Britblaise.com).

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