

Red Bottom Ranch

By Christina Stoke



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Chapter One

Ex-marine lieutenant, Beckett McCade, downshifted his reconditioned 1949 military Jeep into a rolling stop at the entrance to his late uncle's two hundred acre ranch fifty miles south of Bend, Oregon. "Maverick" was the name his uncle had officially called his Oregon spread and as the dust settled in front of Beckett's antiglare military-issued sunglasses his eyes narrowed as he looked up at the new pine marquee. "Bright Water?" What the hell did that mean?

His gaze swept over the high plains in front of him dotted in places with aspen and towering pine. The rest of the scenery was painted with short scrub grass as far as the eye could see. He could just barely see the white ranch house at the end of the two-mile road leading up to it.

"I must be losing my mind," he muttered, squinting hard through his sunglasses at the eastside of the house. Looking at what appeared from this distance to be a line of pink flags flapping in the constant high plains wind. What bothered him was the fact that his uncle had passed away over a year ago without leaving a wife or children so that now his new inheritance the "Maverick Bar S Ranch" should be deserted.

It was a testament to where he had recently been and who he was that made Beckett automatically reach for his nine-millimeter pistol packed in the back of the Jeep. Halfway there he checked his automatic response with a barely perceived tremor, before he grabbed his high-powered binoculars instead. He leaned his spine into the tough vinyl seat as he took a deep breath and tilted his face up to the early afternoon sun. *How could he forget?*

Still, it happened in blind moments, bizarre seconds of misplaced reality that the doctors had described as perfectly normal under the circumstances. That little tidbit of wisdom coming after a four-month hospital stay, which finally evolved into a permanent medical discharge from his ten-year military career. There were literally pieces of him that might never be the same again and he wondered once more how he could live with that?

The pieces of Serb shrapnel that caught him in the back of his left thigh had been removed. Through two surgeries the bone, muscle, and even a major vein had been repaired to what the doctors had stated would be basically normal. However the small piece of Serb shell casing that

had ripped into his left testicle—well now that was another story entirely. Maybe—maybe not, they couldn't or wouldn't say what the odds were on whether he would ever be able to make love again.

“Shit.” Beckett rubbed a rough hand over the auburn bristles of his buzz-cut, continuing to swipe his hand down over his hard jaw and the constant five o'clock shadow he wore. He just had to be patient somehow. He had not risked ten years of his life for his country to have this end up happening. Determined to put the constant worry aside, Beckett lifted the binoculars to his eyes to study the ranch house that he had inherited.

He had been surprised when the letter from his uncle, who he'd never been close to, arrived at his hospital bed after a year delay in finding him. It must have been written days before his uncle's death from cancer and it stated that Beckett would be his only heir. The unexpected inheritance was a blessing at a time when luck had been kicking him in the ass a lot. To have a place to come home too, a place to start over. He'd never been a rancher before, however he could learn.

Perhaps the delayed letter was now the reason he could see such clear evidence of habitation at the ranch house. The reason for the letter's delay was some mixup in military paperwork that had stated he was dead and not merely recuperating from his wounds. Perhaps there was an estate lawyer involved here, one that had rented out the property when no one had arrived for such a lengthy period of time to stake their claim.

“There is definitely a woman living there,” Beckett muttered as he adjusted the scope of his binoculars to zoom in on the sight of some very skimpy pink lingerie. All of it hung from a clothesline. A lacy teddy . . . two pairs of panties . . . one bra—all in pink, and as Beckett's gaze swept further down the line he found his pink flags. Five of them in all, and they were all pink sheets? This lady whoever she was appeared to have a consuming pink fetish, he mused sweeping his enhanced gaze over the white ranch house.

No evidence of kids toys or swings. Just a really sweet older model red Mustang convertible parked in the drive, which was a highly impractical vehicle for this high plain's country. There was a barbeque with some lawn furniture set up on the westside of the ranch house and that was about all he could see from this distance.

Beckett set the binoculars down on the Jeep seat beside him and reached into the pocket of his denim shirt for a toothpick to chew on. *What the hell was he going to do now?* He did not have the name of the lawyer concerning the estate, or any in the nearest small town of Pine Grove for that matter. He would be surprised if he knew or was remembered by anyone around here. He'd only spent a couple of summers here when he was a kid so it was unlikely that anyone would remember him. Probably the only lawyers to be had around were fifty miles away in Bend, Beckett thought as his gaze kept sweeping east and then west. It seemed to him that he should have at least seen some cattle. His uncle

had always raised a large herd and some of those cattle should be in and around the barn and corrals.

Hell, he hoped some estate lawyer had not sold his herd because that was what all his future plan's revolved around. The irritation of this thought spurred him on. There was only one way to answer all of his questions, Beckett thought grimly, popping the Jeep's gear into first as he headed slowly down the drive.

Chapter Two

Evangeline pulled the last pink towel out of the washing machine and plopped it into the wicker basket. Darn, who would have thought one brand-new pink nightie could cause so much pink. She would have to admit after this that laundry was just not her specialty—and now she would have to cope with all this pink. She swiped at the loosely tied blonde ponytail on top of her head, sweeping it from her eyes as she straightened her back. Maybe she could use the color pink as inspiration in one of the new stories that she was writing. Then she continued to muse on the subject as she walked out the back screen door to hang up the last batch of laundry on the clothesline.

“Maybe I could give my sexy brooding cowboy, Jake, a woman with a pink fetish . . . hmm?”

It was then Evie heard the chugging sound of an engine and it startled her as she looked up quickly. *Calm down Evie! This is the middle of no place Oregon. Not San Francisco and that is not a woman in that old military Jeep.* Still, not many people came down her driveway that she did not recognize and actually not many people came down it at all. The fact was she could not stop being nervous that this didn't have something to do with Janet after what she'd been through. Had Janet found her? Was this a detective or some new deranged partner of Janet's horrible schemes?

Evie dropped her laundry basket and edged closer toward the house, which was still a long way off, while she watched a very large man, as in tall and well built, get out of the old military Jeep. She could not see his eyes because of his dark sunglasses but the part of his chest she could see beneath the open edges of his denim jacket and his white scooped-necked tee shirt was tanned and muscle—muscle!

“Ma'am, I did not mean to frighten you. My name is, Beckett McCade, Ma'am.” As he spoke in a rumbled bass, he stopped his pacing advance on the other side of her hip-high picket fence so Evie stopped her retreat on her side.

He had to be in the military, Evie thought looking at his rigid stance and shaved brown hair. This thought made her relax a little. Janet would

never have anything to do with a man in the military or more correctly a man in the military would never have anything to do with Janet. *I need to stop this! She will never find me*, Evie silently chided herself as she shielded her eyes from the sun with one hand and gazed up at the tall, Mr. Beckett McCade.

“Are you lost, Mr. McCade?” she asked as she watched him take his sunglasses off in a polite gesture to reveal deep brown eyes and a hard-lined masculine face that held no traces of boyish soft edges. Evie didn’t realize it but she’d stepped another pace backward, as she said, “My, um—family and I haven’t been in this area long enough so I wouldn’t be any help to you for directions,” she finished. Evie was hoping her lie about having a family would make him think about a big burly husband roaming somewhere near by and not the sad fact that she was here all alone.

“I am not lost, Ma’am.” Mr. McCade’s voice was a smooth deep tenor that rippled slowly up Evie’s spine. “I am Jacob Brennan’s nephew. The man that owned this ranch before he passed away in June of last year.”

“Jacob Brennan’s *nephew*?” Evie exclaimed, dropping the hand that shielded her eyes. “B-But, *I* thought-.”

“You thought what, Miss-?” Beckett asked gazing down at the petite blonde standing on her bare tiptoes and looking about ready to run at any startled moment. The lady with the pink lingerie and D size cup, he guessed—was pretty. Although she was trying to hide her curves by wearing a sleeveless tent-shaped dress that fell to the middle of her shapely calves. But the plain’s winds were defeating the shapeless white linen by molding its material around every voluptuous bump and grind curve that she owned. This lady was built and only petite by his standards because he was tall. She wore no makeup and did not need any with her cute freckles and blinding sapphire blue eyes.

“P-Pennyflower,” she stuttered at him.

“Miss Pennyflower,” Beckett repeated slowly.

It was much too proper a name for this curvy package, Beckett thought at the same time he caught the fact that she had neglected to put any Mrs. in front of her last name. Which made him wonder about this family of hers? Mom, dad, kids . . . a husband?

“I thought you were, um, *dead*,” she gushed defensively.

Beckett’s smile was slow and easier than it had been in years. His, Miss Pennyflower looked about ready to scoot away so he tried a more relaxed conversational stance and he stuffed his hands into the back pockets of his jeans. It was becoming more obvious by each hesitant step backward that she took that she was here alone. But the moment his hands hit the back pockets of his jeans, Miss Pennyflower’s royal blue eyes skittered to his chest, where his jacket spread open wider because of his stance.

Hell, it had been a long time since he’d caught any woman admiring his military-pounded muscle. “I am not dead, Miss Pennyflower,” he said

slowly. “There was some mixup with my paper work though. So I can understand how you could have made that mistake.”

“But this just can’t be!” she exclaimed. “I *paid* for this ranch. I-I mortgaged the land and I made a down payment!”

Everything about the situation changed for Beckett in that moment with those exclaimed words as he watched Miss Pennyflower’s—what the hell was her first name anyway—as he watched her dainty chin firm and her incredible blue eyes sparkle with anger. And further, Miss Pennyflower’s entire claim, its wording and its full meaning, sunk into his mind. A gentleman was a gentleman and he did not go around frightening pretty ladies—but hell, this was his entire future at stake here.

So maybe he cussed a little bit under his breath—and possibly he took a step forward—but not even over the fence. However, the next thing Beckett knew Miss Pennyflower was off like a fleet bottomed doe. And what a bottom, Beckett thought as he arrived at the back screen door just as it slammed into his face.

“Don’t you *dare* come into my house!” Miss Pennyflower squealed from the other side of the flimsy screen door, which she tugged on with both hands trying to keep him from pulling it open from the other side.

“*My* house,” Beckett growled, popping the screen door out of her hands, which caused Miss Pennyflower to stumble backwards into the short hallway.

—Then his foot was nearly over the threshold when he realized what he was doing-! Nevertheless it was at that moment Miss Pennyflower hit his last nerve.

“Possession is nine tenths of the law!” she exclaimed with a feminine squeal just as his boot continued its journey over the threshold—and Miss Pennyflower turned to flee. “I’m calling the sheriff to arrest you! Don’t you dare come any further—*don’t you dare!*”

Evie did not wait to see what two hundred pounds of furious man was going to do. She ran! Until she came to her bedroom where she locked herself in and dialed 911 on her phone. The entire time expecting her door to break open from Mr McCade’s boot kicking it. Which did not happen as she tried to calmly explain her circumstances to the 911 operator, and her immediate need of a sheriff. Only it was calmly explained back to her that with county cuts and without the threat of a gun being involved that it could take one to two hours before a sheriff arrived. Evie thought for one second about lying about a weapon but in the end she couldn’t lie. The operator told her they were treating this as a domestic episode and Evie did not argue the stupidity of that! She just decided to explain her case to the sheriff when he showed up.

The second she hung up the phone she heard *his* voice on the other side of her bedroom door. “I heard you call the sheriff, Miss Pennyflower, and I’m glad to wait for him. If possession is nine tenths of your law, Ma’am, then I’m going into the kitchen to make myself some coffee and look over this paper I have here that states this entire ranch is mine!”

“Oh you, brute,” Evie muttered at the door as she heard Mr. McCade’s boots hit the hardwood floor, walking away down the hallway. *Why* had she blurted out that stupid nine tenths of the law defense, Evie asked herself? Because she was afraid. She had sunk every penny she had and then some to buy this ranch and the plain fact was she had no where else to go.

So Evie fumed for nearly a half an hour going nuts thinking Mr. McCade might be rifling through her things. That was until she could not stand it any longer and she grabbed her deed on the property and stormed out of the bedroom. Halfway down the hallway she thought better of it and began to tiptoe, while listening to hear where Mr. McCade might be.

She found him exactly where he said he would be sitting at the kitchen table. Evie peeked around the corner and knew that without turning his head from looking out the back window that Mr McCade knew she was there. Evie scooted through the doorway and quickly put the breakfast bar between herself and where he sat with his ankle propped on one leg and his arms crossed over his chest. He was about the most ruggedly handsome man that she’d ever laid eyes on but she was not going to let that effect her.

Anxiously, Evie laid her deed down on the cream-colored tile of the breakfast bar top and she tapped it with her finger stepping back quickly. “There is *my* deed, Mr. McCade.”

“It is not that I disbelieve you, Miss Pennyflower,” he said, turning his head slowly to look at her with his deep brown-colored eyes. “I just believe that there has been an unfortunate mistake made because of the misconception about my death.”

“*B-But*, I paid money,” Evie challenged. “I paid twenty-five thousand dollars for a down payment alone.”

“And that, Ma’am, is the part I do not understand,” he replied with a slow tenor drawl. “Just who did you pay this money too?”

Evie stepped up to the breakfast bar and clutched the edge. “Why Mr. Brennan’s estate lawyer, a Mr. Lucas Snow.”

Evie watched Mr. McCade shake his head slowly as a dreadful knot built in her stomach. “But for whom, Miss Pennyflower? Who was the money from the sale of this ranch for if all of Jacob’s relations were considered dead?”

Oh no! “Why it must have been for the state. I mean surely it was?” Evie responded anxiously.

“Frankly, Ma’am, I have never heard of such a thing. If an honest lawyer thought this estate abandoned, it would have gone to the state of course. Only then the state would have auctioned it.” He paused meaningfully, before he asked, “You did read your contract didn’t you?”

Oh dear! Evie had been so upset at the time trying to get away from Janet—who was a fan of her writing but turned out to be crazed. Evie had been trying to get away from Janet and find a place where Janet would not find her. The signing of the contracts had been right after Janet had attacked her . . . trying and halfway succeeding in raping her!

“Y-You are trying to convince me that I was swindled, aren’t you, Mr. McCade?” Evie asked him with an accusing tone. “Why that’s-that’s greedy *and* low down!”

Mr. McCade’s jaw firmed to unyielding square bone as his eyes narrowed. “And you’re not greedy?” he asked lowly.

“I most certainly am not. I paid decent money for this property and I will *never* give it up!” Evie exclaimed righteously.

“And *that-*,” Mr. McCade uttered as he stood, pushing his fists onto his narrow jean-clad hips, while Evie backed into the sink. “-is going to be a problem because I’m not *ever* going to give up my rightful inheritance either!”

Chapter Three

Several hours later Beckett angrily tossed his duffle bag on the cot in the small apartment built in the back of the barn. *Damn that woman.* She had sold his cattle using only a handshake between herself and a rancher named Barnes and if he didn't get both their hands' unshaken real fast he was going to lose his herd! How that had happened he would never know because this damn place was his to begin with and not *hers!*

The sheriff had come and gone saying that with the paperwork they had both shown him, he did not have any legal recourse to kick either of them off the property. He'd also advised them that the rest was going to take lawyers and a judge. Then he'd taken Beckett aside and said while he agreed that Beckett had a right to stay on the land he thought it would look better for Beckett if he didn't try to push any issues of staying in the house with Miss Pennyflower. It would hardly be decent the sheriff had stated, and Beckett always considering himself a gentleman had agreed. Of course that was before he had gotten around to ask about his livestock, and now that he thought about it, looking out of the apartments open doorway into the stables—where the hell were all of the horses!

“Christ almighty, I've got to get rid of that woman.”

Hell, he would come up with someday to get her money back to her even if he had to send her part of the profits from the ranch until the day he died. But he was not—absolutely *not* going to give up his dream. It was the only thing he had left.

Beckett grabbed his duffel bag ignoring the pain in his groin and thigh as he headed out of the stables and back toward the ranch house. There were more than two ways to mount any effective offense and he had just stopped being a gentleman.

Beckett strode straight into the kitchen having found the backdoor still unlocked—damn fool woman—only to stop dead in his tracks at the sight that met his gaze. It was Evangeline—he had finally learned her first name—bent over one of the lowest kitchen drawers by the stove. The only problem with this was—and he wasn't quite sure his male gaze thought it was any problem—Evangeline was only dressed in a skimpy see-through pink nightie and a pair of *brief* thong panties. Her ass was gorgeous! It was womanly ripe and contoured in creamy pink-tinted skin—and that thong. Jesus, it hugged the crease of Evangeline's sweet butt like a wet kiss.

Miss Pennyflower must have finally heard his entrance, because suddenly she squealed, turning around to palm her “double” D sized breasts—he’d been way off about that size. She clutched them ineffectually with both of her hands trying to cover them-. Way too large and pert for that.

“*What* are you doing here?” she exclaimed.

Beckett’s eyes narrowed, this is exactly what he needed to do. Intimidate her. “Going to bed,” he drawled. “Want to come?” He used heavy inflection on the last word suggestively.

“*Are* you insane?” she hissed stumbling back into the corner of the kitchen counters.

“Not looking at you I’m not,” he growled over his grimace of deliberately frightening her. Yet he had to, and if anything came of it any judge would just love to hear about his condition—or lack thereof. So he was safe. But he certainly was never going to tell Evangeline that. This was going to be his ace in the hole. Finally good for something.

Evie tried to catch her breath. Beckett McCade was so big—so masculine and she was practically nude! She’ been intending to lose herself in her erotic story writing. It was a way to escape her looming—and she did mean six foot two inches of looming problems. And she always wore sexy lingerie when she was writing, but now-!

“A-*Are* you going to rape me or something?” she squeaked fearfully, scooting along the edge of the counter—but she was trapped!

“Hell,” Mr. McCade muttered looking down at her attempts to try to cover her breasts from his heated gaze. “Will it get rid of you, baby doll?” he asked with a very suggestive bass murmur, while he deliberately lowered his gaze to her barely covered crotch.

Instinctively, Evie jerked her hand between her thighs to cover what her skimpy panties didn’t. Mr. McCade chuckled deeply, making her skin jump and shiver. “Oh you-*you*, pervert!” she cried. “It will get you landed into *jail* for years! That’s what it will get you!”

Beckett McCade’s broad shoulders jerked as if she had physically slapped him and Evie felt a withering sense of satisfaction as he stepped closer and she inched her bottom up onto the counter with no place else to go. Had she pushed him too far? Even though she taunted him, she had sensed that he would never-. Or was she wrong?

Beckett’s head dropped down until they were eye level, not far because she was perching bare-cheeked on the counter. “I am going to my bedroom if you change your mind.” His voice was low and smoky and Evie shivered as she watched him turn around. It was then she finally realized what he meant to do and all her caution flew out the window.

“But you *can’t*. You can’t stay here Mr. McCade!” she cried breathlessly, starting to follow him.

“If you follow me, little girl, I will think you are asking for it,” he growled over his shoulder.

Evie prudently stopped in the kitchen doorway and watched Mr. McCade stalk down her hallway to pick the bedroom right next to hers! When there were two perfectly good bedrooms across the hall. She bit her bottom lip to keep from saying anything and watched anxiously as he went inside and shut the door. When she thought it was safe she tiptoed past his door and scooted into her bedroom, locking the door firmly behind her. Quickly, she went to find a robe, but all she had were lacy silk ones and that would never do. But she had to go back out to the living room and get her erotic writing before *he* prowled around and found it!

Beckett lay on the bed with his hands behind his head, in what he assumed was his uncle's old bedroom. He had messed up, he thought in frustration. He had fallen back on his misplaced sense of honor concerning women. However no matter how much he wanted Miss Pennyflower gone . . . and he did, he still could not go so far as to make her believe that he would rape her . . . or could. No, he needed something else, he was an intelligent man and he should be able to conjure a way to make Miss Evangeline uncomfortable. Uncomfortable enough to leave here willingly—or sort of.

Damn though, Beckett pondered, Evie was one fine-looking woman. Probably about twenty-five to his twenty-nine. He could dream about coming home every night to Evie's voluptuous little figure dressed up in those sexy undies. Incredibly, he even felt some sexual heat tightening his belly just remembering Evie's big gorgeous breasts sheathed in only see-through pink and her plump little naked butt. But the arousal went no further. *Where Beckett dared it to go.* There was no hot blood pumping into his groin thickening and lengthening his prick to its normal throbbing stiffness, damn it. *Hell*, what he wouldn't give too-!

- Moments later and angrier than he had been two minutes earlier, Beckett was surprised to find Evie poking around a desktop in the living room he was about to stalk through on his way to the kitchen. He was hungry and hoping to find a beer. But in the face of Evie's ill prudence, which was being within his reach, and with his mood properly foul, he stopped and decided in an instance what was going to be the cornerstone of his attack on Evie's "uncomfortable" quota.

"In the home I was raised in, Miss Pennyflower, the man was the master and the woman obeyed or they were punished," he announced loudly.

Evie squealed in surprise whirling around to face him. She was wearing a white tent dress again with a horrified expression on her lovely face. She was a woman caught, cornered, and soon to be tamed, he thought with an unexpected satisfaction lifting his chest.

"*Oh*, you neanderthal, what could you possibly mean by that? This is *my* home!" she exclaimed, darting to the left in an attempt to escape his steady advance. "*Oh*—don't you touch me—don't you dare touch me!" Evie squealed as he caught her around the waist, whirling them both

around until he ended up sitting on the couch with Evie squealing—bottoms up across his lap.

Yes, he thought victoriously!

“You’re insane! Let me go!” she shrieked.

Beckett did not waste any more time explaining, because Evie was a mess of churning elbows and flaying thighs. So his first hard smack across her butt was a trifle off center.

“*Oh-Oh!* I don’t believe this!” she blurted furiously. Nevertheless, she was shocked enough that her legs stilled in their struggle and Beckett was able to clamp his leg over her legs, to hold them nearly immobile. Evie immediately realized her mistake and began slapping at the parts of him she could reach, which wasn’t much as he began to spank her in earnest.

Thwap! Thwap! Thwap!

“*Oh* this is so childish!” Evie cried, and then she began to try and pinch him.

“Ouch,” he grumbled. “Hell, stop that!”

Evie had gotten a good pinch into his bad thigh before he’d caught hold of both of her wrists and clamped them together behind her back. She was good and caught now, and her siren’s rump was squirming beneath his gaze.

“Oh, you-you-you brute! You, beast! You, pervert!” she screamed.

Thwap! Thwap! Thwap! Thwap!

“*Oh hh!*”

Damn, Beckett cursed silently, the material was bunching up around Evie’s wriggling ass and he couldn’t even feel his own palm burning. He sure as hell wasn’t affecting much but her dignity.

“If you think, *Mr. Brute*, that this little episode is going to convince me to leave you are mistaken!”

Beckett gritted his teeth to the grinding point, and then he used his free hand to start hauling up Evie’s dress.

“*What* are you doing?” she squealed.

Hell. Beckett’s gaze filled with Evie’s bare ass. She still had the lustful little thong on! Beckett lifted his hand with anticipation for some bare cheek slaps to Evie’s sassy rump. With her buttocks bare like this it was going to sting much more and he schooled his strength not to hurt her more than a nice, red rump spanking. He wanted her to feel the burn and sting but more important was the position and domination. *Slap! Slap! Slap!*

“*Oh hh!*”

Christ, Evie’s buttocks were lusty, turned up in a raised arc over his lap, and each schooled slap he applied to them jiggled the plump cheeks individually, turning her ivory flesh into a stained pink color. The squirming of Evie’s ass beneath his nose was nothing less than sinful—and the strip of satin wedged in the deep crack of her butt was criminal. He veered his aim directly for it. *Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!*

“*Oh hh! Ow!*” Evie cried as the sting of Beckett’s broad hand slapping across her bottom reverberated to all of her senses. The chief one being humiliation and embarrassment over the exposure of her bare behind to Beckett’s gaze. Helplessly she tried to roll her rear end to the left to avoid the inevitable. *Slap!Slap!* “*Ow!*” she cried, that didn’t work so she tried rolling her buttocks to the right. *Slap!Slap!* “*Ow! Ow!*” *Darn!* Beckett was centered right on the crease of her butt no matter where she rolled—and his hand was wide! “*Mr. McCade, pleass-!*”

Smack! “*Ouch!*” Evie cried, mortified that she’d been about to beg Beckett to stop spanking her, and she *shouldn’t*, wouldn’t do that-! *Smack!* “*Ouch!*”

Maybe? *Smaack! Smaack!* “*Ouch don’t!*” she cried, there was a time and place for everything she decided as Beckett began to really spank the tender under curves of her buttocks with sharp stinging slaps. “Please stop!” she begged him shamelessly.

“What,” Beckett growled, stopping to shake his hand and to gaze down at Evie’s rosy pink-tinted buttocks flexing with a quiver over his thigh.

“It hurts, Beckett. *P-Please* stop.”

“I will stop when you agree to call the man and get my damn steers back.”

“T-That’s all you want?” Evie asked in a rough voice trying to turn her head to look back at him. Her irises were a bruised purple color with unshed tears.

“Yes that is all I want this time,” Beckett replied laying his hand on the curves of Evie’s warm bottom. Not spanking this time just still.

“Oh,” she gasped softly and he thought her voice suddenly sounded husky. Hell, Evie’s satin bottom felt incredible and he actually tensed, holding back the impulse to squeeze one of her pudding-filled buttock cheeks beneath his wide palm.

“I would, Beckett. I s-suppose that it’s only fair. B-But it doesn’t mean I’m leaving because I am not.”

Hell, Beckett lost the battle with his hand and he stroked one cheek of Evie’s flushed little ass in a gentle circular motion. “We will see about that later,” he muttered.

“Oh,” Evie sighed again in a breathy gasp.

“Right now you are going to tell Mr. Barnes that the deal is off and you want those steers back.” Reluctantly, Beckett gave up the rounded curves of Evie’s bottom as he began to slowly let her up, and then he helped her to stand. Hell, she was so pretty with her flushed cheeks and her luminous blue eyes. She was definitely wary, not sure quite how to behave and Beckett wondered if Evie knew that she was rubbing her behind as she peeked at him hesitantly.

“That really hurt,” Evie finally said in wonder.

“Yeah,” he agreed.

“Well, I better get the number,” she murmured scotting away.

Evie wasn't quite sure what to think. Her tongue was bursting with recriminations and justification except she kept her mouth tightly clamped shut for fear of what Beckett would do-. Shoot, that *really* stung! Maybe it was her shock or surprise, but Beckett McCade's calloused hand sure stung her bottom. Yet, the most ironic thing about this was that she wrote about this stuff. She had three published spanking stories and she'd never been spanked in her life. Oh, not until now, Evie thought, bringing Mr. Barnes phone number back into the livingroom.

She had to stand over Beckett because he was on the side of the couch where the phone was and he did not seem inclined to move. She *really* couldn't help but notice Beckett's mounded biceps or the way his pectorals traced hilly in and out expanses across his chest, a muscular chest just barely contained inside his scooped-neck tee shirt.

"Umm, Mr. Barnes, please." Evie stubbed her toe around in the carpet between Beckett's boots. "Yes hello, Mr. Barnes, this is Evangeline Pennyflower" "Oh yes, I see you got all the-." "*—But*, you see Mr. Barnes—Oh, there is more on the eastside?" "But you see that is—and it will cost *that* much!" "But you never said a thing-!" "*Now* just a minute, Mr. Barnes-!"

"Evie, give me the phone."

Evie's hand shot outward gladly to place the receiver into Beckett's palm. Phew! This ranching might just be like the laundry, Evie thought pessimistically as she watched Beckett palmed the receiver.

"What's wrong?" he asked sternly, with his serious brown eyes focused entirely on her.

Evie decided that it felt very good to dump this on someone else's very broad shoulders. Because it was a whopper and Beckett wasn't going to like it! *And* it would be very good if he were mad at someone else beside her-.

"Evie?" Beckett grasped her hand and she felt his palm was scratchy and warm and very solid.

"Beckett, Mr. Barnes said that I have to *pay* for moving those steers and he never said anything about that before."

"Did you approach him about selling the steers?" Beckett asked her quietly.

"No, Beckett, he said that Mr. Snow sent him. And Mr. Snow called and said that I needed to sell them and put the money down on the money that I owe for the land."

Evie looked so earnest, Beckett thought as he pulled her down to sit beside him. Hell, he'd like to get his hands on this slick Mr. Snow. Yet, if his guess was right Mr. Snow was long gone and Evangeline Pennyflower had absolutely no head for business. He wondered briefly how Evie made her money, twenty-five thousand dollars was not spare change. It was probably family money, he thought as he steeled himself for his conversation with Mr. Barnes. He was going to get his steers back!

Evie listened to Beckett argue with Mr. Barnes for twenty minutes before she was luckily able to make her escape. Thinking it would be best to let Beckett McCade cool off and wait to find out what happened in the morning.

Evie prudently locked her bedroom door and went straight to her dressing mirror to look at her sore bottom. Dropping her dress quickly Evie even wiggled gingerly out of her thong panties so she could turn around and view her bottom in the mirror. Her buttocks were really red especially along the bottom curves!

“Red apple, um, no rosy red.”

She liked to describe things in color for inspirations on her creative writing and always before this she'd used complete imagination but now she had experienced the *real* thing! And if her guess was right about Beckett McCade's determination she was going to feel his big hand spanking her bottom again. It was then she realized with surprise that her nipples were puckered and her pussy which she liked to think of creatively as her juicy peach, was wet!

She was aroused. It was just like when she was writing at times and she had to stop to-to-. “Uoo,” she whispered breathlessly.

Then she immediately moved to the bed feeling the cool air touch her naked skin as she pulled back the old fashion quilt on her bed and plopped one of her sturdier pillows in the center of the mattress. She kept lots of different size pillows on her large bed and she completely forgot the light in her increasing arousal as she lay down with her belly over the pillow and her bottom hiked upward.

Evie immediately felt her jettison nipples scrap the linen sheets and she moaned, softly laying her head to one side. Slowly she spread her knee's wider—and wider, digging her hand under her belly until she could touch herself.

“Uoo. Ooo.” Her body was so hot and her peach was so wet as she rubbed her clitoris and undulated her bottom feeling the exposure of her position and unable to think of anything else but Beckett's large hand smacking her bare buttocks.

“*Oohmm!*”

Chapter Four

“Ah- Ah- God!”

Chloe felt the hot cream burst into her mouth and she swallowed around Ravenscar’s big throbbing organ stretching her lips.

Beckett’s fingers twitched on the piece of typing paper he held. What the hell was this, he wondered lowering his gaze to read more?

Chloe thought somewhere in the back of her mind that she should be appalled. But she wasn’t! Crazy, she was excited and she could not stop thinking about Lord Ravenscar putting his mouth to her sex the night before.

Ravenscar was still shuddering when she pulled her lips away from him and looked up at his harrow cheeks and his glazed black eyes. But, just as quickly his gaze turned feral. “I want to watch you masturbate, slave,” he commanded thickly.

Slave? Beckett blinked and hunched over the typing paper again. Damn, was Evangeline Pennyflower writing this stuff?

Chloe gasped in shock and maybe-maybe some excitement? She could not deny that there were times when she touched herself at night beneath the bed covers. But to have a man watch her do this! To have Ravenscar watch her! She was horribly embarrassed and confused about her feelings except she had gone so far already. She had gone so low or to such new heights, she could not comprehend. But he allowed her no hesitations nor will of her own as he pressured her onto her back, and then he stretched on his side at an angle to her.

“Bend your legs and spread your knees.”

He would see everything! Everything! She did as he commanded her with her eyes closed and her body trembling.

“Your cunt is ripe . . . and wet,” Ravenscar whispered sinuously.

Chloe moaned helplessly in anguish, and a strange compelling excitement. Then, his hands were on her thighs pulling her across the mattress until her bottom hit his chest. Oh! He lifted one of her calves up over the bunched muscles of his shoulder.

“Put your fingers in your pussy.”

“Ravenscar, p-please,” she pleaded.

“You want your child,” he hissed in accusation. “Prove it to me,” he finished with a whispered snarl.

He owned her, Chloe thought desperately as graphic visions of all the ways he might use her skittered through her mind. And there was nothing she could do to stop him. There was no way for her to say no. Yet the most terrible feeling was that she was not sure that she wanted to. She had never felt so sexually charged as when Ravenscar commanded her. She had never known that she could be a sexual creature.

Arching her body Chloe dipped her fingers into her sex, finding the place of her secret pleasure. Feeling her own moisture and heat. Touching the tender folds of flesh, then finding the elusive bead, over which she began to rub slowly.

She whimpered in need when Ravenscar kissed her inner thigh and kneaded her buttocks with his big hands pulling the quivering cheeks open and closed with each massage. Compelling her beyond need into hot passion she moved her fingers faster in the tissues of her sex chasing the bead of flesh that was growing bigger and tighter.

“I own you,” Ravenscar murmured, splitting her buttock cheeks digging his fingers into her flesh.

“Yes,” Chloe mewled senselessly, jerking her hips up higher at each spike of pleasure her fingers rubbed over her.

“Look at me,” he commanded and she did, seeing the dark passion in his black irises. His gaze lowered to watch her touching herself.

“Ravenscar,” she panted, circling her finger harder, spreading herself open wider to him with her arching hips while his hands cupped her behind.

“You like this,” he accused huskily.

“Yes-yes,” she cried mindlessly, and then in surprise when one of his fingers entered her-.

“Entered her what, damn it?” Beckett growled hotly, although he could guess!

He spent the next few minutes searching to see if there was any more of this story but that was it. However, there were other stories on Evie’s desk. Two of them appeared finished and he picked up the one enticingly called “Spanking Missy.” Hell, he was hot and bothered, he thought squeezing the inside of his thigh over his jeans, thinking his dick just might be a little bit engaged. It didn’t feel quite as soft as usual. Either way, he was going to read another one of these stories right now. In bed. Naked!

When Beckett got to his room though, right before he turned on the light, he heard a muffled thump on one side of the house. His entire body stilled with instant tension. Instead of turning on the light he dropped Evie’s story on the dresser and turned quietly back to the hallway. His

instincts were sharp and his guts were hard. There was someone outside in the dark. He went to the front door deciding to come around the side of the house.

Unfortunately for him it was a moonless night and he did not know the lay of the land surrounding the ranch house. He would make up for that first thing in the morning, Beckett admonished himself just as he accidentally kicked a bucket in the dark with his boot. The clattering sound pierced the moonless night and he stilled. His only hope now was to listen, however after several minutes he heard no sign of escape and assumed if there had been someone out here they were long gone by now. Still, he continued to check around the perimeter of the house and especially the area where he thought the intruder would have been—and that would be between his and Evie's bedrooms.

A moment later Beckett was stunned at the sight that met his eyes through Evie's open window into her lit bedroom. Miss Evangeline Pennyflower was masturbating! She was completely nude on her bed like an exquisite sensual siren. Ohman—ohman. If Evie spread her shapely legs any wider *or* pushed her sweet ass any higher she would be chugging! As it was, her entire voluptuous body undulated as she moaned in sexy ohs and hmms, while her fingers smeared circles in her coral-pink and very wet pussy.

Damn, he had a great view of everything she owned from behind with her face turned sideways into the mattress. Suddenly Evie's awe-inspiring butt came up higher just like she was begging for-

“Ohm! Ohm! God-God! Oh—*ohhhhh!*”

Hell! Beckett nearly fell to his knees, he could even see Evie's tight coral-pink vagina spasm. He rubbed his crotch instinctively and incredibly he felt a little firmness. Hell, a man would have to be in his grave not to get some reaction out of this. Even Evie's dainty little toes were pointed! Then, Evie collapsed slowly over her pillow with a satisfied sigh and stretched out sinuously.

Beckett tried to gather his thoughts. Nope. Then, he tried to pull together his resolve. Nope. Hell, he *shouldn't* pass this up. This had “uncomfortable” written all over it. He really needed to use this to up Evie's uncomfortable quota. Call out something through her open window. Make some suggestive remarks and embarrass the hell out of her.

Only he couldn't. It was just too special—too precious—and it was his. So in the end he just watched her fall asleep cuddling naked and beautiful on top of her bed. And when he was positive she was asleep he hoisted himself quietly into her bedroom through the open window where he turned to shut and latch the window closed. No way was he going to leave that baby open. He even drew the curtains closed and turned out the light before he locked Evie's door and quietly left. Let her wonder about the light and curtain, Beckett thought with the first real smile he'd had in a long time.

Chapter Five

Early the next morning Evie stumbled sleepily down the hallway to the bathroom. It was too early to be up her groggy mind informed her and she was going to pee and go back to bed for at least another good hour. Her hand was on the doorknob to the bathroom door as she yawned and yawned again, while opening the door—and then she screamed.

It was Beckett. Completely, utterly, totally naked from his shoulders down to his big toes! And he was dripping wet with a towel over his head.

“Jesus H. Christ,” he bellowed as he blindly grabbed her, because of the towel over his head she supposed, and he pulled her up against his sopping wet-hard-torso! Evie squealed as any righteous woman would do, because besides Beckett’s sinewy-hard lean masculinity . . . she was nude also! *OhmyGod*, how could she have forgotten Beckett was here?

“Are you alright, Evie? Is someone after you?” Beckett shouted at her as he turned and fumbled to slam the door shut.

Someone after her-someone after her? Only six foot two feet of hot male flesh plastered against her! The towel over Beckett’s head slipped down to his shoulder’s as he growled—literally growled. “Answer me, Evie!”

Evie panted as Beckett jostled her and she could feel the tips of her nipples crinkle up tight, then poke the wall of Beckett’s upper rib cage beneath the mounded shape of his pectorals. *Oh dear god*, this man was built! “I-I,” she sputtered.

“Hell, you’re *naked*,” he hissed suddenly, releasing her as though her flesh burned his hands, which did not surprise her one bit because it felt that way. Evie stumbled and her back met the closed door as she tired to cover her breasts with one arm while she used her other hand to cup the red curls between her thighs. She was stupefied, stupid, and speechless, and her eyes were still glued to every rock-solid inch of Beckett’s hard muscled body. *Oh dear!* Seeing her plastered gaze all over him Evie watched as Beckett blushed. Then, he turned belatedly and covered a little bit of his towel over h-his penis, until her view was of his tight sinewy buttocks. *Oh double dear!*

“Evie, you do not have to throw yourself at me like this. You could just ask,” Beckett snapped at her looking over his shoulder.

What? What?! “Oh you-you, arrogant, conceited—neanderthal,” she sputtered with a squeal, clutching everything she owned even tighter. “I had to pee! And-And this is *my* bathroom!”

Beckett whipped around to face her still holding the towel strategically at his groin. “Do you always tiptoe through the house *naked?*”

“Oh!” Evie screeched. “What I do in my own house, Beckett McCade, is *my* business!”

“Well hell, lady, run around naked for all I care! I’ve already *seen* all of you.”

“Oh you-you,” Evie sputtered, and then perhaps she screamed a bit. “Turn around! Turn around *right* now!” Evie decided she must have looked hysterical or suicidal because Beckett’s eyes widened, and then he did turn around. She didn’t wait as she grabbed the door knob behind her and bolted from the room screaming. “I want you out of my house! I want you out of my house now! *I’m* calling the sheriff!”

“Go ahead,” Beckett challenged her stalking barefoot behind her as she scampered down the hallway. “It won’t do you any good,” he said loudly. “Remember what the sheriff *just* said!”

“Oh-,” Evie squealed in frustration, slamming and locking her bedroom door.

“That’s right, hide in your bedroom,” Beckett shouted from the other side of the door. “But just let me tell you something, Miss Evangeline Pennyflower! As soon as you *do* come out of there I am going to tan your bottom red for threatening me. Why don’t you just tell the sheriff that?”

Evie fumed inside her bedroom for nearly a half and hour daring herself to pick up the phone. But, she just couldn’t. Because she realized that it wouldn’t do her a bit of good. Just like Beckett McCade knew it wouldn’t! The sheriff would laugh at her. “Spanking,” he’d say, and then it would be all over the county. He would tell it to people she didn’t even know and who didn’t know her. But they would know her then and just imagine what they would think.

Oh! But they had never had their bottom spanked by a big brute of a man—had they? Even more tragic was the fact that she didn’t own a decent pair of jeans to put on in the hopes that Beckett might not pull them down. Just dresses that’s all she had! She only had two choices here and she knew it. One was to leave—and she was *never* going to do that, and the other was to take her spanking. Just like Beckett McCade intended, because he was trying to run her off. But it just wasn’t going to work—it just wasn’t!

Well, she would just go out there and face Beckett not giving him the satisfaction of knowing it hurt. She would *not* yowl or protest. *Hmm*. No wait— maybe? Maybe, she would even act as if she enjoyed it.

“Yes! That’s it,” she exclaimed. “Just like one of my books.” Evie stood, encouraged now and marched over to her closet to dress according to her new scheme. “Two can play at this game, Beckett McCade,” she announced bravely as she tugged open the door.

Beckett sat at the kitchen table brooding over his morning cup of *tea*. There was no coffee, no meat, and no sugar to be found anywhere in Miss Pennyflower's kitchen. He had the sinking feeling that Evie was some type of new age vegetarian. That left him with nothing more substantial to eat than the one egg he'd found in the refrigerator and a couple of slices of some chalky tasting full grain bread.

"I'm ready, Beckett," Evie's voice gone sultry, suddenly said behind him.

Beckett turned his gaze slowly trying to hide his surprise at her showing up before dark—to nearly toppling over his chair, when he took in what she was wearing.

It was some kind of sex kitten outfit and Evie had the figure to do it justice. She wore a skimpy pink halter top and no bra beneath, showing her dimpled belly button and bare midriff with a frilly little mini skirt and her blonde hair tied on top of her head in a loose ponytail. Then, Evie *wiggled* all the way over to him and promptly bent over the kitchen table right under his nose. The skirt Evie wore was too short for these acrobatic's, and her twin butt cheeks popped out for his gaze looking smooth, satiny, and ripe. Hell, she was wearing another thong. This one sported a dainty white strip that kissed deeply into the crack of her plum-shaped ass.

"I'm ready, big boy," Evie purred, running one of her hands lovingly over her pink powderpuff bottom in a blatantly sexual way.

"Shit," Beckett cursed under his breath as he stumbled up and backward a step. What the hell was going on here? He nearly wished that he'd had a chance to read that spanking fiction of hers. Maybe that would give him a clue. Because it looked as though Evie wanted him to spank her in some kind of sexual way!

Now just a damn minute. Beckett frowned down at Evie, who was bottoms up, across the kitchen table. She was blushing and her eyes were clenched tightly, she was so embarrassed. Well hell. She was making herself do this, trying to fool him into thinking it turned her on—like unfortunately it did him!

Beckett grinned. "I'm using my belt this time."

Evie's eyes popped open, and she stuttered after a few moments. "Uoo, I can hardly wait." Then, Evie wiggled her bottom at him, while her fingers turned white gripping the edge of the table.

Beckett kept a serious look on his face as he made a big show of removing his brown leather belt from the loops of his jeans. He even snapped it a couple of times nice and loud as Evie's rump squirmed and she looked up at him over her shoulder trying to hide the dread in her deep blue eyes. He bent the belt in half with his hand around the two loose ends, while his free hand reached for the top of Evie's thong panties.

"Beckett, please," she suddenly pleaded with her head hung down.

“You can always leave, Miss Pennyflower,” he said callously. Incredibly feeling a heavy weight in his balls.

“Never! You, brute,” she hissed still not looking at him. “Just get this over with,” she finished tightly.

“My pleasure,” he murmured, watching the crack of Evie’s cute ass clench tightly as he pulled the thong down over her hips and to the back hollow of her knees. The position and the view of Evie’s naked vulnerability was the most carnal he had ever experienced in his life. He cautioned himself to curb his natural strength, he wanted to sting Evie’s bottom, make it rosy-pink like some good old-fashioned little girls spanking, but he had no intentions of crossing any lines into a beating. Still, he wanted Evie squirming and a few tears would not hurt.

Smack! “Oh hh!”

Beckett watched mesmerized as the twin rumps of Evie’s pudding-filled ass cheeks drew inward dramatically with the slap of his belt. He could tell Evie was going to be very vocal about this just like any little girl would be in the attempt to make their punishment lighter.

Smack! “Ow, Beckett!”

Beckett ignored Evie’s theatrical cry, knowing the belt stung but not as badly as she was howling. Instead he watched her feminine buttocks lurched inward, then upward as he swung the belt again through the air toward the sensuous crack of Evie’s squirming ass.

Smack! “Oh hh!”

Now Beckett saw two pink lines of punishment beginning to stain Evie’s pillowed rump cheeks as she danced around on her toes, while holding her upper body flat and tense across the table. Man-oh-man, punishing a woman’s butt was intoxicating

Smack! “Ouch! Beckett!”

With a precise aim bent completely toward the lustful, Beckett slapped his belt across the tender under curves of Evie’s dancing ass. He watched the belt cupped underneath both of her buttocks lifting her into a high-stepping prance! The eye-catching sight of her jiggling feminine ass was riveting.

Smack! “Ow—OW!”

Now Evie’s luscious ass cringed with a dramatic clenching motion tightening along the tender crack! **Smack!** “Oooooo!” The belt hooked around both of Evie’s buttocks, corralling her opulent flesh for a split-second with snapping force! **Smack!** “Ooooplease!” Evie’s rosy ass cheeks danced upward, wriggling with another *tight* pucker that was ungodly lustful! **Smack!** “OOOOPLEASE!” Evie screeched as she pushed upward off the table and Beckett caught both of her flinching buttock cheeks again!

Smack! “Nooo more!” Evie begged with a dry sob, covering her hands over the bright pink marks on her punished bottom as she made an attempt to get away. But he had her cornered in the breakfast nook. There were tears in Evie’s eyes as she turned to face him backing against the

window with her panties down around her knees. “Isn’t that enough, Beckett?” she pleaded.

Hell, he wished-. He wished like hell he could kiss her. She was just so damn sexy. This spanking was just so damn sexy. “Maybe,” he muttered as he stepped closer and Evie scrunched against the window. “If-,” he murmured.

“If what, Beckett?” she whispered. “If what?”

He was close now, only a hand’s space from Evie, and she had to tilt her head back to look up at him. He really loved her freckles. “If three things,” he said.

“Three,” Evie breathed, licking her rosebud lips with the tip of her tongue. She seemed more breathless by the minute and not from the spanking.

“First,” he began slowly. “You will promise not to threaten me with the sheriff again.” Beckett brought the belt up slowly and let the loop trace Evie’s delicate collarbone.

“Alright, Beckett. I realize it would not do me any good, if I did. So I promise.”

Feisty to the end, Beckett thought as he slowly traced the belt loop down through Evie’s cleavage. She quivered. “Secondly, you will come into town with me so that I can do some shopping. I’m not leaving you here to get into more trouble.”

“I—I can do that,” she barely whispered, just lightly lifting her breast up to him. But he caught the motion.

“And thirdly.” Beckett rubbed the belt down Evie’s bare midriff . . . down-down. “You’ll kiss me.”

“Mmm.” Evie’s eyelids had fluttered shut as his belt loop stroked beneath her short frilly pink skirt. Right down into the V between her thighs that was bare because of her panties stilling hanging off her knees. Beckett got the distinct impression that Evie had not really heard his last request. *She was just so sensual—so easily stimulated.*

“I said, kiss me.” Beckett dropped his lips within a hair’s breath of Evie’s lips.

“Mmm, Becket if you say so,” she murmured. Definitely a bit senseless, Beckett thought as he felt her do a little undulation against his loop of the belt.

Well hell, Beckett thought, he was never one to let a prime opportunity pass him by and Evie was so sweet and ripe, he wanted to taste her. He was not sure what he could do with it, but damn even though his dick wasn’t up to shape didn’t mean the rest of him couldn’t react like a live wire touched to an ungrounded circuit.

“Oh-mmm,” Evie purred as his lips slanted over hers. Evie was hot all right, as hot as a Fourth of July Firecracker, Beckett thought delving his tongue deeply as he dropped the belt and pulled one of his arms around the back of Evie’s waist.

Ohgod-god. Beckett McCade could kiss and kiss, Evie thought winding her arms around Beckett's neck. Drawing her body up against the hard tall length of him just as his tongue smoothed heaven over hers.

"Mmm-mm," she purred, wiggling in closer to him as their tongues dipped and parried. Evie felt mindless and aroused beyond her imagination, and then suddenly she was lifted and found herself sitting in Beckett's lap. Their lips never stopped devouring each other as Evie twisted her mouth over Beckett's lips, kissing him back heatedly, barely feeling her sore bare bottom against his jeans.

Ring! Ring!

Abruptly they both stilled as the phone kept ringing, and Evie realized as her mind tried to clear that Beckett had one of his big hands between her thighs! One of his fingers was teasing the very damp crease of her sex and her panties were still down around her ankles. Ohmygod.

Evie pushed away from Beckett at the same moment he lifted her to stand, while he muttered, "I'd better get that."

It took Evie only a few befuddled moments of getting her panties pulled up to realize that Beckett was answering *her* phone. She was just about to snap at him when she saw the furious look in Beckett's deep brown eyes.

"It's your *new* lawyer," he muttered, nearly throwing the phone at her as he turned and stalked out of the kitchen.

Chapter Six

Beckett was glad to see that Evie had changed back into a blue tent dress to go into town. He could just envision the response if she had wiggled into town wearing that sex doll outfit that she'd had on earlier. He did not mind having a private view of all of Evie's curves displayed, nonetheless he was old fashioned enough not to appreciate any other man getting his eyes full. It was a damn possessive thought and he knew it was. The only problem was he shouldn't be anywhere near possessive about Evie. This-was-not-good.

"Let's take my Mustang," Evie announced, walking toward the red convertible right before he grasped her wrist and tugged her toward the Jeep.

"We're taking the Jeep," he said.

"But why?" Evie exclaimed, trying unsuccessfully to dig in her heels.

"That Mustang is a damned foolish car to have out in this country. That's why," he said glaring down at her. "Now get into my Jeep."

Evie huffed and her blue eyes glittered, sizing up his resolve, right before she climbed into the passenger seat of the Jeep and he closed her door. "There is nothing wrong with my car," she puffed defiantly as he walked around to get into the driver's side.

"Think of it as a compromise to save your already sore bottom," Beckett quipped, enjoying Evie's huff of indignation and the way she scooted as far from him as she could get. "Lock the door," he said, thinking she could fallout if she hugged the door any closer.

The first rut Beckett purposely drove over bounced Evie back to the middle of the seat, and the second had her clutching his arm for balance.

"This is terrible!" she exclaimed.

Beckett hit another rut and he grinned when Evie practically strangled the muscular bulge of his upper right arm with her bouncing double D sized breasts. "You get use to it," he offered insincerely. She was just too much fun to tease.

“You are doing this on purpose,” Evie accused just as the Jeep tires hit the blacktop highway and their bumpy ride smoothed out.

“Yeah,” he agreed, completely unrepentant, but surprised a moment later when Evie laughed and continued to hold onto his upper arm with her hands and lots of breast.

“You won’t mind if I hold onto you then, just incase you become more mischievous?” Evie asked smiling up at him.

“No, Ma’am,” Beckett muttered. Damn, Evie was gorgeous when she smiled and laughed like that. Like she was sharing it intimately with just him. Beckett relaxed a bit and smiled himself as they took off for the nearest town of Pine Grove about fifteen miles away.

Then suddenly, —**POP!**

Evie screamed!

Beckett cursed violently, trying to fight the steering wheel with all his strength as the Jeep began to spin out of control after blowing a rear tire. They’d been doing fifty-five miles per hour at the time.

“Hold on, Evie!” Beckett shouted as the Jeep skidded onto the gravel shoulder of the highway and he knew by the tilt that the Jeep was going to flip. Worse yet the Jeep did not have seat belts. In a split second filled with pure instinct Beckett launched himself at Evie and his momentum carried them both out of the higher side of the tilting Jeep.

“*Beckett!*” Evie screamed, as Beckett turned their bodies to make sure his body took the brunt of the fall with Evie on top of him. “*Beckettttt—!*”

Evie could not believe it. Beckett had acted like some kind of commando. He’d saved their lives from being crushed beneath the Jeep when it ended up tilted on its side. He had taken the entire impact when they fell onto the grass at the edge of a pasture. And now-*now!*

“Beckett, please wake up,” Evie pleaded, brushing dirt and grass from the bristle of his dark chestnut colored hair, and then she smoothed her fingertips over the hard contours of his face. Beckett was so deathly still and Evie checked him as best as she could for any evidence of blood. She didn’t find any but she could not help thinking about internal bleeding or broken bones. “I need to get help,” Evie whispered caressing Beckett’s cheek anxiously.

It was hot—the damned Iraq desert—even at night because he was so close to the sand—crawling on his belly. He could feel them—And, Sargent Shue was dead from a single shot five minutes earlier. They knew he was here. His stealth cover was blown. He could smell the sweat of one of them nearly on top of him-!

“*B-Beckett,*” Evie choked as Beckett’s incredible strength forced through his forearm clamped over her throat and the back of her neck—*tightening* until she could not breathe! One second Beckett had been unconscious as she leaned over him and the next second he had grabbed her in this death hold.

Evie had seen this hold in movies before where men snapped other men's necks. Oh God! Evie clawed at Beckett's chest as the muscles in his forearms tensed and she knew he was going to snap her neck! The tensing movement pulled Evie over Beckett's chest, until her face was inches from his. Beckett's brown eyes were dazed with a frighteningly lethal glaze as her own vision began blacking out, while her small fists feebly pounded on his shoulders.

"My god!" Beckett hissed suddenly.

Evie choked and coughed, sputtering as the lethal hold to her neck was released and she fell flaccidly upon Beckett's chest. "Oh-god-baby! Are you alright?" Evie found Beckett now leaning over her as she tried to swipe at the tears in her eyes. "Jesus, I never meant to hurt you," Beckett expelled harshly. "I never meant too."

Evie could feel Beckett shaking as she put her arms around him and held on. "I'm ok," she whispered hoarsely. "It's all right, Beckett."

Beckett's entire powerful frame was shaking in her arms as his hands sketched jerky caresses along her back from where he supported her up off the ground. "I thought I was somewhere else," he uttered. "I thought I was back in the desert. Jesus, they said I could have flashbacks, but not this."

So Beckett had been to war, Evie thought. Beckett had been to dangerous places and it had not been nice and neat, but scarred Beckett. Evie tried to find her voice, but it hurt and was scratchy. "You saved my life," she whispered.

It was then Beckett looked down at her, and his beautiful brown eyes were so haunted. He caressed her cheek, her temple, and carefully examined her throat with slightly roughened fingertips. "The Jeep's tire should never have blown like that. Those tires are new," he muttered.

Evie's hands ended up on either side of Beckett's tight waist and she patted upward feeling the heat and strength of him beneath his tee shirt. "New tires," she whispered, trying to smile.

"I know the Jeep looks old, but I've been over every inch of it *and* put new tires on it."

He looked so serious, but he wasn't shaking as much now. "Are you hurt, Beckett? You took the entire fall."

Beckett looked grim as he pulled her into a sitting position, while he kept his arm around her. "No, I'm all right," he said, watching her closely, as she brushed some grass and dirt from her dress. "How about you?" he asked slowly with his voice a deep baritone as his hand squeezed her waist.

Beckett had nearly killed her, Evie thought and she should not brush it off. She knew she could use this—he was vulnerable. All she would have to do is exclaim that she was terrified of him. Make a big deal about it. He would leave the ranch—she knew he would. She remembered how he spanked her with his belt this morning. How much it stung. How much, inexplicably it had turned her on. She remembered his powerful

body shaking in her arms just now. She was a fool but-. “I’m all right, Beckett. But, I promise I will never try to wake you up again without at least a ten-foot stick in my hand to poke you with.” Evie tried to smile. “You stopped, Beckett, and that’s all that matters.”

Beckett looked grim and wary, but nodded his head ,and then he said, “Lets see about the Jeep.”

Chapter Seven

Evie could not believe it but Beckett used only his muscular build to push the Jeep back over onto all four of its tires. Such tangible views of Beckett's strength made her shiver, realizing how truly gentle he was with her. Beckett was silent and grimmer than Evie had ever seen him as he went about changing the tire. It was morning and a sunny one. Soon Beckett's denim jacket was set aside as he worked leaving only his white sleeveless tee shirt. His skin was darker than hers, a light bisque color as though tanned beneath a hot sun. The desert maybe? The Gulf War?

Evie turned from watching the incredible flex and draw of Beckett's muscles as he moved. She'd never seen a man more powerfully built. Evie continued wondering if Beckett had been in the Gulf War as she looked down the asphalt highway? Would Beckett tell her if she asked? They were not exactly friends and the lawyer that she had contacted that morning had said that she barely had any legal leg to stand on. Evie did not like that lawyer's voice or his advice. She would call another one.

"Do you have any hired hands at the ranch, Evie?"

Evie turned to look at Beckett. He was just coming to a stand brushing his big hands together. The gaze in his brown eyes was serious. "I—ah." Evie tried to clear her thoughts. "No," she managed. What was wrong with her? Maybe she was more affected by the wreck than she thought.

"So, no other people work around the ranch at all?"

Evie shook her head firmly. "No, Beckett, just me." She did not want to know what he was thinking, Evie thought watching him put away the jack. He had said the tire could not have blown on its own.

"What were you going to do with it? The ranch?" Beckett asked as he came walking toward her slowly and powerfully.

"What I *am* going to do with the ranch," she stated with emphasis. "Is to plant organic vegetables." Evie thought Beckett would laugh at her, however his square-lined handsome face merely looked thoughtful.

"But you don't need two hundred acres to grow organic vegetables. What were you going to do with the rest of it?"

Ohno. Evie flinched she was so startled. How could she have forgotten? “I—um.” Evie thought furiously. “Well—I . . . thought-.” Evie paused, looking down the road still trying to come up with a plausible lie. “Wildlife!” she suddenly blurted, turning back to him. “Refuge,” Evie added belatedly, narrowing her eyebrows in what she hoped was a serious manner.

Erotic books. Organic vegetables. And now a wildlife refuge. Well hell, Beckett thought—why the hell not. He could believe just about anything anymore, he decided. But of course not when Evie was avoiding his gaze because she was trying to lie about something. He just couldn’t figure out which part though. He knew the erotic writing was true. That left either the vegetables or the refuge? Still, he had something much more important to consider at the moment. Someone had been at the ranch house outside Evie’s bedroom last night. He’d found the boot prints this morning, and now someone had tampered with the tire on his Jeep, but the tire was blown too badly to prove anything. Yet, he knew it—and it was deadly force that had been used against him. Someone had known that he was at the ranch within moments of his arrival—and they didn’t like it. That meant someone was watching the ranch house.

“Well aren’t you going to laugh at me?” Evie asked, shifting Beckett’s thoughts back to the moment. “I mean organic vegetables and a wildlife refuge aren’t as macho as ranching cannibalized “beef” cattle.”

Beckett nearly grinned. Evie seemed to get a mite irritable when she was trying to lie. But he had confirmed the answer to one of his questions, Beckett thought as he cupped Evie’s elbow and steered her without words toward the Jeep. “So you are a vegetarian?”

“I most certainly am. And there is nothing wrong with that,” Evie replied primly as he helped her into the passenger seat.

“That’s what I was afraid of,” Beckett muttered, walking around to the driver’s side of the Jeep.

“And just what does that mean?” Evie questioned, with a righteous sounding voice.

After that they had a rousing fifteen-mile discussion of the merits of vegetables as opposed to good old-fashioned beef, while Beckett continued to drive them into town. He actually enjoyed the banter between them. Evie had a quick intelligent mind, it was just her common sense that was a bit skewed. When he pulled into the parking lot of the small town grocery store called McDee’s, Beckett noted there was a hardware store across the street.

Pine Grove was a small one gas station town trying to be quaint to catch the eye of any occasional tourist it could lure. Tourists on their way to the mountains for skiing or over to the Snake river in the summer for camping. The town had a café, the feed store, and several antique shops, which he would guess sold things more like garage sale items. There were also two clothing boutiques, the gas station, and on the outskirts of

town, one small motel. Pine Grove was just a dot on the map for the several hundred ranchers around its perimeter.

Beckett parked the Jeep shutting off the ignition as he turned to Evie. “I have to go to the hardware store first,” he began, but Evie interrupted him.

“Oh that’s fine. I need to do some shopping of my own,” Evie said with a vague wave of her hand.

Beckett bit back his immediate questions of where and why as Evie blithely stepped from the Jeep. Beckett grimly decided that he was reacting entirely too possessively about her. Besides, whoever was causing problems seemed to have targeted him.

“Let’s meet back here in an hour,” Evie finished giving him a questioning look.

Hell, Beckett wanted to ask Evie where she was going. She looked nervous for some reason. But he just muttered, “Fine.”

Evie forced herself to give Beckett a breezy smile as she turned away from him wishing that he would get going so she could sneak off to the clothing boutiques. That was where she intended to buy at least three pairs of jeans. She realized that it probably wouldn’t help, but it could make Beckett pause about pulling down her jeans to spank her again. It was worth a try. And, she was certain that the chances of her bottom being paddled again were very high because, unfortunately she already knew of one big—huge major mistake that she’d made about the ranch.

The problem with this mistake was that she had truly forgotten to tell Beckett and that was the second thing she needed to do quickly. She needed to try and call Mr. Carroll and see if there was any hope of “un-shaking” their hands on the deal that she’d made with him. Darn, and this Friday she was supposed to sign the papers at the bank. That was only two days from now!

Evie glanced over her shoulder to see Beckett still standing beside his Jeep watching her with his deep brown eyes. She fumed for a moment, then she realized of course he would see her new jeans when they met again in an hour, because she fully intended to wear their stiffer weave home. So she needed to stop acting like she was some kind of spy on a covert mission or something.

“Mmm,” she muttered, suddenly spiraling off thinking maybe she should make her writing character Angel, with the pink fetish, a spy also? That would certainly interest Angel’s love interest, the brooding cowboy Jake.

Evie’s hand closed on the door knob to La Bell’s boutique, as she glanced in the display window. “Fire engine red,” Evie murmured to explain the color of the beautiful sweater displayed in the front window. She liked red, yet never dared to wear it with her reddish hair. But of course now that she had dyed her hair blonde, perhaps she could?

There were several customers in La Bell’s already, housewives, Evie thought as she went to see if she could find the red sweater in her size.

This was sometimes a bit of a problem because she was so busty. But not for La Bell's, they appeared to cater to fuller figure women and she soon had a red sweater and two different styles of jeans to try on. If everything fit, she would just wear it out of the store, Evie decided, and then she really needed to find a pay phone and call Mr. Carroll.

Evie stopped inside the entrance to the small dressing area. It consisted of a short corridor with four dressing alcoves. Two on each side, which were covered by curtains and all the curtains were closed. It seemed too quiet for anyone to be back here though.

She listened for another minute, then s said, "Excuse me-excuse me."

No answer. Well, Evie thought the least people could do is open the curtain's when they left. She could see that anyone leaving would have to turn around just to close the curtains. It made it seem stranger that they would all be shut like this. Ignoring the strangeness, she picked the first stall and hung up her selections on the small hook that was provided. The mirror was full length and she plucked her blue dress up over her head, kicking off her sandals in the small space. Then, just as she reached for the red sweater the lights blinked out. That's when she heard a door close and the dressing room became pitch black!

Evie sucked in a startled breath. She could barely see her hands as she dropped the red sweater and fumbled in the dark trying to find her blue dress. All she could think was that the sales people did not remember she was back here. Maybe they were going to lunch or something-

Click—Click

Evie straightened at once with her dress clutched in front of her, desperately wishing she could see. *What was that nosie?* Was someone back here with her? Should she call out? She held her breath, listening. If someone was back here with her that didn't seem good did it? Then, Evie heard a rustling sound and she backed into the mirror. Someone was in here with her.

"I'll scream," Evie exclaimed loudly into the blackness in front of her.

Someone chuckled in the pitch blackness. It was a low deep menacing sound! If it was a man or a woman Evie could not tell, and then she heard the curtain in front of her suddenly jerking open. Evie screamed, barely focusing on a dark figure, that was taller than her petite height, and then she heard heavy boots running toward the back of the dressing room.

Running away from her, thank god!

Chapter Eight

“Evie!” Beckett caught Evie as she plowed into him. His arms automatically going around her as they rocked in the doorway to the dressing room.

“There was someone here!” Evie exclaimed, as Beckett kept a hold of her, while he reached over to flip the light switch up.

“Is everything all right, sir?” The sales lady’s voice asked behind them.

Beckett shielded Evie’s barely dressed state with his body, while he quickly studied the scene in the dressing room. “The light back here just went out and my friend got a little scared.” That explained Evie’s scream, Beckett thought. “Could you give us a minute?” he finished over his shoulder.

“Of course, sir. I will have someone come and check the breakers and electricity immediately,” the sales lady said as she moved away.

“There was someone *here*,” Evie whispered with a frightened hiss into his shoulder.

“I believe you,” Beckett answered in his slow manner as he noted the door in the very back of the dressing room was cracked open. “Were you going to try that on?” he asked Evie as he held her closely.

Evie’s head turned against his shoulder to look back. “No! Oh god that wasn’t here before,” she puffed in a frightened whisper.

Beckett hadn’t thought that Evie meant to try it on. It was a trashy bondage outfit with a thick studded black collar and bands of leather, which he assumed were supposed to be strategically placed on a woman’s body. There were also six-inch spiked high-heels, and Evie was shaking badly in his arms. “All right, Evie, let’s get you out of here.”

“Yes,” Evie pounced with a gush as she stepped back to look down at the dress clutched in front of her then back up at him. It seemed ridiculous Beckett, because he had seen every inch of Evie in their short relationship together, places she didn’t even know about—and he really should keep working her uncomfortable factor. But she was clearly shaken, and-. Hell. He turned his back. “Now tell me exactly what happened, Evie,” he muttered.

Evie told him while she finished dressing and went to retrieve her purse and sandals. He didn’t like the sound of it—not one bit. The low

chuckling of the assailant angered him and the fact that some pervert had, had Evie trapped barely dressed in the darkness—made him furious. “Evie, I want you to go out front and wait with the sales lady, while I check out the back door to this place.”

“Uh-huh,” Evie mumbled distractedly as she fumbled with her purse.

Beckett stepped closer to her and knuckled her chin, lifting her gaze up to his. Her irises were the color of black-tinted sapphires. “Did you hear the story I told the sales lady?” Beckett watched Evie blink slowly. She was dumb with shock.

“Um—yes,” she murmured.

“Good,” he said, rubbing the side of her delicate chin with his thumb. “Stick to that story if anyone asks and go wait for me.”

“All right,” she answered, turning away.

Beckett thought it showed how rattled Evie was because she didn’t argue, and then she obeyed him without questions. Beckett checked the label on the bondage outfit and the high heels. Of course they weren’t from La Bell’s. He made a mental note of the sizes and names on both, and then he went to check the back doorway. The lock had been clearly jimmed with a screwdriver, he would guess. Carefully, he walked out the door. He didn’t expect the pervert to still be around, but caution was his instinct.

At the back of the building was a gravel alley. He looked both ways with his gaze searching the backs of the other stores down the line. Nothing—nowhere to hide really. He stepped out onto the gravel and looked back at La Bell’s checking the roof for possible escape routes. The roof was too angled and the next roof beside it too far for a reasonable escape. He turned back to look at the gravel and noticed something behind the next building. As he walked over to examine it, he decided that it looked like the skid mark of one tire. A motorcycle? He crouched down ignoring the tightness in his injured thigh, and he touched a fresh oil spot. A motorcycle with an oil leak had been here recently. The oil was still fresh and had not seeped into the gravel yet.

Beckett stood and then he headed back into the rear of La Bell’s debating what to do. He had a footprint, a sound at the ranch, a blown tire, and now someone possibly terrorizing Evie in La Bell’s dressing room. The last could have been mischief or burglary except for the bondage outfit. Yet none of it was really enough to call the county sheriffs with, and Pine Grove did not have a local cop. Beckett hooked the hanger with the bondage outfit on his finger as he passed through and made his way to the cashiers counter.

Evie was standing beside the cash register still looking pale, but she held a La Bell’s shopping bag, so he assumed she had bought something from the store. Before the sales lady could question him, Beckett laid the bondage outfit across the counter in front of her. “I found this in the

dressing room and the back door as been jimmed open. Maybe the light wasn't faulty after all."

The clerk looked startled, and then shocked, when she really looked at the black leather outfit laying across her counter. "S-Sir," she stuttered uncertainly.

"You don't sell this type of thing here do you?" Beckett asked slowly.

"Oh no, of course not," she exclaimed. "I cannot imagine how that got here. I will need to call the owner immediately."

"You do that," Beckett said, then he left his name and the ranch's phone number for the owner to call, before he walked Evie out of the shop.

"Beckett, what do you think happened?" Evie asked as they stopped outside the store.

"I don't know, Evie, there seemed to be some fairly strange things going on here. You and I are going to have to sit down and talk about this when we get back to the ranch. But right now I need to get my groceries."

She looked worried "All right, Beckett, but I will go with you ok?"

"Sure thing." Beckett gave Evie a leisurely grin. "Maybe I can persuade you about the finer qualities of a thick beef steak."

Evie's cute nose crinkled, as she sniffed. "I doubt it."

But at least Beckett figured that Evie didn't look quite so afraid, now she looked like she might wish to argue with him.

It was Janet. It had to be, Evie thought as she wandered behind Beckett in the McDee's grocery store. She really should pick up a few things but she couldn't think straight. Janet had found her or someone working for Janet had. Even after everything she'd done to hide herself, changing her name, her hair color, and even her location, but Janet had still found her! That meant that there was no place she could hide—even if she had the money to do it with. She might not have been convinced at all that it was Janet except for that bondage outfit. Then the sales lady had confirmed the outfit was not from La Bell's. Of course it hadn't been, but she'd been foolishly hoping.

"Does the grill work?" Beckett asked.

Evie stared at him stupidly. "Um-yes," she answered vaguely, and then she watched him pile several thick steaks into his grocery cart.

Money. God, Evie thought if she just had some money maybe she could try to hide again. What choice did she have? Evie looked at Beckett's broad back as she followed him through the frozen food section. She only knew of one way to get the money she needed, Evie thought miserably. But she vowed to herself—she *swore* that she would sign the ranch back over to Beckett. Even though it would be double mortgaged when she was through!

Forty-five minutes later, Evie saw the black Bronco parked at the ranch house as soon as they turned off the highway onto the road leading up to the house. Oh no! Beckett had seen it too.

"I wonder who that is?" he questioned, glancing at her quickly.

Evie knew who it was, it was Mr. Carroll from the bank and she *couldn't* let Beckett find out about the sale of the land! "It looks like a neighbor rancher of ours," she said hastily, forcing brightness into her voice. "Mr. Carroll, I think—*Oh*," she gushed. "-And he can talk—and talk. He can drive a person nuts. You better just let me talk to him and get rid of him." Beckett didn't even look at her, and Evie frowned. Was she that bad a lair?

Beckett studied Mr. Carroll as he pulled up to the ranch house. He could feel his nerves were on the edge to be so suspicious, the man was obviously a prosperous rancher. Mr. Carroll stood by a new Bronco, he was an older man wearing a new broad-rimmed cowboy hat and jeans. Beckett glanced at Evie again. Why was she lying to him? He watched her hurriedly exit the Jeep before he'd barely rolled it to a stop. Something was definitely up, and he decided it was time to meet one of his fellow ranchers

Chapter Nine

“You underhanded low down dealing, witch!” Beckett bellowed.

“Oh, god-oh-god,” Evie huffed as she scrambled through the barn desperately looking for a quick place to hide. Beckett had ruined everything with Mr. Carroll. The entire land deal had been shot down and now Beckett was after her with his belt pulled loose from his jeans and his temper in a furious state.

“Was that the *scam* all along?” Beckett shouted.

Sounding close. Too close, Evie thought as she scooted around some bales of hay in the corner to hide. This was ridiculous—juvenile to be running and hiding—and she felt her heart pounding anxiously.

“Double mortgage the land and high tail it out of town,” Beckett accused loudly. “One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars is a pretty good investment for twenty-five thousand, Evangeline!”

“It wasn’t like that!” Evie cried stupidly, then she slapped her hands over her mouth in horror that she so foolishly blurted that out loud, when she was trying to hide from-!

“-Damn it, Evangeline! I just *stopped* being nice!”

“When were you *ever* nice?” Evie cried at Beckett as she backed into the barn wall watching him stalk furiously toward her. He’d found her and he was enraged. “No matter what you say, Beckett McCade, this is *my* ranch to do whatever I want with!” she cried senselessly.

Oh god. Beckett’s crisp-angled masculine features drew back so fiercely Evie knew he might hit her as she cried out twisting her body to press her face into the barn wall away from him.

Thud-! Evie screamed as Beckett’s fist hit the plank right next to her cheek and she jumped at the same time. But she couldn’t move or escape because Beckett held her against the wall with his large body pressed along her spine.

“I want you *gone* from here, Miss Pennyflower,” he hissed lowly into her ear, pressing his big hard body into her, until she gasped, clutching her fingers at the boards before her. “*And,*” he continued relentlessly. “I am going to do everything legally and illegally that I can do to accomplish that!”

“*I’ll leave!*” Evie cried, suddenly breaking out with a sob. “I *have* to leave,” she finished, covering her face with her hands. It was too much. All too much!

“*What* did you say?” Beckett hissed in astonishment.

Evie felt Beckett’s tall body move unpinning her from the barn wall. “*That’s* what y-you wanted, isn’t it?” Evie sobbed, twisting around to face him. “Well I’m leaving!”

Evie didn’t wait as she strode past Beckett who looked dumbstruck. She couldn’t stop crying as she ran toward the ranch house thinking a bit hysterically that she would pack and leave immediately before Beckett could threaten her anymore—or Janet could capture her!

“Evie, wait a minute!” Beckett grasped her shoulders from behind just as she was through the back doorway and halfway down the short hall to the kitchen.

“*No,*” Evie cried, twisting away from him and stumbling through the entrance to the kitchen, where Beckett put his forearm around her waist to steady her from falling. She was just about to scream at Beckett when through her blurry vision she focused on the kitchen around her. “Oh my god, Beckett,” she uttered, suddenly terrified. The entire kitchen had been ransacked—everything broken—even the things from the freezer had been strewn out onto the floor. Evie hiccuped in the middle of a sob that she was trying to stop wondering blankly if they’d been robbed.

“*Get* behind me now,” Beckett muttered, releasing her waist and shoving her behind him. “You should stay here-,” he began.

“-No,” Evie hissed, grabbing the back waistband of Beckett’s jeans.

“Alright,” he answered quickly, reaching a hand behind him to squeeze her hand. “But stay right there behind me, baby, ok?”

“Yes, Beckett,” Evie replied, putting her other hand to the side of his waist as he moved forward.

Evie crouched when Beckett crouched. She twisted when he did. But they found no one there, thank god, except more devastation, until they came to the last room left to check—her bedroom. “I’m sure I left the door open,” Evie whispered to Beckett. He turned slightly grasping her wrist and pulling her to the side of the closed door. Beckett had gotten a pistol from his room and now held it gripped in his hand pointed toward the ceiling.

“Stay here,” he whispered and when she opened her mouth to argue with him, he mouthed a barely audible, “Please.”

Evie looked at Beckett’s intense brown eyes, and then she looked at the gun, reluctantly nodding her head. She did not want him to open that door. She didn’t want either of them to go in there, she wanted them both to back out of here now and call the sheriff. But that wasn’t Beckett’s calling. He was a soldier—she could see that clearly. She thought he must be very good at it.

Evie watched Beckett move to the opposite side of the doorway with his spine hugging the wall as he reached down with his free hand to slowly test the doorknob. Evie held her breath half expecting a torrent of machine gunfire to explode like in the movies. She was definitely losing it, she thought as Beckett slammed open the door and followed its sudden opening inside posed in a crouch. Evie plastered herself against the wall waiting for the gunfire, praying that Beckett wouldn't get hurt or find anyone still in there. After what seemed an eternity, but had to be only minutes, she heard Beckett saying, "It's all clear, Evie, but stay-."

Evie moved into the room immediately clasping her hands over her mouth to keep from screaming as Beckett's last word echoed. "-There."

Someone had destroyed her room of course, she had expected that, but what she saw was more personal. "Is *that* blood?" she exclaimed, and Beckett came forward grabbing her to his chest as she whimpered. He cradled the back of her head with his forearm pulling her more solidly into his embrace.

"It's just red paint," he said tightly.

Evie moaned burying her face into Beckett's solid shoulder after seeing her lingerie spread across the room. All of it was torn and some, especially her panties it seemed were smeared with blood red paint. "Oh god, it's *Janet*," she whispered wildly. "She's found me! She's coming after me again!"

"Who's Janet?" Beckett muttered, but he knew Evie's wits were nearly at their crumbling point as she sobbed into his shoulder. He bent at the waist catching the back of Evie's thighs with his forearm as he lifted her and carried her from the room. The entire time Beckett moved them from the room, he was thinking that whoever this fucking Janet was, she'd just made a *big* mistake because he was not going to stand for anyone terrorizing his woman!

Beckett had reason to remember his explosive and immutable thoughts about Evie two hours later after the sheriff left and he had the fuller picture to deal with. Especially when Evie, looking miserable and lost sitting next to him at the kitchen table, mumbled. "I should leave."

Beckett leaned back in his chair looking at Evie. She looked like hell with her red nose and tangled blonde hair. The problem or perhaps the solution to this was—Evie looking like hell was gorgeous to him. "*You* are not going anywhere," he stated in a clipped no-nonsense tone.

Evie looked up at him in surprise with a wobbly bottom lip and he had the distinct impression that she'd just caught herself from throwing her arms around him in another weepy display. "I don't know what to say," she murmured.

"That's just it, baby doll, you are wrung out. I'll bet you can barely put together a complete sentence right now. Neither of us has eaten all day—and if you think I'm cleaning up this mess by myself—well, think

again, honey.” Beckett kept his expression bland as Evie looked at him with a slightly dazed look that she’d had all afternoon.

“I could fix us something to eat and clean up in here,” she finally said.

It was all Beckett could do not to smile. He did not want to argue with her and had been certain she wasn’t up to it. “Great,” he smiled, and she graced him with another wobbly smile. “But don’t do too much in here, Evie. Just enough to get a meal in us. We will really tackle it tomorrow after we’ve had some rest, all right.”

“All right, Beckett,” Evie answered getting up slowly. “Are grilled cheese sandwiches and some soup ok?”

Beckett hid his grimace thinking about those big juicy steaks he’d bought earlier, which would be ruined by now still sitting outside in his Jeep, as he smiled and said, “Great.”

Beckett kept an eye on Evie in the kitchen making sure she didn’t do too much as he straightened up the living room a little bit. He lifted the couch back onto its legs, and the coffee table, and two end tables. The lamps were broken but the phone was in one piece so he set it on the table beside the couch. That’s when he turned looking at the desk area and realized that all of Evie’s story papers weren’t just strewn around, they were torn to pieces.

“Damn,” he muttered. They were ruined—all of that work, and if Evie saw this right now she could possibly collapse. As it was, she was holding on by a thread. Evie should have a computer for her writing, Beckett thought as he hurriedly began snagging pieces of paper and putting them into the desk drawers. He’d never had anyone stalk him of course, but this was sick.

When he’d first listened to Evie telling the sheriff about Janet, and how Janet had stalked her when she lived in San Francisco, he’d been a little surprised. The woman with woman thing. But, the woman stalking woman thing seemed bazaar. Even the sheriff seeing how distraught Evie was hadn’t made her elaborate all that much by saying he would call for the papers on her case from San Francisco. Beckett wondered if they could have been lovers? That bondage gear and Evie’s lingerie all ripped apart and smeared with red paint certainly smacked of intimate crimes. Crimes of a jealous lover? Yet he had a hard time believing it.

All Evie had said in a mumble to the sheriff was that Janet had started out as a fan of her writing, but later it had turned ugly. She’d told the sheriff she was sure this was Janet stalking her again, although they had no evidence. There were certainly a lot of unanswered questions, but he wasn’t going to push Evie now—that could wait. He could protect her well enough now with what he did know.

“Beckett, it’s ready,” Evie called to him from the kitchen. “Do you want to eat in there or at the kitchen table?”

Beckett immediately thought it was better to keep Evie out of the living room for a while so he went to join her in the kitchen. They ate in

silence and he was glad to see Evie eat a whole sandwich plus a bowl of soup. She had made him three grilled cheese sandwiches conscious of his extra bulk. He had to admit it wasn't a bad meal, reminding him of being a kid eating grilled cheese sandwiches and tomato soup with his best buddy.

"I can make some more," Evie offered, still looking fragile and pale.

"No, I'm stuffed," he answered, getting up to pick up their dishes. "Why don't you take a bath and get ready for some sleep." He walked the dishes over to the sink. "Stay out of your room, you can find a tee shirt or sweatshirt in my things to wear and sleep in my room. I will take the couch."

"Beckett, I don't know what to say. I-."

Beckett turned toward her. "Not tonight, Evie all right. We will get through all this in the morning after we've both gotten some sleep."

Evie brushed some strands of her tangled hair back from her face and dipped her eyelashes. "T-Thank you," she whispered, leaving suspiciously quick as though she were near to tears again.

"It's all right," Beckett murmured to the empty room. "I'm not going to let anything happen to you, baby doll."

Chapter Ten

Evie slept the sleep of exhaustion for three hours, but then she woke up sleeping in Beckett's bed with one of his blue military sweatshirts on. His scent was all around her on the pillows and sheets, a clean masculine scent that reminded her of pine and freshly dug earth. Evie sighed knowing that she would never get back to sleep, knowing also that her life was a complete and utter mess.

She tossed and turned for another thirty minutes before she decided to get a drink of water and maybe just peek at Beckett. Evie thought just seeing Beckett for a moment would make her feel better. He was being so kind to her considering how mad he'd been over the land deal, but she promised herself not to think about any of that now as Beckett had convinced her. She would deal with it tomorrow and right now she just wanted to see Beckett for a minute, perhaps reassure herself that he was there and she wasn't alone here with Janet lurking about, god knew where.

She was barefooted and she'd left the door ajar so she didn't think she'd made much noise when she tiptoed into the livingroom, seeing at once that Beckett did not fit on the couch very well. His big feet were split wide apart. One foot was hanging over the armrest and the other was dangled over the edge of the couch. His deep muscular chest was bare and his knees were showing with only a beige blanket crumpled around his hips, making her wonder what he might be wearing—if anything?

“Is something wrong, Evie?”

Evie sucked in a startled breath, while her gaze refocused from Beckett's body to his face. He had one arm bent at the elbow and tucked behind his head. She stared at the football-sized bulge of his muscular biceps. “No,” she gushed on an exhaled breath as her fingertips twisted the front of the sweatshirt that she wore.

“Couldn't sleep?” he asked, raising his big body up to a sitting position. “You know that I will keep you safe don't you?”

Evie looked uncertainly into Beckett's intense brown eyes, as she wonder, what was she really doing here? Yet, she knew deep down inside herself didn't she. “No, I—yes, I,” she stuttered.

“Come here, Evie.” Beckett held out his hand. “You're shivering standing there.”

Evie didn't need any more encouragement. She might try to hide things outwardly at times, but she could not lie to herself. She wanted to be in Beckett's arms with him holding her tightly.

Beckett scooped Evie in next to him and she clung to his chest. Warm and soft, Beckett thought and he realized that he would give anything to be able to make love to her. It was unique because he'd been so damn mad at her today. Hell, Evie had tried to sell his land and hadn't apologized for it. She was as stubborn and as mouthy as he was at times. Yet ever since he'd proclaimed in his hidden thoughts that Evie was his—hell, he'd wanted it more than anything.

“Beckett, will you spank me?”

Jesus, Beckett couldn't be more surprised. He was literally speechless as Evie scooted around to kneel on her knees beside him, and all in one motion she peeled off the sweatshirt she was wearing. The word naked did not do justice to Evie's voluptuous nudity as she bent over his lap catching her elbows on the armrest at his side.

“I've been a very naughty girl, Beckett,” Evie purred as he sat there like a fool, while she undulated her body toward the armrest and back—right under his nose. The smooth bareness of her back, the delicate hollow of her spine flaring to the curving white lushness of her pillowed buttocks. He had never seen or felt anything as erotic, and his male instinct heightened clearing his momentary numbness and tightening his muscles.

Beckett understood what Evie wanted, remembering how he'd watched as Evie touched herself after the first time he spanked her, and feeling how wet she was on his fingertips after the second time he'd swung his belt across her sweet ass. It turned her on to be spanked—perhaps despite herself. Definitely despite herself, because it turned him on too. As much as he could be turned on now, and that was plenty in his mind. He worried about what Evie expected though. Definitely hot sex, he thought. Hell, he wasn't going to let that stop him. He would lick her pink little twat off so many times she would not even notice that he hadn't mounted her.

“I've been really bad, Beckett,” Evie murmured huskily.

Beckett felt every inch of Evie enticing him as she arched her sloping spine, pressing upward on her elbows to clench her peaches-and-cream rounded buttocks. Then, Evie lifted her calves, pointing her toes. She was posing for him, Beckett thought excitedly, as his hand raised and swooped forward.

Smack!

“Uooo!” Evie was surprised by Beckett's sudden move and she jerked her flinching rump away, lifting upward to brace herself on her hands with her arms locked. That left him a perfect target as he slapped his big hand across the naked curves of her butt again. *Smack! Smack!* “Oo *more*, Beckett,” Evie yelped, and then Beckett suddenly reached upward and clasped his free hand around of one of Evie's breasts.

Smack-Smack-Smack!

“Ow—ooo!” Evie felt Beckett catching her distended nipple, pressing it between his forefinger and thumb, and then he plucked at it. *Smack! Smack! Smack!* “Ow—god! Oho *mm!*” Evie immediately thrust her breasts forward as her ass turned pink and both cheeks squirmed beneath Beckett’s slapping hand. He squeezed her fat nipple harder between his fingers, pulling it forward with a twang as he swatted her butt some more. “Oh *god*, Beckett,” she cried passionately. *Smack! Smack! Smack!* “Ouu—Ouu—Owww!”

Smack! Smack!

The force of Beckett’s spanking pushed Evie to dangle over the armrest with each smack to her naked ass. It made her whimper sharply, while he continued kneading her breasts, swatting bright red spots on her flinching buttocks.

“It’s so sore!” she squealed—and he smacked her defenseless ass again. “Ow!” she yelped. “That’s enough—enough!”

Smack! “*It’s enough-*,” Beckett uttered.

Smack! “*-When I-*,” he continued.

Smack! “*-Say it is!*” he finished. *Smack-Smack-Smack!*

“Ow, Beckett, please!” Evie begged with a squeal as she tried to reach one hand around behind her to cover her vulnerable bottom. To defend the custard flesh of her ass continually flinching every time Beckett’s palm landed with a whacking sound.

Beckett listened to Evie’s pleas even as he swatted Evie’s hand away, and then he plied the sides of her rump a half a dozen times for good measure, before he stopped, leaving Evie gasping limply over his lap and the armrest.

And, with his dick semi-hard! God, he could feel it in his boxer shorts. It wasn’t limp! God help him, he craved so deeply to let Evie take his dick out and stroke it, to see what would happen. It was akin to a pain inside him as he fought with it. He couldn’t live with himself if Evie held his cock in her hand and nothing happened.

So he fought his yearning with other actions. Instead, spreading his long fingers on either side of the sultry crease of Evie’s buttocks. Then, he stroked downward with his middle finger slipping it between the clinging lips of Evie’s wetly aroused cunt. *Heaven*. “You’re turned on,” Beckett murmured as Evie gasped her pleasure.

“Yes,” Evie whispered on a breathless hiss. “Please don’t spank me anymore,” she finished on a plea.

“We’ll see,” Beckett muttered, probing his finger deeper between the hotly swollen and sopping wet pillows of Evie’s cunt lips, as Evie mewled with low sounds of pleasure. “Here, Evie?”

“*Oh* yes, Beckett. Touch me there, please. *Oh-oh hh*. Yes, yes!”

The tender bulb of flesh that Evie begged him to play with was engorged with hot blood and straining as he rubbed the flat of his middle finger over the throbbing tissue. With a lusty grin, Beckett watched Evie

bending further over the armrest, hanging her breasts over the edge, while her buttocks arched upward with the pressure of his finger rubbing hard circles in her twat. So turned on, Beckett bent his head and kissed the rosy-heated spanked flesh of Evie's ass.

"*Oh mm yes,*" Evie cried, gyrating sensuously over his finger as her knees spread and her buttocks rose higher into his mouth. Christ, Evie was a pistol! And the erotic mood completely swamped him as he began to swat Evie's ass with one hand, while he rubbed hard circles over her taut and pulsating clit with his finger.

"Ow!" Evie jerked over his finger, squealing. *Smack! Smack! Smack!* "Ow-oh, Beckett," Evie yelped, wiggling her ass like a sultry tease begging for more as he spanked her and ravaged her dripping twat at the same time.

"*Ouu-god! God! Beckett,*" Evie mewled.

Beckett could feel Evie's shudders as she climaxed over his finger. Evie's thighs quivered against his wrist as her clit pulsed with four hard beats and his fingertips became drenched with her release.

Beckett's blood thundered in reaction as his muscles bulged and tightened. Instantaneously, he toppled Evie over onto her back with a swipe of his forearm, until he had his tongue buried in her still quivering twat and his head buried between her thighs.

"*Eoo,*" Evie squealed, grabbing the top of his head with her fingers as her thighs spread open along his distended shoulder muscles. Evie's heels settled on his back as he lapped his tongue deep into her oven-baked and musky-sweet pussy and she cried out arching into his face. *Yes!* Christ, yes! Evie was musky and hot—salty with lubrication from her first climax as he tongued Evie's shuddering cunt, and then he poked his tongue into her snug vagina.

"*A-God-Beckett! Ooh—uooo,*" Evie squealed, passionately riding his face, until his chin was brushing the sweet crack of her ass. Beckett grabbed Evie's large breasts into his hands as he poked her vagina again with his tongue. In and out—in and out. "*Ooo, baby-baby!*" Evie cried, humping her hips and digging her fingers into his scalp.

Damn, Beckett wanted to shout! He wanted to roar. He'd never had a woman react this way with him before. Evie was so aroused, so passionate and wild, she swept him away. Evie made him feel like the greatest lover god ever created. -And then, when Evie climaxed again she arched beneath him with her head thrown back and the bottom of her bare feet pressing hard against his biceps. He could feel her orgasm on his cheeks, on his tongue, in his mouth as she convulsed and kept jerking with tense spasms. "*Oh-Oh hh! Oh hh hh,*" Evie moaned with deep straining sounds.

He continued to soothe Evie's breasts with gentler hands palming them in circles as he rode the end of her climax through with his tongue laid deep in the folds of her pussy. Then suddenly, Evie went limp beneath him with a puff of air, and Beckett realized in astonishment that

she'd fainted. The little death. Incredible! Beckett McCade had gotten a woman off enough to experience the little death.

Beckett wiped his mouth on his forearm with mind-bending satisfaction, and then he came up over Evie scooting her body, until he was beside her and she was wrapped in his arms. Hell, Beckett thought, he should have been spanking women years ago but he was glad it was with Evie . . . only Evie. He wondered if he could live off just this, if his dick never got hard again. *Hell*, yes he could. It wouldn't be nearly as mind boggling and intoxicating as good thorough fucking but it could just keep him sane. Only it wasn't fair to Evie, to any woman, but Evie was so passionate and sensual. She deserved the whole package. Thrusting deep, deep inside of her as only a man can do.

"Hell," he hissed lowly and painfully. Evie felt like heaven, peace, and love in his arms. She was so softly round and naked. Beckett just curled his bigger tougher brawn around her protectively. Maybe he shouldn't have done what he'd done tonight, but he wasn't going to let himself regret it. The possessive qualities that made him a man holding his woman wouldn't allow him too.

His agitated thoughts did not allow him to fall asleep for a long while, and then as he was trained when danger could be near, he slept lightly. Yet he slept better having Evie right there beside him where he knew he could protect her instantly if the need arose. Evie was a restless sleeper and unconsciously in his sleep he adjusted to her wiggling, lifting an arm or leg out of the way, until she was comfortable again. So even though he was sleeping lightly and warily, it must have taken him a little while to realize-

"*Evie*," Beckett choked, coming awake and realizing that Evie had her hand on his dick—and more! Her soft tongue was wetting the head! Hell! Shit! Evie's tongue swirled over the broad head dripping moisture and heat, and his hands clenched into fists entwined in her silky blonde hair. *How could he tell her?*

Evie's slender fingers curled around the boneless column of his dick with slow up and down motions, while her mouth sucked at the head with short suction smacks. *Jesus*, any man would be going wild by now, Beckett thought in horror. His entire body shuddered, and then abruptly he heaved up off the couch—careless of Evie who yelped as she got dumped on the floor.

"*I can't*," he snarled, leaning forward to grab Evie's upper arms and bodily pull her to stand before him as he hissed angrily, "I've been injured. *I'm impotent*." Evie responded with a gasp as he rudely dropped her to the floor again, and then he grabbed his military sweat pants from the floor beside the couch. "I'm going for a walk, Evie. Put your clothes back on and *go* to bed," he uttered caustically.

"But, Beckett," Evie exclaimed softly, finally having found her voice. However it was too late because Beckett was already gone.

Evie grabbed Beckett's sweatshirt and clutched it to her chest as she slumped onto the couch in stunned disbelief. Impotent? Beckett was *too-too* male to be impotent! Wasn't he? "Oh you're being *stupid*," she exclaimed. Beckett had *said* injured. Anyone could be impotent if they'd been injured. Suddenly, Evie felt alarmed as though she wanted to claw over every inch of Beckett's body and see how badly they had hurt him. Nameless they's that had wrought physical and what must be painful injuries on Beckett's body. -And his mind.

Evie remembered now seeing Beckett limp once or twice, yet she'd never thought to ask. And she remembered clearly when he had her strangled in that death hold during his waking nightmare. "Oh god," she sighed with a painfully tight throat. "What did they do to you, Beckett?"

It hurt. She hurt so badly for Beckett that tears scalded her eyes as she slowly pushed herself off the couch and pulled the sweatshirt on. Impotent! She was numb—maybe heartbroken and definitely confused as she wandered back to Beckett's bedroom. She lay on Beckett's bed awhile with his lingering scent around her, and she wondered if he could feel anything. "Of course he can, you ninny," she chide herself.

Injury did not mean that his feelings had been taken away. She had *never* been made love to by a man the way that Beckett had taken her tonight. It was not that she had a lot of experience either, except in her imagination. But she knew that what happened tonight was special—very rare and very special. It was more than the lovemaking, it was the passion and the trust that simmered between them. There was no other man that she could have been as abandoned with. There was no other man that got her as crazy, as angry, or as furious either.

A small laugh escaped her then. -Oh yes, and she certainly made Beckett angry enough too. People said passion and anger were strongly intertwined and oh god, Beckett was passionate. He'd wrung so many feelings out of her with his fingers and his mouth. The thought of never having Beckett touch her again nearly made her cry. She couldn't let that happen. Somehow, she couldn't ever let that happen.

Chapter Eleven

When Evie woke in the morning she realized that she'd slept longer than she'd intended to. After a quick shower she ended up putting on some of the clothes that she'd bought at La Bell's. So she came into the kitchen wearing the red sweater, blue jeans with their stylish baggy waistline, and bare feet to find Beckett working on the lock on the backdoor. She assumed he was fixing it because it had been broken in the break in.

"Good morning, Beckett," she said brightly stopping a few paces from him to peer down at what he was doing.

"Evangeline," Beckett muttered glancing up at her, and then back down to the lock.

Evangeline? So formal, Evie thought. So that was how he was going to play it, all cool and formal as though nothing had happened. She had wondered what he would do—well, she just was not going to let him get away with this! So then, before Beckett knew what she was about, she swooped right into the middle of his work winding her arms around his neck and she started kissing him!

Oh mm, even surprised Beckett kissed like heaven. His lips were parted in surprise so Evie took advantage and dipped her tongue into his warm mouth. Wow! She basically tackled him so he had no choice but to put his arms around her waist as the back of his shoulders hit the doorframe. He might have been intending to set her away from him. Only her tongue got engaged with his tongue and instead he dropped the screwdriver and clasped her bare waist in the space between her sweater and baggy topped jeans.

When Evie finally came up for air, it took a lot of determination through her breathless and aroused passions to be the one to speak first. "Oh, sugar man, I've never felt like you made me feel last night when you made love to me." Her voice was husky and all but purring as she clung to Beckett.

The look on Beckett's face was nearly comical it was so complex and changing. He was astounded, perplexed, wary, and maybe starting to become irritated at his own confusion. Evie decided that she had shook Beckett up enough—for the moment—and reluctantly she disengaged

herself from hanging onto his muscular frame. She took two steps backward and smiled up at him.

“Evie, did you hear *what* I said last night?” he asked her slowly.

Evie really liked the way Beckett’s straight lips were swollen slightly from her kissing. “Mmm,” she murmured distractedly, then clearing her thoughts from Beckett’s lips, as she said, “Yes, babe, I heard all of it.” Evie swung around, and then she *swung* her hips as she walked back into the kitchen. “Do you want something to eat, sugar man?” she asked throwing him a sultry look over her shoulder.

“Damn it, Evie, this is not a joke,” Beckett muttered stalking inside and slamming the backdoor.

Evie turned to face him. “Did that kiss feel like I was joking, Beckett?” she asked him seriously. Beckett scowled at her, and Evie stepped up to him and lifted her hand to rub it slowly on his muscular chest beneath the black tee shirt he wore. His muscles were expanded to steely hardness with his tension. “I’m not joking, Beckett. I want to talk about it. -I mean do you think it’s permanent or-?”

Ring! Ring!

Beckett grasped Evie’s hand and held it still on his chest as he reached to grab the phone. Beckett’s deep brown eyes were charged with intensity as he held Evie’s gaze and spoke into the receiver. “Bright Water Ranch.”

“That was just a warning, military *grunt*,” rasped a heavy voice in Beckett’s ear. “*Stay away* from my angel or you will be sorry!”

“*Yeah*, when hell freezes over,” Beckett growled into the receiver just as he heard a click on the other end. He slammed the receiver down and looked at Evie. “Who calls you, angel?”

Evie’s eyes widened with instant fear. “Janet,” she whispered, then she asked more strongly, “Was that *her* on the phone?”

“This is really starting to tick me off,” Beckett muttered as he pulled Evie into his embrace. She was shaking. “It was a woman trying to disguise her voice by speaking in a low hiss. She warned me to stay away from her angel.”

“No one has ever called me angel, but her. She started w-when-,” Evie stuttered to a halt.

“Started when, Evie? We need to talk about this. You need to tell me everything,” Beckett said.

“I need to leave! I *need* to get out of here,” Evie exclaimed pushing away from him.

“Oh no,” Beckett growled and he grabbed Evie by the waist from behind, pulling her back against him and holding her there with his forearm before she’d gone two steps. “That’s why you were going through with the sale of the land wasn’t it? Because you don’t have any money to leave.”

“I will *sell* something,” Evie exclaimed wriggling against his forearm. “I will sell my Mustang and buy a bus ticket!” Evie puffed and

exasperated breath pushing against his forearm, before she huffed. “I thought you wanted me gone?”

“Christ, you are the most irritating woman I’ve ever met,” Beckett muttered, and then he exclaimed harshly, “But you are *mine*.”

Evie went still with her spine stiffening against his chest. “What did you say?”

Beckett dipped his head and nuzzled the curve of her neck, then he kissed the smooth soft skin there. “What, no sugar man this time, honey buns?” Beckett teased and Evie began to wiggle against him again. “Ok, sweetheart, but you will admit that we have a lot to talk about. And I want to help you, Evie, I really want to help.”

“I don’t want you hurt,” she whispered.

Beckett turned Evie around and lifted her up to sit on the counter so that they were eye level, as he exclaimed, “That’s what you are worried about?”

Evie’s royal blue eyes sparked with defiance and Beckett knew he loved Evie much better defiant than afraid. “Yes,” she said with emphasis. “But myself also,” she finished in a mumble.

“But before you go haring off, will you at least sit and talk to me?” he asked gently. Evie was about as skittish as a colt. “Besides, sweetheart, you are not getting out of here before you help me clean up this mess and-.” Evie started to say something but he clamped his hand over her mouth. “One more day won’t make that much difference, and I promise if after we talk that you still want to go I will help you. But, I will help you do it in the safest way.”

Evie’s blue eyes were wary and considering over his hand, and then with quicksilver emotion that was all Evie, she broke her mouth away from his hand and launched her arms around his neck for a tight embrace. “Oh, Beckett,” she whispered fiercely. And Beckett figured that was the best non-answer he’d ever gotten.

Chapter Twelve

Beckett yawned as he flopped onto his newly made bed. He and Evie had cleaned the kitchen and livingroom and now each of them were working separately on their bedrooms. For a while they were both studiously ignoring the problem of Janet and whether Evie would be leaving. It was as though they had a silent agreement to catch their breaths. But for some reason he was unusually drained, he thought glancing at the sheaf of papers in his hand. It was Evie's story called "Spanking Missy" and he thought he would just read it quickly before giving it back to her. It would surprise Evie to find this one intact after discovering all of her other stories had been torn to pieces. Maybe she would smile, Beckett thought yawning again, besides a little rest would not kill him. So he began to read.

Missy couldn't believe that her boss David Payne was going to spank her, as in over his knees with her dress hiked up and only her shivering Italian silk panties as a barrier. It was undignified, humiliating, and he used a straight wooden ruler off his desk that stung!

Whack Whack Whack Whack

Oooo, it burned! David caught the underside of her wincing buttocks and Missy tried not to squirm, biting back her gasps. She would not give David the satisfaction to know how much he was hurting and shaming her! She would take her licks silently—remaining mute when he was finished, and then she would go back about her work. She would—

Whack Whack Whaaac—

"Ow!" Missy cried involuntarily. David was really switching her behind! This was no childhood spanking scene. She gripped his ankles, the only thing she had to anchor herself to as she felt him raise his arm for another blow.

"Having problems with the newest member of our team already, David?" drawled a masculine voice to their right.

Missy nearly died of embarrassment, realizing that her barely clad bottom was in full view of David's co-commander of the project, Steven Riley. She made one fruitless attempt to get up, but David held her easily with his muscled forearm across the small of her back. Oh she wanted to scream, and she refused to look up at Steven.

“Damn, Evie, you can write,” Beckett murmured stifling another yawn as he rolled onto his stomach on the bed and turned to the next page of Evie’s story. He continued to read.

“It seems, Miss Newman, believes she may flout our rules,” David said heavily. “She went unescorted to the site last night.”

“Jesus, don’t you know how dangerous that is?” Steven asked with anger inflicting his voice.

Missy remained stubbornly mute, struggling with a host of emotions at being in such a submissive position in front of these two men. Maybe she had been wrong to go exploring, but this punishment was Gothic!

“It appears our newest member has a stubborn streak, Steven,” David muttered. “One we cannot afford to allow to continue.”

Oh—she could not help it! “You speak as if you both were some sort of gods here!” Missy gasped angrily.

Whack Whack Whack

“Oww—ooo, stop! Stop!” Missy choked painfully. She didn’t know what she’d do if David kept striking burning stings across her behind. She might cry! “P-Please,” she begged him in shameless defeat.

“It is not enough yet,” Steven said. “She needs to be completely subdued.”

“No, please,” Missy pleaded in a barely audible voice. Then incredibly she felt one of their hands on the back of her panties. “You can’t!” she gasped as she tried to bring her hands around to stop the downward pull of silk. But one of the men caught her wrists as the other man pulled her panties down very slowly to her knees. “No,” she whispered helplessly.

“Jesus, we’ve been on this island for two years, David. Do you know how long its been since we’ve seen a woman out here?” Steven muttered.

Oh mercy what did that mean, Missy wondered? She knew this island that the institute was studying was very isolated, but-but!

“She is the only technical photographer we could convince to come out here and you know that, Steven,” David muttered.

“Umm,” Steven answered, sounding distracted.

“And,” David continued, “Missy realizes that her entire MBA rides on finishing this project. So in a manner of speaking she is as stuck as we are. Even if the boat was coming back any sooner than six months.”

“No, you are right,” Steven said, clearing his throat. “I just became sidetracked for a moment. Lets spank her bottom until she can’t sit comfortably for a week, and then maybe she will accept our rules here as law.”

“I do!” Missy gasped. She was already subjugated and humiliated what could more groveling hurt? And she didn’t want David to smack her naked bottom any more. Oh god!

“I vote for more paddling, Missy baby,” Beckett murmured in anticipation as he unconsciously ground his hips on the bed a few times, then he realized what he was doing! Humping like a dog—but! Beckett rolled over onto his back and grabbed his crotch. Damn if there wasn’t life there. He was semi-hard, even as tired as he was, all from reading about spanking a woman’s behind. It was incredible—it was blessedly encouraging. If only he could stop yawning and see how far this was going to go. With determination he rubbed his heavy eyelids and began reading again.

David and Steven looked down at Missy Newman’s naked buttocks already stained red on both firmly rounded cheeks from previous whacks of the ruler. It wasn’t enough and both men knew it. It was too dangerous on this remote island, and they had a responsibility to keep every man and now this one woman alive on their team. No one could flout the rules. Even the men took lashes across their backs if necessary. It had happened once in the two years since they’d already been here but that man was gone now. Moreover, they both knew how much they needed Missy’s technical photography skills. With her work completed they could all leave the island in six months—without it, who knew?

Both men had discussed the possibility of enforcing the rules on a woman when they realized that Missy was coming and there was no one else they could get. This is what they decided and they would go as far as it took. Yet neither man consciously realized what a turn on it would be to bare a beautiful woman like Missy’s ass. To spank her softly curved naked buttocks or to have her in such a blatantly sexual and submissive pose. Yet that is what they needed. They needed Missy to be submissive or perhaps a better word was obedient. And she did seem sweet-natured—impulsive perhaps, but pliable. She just had to understand without any doubt that she could not be impulsive here.

“I’m truly sorry, Missy, but this is for your own good,” David said quietly.

“No, please, David!”

“Sorry, sweetheart, but David is right,” Steven said.

“Oh no,” Missy whispered helplessly.

Smack! Smack! *“Ow! David!”*

Smack! Smack! Smack! *“P-Please, David!”*

Smaack! *“Oww!”*

Smaack! *“Ooww!”*

Smaaack! *“Oooo!”*

Steven took the ruler from David, listening to Missy’s sobs as he generously plied the ruler down her pale wincing thighs. Missy’s white skin burned red with each swat as her flesh jumped and flinched, while she whimpered helplessly. She wasn’t taking the spanking well at all and he was glad. He sincerely hoped they would not have to do this again.

Chapter Thirteen

“Beckett!”

Coming out of his silent reading with a jerk, Beckett heard the small scream from Evie’s bedroom on the other side of the wall as though from a great distance or through cotton stuffed ears. He threw aside the sheaf of papers he’d been reading, or he thought he did, but his hand seemed to be moving in slow motion. He should have been standing by now, rushing from the room, but everything seemed to be moving in slow motion through the hazy focus of his eyes. He’d been drugged! It came to him in seconds, or long minutes, he couldn’t be sure as he groped along the bed trying to swing his feet over the edge to get up.

Then, he heard Evie scream his name again! Beckett fought the insidious lethargy with all his willpower, shaking his head roughly as he felt the adrenalin of fear for Evie pumping through him. It was enough, he was strong of mind and body. He might move slower, but he would move!

When he opened his bedroom door, he heard Evie scream once more. “Beckett!”

“He won’t help you! I crumbled enough sleeping pills into the orange juice jug, when I trashed this place, to put down a horse.”

The voice was a woman’s voice, but it was deep and harsh, Beckett thought. Their voices were coming from Evie’s bedroom where the door was opened. Was this Janet? The voice sounded again.

“It just shows how much I know you, Evie. I knew you wouldn’t drink the juice. Just apple and grape juice, isn’t it angel?”

“*Get out of here! Get out of here right now, Janet, or I will call the sheriff!*” Evie screamed. Then there was a scuffling sound. “*No you don’t!*” Janet yelled.

“*Let me go!*” Evie screamed.

He had to be careful, Beckett thought, savagely resisting the urge to rush into the room at the sound of Evie’s terror. His mind wasn’t working right and he needed to realize that nothing Janet had done so far showed that she would fatally harm Evie. There were some things nearly as bad, but he insistently told himself that he had a little time to plan his next moves. He needed it. Janet would know that he could not be at his best. That was why he did not consider bringing his pistol into play. Beckett

could not take the chance that his drugged senses might get Evie accidentally shot.

No, he needed to think-*think!* But it was hard with his mind skipping and missing on the adrenalin peaks running through his body. Yet, he finally remembered Evie's window, and if he knew Evie it was open. From there he could see inside undetected and perhaps get into Evie's bedroom with a lot of surprise on his side. So on his way through the kitchen, Beckett picked up a five-pound bag of potatoes and quietly made his way out the back door.

"Put it on!" Janet hissed.

"No!" Evie cried, looking at the hideous bondage outfit laying on the bed quilt as the tall redheaded Janet waved a long-bladed knife through the air from the other side of her bed.

"If you *don't*, angel-," Janet uttered viciously " -I will take this knife and slice pieces from your unconscious lover in the next room!"

"No," Evie whispered in a low terrified moan. She knew Janet would do it. Evie knew what this crazed woman was capable of! Slowly, Evie reached for the scanty black leather outfit. "You have to promise not to hurt him. You have to promise me!"

Janet hissed an outraged breath with her shocking red lipstick outlining the cruel slant of her voluptuous lips. "I'll show you, little girl, how much better a real woman is than that muscle-bound jerk. *How* could you let him touch you?"

"I *don't* know!" Evie cried in fear, clutching the outfit to her chest. Nothing seemed more important than appeasing Janet and keeping her and the awful knife away from Beckett!

Janet seemed surprised, and then pleased at Evie's fearful outburst, and Janet's demeanor changed to cajoling. "It's all right, angel," she soothed. "I know how lonely a pretty little girl like you can get. How lonely and scared. These big brutes can just take advantage of you and all of your steamy passions."

In her fear Evie could only nod her head, frantically glad to keep Janet talking and not doing anything worse.

"But you just put that hot little outfit on, angel baby, and I will show you all that you are missing. I watched him spank you through the window, and I can do better, baby. I can make you squirm and make your cute little ass so red. We will play out some of the scenes from your best stories."

"Oh god, no," Evie whispered hoarsely, unable to stop her exclamation.

Janet's green eyes narrowed as she slapped the flat surface of the knife against the black leather of her biker pants. Janet was a beautiful woman but with some incomprehensible hard edge of near maleness in her. Perhaps it was the masculine cut of her red hair or the way she carried her tall body that made Evie feel like she was facing a dominating aggressor.

“You *just* put that outfit on now! Or I’ll-,” Janet hissed turning toward the open bedroom doorway.

“No, I will!” Evie exclaimed as she turned toward the window, and with her back to Janet, she quickly began undressing. The outfit was similar to the one that had been hanging in the dressing room at La Bell’s. This one had an inch wide leather strap that went across her breasts covering only her nipples and it hooked in back. The scanty top had another strip of leather that attached to the band across her breasts and came over her shoulders and around her neck like a skimpy halter top. The bottom was a pair of black leather chaps that belted around her waist but left her sex in front and her bottom in back exposed. Evie tried to leave her pink lace panties on as she put on the six inch stiletto high heels.

“Take your panties off too, angel,” Janet ordered harshly behind her. “I’m going to whip your ass bare—just like you like it. I brought a special whip!”

“Oh god, please,” Evie whispered beneath her breath with her whole body shaking as she agonizingly pulled her panties down. She thought desperately about the window to the side of where she was standing. The glass was shut but she thought she may be able to open it and jump out of it before Janet could catch her. Only that would leave Beckett completely vulnerable in the next bedroom. She was so afraid that it ran tremors along her skin as Janet ordered her to turn around. But just before she turned, Evie glimpsed an incredible sight through the window. *Potatoes?*

Crash!

“-Get down, Evie!” Beckett yelled. But he was already through the broken window and rolling across the bed to tackle Janet.

“What the *hell!*” Janet screeched, ending on a loud woof of air as Beckett plowed into her.

Janet was a big woman and in good physical shape as she twisted away from Beckett’s attempt to tackle her waist and bring her down to the ground. He roared an awful battle cry as she hit the wall and he plowed into her, it scared Janet enough to make her turn and scramble through the doorway. The knife she carried clattered at his feet as he kicked it under the bed and grabbed the door slamming it shut.

Janet must have realized quickly what had happened because she immediately began to screech on the other side of the door. “*God damn you open that door! I’ll kill you!*”

The pounding and scraping on the door sounded like Janet was attacking it with her boots and fists. Beckett knew that they only had a few moments before Janet realized through her fury that they could escape through the window. He turned to Evie who was backed against the wall clutching her hands between her thighs as tears streamed down her cheeks.

“Beckett,” she whimpered, shaking and terrified.

Damn it, Beckett thought, he couldn't comfort her—there was no time. He gritted his teeth against the continuing pain in his thigh and he jumped across the bed to grab her, as he uttered, "We have to get out of here *now*, Evie."

Beckett did not wait for an answer as he swung Evie through the window and she nearly toppled over on the six-inch spiked heels she was wearing as he jumped out of the window behind her. He grunted at the pain shooting into his groin, but he ignored it. Still aware of Janet pounding on the door behind him, he grabbed Evie and lifted her up over his shoulder making her squeal.

"I'm sorry, honey," Beckett hissed as an apology for her ignoble position, then he limped into a stiff legged sprint toward his Jeep. He would have to take a chance that Janet had not tampered with the Jeep because he did not have Evie's Mustang keys. His hand landed on Evie's bare bottom to hold her over his shoulder as her fingers dug at the waistband of his jeans from behind to balance her precarious perch. Beckett saw Janet's Harley motorcycle out of the corner of his vision as he dropped Evie onto the passenger seat of his Jeep. He did not waste time going around the Jeep to the driver's side, he just swung in over Evie, and he yelled tightly, "Hold on tight, honey. We're going to ram Janet's Harley."

Damn! Beckett wished he had a moment to appreciate the sight of Evie and what she was wearing. He caught glimpses of the red curls between her thighs, and her big breasts roped in tightly against a band of black leather as he started the engine and backed the Jeep up with skidding tires. He was backing straight for the Harley when he saw Janet at the back doorway of the ranch house.

Beckett immediately locked his arm straight across Evie's midriff, and yelled, "Hold on, baby!"

Thump! Crunch! Scraaaaap!

"*Oh hh!*" Evie squealed at the impact.

Beckett kept right on going, bumping and thudding with the high whining of twisting metal as he drove his Jeep over the top of the Harley now spilled on its side. He came off the other side with a crunch and he gunned the Jeep, because Janet was running up to his side of the Jeep.

"*You, maggot! You, military dick!*" she screeched.

Oh man, his ears were burning, Beckett thought as he made sure gravel spit up onto Janet's face as he drove the Jeep away from her, while he yelled, "*Best man wins!*" Janet's enraged screech was high-pitched behind them as he gunned the Jeep down the driveway.

When Beckett reached the end of the long driveway right before the highway, Evie nearly climbed in his lap yelling, "Stop, Beckett, *please!*"

Beckett pulled the Jeep over behind the fence beside the marquee. The highway was still a hundred feet beyond. He had not intended to enter the highway, he had other plans. Janet was not going to get away with this—or get away with terrorizing them any further. But he needed

Evie in a safe position. -Although it seemed Evie had pressing problems of her own, he thought catching a glimpse of her scarlet-stained cheeks before she buried her face into his neck. Her plush anatomy was nearly strangling his right biceps.

“I *can't* go in p-public dressed like this, Beckett,” Evie exclaimed, in a muffled mumble into his neck at the same time his hand, attached to his forearm nestled in the small of her back, settled over one of her cream-filled and entirely naked buttocks. Beckett squeezed that plumb feminine cheek into his big hand, and Evie puffed an acknowledging breath, clutching him tightly. “I’ll just *die* if anyone *sees* me like this,” she moaned into his neck.

It took a lot of willpower to hold back his imminent chuckle that was half relief at having Evie safe, but also more just bone-deep appreciation for what made her so special to him.

Still, Beckett couldn’t help but-. “Sweetheart, you have to swear your most sacred oath on something and I will gladly give you my tee-shirt.”

“What, Beckett?” she asked nuzzling his neck.

Beckett tunneled his fingers through Evie’s windblown blonde hair at the side of her face, as he whispered in a low rumble. “You’ve got to promise me you will let me stand behind you and watch you walk away wearing *nothing* but those chaps, honey buns.”

“*Honey buns!*” Evie exclaimed in feminine outrage. But it lost some of its vigor being blasted into his throat. And he willingly ignored it, because Evie was nearly strangling him with her whole body shaking as—god help him—he rubbed her bare little butt with his big wide hand.

“Later,” Beckett murmured trying to sooth Evie a bit because as much as he really wanted to expand this moment, rescuing the damsel in distress and all, Beckett knew he had to get moving. So with a lot of reluctance, born of relief and the tangible presence of a beautiful half naked woman in his arms, Beckett reached for the mike on his CB radio. As he called for assistance though, god help him, he really couldn’t help but notice the enticing red curls between Evie’s thighs. Hell, she was a redhead. A true bonafide redhead. It had been too dark last night to judge this revelation.

Chapter Fourteen

When Beckett returned to the ranch house, he came through the back entrance silently. He'd already checked for signs of Janet outside, and now as his back hugged the hallway wall he could hear her further in the house. She wasn't in the kitchen and he thought it sounded like she was in the livingroom, then he heard her yell angrily.

"God damn it, Evie, *where* did you put those Mustang keys!"

Crash!

Beckett tensed, it sounded as though Janet had swiped the entire desktop onto the floor. He had to be careful Janet could have picked up another knife out of the kitchen. He remained silent and carefully considered his options. He knew if he went in there it might turn into a brawl and he could get hurt, but more likely he could seriously hurt Janet.

On the other hand, he thought, he could just stay hidden making sure she didn't leave before the police came. Beckett continued to listen to Janet muttering as she searched the room. It sounded like she was pulling the desk drawers open.

"Found'em!"

Shit! Beckett immediately retreated on silent feet into the kitchen. He could make his stand here or—quickly he retreated further down the short hallway to the rear screen door. He'd just made it through when he caught a glimpse of Janet coming in his direction. Quickly, Beckett sprinted with a stiff legged limp toward the Mustang, he preferred it much better working out in open than in the confines of the house.

He'd just popped the hood on the Mustang when Janet came out the back of the ranch house. She had not seen him yet. Janet's gaze was turned in the direction he and Evie had escaped in the Jeep. Beckett lifted the hood on the Mustang slowly.

Squeak!

Janet's head jerked, then she turned her vivid green eyes on him. She was a striking woman. She was a tall redhead, decked out in tight black biker leathers that showed off her statuesque curves in stark relief. Janet was beautiful except for the vicious and hateful look on her face. Beckett smiled slowly at her and grabbed the starter wires giving them all a yank. Janet screeched in outrage and started after him at a full run. "You can't have her, you limp dick G.I. Joe!" she screamed.

Beckett did not stick around, but headed for the old barn. He just didn't relish a toss and tumble with Janet the Amazon, but he could see that she wasn't carrying a weapon.

W-rrr! W-rrr! W-rrr! W-rrr!

The sirens screeched overhead as Evie leaned forward from the backseat of the sheriff's car. "There she is!" Evie yelled. "That's Janet!" Evie saw Beckett then, running with a stiff legged limp, just before he disappeared behind the old barn, which left Janet out in the open. Alone. Evie watched Janet stop running after Beckett with a furious look on her face as the three sheriff's cars surrounded Janet blocking any escape she might attempt.

"Stay here!" the sheriff ordered Evie as he exited the vehicle with his rifle drawn. Evie could hear the sheriffs yelling at Janet to put her hands above her head and turn around slowly. Finally, Janet complied and Evie turned her gaze to look for Beckett. She saw him by the side of the barn. Beckett was bare chested holding a fist full of wires and looking seriously grim.

"You're *impotent*, you ex-military scum!" Janet yelled viciously, glaring at Beckett as one of the sheriff's grabbed her wrists roughly to handcuff her. "He can't even get it *up* for her," she continued yelling as she was pushed toward one of the sheriff's cars. "I've seen his medical release! G.I.Joe, wanna-be lover-boy, has a *limp* dick!"

"Shut up," the sheriff ordered Janet as he wrested her into the back of a brown Bronco.

When Evie turned her gaze back to Beckett, he was gone. Evie leaned forward hastily, intending to get out of the sheriff's car, but then she remembered what she was wearing. Beckett must have gone around the side of the barn out of view, Evie thought anxiously.

Beckett figured the sheriff could find him if he needed him. Then, he angrily tossed the Mustang's starter wires against the inside wall of the barn, following that action to slouched against that same old weathered wood. Hell, it was one thing living with it, but hearing it out loud like that, was emasculating. But damn it to hell, it was the truth and he'd better start realizing it and quit playing games he had no hope to finish.

Thirty minutes later the sheriff found him and offered him a ride back to his Jeep stating that Miss Pennyflower had scooted inside to get dressed and Janet would be going to jail for a long time. Beckett accepted the sheriff's offer of a ride. Luckily, he missed seeing Evie as they drove to his Jeep, where they shook hands and parted. Beckett watched the sheriff leave as he sat in his Jeep, and then he looked back up the road at the ranch house. He couldn't go back there. He shouldn't. It was all out in the open now and neither of them could hide from it.

Beckett turned the ignition on the Jeep as he took one last look at the ranch house. Evie would be waiting for him ready to thank him for saving her. She would be full of kisses and hugs, probably leaning heavily

toward more heated embraces. -And that was a problem of his own making, he admitted freely, if not angrily.

Beckett popped the clutch into first gear and headed for the highway. He wasn't sure where he was going, *and* he wasn't a drinking man—but maybe it was time to start.

Chapter Fifteen

The hardest part, Evie reflected on that evening around midnight, had been finding a ride into town because Beckett's trail had not been hard to follow. And the reason it wasn't difficult to find out where he had gone and what he'd been doing, had Evie silently fuming. Alright—she was just plain angry. First Beckett hadn't said a word. Then, he had just left! She didn't know where he'd gone—or if he was coming back. Luckily, he hadn't gone any further than Pine Grove. But then, what really made Evie steamed was the fact that it was Friday night, and any one of the women patrons of Frank's Tavern could tell you about the bare-chested hunk of a man who'd been in the tavern earlier. All night at that!

Yet what was really making Evie seethe was the description of the two buxom blondes that Beckett was reported to have stumbled out of the tavern with. It was anyone's guess who the women were, just two passers-by going through town. Now, Evie stood in front of the town's small six room motel beside Beckett's Jeep just glaring at the door that she *knew* Beckett had to be behind. At least they had gone to the motel, Evie thought furiously so she could find him, and-!

She didn't know what she would do, but if Beckett was in there with *two* blondes she was going to be livid—and hurt. She decided that she wasn't even going to knock. She and Beckett had a history together, she had a right didn't she? Besides, she was too scared and angry to think clearly about being right and wrong at the moment. She didn't know what she would have done if the door had been locked, but it sprang open at her shove. It hadn't even been latched.

“*Oh my*” Evie exclaimed taking in the sight that filled her gaze as she looked into the small motel room. It was Beckett, or more precisely it was Beckett's very naked behind. He was sprawled on a king-size bed with his jeans strangely still on and hanging around the top of his boots, which were also strangely still on. Beckett's boxer shorts were blue satin. Wow! They were hooked on his knees as he lay on his side leaving her with a spectacular view of his tight muscular buttocks. Beckett appeared to be asleep—nearly unconscious, and unless the two buxom blondes were in the shower—he could be alone.

“Beckett,” Evie whispered uncertainly, peeking into every corner of the small room to verify that Beckett was as alone as he appeared to be. Then, Evie inched her way into the room noticing that the entire room

smelled like whiskey. “Beckett,” she hissed again in a low whisper, but he didn’t move at all.

Evie scooted further into the room to peek into the bathroom and she saw that it was empty. The whiskey fumes were stronger as she passed Beckett and she concluded that he wasn’t injured at all. Beckett was just passed out drunk! The details of what must have happened worked slowly through Evie’s thoughts as she returned to the door and shut it. She would be willing to bet that Beckett’s money and his wallet were gone. It appeared that Beckett had been duped and robbed in his obviously drunken state, and now-?

“A kind person would wake him up,” Evie muttered as she circled Beckett slowly, while eyeing his muscular backside. Only she wasn’t feeling kind, she was still very angry. How could he leave her like that? How could he pick up *two* blondes? It did nothing for Evie’s sense of justice that Beckett could have been robbed, then left virtually defenseless so anyone like herself maybe, could-?

“Oh, I couldn’t,” Evie exclaimed, noticing the sifting of light brown hair covering the curves of Beckett’s flanks. The sinewy hanks of his buttocks looked nearly tender along the under curves, Evie thought and the way Beckett was sprawled on his side, arched the small of his back making his buttocks appear rounder than normal. Evie just happened to notice Beckett’s belt hanging in the waistband of his jeans gaping around his boot tops, and before she knew it she was pulling it free. *Oh boy*, Evie thought righteously, remembering this belt doubled over and smacking her hiney.

“Mmm,” Evie murmured folding the belt over and running its looped end in tentative circles over Beckett’s sinewy rump. Evie peeked around the front of Beckett and finally took a good look at his ‘majestic mast.’

“No,” she muttered against that creative description in her mind for Beckett’s endowment. “Honey pump?” *Mmm*, Evie gazed down mesmerized. Beckett was limp, but-? “Piercing sword of hot male flesh.” Oh yes, she liked that better or-. “Thick, wide, long-,” Evie looked down again. “-Long,” she drawled emphasizing reality. “Oh, Beckett, you have cute balls too!”

They were a fleshy pink color, smooth and round with a tantalizing full look as if they were about to pop. Goodness gracious, if Beckett ever did get hard, Evie imagined he would be ‘outstanding!’ Caught in her fantasy reality mode, Evie wasn’t really aware of how industriously she’d been using the doubled over belt to fondle Beckett’s anatomy. But then, Beckett moaned suddenly, startling the heck out of her and Evie realized that the belt loop was cradled beneath Beckett’s cute pink balls. She looked down at his limp but impressive piece of anatomy, then up at the dark shadow of his unshaven chin. He mumbled again. She stepped closer with the looped belt moving upward-.

“Mmouth, Lacy—try mmouth,” Beckett mumbled.

“*Oh!*” Evie expelled sharply. “You! You! You! Beckett, you!” she stuttered in outrage with her hand acting as though entranced with a will of its own as it swung forward. The looped over belt sailed through the air toward the hard hams of Beckett’s muscled buttocks. *Smack!*

“*Wh-what,*” Beckett grunted with his hard rump muscles flexing inward, then relaxing to their normal tight sinew again.

Evie thought Beckett sounded like a man who had been shook on the shoulders to wake up but didn’t want to, not like a man who had just been smacked on the rump with a sturdy leather belt. Darn! She would just have to try harder to get his attention.

“I’ll *show* you Lacy,” Evie hissed angrily, and then louder for Beckett’s benefit. “Come on, honey bun’s, this will be fun.”

“L-Lacy,” Beckett mumbled.

“*Oh-*,” Evie exhaled sharply. The nerve! *The* gall! The hurt! **Smack!** “Ouch!”

That’s it, Evie thought, Beckett was beginning to stir. **Smack!**

“Damn it,” Beckett mumbled with his head turning sluggishly on the bed.

Smack! Smack!

“Ouch, woman! What are you do-?”

Smack! Smack!

“*There,* isn’t this *fun,* Beckett?” Evie exclaimed as Beckett made a groggy looking attempt to evade the sting of the belt by trying clumsily to draw his knees upward. The new position gave her even better access to his tight muscular buns! **Smack! Smack!**

“Ouch! What? *Ouch!* What in the hell? *Ouch!*”

Evie could see that Beckett was really coming out of his stupor now as he rolled up onto his knees, leaving Evie a split second of stellar access to his bent over, subservient buttocks. **Smack! Smack!**

“OUCH!” Beckett kept rolling his body, finding himself in the air for a split second before he hit the floor. His confused mind telling him that he’d just fallen off a bed. “Is someone *spanking* me?” he gasped hoarsely, trying to bring his bewildered senses into focus. “With *a* belt?”

“Maybe you want to call out for, *Lacy,* again?”

“Evie?” Beckett looked over his shoulder. “Shit.” It was Evie. Evie in all her glory and spitting mad by the look on her face.

“You asked for her *mouth,* Beckett!” Beckett blinked at Evie in what he figured must look like a red-eyed owl imitation. “Her mouth, Beckett!” Evie stamped her small foot. “What is wrong with *my* mouth?” Evie started to really fume swinging his belt back and forth in front of him. “And you had to go out and find *another* person’s mouth?” Evie’s chin pointed and her eyes narrowed as she glared down at him. “*Lacy’s* mouth,” she hissed.

Ah oh. The trouble was that Beckett had absolutely no idea what Evie was ranting about. But hell, it didn’t sound good—not good at all. Something about another woman’s mouth. Lacy? Who the hell was

Lacy? Shit, if he could just remember what he'd been doing, but it was all a kaleidoscope blur, and-

Smack!

“Ouch! Damn it, Evie! What the hell!”

Smack! “Ouch!” *Damn it*, that time Evie smacked the under curve of his bare butt as he ignominiously rolled around in the small space between the bed and the wall trying to evade-. **Smack!** “*Ow!*” Shit! His boxer shorts were twisted around his knees- and his jeans were tangled around his ankles. **Smack! Smack!**

“Shit,” Beckett grunted tightly, trying to keep from yelping like a-

Smack! Smack! “Ah! Hell! Evie!”

“You’ve been a *very* naughty boy, Beckett,” Evie exclaimed as she swung his belt forward in an arc to-. **Smack!**

“*Agh.*” Ah hell! Resigned, Beckett pulled his upper torso up over the edge of the bed and positioned his bare ass right at Evie. “*There!*” Beckett growled. “*Have* at it, baby doll. Take-.” **Smack!** “*All,*” he grunted. **Smack!** “Your aggressions-.” **Smack!** “Owwout on me!” **Smack! Smack!**

Jesus. Beckett squirmed his butt and clenched his teeth. This stung! **Smack!** “Agh!” Beckett looked over his shoulder to see if Evie was wearing down any. Nope. **Smack!** He winced hard as the belt flayed across his buttocks. He’d never in his life been in such a submissive, yet extraordinarily sexual position. Sexual? **Smack! Smack!** *Ouch*, he managed not to make a sound as he clenched his ass cheeks tightly. Yeah sexual! As in arousing, stimulating . . . horny as hell. **Smack! Smack!** Damn, he was *hard!*

Chapter Sixteen

“Evie, I’m sorry!” Beckett pleaded suddenly, pushing up on his arms to look over his shoulder at her.

“Sorry?” Evie questioned breathlessly, with a surprised look on her face, as she finally held the belt still in her hand. “Sorry,” she murmured again hopefully.

“Yeah,” Beckett muttered, pushing off the bed to stand, then tottering his body around to face her. His jeans and boxer shorts inhibited a graceful turning. “Really sorry, baby.” Hell, he didn’t know what he was sorry about, but if what Evie was saying was true, it sounded bad enough to warrant an apology from him. Besides he was as hard as a pole at the moment and he would get down on his knees and grovel if he had to, not to waste this opportunity.

Evie’s sapphire blue irises caught his gaze, then they slid down to his groin and she did a cute double take, as she whispered, “Beckett?”

“Yeah,” Beckett smiled slowly . . . heatedly, and a bit proudly.

“Because I spanked you?” Evie asked in wonderment.

Oh no. “Ah. Well now. I don’t think, baby, that is the total reason for-,” he stuttered.

“It is!” Evie exclaimed interrupting him as she tossed his belt onto the bed, and then she sidled closer to him. “You’ve become horny because I spanked your bottom.”

“*Oh no,*” Beckett growled, grabbing Evie around her waist as he toppled them both backward onto the bed.

Evie squealed excitedly at the surprise. “Did to!” she challenged.

Hell, who was he to argue with a hard dick and a cute voluptuous babe in his arms. So he hedged. “Maybe because *you* were the one doing it?”

“Oh, Beckett.” Evie planted herself on top of his chest and kissed his chin with an adoring look, only then her gaze turned abruptly wary. “Beckett, did you-?” She used his chest as a surface to push off, locking her arms straight as she looked down at him. “Did you let this Lacy-? I mean h-her mouth or-.”

“No,” Beckett expelled emphatically, as he pushed the crook of Evie’s arms and collapsed her onto his chest again. He *would* remember that! “I think she just rolled me—pulled my jeans down after I passed out. I’m guessing my wallet is gone.”

“It is,” Evie chirped happily resting her small chin on the muscled hollow in the center of his chest as he felt one of her hands sneaking down over his belly. Her exploring fingers tested the ridges of muscle over his abdomen and he sucked in a tight breath feeling his fully erect dick bounce stiffly in anticipation.

“Beckett, you have such cute balls,” Evie stage-whispered with a sexy come-hither smile, while he stopped breathing for two full seconds feeling her hand moving lower. Evie’s soft palm slowly closed around the thickened column of his erection and his breath expelled from his lungs in a rush of pleasure.

“*Evie,*” he groaned sharply with a suspicious burning sensation beneath his now clenched eyelids as his hips bowed upward following Evie’s hand pulling on his cock. “*It’s you,*” Beckett gasped as Evie pumped his cock with tightening fingers once . . . twice . . . three times. “*Oh, baby, yes,*” he moaned.

“Beckett, you are so hot . . . oh, sugar man, you are so hard for me,” Evie whispered as she fisted his cock a little faster, while her first finger began stroking the crease in the head with each upward slide.

“*Jesus,*” Beckett hissed with his thighs twitching as small tremors ran through his body. There were raw burning sensations in his balls, nearly making him wince, but at the same moment intense pleasure overrode any discomfort, and then-

“*-Oh, Beckett,*” Evie gushed approvingly as her first finger stroked along the crease in the head of his cock and she found the drops of his pre-cum there. Her finger smeared the creamy substance over the sensitive head of his dick. Then, she dragged her finger downward through the tender crease following the slow downward pull of her hand as she stroked the throbbing column of his cock.

“*Ah-*,” he choked inarticulately, bucking his hips to the pumping of Evie’s hand. Beckett was enthralled, consumed, and his entire body could do nothing more than concentrate on his own fierce arousal. There were no thoughts of Evie’s pleasure, of touching her, only his dick and how hard it was, and how long it had been since he’d felt this way. He didn’t care that his jeans were still slouching around his boot tops or that Evie had taken his wrists one at a time with her free hand and now held them above his head in a submissive stance as she pumped his cock a little faster.

“*Baby,*” Beckett hissed, jerking his hips and flexing his wrists against Evie’s hand as his head arched backward straining the tendons in his neck. He was barely aware that Evie was crouched over him, until he first felt the tip of her hot tongue lick over one of his hardened nipples. “*Ohman,*” he groaned tightly as his body shuddered in response.

“You’re so hard, sugar man, so hard and so long for me,” Evie murmured huskily. Then, she hungrily licked around the circumference of one of Beckett’s penny-sized nipples before flicking her tongue over the tough aroused spike in the middle. Making Beckett groan again. This was for him . . . all for Beckett. Evie was totally concentrating on her man and loving him like he’d never been loved on before. She stroked his long broad penis faster.

“*Mmm*, sugar man, you taste so good,” Evie murmured tonguing Beckett’s other nipple before sliding her tongue down to the sprinkling of hair around his belly button. Beckett hissed when she plunged her tongue into his navel and his penis strutted upward like a live thing in the fist of her hand. But she held him down, putting more pressure on his wrists and holding his thick hot penis like an anchor to keep him in place as she thrust her tongue in and out of his navel as though she were the man mounting him.

“*A-. Christ. A-*,” Beckett groaned, shoving his penis through the curl of her fingers as fast as she ravaged his navel. Evie thought perhaps she would never see Beckett lose as much control as he was in this moment, while she held him down by his wrists and at the wide base of his cock. She leaned forward to lick the head of his straining penis with her tongue. “*A-Jesus.*”

“Let me love you, sugar man,” Evie murmured around her tongues motion as she liberally laved the head of Beckett’s penis, feeling all the smooth contours, the tender crease, and the ridge around the head. “Oh yes, sugar,” Evie whispered as Beckett groaned and the head of his penis twitched beneath her tongue. “I’m going to take you in my mouth, sugar man, all ten hot inches of you.”

“Oh *God*, Evie,” Beckett rasped. “*A-!*”

Evie took Beckett’s penis into her mouth slowly closing her moist lips around the thick shaft as she took more of him deeper into her mouth. Beckett’s hips rose to meet her with an intimate thrust that she willingly accepted as she filled her mouth with him—then she began to suck.

“*Baby*,” Beckett groaned, bucking beneath the exquisite pleasure of Evie’s mouth sucking his cock deeply. He could barely breathe, he couldn’t think at all expect for a searing heat in his balls that was burning beneath the rapturous drawing of Evie’s lips. “*Oh baby, baby*,” he babbled in deep guttural moans of pleasure as he began to rock his hips in rhythm with Evie’s rapidly sucking mouth. If he was pushing her too far, or too deep, he was too far gone to care as he should. Yet Evie took all of him into her mouth, more than he thought possible on some strokes with her lips wetting his balls at times. “*Christ*,” he groaned, fisting his hands above his head as his whole body began to shudder. He was going to come! *Christ*, he was going to come!

Suddenly, Evie loosened her mouth from around the shaft of his cock, until she had only the head in her hot mouth. Then, she began to draw on

him with quick hard jerks. Just the head faster and faster as her hand began to squeeze and fondle his balls.

“*Evie!*” Beckett exclaimed, feeling his eminent ejaculation. His thighs spread open, while his hips strained upward as he lost his breath and his belly clenched into marbled muscle. Just then his sperm shot free, burning all the way down to his balls before the pleasure exploded behind it. A pleasure so fierce that he could barely breathe as it wracked his body with hard pulsations, flexing his cock in deep shudders!

He’d fainted! Evie looked down at Beckett and she still couldn’t believe it. The little death? A man? Then, she grinned. Of course she should not take all the credit, Beckett still had to be moderately inebriated and she might not mention that to him later when she bragged to him about her accomplishments. *Oh boy*, was she going to brag to him, rub it in because she loved him so much. Oops, she probably ought not tell him about that for a little while, she thought as she scooted around on the bed and pulled Beckett’s boots off one at a time, then his jeans. He didn’t move an inch so she guessed he had gone into a deeper sleep.

Evie covered Beckett, then she searched his jean pockets for the keys to his Jeep. It seemed Beckett was going to have to find a ride home to the ranch and it was nothing less than he deserved, Evie decided as she shut and locked the motel room door behind her. Because she had a sudden overwhelming passion to write and a good writer *never* ignored those intensely creative urges so she just had to get to the ranch quickly and find her paper and pencils.

Chapter Seventeen

That next morning Evie read out loud to herself . . .

Angel watched mesmerized as the five leather strips on the end of the riding quirt she held snapped sharply across Jake's sinewy buttocks. Jake's knees bent with the impact as his buttock cheeks tensed inwardly to pose like harden hanks of muscle. His breath hissed through his clenched teeth and from her viewpoint at the side of his nude body Angel saw Jake's penis harden and jut upward with a spellbinding curve.

She knew that curve, she had felt it deep inside her plummeting her senseless-. As senseless as she intended to make Jake now, Angel thought as she drew her hand back for another lash. "Tell me, Jake," she commanded huskily.

Jake turned his hot amber colored eyes on her. "Whip me harder, pink angel." His naked chest expanded as he worked his wrists against the bonds holding his arms above his head. "Spank me," he uttered lowering his thick brown eyelashes against the hard curve of his cheek bones.

Sssss—the quirt sung as it whipped through the air—smack! Jake's knees nearly buckled as Angel watched his butt muscles clench tightly. When the flayed end of the quirt fell away from the lashing, Angel saw the red welts painting lines across the crease of Jake's naked ass.

"Yes, pink angel," Jake groaned, and then he hissed, "Again, honey."

"You've been bad, Jake. You've been so bad I'm going to make your bare bottom pay," Angel said watching Jake's slow grin right before he winced because she lashed his defenseless butt again.

Evie paused in her reading and the dusting of fine hair on her flanks raised as though a feather had been brushed over her exposed behind. *Beckett was there, behind her.* He had been. She smiled and continued to read out loud, poking the eraser of her pencil onto the point of her chin.

"When Jake lifted his gaze to Angel again, his amber eyes were molten-. Mm," Evie paused lifting her pencil to cross out the word molten.

"Were heated with lust," Beckett offered in a rumbling bass voice behind her.

Evie flipped her long blonde hair over her shoulder to fall down her naked back, turning her head to peek at Beckett. “Excellent,” she murmured with a second or two of a searing gaze of her own, before she turned back to add Beckett’s words, and then she continue to read out loud.

Jake’s gaze slid down over Angel’s naked breasts. Full firm breasts as white as ivory with cherry colored areolas and tautly aroused tips. His gaze lowered to her bare midriff and the creamy dimple of her belly button showing over the worn brown leather of his chaps. The only thing his pink angel was wearing. A tear drop of his seed escaped his throbbing cock as he sucked in a tight breath. “Again,” he expelled.

“Oo,” Evie puffed, coming to an immediate stop in her narration because Beckett’s broad warm hand was playing over her bare behind. “Do y-you-,” Evie cleared her throat trying to concentrate. “-Do you think Jake should ask Angel to whip him again?”

“Is Angel wearing his chaps and nothing else?” Beckett asked.

“Ah huh,” Evie nodded.

“Well then, baby, I think Jake will let his pink angel do anything to him she wants.”

Evie giggled, setting her papers down, turning from her stomach onto her back on the couch to look up at Beckett. “You think so, mm?” Evie asked watching Beckett’s gaze travel over her nakedness, wearing nothing but black leather chaps.

“Oh yeah,” he muttered in a rough voice with his gaze resting on the red curls shaved into a heart shape between her thighs.

“So you think this plot might work in my story? With the woman spanking her man?”

“Sometimes, baby. Sure thing. But right now you *owe* me,” Beckett said, lifting his gaze to her eyes. “A walk, darling, in nothing but those chaps. A prance maybe if I’m lucky and use my belt right on your sweet behind. Right now it’s time for me to be masterful.” Beckett paused giving her a slow hot grin. “And later we will switch.”

“Later?” Evie asked giggling.

“Oh yeah,” Beckett answered. “And, I changed my mind about the belt, we need a ruler—a wooden one. I read something about that somewhere. And, baby it turned me on.”

“It did?” Evie asked, suddenly a little bit more excited. “Did you really like it, Beckett?”

“I loved it, Evie, and later I’m going to tell you how much, but right now I’m going to get that ruler and take you over my knee. Then, I’m going to make you walk around so I can see your gorgeous red ass.”

“Oh, Beckett.”

“Yeah, baby doll,” he answered, bending suddenly to grab her around the waist. In one second flat he had her hauled up over his shoulder as he stalked toward the bedrooms. “I know I saw a wooden ruler in my uncle’s dresser,” he muttered.

Evie laughed excitedly, thinking that there was no time like the present to start their intimate games. So she-. “Oh you, brute! Put me down!” she squealed wiggling and squirming over Beckett’s broad shoulder. Instantly, she received a sharp slap on her hiney from Beckett’s large hand making her squeal at the sting, and then fight harder. By the time Beckett had reached the bedroom and found the ruler he had swatted her wriggling butt a dozen good times before he tossed her onto the bed and came down after her.

Evie playfully fought Beckett, until he had her belly down over his thighs, and then he raised his knees pushing her butt upward into a thoroughly submissive position. She kicked her legs and wriggled her butt energetically barely able to hold her upper body level with her elbows pushed into the mattress. “No, no!” she cried. “Don’t whip me, please!” But it was an act and Beckett knew it because she really wanted her bottom paddled so she struggled more, enjoying the feeling of Beckett imprisoning her. Beckett grabbed the back waist strap of the chaps she was wearing and he pulled upward arching her fanny even more submissively as her elbows gave way and-.

Whack! “Oo!” Evie squealed, the ruler really stung her bare butt. *Whack! “Ooo!”* This was more than Beckett’s belt or his palm and she was completely helpless to stop him as he laid the ruler sharply across her buttocks four more times, while she yelped and squirmed. Evie gripped the bed quilt into her fists as Beckett paddled her hiney three more times.

“O! O!” she cried.

Evie knew begging Beckett would not stop him. She could only take the spanking, but then something began happening as it had before. She was becoming aroused and the more Beckett swatted her bare buttocks the heavier her arousal grew. Suddenly, Beckett released the back strap of her chaps, but as her hips lowered he whacked her vulnerable bottom again with the ruler. She yelped at the fierce stinging, as Beckett ordered, “Get up, honey buns, its time for you to walk for me.”

With the ruler as impetus, Evie scrambled quickly off Beckett’s lap, yet he caught her bare rump with another whack making her squeal as she tried to cover her backside with her hands. Finally, she was standing in front of Beckett with her palms rubbing her sore bottom, but his gaze was solely for the swatch of red curls between her thighs, which she had meticulously trimmed into the shape of a heart.

“I love red hair,” Beckett murmured, then he lifted his gaze slowly over her bare midriff, her naked breasts, her lips and then his gaze reached her eyes. The coffee brown color of his irises was heated with appreciation for what he was seeing, then he grinned, slowly falling back on his elbows tapping the ruler in one hand on the bed.

“And now that walk, honey buns, slow and easy with lots of swing, baby.”

Evie blushed, surprising even herself. She'd never been involved in a more sexually charged moment. Beckett wanted her to exhibit herself for him, a real show of her naked ass wearing only the chaps. It was beyond anything she ever imagined doing in real life, yet she knew Beckett would swat her bottom if she didn't do it. That tease of domination thrilled her and she could feel the liquid heat in her sex as she turned slowly around for him, arching the small of her back and plumping out her behind.

“Damn, woman you've got one gorgeous ass,” Beckett expelled behind her. “And it's striped with my punishment marks—now let's see you wiggle it for me.”

Evie sucked in a tight and excited breath, peeking over her shoulder at Beckett. “Wiggle your ass for me,” he murmured again tapping the ruler on the bed for emphasis.

Some part of her relished this and another part of her was reluctant, but most of her was so aroused that-. She bent over and began wiggling her hiney at Beckett.

“*More,*” Beckett uttered behind her and Evie loved the deep base of his voice gone raspy. She knew he could see everything. How wet she was for him as she sensuously undulated her bottom with all her imagination. Beckett groaned deeply as she separated her thighs using her hands to fondle the curves of her buttocks, then she straightened arching her back and lifting her hair up over the top of her head. Slowly, she began to walk with lots of hip swinging motion, and Beckett uttered a deep helpless male sound behind her.

Evie loved that sound from low in Beckett's throat and she sought more swinging around to face him with her arms high above her head holding up the long tendrils of her hair. Beckett's gaze went immediately to her large breasts lifted high with the pink nipples in their centers puckered to fat spikes. The dark intent in his brown eyes sent goose bumps shivering over her belly and lower as she glided toward him rolling her hips aggressively. Beckett's gaze immediately dropped to her sex and the red curls glistening in the morning sunlight filtering through the bedroom window.

“Have you ever had a lap dance, sugar man?” Evie asked in a deeply suggestive purr.

“No, Ma'am,” Beckett rasped watching Evie slowly widen her legs as she moved closer to the edge of the bed corralling his knees between her thighs. The bulge of his hard cock was uplifting in his jeans and pushing roughly at the top of his belt as Evie undulated her body in a languid ripple from her naked breasts to her fiery red-topped pussy. He nearly expired on the spot as he used every ounce of his willpower to keep from grabbing her.

Evie wasn't done yet, Beckett shouted silently at his adamant cock. He wasn't going to miss this no matter how much his thickheaded prick wanted to be lord and master of this moment. So he gulped a couple quick breaths trying to steady himself. But then, Evie rolled her hips like a Burlesque dancer and she bent over brushing her breasts all over the front of his tee shirt.

"Ohbaby," he hissed senselessly, desperately wishing he had a hundred-dollar bill between his teeth. But then, Evie undulated her hips lower, smearing her hot pussy lips over his cock and he knew it had to be a thousand-dollar bill at least. He could feel the dampness of her arousal wetting the outline of his cock through his jeans and he knew he was a goner

Evie squealed as he tumbled her over onto her back in the middle of the bed, and then he rolled, coming up over her to straddle her hips with his knees. He ignored the twinge in his thigh protesting this position as he grasped Evie's wrists and pulled them above her head. The motion arched her spine raising her hips and her belly to him like a feast, while he lowered his head and lazily licked her belly button. She moaned deep and invitingly as he tasted the rest of her warm belly, then he moved to the heavy under curves of her breasts.

"You taste like warm honey," he murmured, licking his tongue through the deep valley between her thrusting breasts as her wrists fought his hand hold and her hips squirmed between his knees. She was as hot as molten lava and when their lips met it was nothing nice and easy, but hot and feverish. They tongued each other aggressively as he held her twisting wrists and he rode the outline of his cock over her writhing pussy.

"Please, Beckett," she gasped around his probing tongue. He had his baby hot alright, Beckett thought nearly deliriously himself as he finally let go of her wrists. Evie wildly clutched his tee shirt, pulling and tugging as she heaved it up over his shoulders and off his arms to land in a pile around his neck. Their lips never stopped attacking each other as her fingers groped hurriedly at his belt buckle, tugging open the snap on his jeans, and pulling the zipper down quickly. An instant later she was pushing his jeans and boxer shorts combined down over his rump, until his cock sprang free. *"I can't wait, sugar man,"* she cried with a passion rough voice.

They both stopped with their lips parted in heavy breathing barely inches from each other as they stared into each other's eyes. The passion was fiercely biting at each of them and Beckett knew they both needed the fulfillment right now. This instant. But, the position was awkward. Hell, he'd never get his jeans off for this in time so he used his well-honed muscles, lifting Evie by her waist as he sat back.

"Put your legs around me, pretty baby," he hissed with a passion-strained voice as he lowered her body over his lap, while turbulently capturing her lips again. When Evie's bare breasts touched his chest, he

groaned. It felt as though her puckered nipples were branding him. She clutched at him, flattening her breasts into the wall of his chest. Skin on skin. *Ohman*, she was soft and voluptuous, then the head of his dick touched her wet, ready vagina.

Evie mewled low and excited in her throat as her arousal drenched the head of his cock. He never felt anything like it, it was like warm syrup oozing over the sensitive head of his dick as he prodded her tender opening. She moaned, digging her fingernails into his shoulder as her neck seemed to lose its strength and her head fell back.

“Please,” she hissed hooking her ankles around into the small of his back and he prodded her again, with just the head, in and out. *“Oh god, Beckett.”* Beckett prayed to God also, it felt so good as he held Evie above his rigid cock by just the strength in his arms, and then he did it again—moaning along with Evie at the incredible feeling. *“You’re teasing me,”* she cried, trying to lower herself onto his cock, but he held her at bay, playing his own game with just the head, in and out.

He’d been insensitive to her feelings last night when she’d taken his cock in her mouth so lovingly and wild. But this morning, Beckett was determined to make up for it. This was just the beginning of their life together and he was going to give Evie ecstasy this time—both of them together.

Beckett gritted his teeth against his own fierce passion watching Evie’s breasts heave as a little bed of sweat trickled through her ample cleavage. He did it again, in and out, and she gasped swinging her long hair over his boot tops with her neck arched backward. Hell, she was the most beautiful thing he’d ever seen, and within her abandon she was completely and utterly his. He did it again, in and out, and she began quivering. It was time. He did it faster. Faster! *“Beckett!”*

Oh god she was coming—and Evie had never felt anything like it as Beckett pulled her down over his thick hot cock filling her completely. The walls of her vagina convulsed wildly around the width of his cock as Beckett just held her there, while she climaxed around the incredibly tight fullness of him deep inside her. It was unbelievable and she could not catch her breath.

The little death. Beckett gritted his teeth with a hard grin. All these lasts moments of self denial had been worth the tremendous effort it took him not to spill his seed just yet. He caught Evie’s languid body laying her back as he kept himself inserted inside of her. He quickly wriggled out of his boots and jeans a comical effort as he tried to keep himself inserted in his baby. But he managed to do it, to his greater stimulation, and Evie was just coming around when he finished, ending with his knees between her knees and her legs spread widely as he rested on his elbows. Then, he began thrusting his cock into her slowly.

“Beckett,” she murmured pouting her lips up at him like a kiss as she began to move with him. *“What are you doing to me?”* she asked in a little breathless murmur.

“Just getting started,” Beckett uttered rolling his hips, making Evie moan—and then she moaned again as he kept up the rolling motion, while he quickened his speed. Evie clawed at his biceps, lifting her legs beneath his armpits as her feet bobbed high on his shoulder blades, and then he pushed faster feeling the clutch and draw of her inner muscles around his cock. The cool leather of the chap’s Evie wore slid against his sweaty skin as he took her deep, pushing forward more and swinging his hips faster.

Hell, he had to be touching her womb, Beckett thought as he intensely concentrated on every tingle and ripple of pleasure that washed over him. And, he pumped harder starting to completely lose the battle with his control. But he wanted more so he slowed nearly coming to a stop leaning his head down to kiss Evie’s swollen lips, as he murmured, “I want you from behind, pretty baby. Will you get up on your hands and knees for me?”

“Yes,” Evie moaned mindlessly, around his kisses. She was his. And he helped her up, helped her turn around for him. Evie’s pose was carnal, thrilling, and submissive as he came up on his knees behind her widely spread buttocks. Instinctively, Beckett knew that Evie would like this position best of all after having seen her naked and playing with herself on her bed that first night. He was right, as he took her hard and fast from behind, no longer able to hold anything back, bucking into her rapidly.

The marks were still on Evie’s ass for him to see as he held her hips, pushing and pulling them, while she went down on her elbows offering herself up to him completely. It was the best, and Evie was with him all the way, screaming his name as she climaxed again, and then he came with her spilling his seed deep and hot inside her.

His belly roar of pleasure doubled him over Evie’s back and he barely caught his weight on his hands. The throbbing release of his dick went on for ecstatic minutes as Evie’s inner muscles clutched at him with their own quivering discharge of beats. It left them both gasping, until Beckett fell onto his back dragging Evie with him. She landed with her spine half across his chest and he held her beneath her breasts. He could feel the stormy fluttering of her heartbeat, as he finally gasped out, “I love you, baby.”

“Oh, Beckett,” she gasped. “I love you too.”

Beckett knew that was the best answer he’d ever gotten. However, a few moments later he heard Evie murmur still breathlessly. “Sugar man, I think you are going to make me into one excellent writer.”

Beckett grinned wolfishly. *No*, he thought, maybe that should be lecherously not wolfishly, it was more creative.

THE END

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