

ARC

CINDY REVISITED

by

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WHAT THEY ARE SAYING ABOUT ***CINDY REVISITED***

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Dedication

I'd like to dedicate this book to
my friend and critique partner, Pam Marshall.
Thank you, Pam, for all your support.

Prologue

Up above, Imogene sniffed back a tear, her silver wings fluttering. “Oh my stars, it’s worse than we thought, girls.”

The members of the fairy’s circle looked down through the heavens to their fairy goddaughter, Cindy Taylor, and sighed. She’d been their charge since she called to them when she was six, after watching Cinderella.

Agatha handed her a lace handkerchief. “Now dear, don’t get weepy on us. She just hasn’t had the right opportunities for romance. Blot your eyes before you cause a flood.”

Hilda scowled. “Aggie, are you knocking my love spell?”

“The pigmy goats drank the enchanted water, not that handsome vet,” Agatha pointed out. “Now her dude ranch is overrun with the little buggers. As our sex expert, you’ve been spectacularly unsuccessful.”

“As head fairy you should have given me better intel.” Hilda turned to Imogene for support. “Am I right, Imme?”

“Now ladies, I’d say there’s plenty of blame to go around.” Agatha sighed. “Let’s focus on helping our fairy goddaughter. Have faith ladies, I have a plan. I’m bringing in an outside consultant.”

Chapter 1

“It was a total flop, Dora. At this rate I’m never going to get laid,” Cindy Taylor grumbled, mucking out stalls.

Dora backed away from the flying manure, her nose wrinkling with distaste. “Do you mean he didn’t even give you a good night kiss?”

“Nope, I’m still un-kissed, and un-everything else,” she said with a smile, hitching up the strap on her bib overhauls. She tucked a tumbledown strand of red hair up under her cowboy hat. Her best friend, sleek black hair cut in a bob, and fashionably dressed in designer jeans that enhanced her petite curves, shook her head. They were worlds apart, but a friendship that went back to kindergarten could withstand her lack of style. For the past six months, since she’d returned to save the ranch, Dora had been trying to help her get laid. So far nothing had worked. Bless Dora for sticking with it.

Still, she didn’t have time to mope. Since her father’s sentencing for tax evasion, she was all that kept the ranch from bankruptcy. At least he’d had the good sense to put her in charge in his absence. Her stepmother Cordial, and airhead eighteen-year-old step-sisters, Tiffany and Brandy, didn’t know a thing about ranch management and didn’t want to learn. So Cindy had bitten the bullet, closed her art studio in Taos, and come home to help, not that the other’s appreciated it. She hadn’t done it for them; she’d made the sacrifice for her dad, and because she loved the ranch that’d been in her family for generations. All the other women cared about was that the money kept rolling in, and there was precious little of that.

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“So where are the three witches?” Dora asked, gazing up at the big ranch house on the hill.

“Cordial hasn’t made an appearance yet today. I think she’s sleeping in.”

“More like sleeping it off,” Dora muttered.

Cindy chose not to comment. Her stepmother had been acting differently lately, more standoffish and spiteful than usual. And her teenage stepsisters had turned into self-indulgent brats while she’d been away. “Brandy and Tiffany are probably primping for the dance tonight.”

“And you’re up to your ankles in horse shit.”

“And your point is?” Cindy asked wryly.

“There’s something wrong with this picture. At least say you’re going to the dance tonight.”

Cindy shook her head. The Policeman’s Ball was the high point of Cider City’s society year. Held at the newly constructed Hyatt Regency, it would no doubt hold the cream of the local stud crop. While she ached to find the right guy to make her a woman, she couldn’t bear the thought of another dud on such an evening, especially not one on such a grand scale. “I can’t. I don’t have a thing to wear.”

“No problem. I have a stylist...”

“I don’t want to hear it,” Cindy interrupted yet another pitch for the makeover she desperately needed, but couldn’t afford.

“Word has it the elusive JT Randal might make an appearance,” Dora said with a conspiratorial grin. “How can you stand to miss it?”

A little thrill went through her at the bad boy’s name—grown man now, she amended. It’d been twenty years since he’d roared out of town on the back of his Harley, which would make him in his late thirties. An experienced man of the world, a risk taker, now he had what it took to introduce her to sex in a big way. Her mouth curved in a secret grin. He was probably big all over. She saw Dora

watching her with a smirk, no doubt guessing the way her dirty thoughts had wandered.

They'd both had unrequited teenage crushes on the hunk. She'd kept track of him through the news like everyone else, a successful businessman; others on Wall Street had dubbed him the Barbarian. The name fit, he'd always had a primitive streak. Now that his father was ailing, the prodigal was expected to return, but she'd never put much stock in rumors. Besides, having the two of them double team her would be disastrous. It'd been hard enough repelling Silas Randal's attempts to steal the ranch out from under her. "As far as I'm concerned, he can stay away."

"Now Cyn, don't be so pessimistic. Old man Randal didn't say for sure your ranch was on the chopping block, did he?"

"He didn't have to. His slimy personal assistant, Dwain Hawkins, didn't pull any punches. You know what he tried to pull."

"The man tried to romance you; you kicked his ass, and set the goats on him. You've got to stop doing that, if you want to attract a man."

"So I didn't fall for his sudden fatal attraction for me. I'm too smart to buy the bill of goods he was selling. Besides, when he touched my boob, he asked for it. The scrawny jerk thought he was god's gift to women. I did all the other females in the valley a favor and set him straight." She knew exactly what kind of lover she craved, and he wasn't anything like smarmy Dwain Hawkins. Tall, dark, dominant, but with a playful streak; now that was for her. The fact that it fit JT Randal's bio to a 'T' was only coincidental.

"I can't give you an argument there. I hear Hawkins had been making a pest of himself at half the ranches in the valley, trying to gobble them up."

"See what I mean. The Double T Ranch would give Randal Industries direct access to the railroad for shipments, and everybody knows the old curmudgeon Silas Randal is itching to expand his

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business. Hawkins is his henchman, he's willing to kiss you, or cheat you, at his boss's say-so."

"Are you still getting the, seemingly anonymous, obscene letters?"

"Feast your eyes on the latest," Cyn said, pulling the typewritten note from her back pocket."

"...some day soon, you will know what it is to feel my touch. I have the patience and intelligence to tame a wild bitch like you and bring you to heel. You'll moan with ecstasy as I shove my giant cock down your throat, inch by inch. Don't try to run..."

"He certainly has an inflated picture of himself," Cindy said, rolling her eyes. "Turn it over and read the secret message."

Dora flipped it over. "Good grief, they've scrawled it in lipstick."

"Yup, it's like the other secret messages."

"Run you stupid, pigheaded girl, while you still can. This may be the last warning I'm able to give you."

"Hmm, it seems you have a friend trying to warn you off. Or maybe Hawkins has a jealous girlfriend."

"I doubt it. Can you really picture him with a girlfriend?" she asked, her nose wrinkling in distaste.

"No. So maybe you should run, and your old man should give in to the pressure from RI, and sell up," Dora said sympathetically. "It might be the best solution for all concerned. Your father's never been all that good at ranching from what I could see. Then you could get away from this mess, and get a life."

Cindy blew her a raspberry. "Hell, I'd settle for a love life but I'm not running, and my dad is too good at ranching, when his heart's in it." She pocketed the note, telling herself it was true. "And don't you dare tell him about these notes. He's got enough to deal with getting through the next three months till he's released, and besides..."

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Dora held a hand up to forestall her. "Fine, I give up. At least say you'll reconsider going to the dance."

"Maybe," Cindy said, stalling her. She really wasn't up for another unknissed evening. And she really didn't own anything fancy enough for the formal event.

"I'll be watching for you, just in case," Dora said, going to her car. "And if you're worried about running into JT Randal don't. After all, what would a high-powered industrialist be doing at the Policeman's Ball?"

"True." Cindy sighed as she watched Dora drive away. She had a sneaking suspicion Dora wouldn't take no for an answer. Stretching the kinks out of her back, she went to finish her chores, unloading the bags of goat chow. The pygmy goats had one hell of a love life, reproducing like crazy. Too bad, she couldn't say the same. When she finished, she walked to her cabin located next to the bunkhouse, going through the dude ranch lobby to her digs. What she needed was a pint of rocky road to cheer up her pity party.

Suddenly there was a tap on her door. It could be Dora with a suggestion for another god-awful blind date, or more likely one of the steps with another dress crisis. Stitch the hem, iron the gown, or get out a stain, her money was on stain at this late hour. She threw it open to find three short older ladies carrying makeup cases, standing in the lobby. Were Avon ladies going out in posses now, she wondered with a smile? "I think you want the big house, ladies."

"No, Cynthia Jane, we're here to see you."

"Really?" she asked, shocked.

"Of course, we're your Fairytale makeover team. Just think of us as your Fairy Godmothers."

"But I didn't order a makeover, and I certainly can't afford one."

"My dear, it's already taken care of."

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Cindy felt a small stirring of hope grow inside her. This must be Dora's surprise birthday gift she'd been hinting about. *You're going to love it Cyn.* The tiny ladies beaming up at her were certainly loveable. She read their gold embossed nametags, Agatha, Imogene, and Hilda, and smiled. "Ladies thank you, I think you came in the nick of time."

She stepped back to let them inside. Then, around through the lobby, came a troop of hairdressers and technicians. "So many of you?"

"Of course, we give deluxe service. Just put yourself in our capable hands."

Cindy put troubling thoughts out of her mind, and did just that, letting them treat her to a spa oil bath and massage, softening her work-roughened skin. A pedicure and manicure came next. She looked down at her pink toenails and smiled, feeling sexy and feminine. When she slipped into the hairdresser's chair, and looked at her tangled, limp ginger hair hanging down her back, she let out a sigh. "I think it's hopeless."

"No dear," Agatha said, "you just haven't had anyone to show you what to do with it."

How did she know that? Her mother died when she was born and she'd grown up a tomboy, looked after by Pedro and Juanita while her father grieved. When the stylist turned her hair from a tangled mess, to fiery waves of copper and gold, cascading around her shoulders, she couldn't believe her eyes.

"It's lovely," she said, shaking her hair, watching it shimmer and catch the light. She looked at the beaming trio, her Fairy Godmothers. "How can I ever thank you?"

"Go to the dance," they said in tandem.

Now, how did they know about the dance? Or that she wasn't planning on going? Dora must have tipped them off. "I can't It's formal, and I don't have a thing to wear."

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“Not to worry, my dear.” Imogene said, going to a large suitcase.

Cindy watched curiously as she opened the suitcase, an aura of gold light radiated out of the deep case, refracting rainbows on the paneled walls. Gasping with wonder and surprise, Cindy watched Imogene reach inside and pull out a gorgeous turquoise blue evening gown. The princess style dress, shot through with gold threads, would make her the bell of the ball. “It’s beautiful,” Cindy said, with a gasp.

“It matches your eyes,” Imogene pointed out with a tender smile.

Cindy gazed at her reflection in the mirror, realizing they were right. The expertly applied makeup she wore played up her eyes, and her full lips.

“This should get his attention,” Imogene said, with a giggle.

“Him?” Cindy asked.

“The man of your dreams.” Imogene blushed.

How did they know she had sex dreams? Dora certainly wouldn’t have told them about her secret erotica library.

Hilda smiled, and walked over to the case, shooing Imogene aside. “My turn.” She winked at Cindy and pulled out lingerie. She watched as Hilda reached into the case and pulled out a rainbow of different colored sexy lingerie. She picked a matching gold lace bra and panty set out of the pile, and held them up. “Try these tonight to light his fire.”

“Those might just do it.” Cindy grinned, wondering if they had a little love potion number nine in that magical case of theirs.

Chapter 2

An hour later, Cindy entered the ballroom at the Hyatt Regency. Her wary gaze immediately shot to her stepmother, holding court with a group of her country club women friends. An ice blond, in a tasteful black gown and pearls, Cordial still resembled the beauty queen she'd once been. It didn't take much looking to spot her stepsisters out on the dance floor. They were the center of attention in their faux designer pastel gowns, Tiffany in pink and Brandy in baby blue. Blond, bubbly, as long as they got what they wanted, the twins were stunning with their fair-haired beauty.

When Cordial glanced at her, Cindy went stiff as a board, fearing exposure, afraid that she'd be unmasked, and laughed at. But her frosty stepmother looked right through her without even a hint of recognition, and she let out a sigh of relief, knowing that she was home free. Cindy's tense posture relaxed and she smiled as she scanned the crowd. First, she had to find Dora and thank her for this life-altering makeover. Then, she was going gunning for big game, the perfect man to make her a woman.

Dora breezed by her on Jim Carol's arm as she left the dance floor. She parted from him with a giggle and headed for an empty back booth. Cindy rushed over to her knowing her friend wouldn't lack for dance partners. She slid into the bench seat across from her, and flashed Dora a giddy smile when she did a double take. It confirmed Cindy's thought that she looked completely different, almost unrecognizable from the old Cindy. "Hi there. I came."

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Dora swept an impressed gaze over her. "Cynthia Jane Taylor, my heavens, is that really you?"

"Shh," she said, looking around to make sure they hadn't been overheard. "It's really me, and I'm trying to go incognito for the night. So far it's working, so please don't blow my cover. Call me Cyn, okay?" The alias just popped into her head. It fit for the adventurous woman she wanted to become. She sure as hell needed a new identity to pull this off. Dora's nod and approving smile made her feel much more confident in her ability to get away with her deception.

"The queen bitch didn't recognize you?"

"Looked right through me like I was glass. Ain't it great?"

"Terrific. For once you can let down your hair, literally." She looked at Cyn's tresses. "You're going to have to tell me who styled you."

"As if you didn't know." Cyn smiled, adding, "How can I ever thank you?"

"For what?" Dora's brow wrinkled.

"The makeover. The Fairytale team was fabulous. You went way overboard for my birthday present, but I loved it."

"But I didn't. My birthday gift is tickets to the Chippendales show. I was going to give them to you at our annual birthday lunch tomorrow."

"Well if you didn't send them, who did?" Her puzzled gaze locked with Dora's. "Cordial?"

"Yeah right. The Queen Bitch only thinks of herself and you know it. She probably doesn't even remember that it's your birthday next Saturday."

"You're right." Cyn sighed, regretting once more their lack of warm family ties. Dora was so lucky, growing up with four siblings and loving parents. "I wonder who sent my Fairy Godmothers to me, then."

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“Fairy Godmothers, you say?” Dora smiled, adding, “Maybe somebody up there likes you.”

Cyn thought about her charming, little Fairy Godmothers, their magical bag, and smiled, letting herself believe the fantasy. Tonight felt like a night to suspend disbelief. “I think you might be right.”

Dora ordered them chocolate martinis from a passing waiter.

Cyn nodded in agreement when Dora ordered her one. It was a night for new experiences, even though the cocktails were expensive, and decadent. Cyn smiled at the waiter when he brought their drinks, and was stunned to see him give her the eye.

“Here’s your money,” Dora said, slipping him a twenty. She smiled when his gaze strayed back to Cyn. “I was going to suggest we find you someone to try your womanly wiles on, but it looks like you don’t need my help.”

“I’m not so sure about that.” Cindy blushed, and took a sip of the luscious chocolate confection. “These are wonderful.”

“Told ya.” Dora smiled. “Don’t worry about handling men, Cyn. All you have to do is bat your eyes and they’ll fall at your feet.”

“Sounds messy,” Cindy said, and laughed.

“So then kick their ass and set the goats on them, you’re good at that.”

When Dora’s date came back to claim her for a dance, she smiled and said, “Go ahead and dance, girlfriend. I’m man shopping.”

Dora chuckled. “Yell, if you need advice. Otherwise, I’ll meet you at the Coffee Cup at noon tomorrow for lunch.”

“Okay,” she murmured, and scanned the crowd. Cindy noticed she was attracting some embarrassing attention of her own. Interested men were actually giving her the eye. She blushed clear down to her toes, not knowing how to flirt. Besides, none of them seemed right. She didn’t want permanence, didn’t have time to de-

vote to a relationship. She wanted a fling, the right man to finally make her a complete woman.

She let out a sigh of regret, conceding that it might not be in the cards tonight. Still she wouldn't get down, she'd waited until the age of twenty-eight to have sex, another loveless night wouldn't kill her. The makeover would be the start of a whole new her. She could be a rancher in the daytime and a sexually adventurous woman at night, with at least some semblance of a love life.

A burst of masculine laughter from the bar made her breath catch in her throat. She thought she recognized that sultry laugh, even though it had been years. It couldn't be. Her gaze went to a tall, dark, hunky male with his back turned to her at the bar. The coloring was right, and he had the best butt denim ever covered in his jeans. Her fascinated gaze ran up long legs, to longish black hair, curling over the collar of his black leather biker's jacket. JT Randal. She knew in her heart it was him, and smiled as a thrill zinged through her. She still thought he had the best butt she'd ever ogled. He was standing with Mack Walsh, owner of a seedy erotica shop, and Zane Redcloud, a hunky Native American cop. What a testosterone packed trio, but she only had eyes for JT.

She trembled, her body heating. Apparently the unwritten dress code didn't mean a thing to him. It smacked of JT Randal's rebellious teenage behavior. And then he turned. The breath caught in her throat, as his identity was confirmed, conclusively. She vividly remembered his whiskey dark gaze, the sultry shape of his hard mouth, and the scar on his chin that set him apart as a tough guy. He looked right at her; and she creamed, her sex instantly responding to him. Devastating, sexy, powerful, and normally way out of her league, he was any woman's wet dream... certainly hers, and she wanted him bad. A buzz went around the room as the others speculated about his identity. How could they not remember him? He was one of a kind, unforgettable. But she wasn't above capitalizing on the situation. It gave her the first shot at him.

“Will you look at that lowdown biker scum,” Cordial hissed in a brittle voice that carried. “You’d think they’d bounce riff raff like that out of here, dressed as he is.”

Cyn tuned out her stepmother’s catty drone, as eligible women’s heads all turned to ogle him. She groaned, knowing she had competition. The younger women didn’t find his lack of decorum a turn off, quite the opposite in fact. About half the herd headed out on the dance floor to shake their booties at him, responding to his hot good looks. A moment later, her stepsisters were in the front of the pack on the dance floor, shimmying to a fast dance beat. Well, hell, seducing him suddenly didn’t look very probable. She stared at JT, noticing Zane and Mack elbow him in the ribs, teasing him. No doubt, this mass hysteria happened all the time to a hunk like him.

As if JT felt her stare, he turned to lock gazes with her, and she forgot to breathe, as she fell into his amber depths, her nipples beading. “Perfect,” she whispered, and he grinned, like he’d read her mind. It sent a jolt of heat straight through her, curling her toes in her high heel evening slippers.

Jake Randal went still, his cock swelling behind his fly, his pulse thudding as the fiery little redhead gave him a hard on from across the room. Damn, suddenly all he could think about was plunging into her until they were both spent, and then taking her over his knee. He’d bet she’d like that, a little kink. He watched her blush, as her gaze focused on the bulge of his cock. Oh yeah, she knew what she wanted—him. An incongruous mixture, innocent and seductress, she had the power to turn him inside out with a sultry glance. Which persona was true, he wondered? He aimed to find out.

His gaze swept from her twinkling eyes, to her full mouth, to focus on her ample cleavage, displayed by her pretty, low cut, gown. The same color as her stunning eyes, turquoise, reminding him of the Mediterranean. He swore as he saw her nipples beading

through the silky fabric, as he stared at them. Responsive little minx. They'd be more than a handful for him to enjoy, and he had big hands. Beside him, he knew that Mack and Zane were going on point, giving her the eye. He cut them a quick repressive frown, warning them off, already feeling possessive. They smirked back at him, knowing he had it bad for her. He ignored them, glancing back at her, glad that she only had eyes for him. "Who the hell is she?"

"Damned if I know," Mack muttered beside him. "But if you don't make a move soon, I will."

"Ditto," Zane said.

"Not a chance in hell I'd allow that, gentlemen," Jake said with wry self-humor, as he picked up his long necked beer off the bar. The mystery woman had him anywhere she wanted him, including flat on his back as she rode him until she came. He watched her nibble her full lower lip and peek back at the growing bulge of his cock behind the placket of his jeans. "Later," he said heading toward her.

"The poker game still starting at midnight?" Mack asked.

"Nope," he mumbled, walking toward her like a moth to the flame. "I'll call you later." He hadn't planned to make an intimate connection tonight. He'd come to meet with Mack about quietly locating the new headquarters for Scion Enterprises in the back of his erotica shop. And he'd needed to get Zane's take on his suspicions about North Star and the losses at Randal Industries. Hell, he was on an undercover mission, but all sense of caution flew out the window as he strode her way.

* * * *

Cyn tingled as JT came to her. He moved like he looked, raw male power, a dominant aura that made others clear a path for him. *How did a woman go about seducing a man like him? What was she going to say to him? Hey, big boy, want to make me a woman? He'd run a mile, probably in Brandy or Tiffany's giggly direction.* She took a calming breath as he closed in on her, swamped by his primal brand of

leather and hot man, as he stepped up to her table. The man was just plain edible.

Her heart fluttered as she gazed up at him, struck again by his height. Did she want a man she had to look up at? Hell yeah. He seemed to take up the entire space, his legs brushing hers, and everything else seemed to fade away. Really, what kind of man wore jeans and biker leathers to a formal dance? The kind of maverick she wanted to teach her about sex. As if sensing her thoughts he flashed her a bad boy smile, his eyes twinkling. He leaned in close to say, "Hello, love. What's your name?"

She got lost in his whiskey eyes, watching the irises contract. "I'm...um...Cyn."

"Mind if I join you Sin?"

"Y...yes, of course please sit down." She let out a startled gasp when he nudged her over, sitting in the booth beside her, instead of going on the other side. Maybe seducing him wouldn't be so hard after all.

"The name's Jake Randal, Sin." His long, thick fingers curled around the long neck bottle he carried.

She couldn't help staring at his hands, recalling what they said about big hands, big feet, big cock. Was it true? She tried to peek down at his lap surreptitiously to check, hearing him chuckle in response. So he'd caught her at it. He'd know exactly how to use his big hands to bring her to unknown peaks of ecstasy or perhaps paddle her. Did he even like kink? There was only one way to find out, she decided, looking him in the eye.

He smiled, setting down his bottle of beer, and reaching out to take her hand. "Want to dance, sugar?"

She shivered with delight when JT's hand enfolded hers, making her feel petite in comparison. His hand was still cold from the beer, and the chill made her sex creamier, while she let out an involuntary gasp. His touch was better than she'd imagined, and they were only holding her hands. His fingertips were callused, rough

from hard work she supposed, wondering once again what he'd been doing since he'd left town. Whatever it was, it hadn't been easy.

JT's fingertips brushed the pulse point on her wrist and lingered. "Your pulse is racing," he said, giving her a tender smile. "Do you live up to your name, SIN?"

"It's spelled C-Y-N actually, but yes, I know how to be a bad girl, especially with the right man." Her gaze darted down to his impressive bulge. He was obviously huge and hard for her, definitely the right man. Face heating at her own boldness, she looked up, giving him what she hoped was a confident smile. "Actually, I want more than a dance from you. I'd like to seduce you, JT. Would you please take me to bed?"

She watched his eyes smolder at her request and his mouth kick up in a sexy grin. A glance at his bigger bulge confirmed it. Wonderful! She'd made the right choice. He wanted her as much as she wanted him.

JT edged nearer, his thigh pressed against hers. "You don't beat around the bush, do you...ah, Cyn? Now, I'm not easy, but I can be had, with the right persuasion."

Burning where their thighs touched, she pressed her leg a little tighter to his, the side of her breast against his chest, and barely held back a whimper. "I've been aching for you all my life, JT." She gazed up at him, studying the startle look in his eye, the slight flush on his tanned face. Whatever he'd been expecting her to say, it hadn't been that. The fact that he was just as affected by their contact, soothed any lingering fears. "I don't have time to play games."

"Neither do I," he said, his voice a husky bedroom rumble. "I'm sold. I'd love to take you to bed, sugar."

The pet name flowed over her like honey and made her nipples tighten, the space between her legs melted, her sex growing wet. "Wonderful." She nudged his hip, trying to get him up so she could take him away, and saw his mouth twitch as he went. Was he laugh-

ing at her? He stood and reached out to take her hand, his hot eyes burning her, and she suddenly didn't care if he found her eagerness amusing. She couldn't hide it; she was on fire for him. Taking his hand, she let him pull her out, her knees wobbling as she stood. JT caught her, letting out a chuckle, his arm going around her waist, as he pulled her to him. She burned, pressing tight to him. Across the room, Dora gave her thumbs up. A glance at Cordial found her stepmother scowling at their public display of affection, as Tiffany and Brandy stood behind her scowling. They were a united front of disapproval. She didn't care.

"Who the hell is that cheap slut?" Cordial snapped at Tiffany.

"How should I know, mother? Some out of town bimbo I suppose, seeing that she's with him," Tiffany bit out.

Brandy gave her a dismissive gaze. "Who cares, he's too old for me anyhow."

"Yes, and his taste is definitely poor," Cordial said.

Cyn was too bemused by Jake's proximity, to care about their catty remarks. As far as she was concerned, they could all go jump in the lake. She smiled at Jake, and taking his hand, turned to head for the door. JT fell into step beside her, possessively looping a long arm around her waist to steady her. A sensual shiver shot through her at the contact, as he pulled her tight to his side. He must have felt her tremor, because he squeezed her waist, his fingers splayed on her ribcage, the breath catching in her throat as her pace faltered.

"Easy, sugar," he said, escorting her out of the ballroom. "Just one step at a time to paradise."

Cyn breathed deep, trying to stay calm. He was right. Step one was accomplished, she'd seduced him. Now she had to figure out where to take him. The night ahead held promise, and risk. She couldn't very well take him back to the ranch. JT clung possessively to her waist, as if he didn't want to let her get away. He didn't

need to worry, she wasn't going anywhere without him. Step two was about to begin.

Gazing up at him as they exited the ballroom, she focused on JT's sensual mouth. What would it taste like, feel like, skimming along her tender skin? When he drew her down the hall and into the cloakroom, she went eagerly. Alone time was just what she needed to carry this off with any sense of confidence.

"I'll go secure us a room," she said, opening her clutch bag, to look for her credit card. Jake went stiff and quiet in front of her. She glanced up to see that he was frowning at her. What was wrong? They couldn't go back to her place, and she didn't want to go back to his, it left the hotel, anything else would be too awkward. One thing she wanted to avoid at all costs was awkward morning-afters. It would be embarrassing checking into the hotel without luggage, but she could handle a little embarrassment.

He stepped closer, pressing her back against the rack of coats, demanding, "Why me, Cyn?"

So that was what was bugging him. It amazed her that a hunk like him would have any doubts about why a woman wanted him. He sounded hesitant, she decided, and he looked a little concerned. He was probably used to gold diggers trying to trap him. He needn't worry about that with her, she just wanted someone to deflower her. But she couldn't tell him that. "Because you're the man of my dreams," she said, meaning every word. She watched the corners of his hard mouth kick up in a grin, and breathed a sigh of relief. The first crisis averted.

"I'm glad you think so."

"I do."

"Well then." He pressed closer, his body brushing hers. "First of all, it's Jake not JT. Nobody's called me JT since high school. Second, I'll take care of the room, I'm no gigolo," he said, taking the credit card out of her hand, putting it back in her purse, and closing it with a firm click.

Sensually overcome as he brushed against her, hot and demanding, she tried to focus on her objections. It might hurt his pride if she paid for the room, but letting him pay, ceded some control of the evening, his seduction, to him. Did she want to allow that? The hard length of his cock pressed against the juncture of her thighs, and she moaned, rubbing against that emblem of his masculine prowess. What was the big deal if he paid? "Okay," she gasped, "If it's that important to you. You can pay."

"Good girl," he said, leaning into her.

Cyn whimpered as her breasts pillowed against his chest, her nipples budding. His warm hands skimmed up the sides of her bodice, making her shiver with desire as they came to rest on either side of her breasts, his thumbs stopping, teasing, inches from her tingling nipples. She arched, trying to make him touch them, and hissed when she succeeded. All they did was land square on each bud, but she panted as her nipples throbbed with heat, waiting breathlessly for him to do more. "I'm not a girl, I'm a woman," Cyn argued. He smiled, his thumbs tracing teasing circles around her tingling, jutting nipples. Her head tipped back, as a needy moan poured from her lips.

"I love that sound, Cyn." Taking advantage of her open throat, he bent to nuzzle her, giving her a love bite, before moving on to nip at her earlobe. "In the bedroom you're a girl, my girl, and I'm in charge, right?"

"Yes, you're most definitely in charge in the bedroom," she gasped, swamped by erotic sensations, as she whimpered, pressing closer to his heat.

Sucking on her earlobe, he murmured, "Excellent. I've already got a room." He then pulled a key card of his pocket.

Well, why hadn't he said so in the first place? Because he'd taken for granted that he'd supply the room. He was trying to take charge in his alpha male way. She could forgive him, this time; after all, she was getting what she needed from him. Licking her lips, she

focused on that sexy mouth of his when a troubling thought hit. "Why do you have a room? Could it have been any woman bedding you tonight?"

His eyes crinkled as he smiled. "Bedding me, that's precious." At her frown, he gently cupped her cheek, saying, "Relax, sugar. I was going to have a poker game after the dance. I called it off the minute I saw you. It couldn't have been anyone but you bedding me."

She glowed, relaxing. "Good, because I want exclusive rights to you tonight."

"That can be arranged. Are you ready for me?" He asked, rocking his pelvis against her.

She hesitated, hoping she wasn't manipulating him. "I don't want to push you into doing something you don't want to."

He cocked his head, watching her. "If you're wondering, I haven't been with a woman for over a year." He smiled, rocking against her again. "As you can feel, I'm primed and ready."

"And not taken," she added.

He chuckled. "You got that right, sugar! I'm definitely not taken." He backed off, and took her arm, escorting her down the corridor saying, "This way."

His domineering tendencies gave her a little thrill. She might not want to live with them, but she could put up with them for one hot night. The compensations were obvious, she decided, slanting another intrigued look at the bulge in his pants, she could hardly wait to taste him. She sighed, instantly missing the feel of his erection pressed against her needy sex. "Don't forget, Jake, you may be in charge in the bedroom, but I picked you, so I'm in charge of the rest of the night."

"Great, you can order room service for me in the morning."

* * * *

Up above, the fairies broke into applause. "We did it." Imogene crowed.

Cindy Revisited

"I told you," Hilda said with a smile. "My lingerie will clinch the deal."

"Don't be so certain," Agatha said, calling for caution. "This is just the beginning for these two. Free will and a clash of strong personalities still stand between them. Even though they're fated to be together, things could still go wrong."

"Oh dear. What are you sensing?" Imogene wrung her hands.

Agatha sighed, closing her eyes. "Danger—disapproval—but most of all, jealousy."

Imogene winced. "I don't like the sound of that."

"We'll just have to be on our guard," Hilda cut in. "And maybe a little spot of my love potion wouldn't hurt."

"No," Agatha forestalled her. "That's what got us in trouble with the pygmy goats. Anyway, look at the two of them, so in tune with one another's bodies. They don't need it."

Hilda smiled as she watched Jake pull Cyn close as he walked her down the hall to his room. "I think you may be right, Aggie."

Agatha nodded. "Of course, I'm right. For now, let's draw a veil over the proceedings, and allow the lovers to get to know each other. If we get into trouble, we can always call on our old friend, Eros."

Chapter 3

Jake tried to walk steadily, as he whisked Cyn down the hall to his suite. It wasn't easy with a hard-on the size, and strength, of a giant redwood. She turned him on like no other woman ever had. Lucky for him, he'd booked the room, because he didn't think he could wait. Cyn was driving him wild, her sweet seductive essence ensnaring him, making his cock throb, as it was squeezed in his suddenly too tight jeans.

Hell, everything about her was a turn on, from the sly needy looks she kept shooting at him; to the sexy way, she bit her lip, when he caught her at it. Her extraordinary tip-tilted, turquoise blue eyes were vaguely familiar, but he was too far-gone to care. He hadn't been this horny, or led around by his cock by a female, since he was a teenage boy. He was a man now, and dominant in the bedroom, but here he was, about to make love to this beauty at her beck and call.

He pulled out his key card and stuck it in the lock, glancing at her nervous expression. He noted her blush, and tensed, hoping she hadn't changed her mind. "If you want to back out, sugar, this is the time. Otherwise I may not be responsible for my actions." He watched her shiver, and tried not to grin with relief, at the hot look in her eyes. She was trying out a walk on the wild side, and he meant to deliver.

"I don't want to back out. I want you," she said, gazing into his eyes.

Cindy Revisited

Jake burned, as her turquoise eyes ate him alive. He held the door open for her, and she rushed inside. He couldn't take his eyes off her as she stood in the suite's sitting room, watching her like the predator he was, trying to figure her out. One minute she was rocking his world like a trained courtesan, the next, she was a blushing virgin.

He closed the door, leaning against it. She trembled, looking back at him in seeming wonder. Surely, he wasn't the first to be with her, but she had the skill to make him feel like her first. He shrugged out of his leathers, conscious of her fascinated gaze on him. Maybe she liked bikers? He stepped toward her, and to her credit, she held her ground, her defiant little chin in the air, even though she looked like she wanted to bolt. The hell with trying to figure out her game, he needed her.

He stepped into her personal space, feeling drawn to her, and she gave him a smile of sweet surrender. He wondered at her vulnerability, as he pulled her into his arms. Her quick intake of breath, the way she melted her sweet body against his hard throbbing one, drove the thought from his mind. One thing she couldn't lie about was her physical reaction to him.

He stroked her back, her budded nipples pressing into him, as she rolled her hips against his cock. He reveled in the signs of her feminine arousal. He pulled back to look at her, confirming the heat, in her astounding turquoise eyes. "Want to take this into the bedroom, sugar?" he asked, giving her one last chance to back out, even though it would kill him.

She nodded, nibbling her lower lip. "I wouldn't have invited you to take me to bed, if I didn't want you. I'm not a tease, Jake."

He smiled, relief surging through him, as his cock swelled even more. It would have been hard as hell to let her go, but he'd have managed it somehow. "Glad to hear it," he said, wrapping his arms around her waist, to sweep her off her feet, and carry her into the bedroom.

Cyn clung to him, with a shocked gasp. "You do have cave man tendencies."

"Any complaints?" he asked, smiling at her when she shook her head, her eyes shining with delight. He sat on the edge of the bed and put her on his lap, her legs straddling him, her gown going up to bare her damp, panty covered sex. It pressed provocatively against his raging cock, making him groan. "Well you've got me where you want me, Cyn. Now what?"

"A kiss," she said, gazing at his mouth, and leaning forward to brush her lips across his.

"Oh yeah," he muttered, deepening the kiss, nipping her bottom lip to demand access to her sweet mouth. She opened with a gasp, and his tongue surged inside, tasting her sweetness; mingled chocolate, and woman. Her tempting breasts pressed against him, like twin laser beams burning into his chest. He groaned, his hand slipping down between their bodies to cup her mound, making her gasp as she wriggling her lush, seductive, ass on his lap.

"Like that, do you?" he said, with a low masculine chuckle, loving the sound of her pleasure.

He did it again and she pulsed hot and damp against his hand, dampening it as she cried out. He growled, unzipping the back of her dress, lowering the bodice to bare every creamy inch of her breasts. Her strapless gold bra pushed them up for his delectation, and he stared at them for a heartbeat, savoring the sight. Her unvarnished arousal was a turn on, her luscious globes trembling, as she gasped for breath. Hell, he felt as if he had run a marathon too, his heart was thudding like a crazy snare drum.

Intrigued, he rubbed his thumbs against her nipples, visible through her bra, and watched them jut out, just begging for his attention. Who was he to turn down such an invitation? "Beautiful," he growled, pinching the buds, rolling them between his thumbs and forefingers, tugging on them as she let out an extended whimper of need. Cyn pressed her needy sex, tight to him, dry humping

him, the pressure giving him blue balls, but he didn't care. He couldn't resist doing it again, murmuring, "That's it, Cyn, give me all your passion."

"Oh yes," she gasped.

He bent to lap at her nipples through the bra, and she went wild, arching into him, crying out. His hand slipped down between their bodies, inside her panties, to find her stiff little clit. He pressed, and she screamed, riding his hand. "That's it, sugar, fuck yourself on my finger." She shuddered, coming in his arms, crying out his name. Jake held her dazzled. "Easy, sugar. This is only the beginning."

Cyn sagged against him, breathing hard.

He reached back to unhook her bra. "Is this what you want, Cyn?"

"More than you could possibly know," she answered, leaning back to unbutton his shirt, trying to strip him. His shirt buttons popped, pinging onto the carpet. "Oops," she said with a giggle.

"Easy." Taking her hands, he pushed them behind her rolling hips, giving her a little taste of restraint to see how she liked it. She ground against him, her eyes hot and defiant at being thwarted, almost unmaning him. "My little hell cat," Jake growled. He transferred both wrists to one hand, and cupped her mound with the other. Her eyes snapped fire at him as she wailed, arching against him. He let go of her wrists, learning what he needed to know, she liked it hot.

He picked her up, reversing their positions, to lay her down on the bed, while she let out a needy whimper. "Reach up and grab the headboard," he commanded. "Don't let go until I tell you to," he said, watching her stunned expression. She smiled, her eyes gazing into his, as she reached up and grabbed the spindles of the headboard. He groaned as the position thrust out her tempting tits, and pushed up her dress. He quickly stripped off her panties. "Now spread your legs for me, Cyn, show me what you want. He

groaned when she obeyed him, parting her long legs to show him her perfect, pink, wet sex, her swollen clit. God, but he wanted her.

He lay down beside her, and she let out a shuddering breath, as his fingers traced a path down her slick sex, to home in on her swollen clit. She cried out, closing her eyes, arching off the bed, as he played with the sensitive nub. "That's it Cyn. Go wild for me."

Jake kept his thumb on her clit, and slipped one finger into her tight wet heat, before his little finger ghosted her anus. She quivered, as if startled by the dark caress, and then moaned, as he fucked her that way, her body clutching at him. When he couldn't take it anymore, he unzipped his pants and settled between her warm thighs.

His throbbing cock rubbed against her creamy sex, and she arched up, trying to complete their union, still clutching the headboard. He backed off an inch, seeing her moue of protest as she grumbled, her eyes squeezed shut. He wasn't going to let her reduce him to just some blind, anonymous, fuck. "Look at me, Cyn," he demanded. He watched her eyes pop open, and smiled when her steamy, pleading, gaze locked with his. That was more like it. "Do you want this?" he asked, rubbing the head of his swollen cock against her clit, making her hiss with pleasure.

"Yes," she said, with a needy moan.

Satisfied, he groaned, trying to slow down and make it good for her, as his cock pressed tight against the pulsing entrance to her cunt. She murmured, flexing her hips up at him, but he clamped down on her hips, determined to control the pace, and give her the restraint she desired. She glared up at him and he smiled, slowly entering her, beads of sweat breaking out on his brow, as he gradually pressed into her tight cunt. She winced, crying out in pain, and bit her lip. He froze in place, poised at the barrier of her cherry, feeling like the biggest fool in the world as he gazed down at her and cursing when he saw her guilty expression. Now he knew why

she'd seemed too innocent. The question was why she'd come onto him, like asking men to bed her was old hat. "This is your first time," he bit out the gritty statement.

"Um, yeah," she said, biting her lip. She wiggled against him, and tried to pull him closer.

He clamped down her tempting hips. "Why me?"

"I already told you. You're my dream man. I wanted it to be special," she said, tears misting her eyes.

He groaned in sexual agony as he took in her frustrated gaze, her hands still clutching the headboard. His stupid cock aching for him to finish what he'd started, but he needed answers first. He was too smart not to smell a trap. "What are you trying to pull Cyn, if that is your real name?"

* * * *

The suites door flew open, Mack and Zane entering, laughing as they talked.

"Where you at, Jake?" Mack called out.

"The bedroom door's shut, and the light is on inside the room," Zane chimed in. "Ten to one he's with that sexy redhead."

"Well, give Detective Zane Redcloud a gold star for the missing redhead, and poker buddy, investigation," Mack commented.

"Up yours," Zane said, and laughed. "You deal."

Jake closed his eyes, praying for patience, while Cyn looked stricken underneath him, and let go of the headboard with a blush. He'd told them the game was off. At least he thought he had. He was too wrapped up in Cyn, the temptress, to recall the details. He glanced down at Cyn's blushing face, needing answers, as she went rigid beneath him. He wasn't bloody well going to get them right now. He bit out a curse, calling out, "Stay out there, you two knuckleheads."

He glanced back down at Cyn, saying, "Don't move. I'll take care of this interruption, and be right back. Then we'll talk. You've got a lot of explaining to do." He rolled out of bed, feeling her fas-

minated gaze on his cock, as he tucked his throbbing member back in his jeans, and zipped up with a wince.

“Ouch, I bet that hurts,” she said with a wince. “It’s so big.” She flicked a regretful gaze back up to his eyes. “I wish I’d been able to taste you.”

He groaned, closing his eyes, trying to talk his twitching cock into behaving. “You’re killing me, Cyn,” he muttered, before turning to head out into the sitting room and get rid of the guys. He didn’t share women anymore, hadn’t since high school, and he sure as hell wasn’t sharing a choice morsel like his Cyn. He turned to soak in her seductive charms one more time. She was still sprawled out on the bed, looking like a fiery sex goddess. Her red hair spread out on his pillow, her skirt pushed up around her hips, and her beautiful tits bared. They were like tempting strawberries waiting for him to feast on them. This wasn’t over by a long shot. “Don’t you dare move, you hear me?” he said, and smiled when she reached up to grip the headboard. She’d have been the perfect lover, if not for her lies. He needed to learn her secrets.

Cyn nodded, watching Jake leave her with a regretful sigh, her heart aching, along with her throbbing pussy. Step two hadn’t gone off as planned, in fact, it was a total disaster, and worst of all, she was still technically a virgin. At least he’d made her cum, twice. She closed her eyes, murmuring yummy sounds, as she thought about his talented hands. Too bad, he’d been just right, he was the perfect man for her. She’d seen him tuck that hard monster back into his pants, and wince when he’d zipped up. He had what it took to satisfy a woman, and he knew what to do with it. Would he want to try again?

She listened to hearty male laughter in the next room and blushed, praying the joke wasn’t on her. No. She sensed he was an honorable man, wouldn’t have let herself bed him if she’d believed otherwise. But she couldn’t meekly let him order her around. Stay put indeed, she couldn’t risk being seen, couldn’t face the reper-

Cindy Revisited

cussions. She let go of the headboard, and rolled out of bed. Straightening her clothes, she found her bra under the bed, wondering if the Fairy godmothers had an out clause, something about turning back into a pumpkin at midnight.

What was Jake telling them, and why were they still here? More importantly, what the hell could she say if he came back to demand answers? An honest affair was impossible given her present situation. It was time to make a clean getaway while she still could, she decided, looking at the patio door. Where the hell were her panties? She scanned the room one more time, then gave it up, and tiptoed to the door. She slipped outside, giving the closed sitting room door a wistful look. It'd almost been perfect, but she knew the value of a strategic retreat.

Chapter 4

Jake rode his Harley down the long, dusty driveway at sunrise. He'd spent a sleepless night after Cyn had run out on him. The bed had smelled like her perfume and her sweet arousal. Who the hell was she? At least he had one clue, the gold panties in his top pocket. Now all he had to do was find the girl that filled these, he decided, with a wry humor.

Before he could concentrate on finding her, he had business to take care of. His audit of Randal Industries had turned up some improprieties. It was the reason he'd slipped into town unannounced. His father had been pragmatic enough to give him carte blanche. Of course, stopping for a drink with his buddies had threatened to blow his cover. It was worth it, it'd brought him Cyn.

He gazed at the antebellum house on the hill. It was splendid, and might just be the natural place to relocate his Scion headquarters. By contrast, the dude ranch area he pulled up to was shabby. It confirmed his intel that the ranch was in financial trouble. He cut past a broken down pickup truck, and skidded to a halt.

Cyn, toting a large gunnysack almost as big as she was, took one look at him, tripped, and fell on her delectable ass. The feed sack toppled, ripping open. A second later, there was a thunder of little hooves. Jake did a double take when he heard of pygmy goats ran at him, weaving around his bike. He dismounted, chuckling; things were looking up. Gazing at Cyn, her red hair flowing around her, dressed in jeans and a tan blouse buttoned all the way up, probably to hide his hickey, he said, "We meet again, Cyn." He felt

sucker punched, his body tightening with desire, his heart beating faster, as Cyn stared up at him, mouth agape.

Cyn groaned and stared at the unexpected vision of her lover, as if he were a ghost, as the pygmy goats feasted on the spilled grain all around her. He looked even yummier and more dangerous this morning, stubble covering his chin, and the dark look in his eyes. It made her toes curl inside her cowboy boots. She pushed Curley and Magnolia out of the way, so she could get a better look at him. How the hell had he tracked her down? "It's CJ, and you'd better get out of here, all I have to do is scream..."

He reached down, and jerked her to her feet, pulling her into his arms as he smiled. "You were saying?"

"Scream..." she gasped, leaning into his sensual body, as she gazed at his heartbreaker's smile. Lord, if he told her to grab a hold of her headboard so he could ravish her, she'd probably do it. She needed deprogramming, fast.

"Go ahead," he said, lowering his head to kiss her. "I remember that you're a screamer."

She moaned, as his mouth slanted over hers, going up on tiptoes, kissing him back. Her body instantly aroused, transported back to last night's earth shattering rendezvous. He'd been masterful, sexy, alluring, and all hers; and she ached for more. And she'd never got to taste him. To make up for it, she nipped his lower lip, and he growled into her mouth.

"CJ, you want us to move the...damn it, how'd these goats get loose again?"

Cyn pushed away from Jake as her ranch foreman's voice broke through her lust-fogged mind. She gazed up at Jake, blushing at his sultry, knowing, look. "Don't think your going to get around me with sex, JT Randal."

"I wouldn't think of it," he said, patting her gold panties in his pocket.

She noticed them, and blushed even harder. Good grief, he'd found them. She'd been forced to run off without them last night. She spun around, just as Pedro came around the corner. The older foreman and father figure to her, noticing her telltale blush, gave Jake a penetrating stare. "You okay, Cynthia Jean?"

"I'm fine."

"I was just checking in," Jake interrupted.

She shot him an annoyed glance over her shoulder. He might be the boss in the bedroom, but this was her dude ranch. "Sorry, our last room is full up, for two weeks as a matter of fact." She heard Pedro's gasp at the lie, but didn't back down. If she and Jake stayed together, she'd screw him blind within a week.

"I know. My secretary Mona made the reservation for me."

Cyn swallowed hard. Her luck couldn't be that bad. She only had one reservation, a Mr. Smith, for two whole weeks, an unheard of occurrence for the no frills dude ranch. It wasn't him; she decided, crossing her fingers. She slanted a suspicious look his way. "Mr. Smith."

"That's me," he said.

"Damn," she muttered. She had to admire the smooth way he told the bald-faced lie. She'd never learned the knack herself.

"Ditto, sugar." He hoisted his duffle bag out of the Harley's saddlebags. "Show me where to bed down."

"I'll take care of these critters," Pedro said, shooing the goats back to their enclosure.

And I'd better take care of mine...

"If you'll follow me, I'll check you in, Mr. Smith." She led the way into the dude ranch's office, in the front room of her cabin, and went behind the counter, ever aware of JT following her. His scent, his proximity, was intoxicating, doing crazy things to her libido. She could bottle the sex pheromones he gave off and make a million bucks, she thought, with a secret smile. Her nipples tingled, beading, making her grateful she was wearing a loose blouse,

which she'd had to button all the way up, thanks to his love bite. He was a wild one, and she'd be a fool to trust him.

She turned to see that JT had stopped to admire a painting on the wall. It was one of hers. An impressionistic landscape, and she held her breath. Would he like it? And why did it matter to her if he did?

"Lovely," he said, gazing at it.

Her heart skipped a beat as he stopped to absorb the painting. It was like he was drinking up part of her essence, her unique view of the world that made her paint. He actually liked it. Her mouth curved into a satisfied smile.

"Who painted it?" JT asked, staring at the painting, absorbing it.

"She's a regional artist," Cyn murmured, her face heating.

"I'll have to look her up."

"I'm afraid that would be difficult, her studio's closed." The determined look Jake turned on her, made her quiver inside. She licked her lips. It the way he looked at her last night when he was ravishing her, she remembered every sexy detail.

He gazed back at the canvas, looking at the signature. "CJ McCall. You?" he asked, giving her a slow, appraising glance.

"Yeah, I painted it. I'm a commercial artist. McCall is my mother's maiden name. I use it professionally." She motioned toward the register, trying to rush him along. She so didn't want to talk about her wishes, or failed aspirations, couldn't risk letting him know her that deeply. "If you'll just sign here, Mr. Smith."

"So why'd you stop?"

She frowned as he leaned casually against the counter. There had to be some way to rush him. "Duty," she said in short. "I was needed at home. But it's only temporary. And I haven't stopped completely."

"Until your dad gets out of prison."

She bristled at the statement. How did he know that? “You’re pretty well informed for a man who’s shirked his duty for ten years.”

“I keep informed, especially when it has to do with Randal Industries.”

“But it doesn’t. The ranch isn’t for sale, Jake. I told it to that slimy Dwain Hawkins, and I’ll tell the same to you. If that’s your reason for pursuing me, you might just as well turn back around. It didn’t work for him, and it won’t work for you.”

“Hawkins has bothered you?”

She rolled her eyes at the understatement. “Yeah,” she said sarcastically. “You ought to know his techniques. He’s working under your marching orders.”

“Not until next week, when I take on temporary management of RI. It’s a duty thing,” he said with wry self-humor. “Right now, I’m on vacation.”

“Right.” She didn’t believe a word of it. He didn’t strike her as the laid back type. “One tip, you might want to tell him to lay off the strong-arm tactics,” she said, watching Jake go rigid.

“Strong arm tactics? What did the bastard do?” he asked, in a deceptively quiet tone.

The flash of cold fury in his eyes startled her. It seemed like he really cared. She couldn’t let herself believe that. “First, he tried to romance me, in a creepy, all hands sort of way. When that didn’t work, he threatened me. Still is, indirectly.”

“How?”

She reached under the counter and brought up the sheaf of poison pen letters, fanning them in front of him. “He’s been sending me love notes.”

“Damn. You sure it’s him?”

“He isn’t stupid enough to sign them, but who else would bother? I’m basically invisible around here.” His doubtful look, fed

her fragile feminine ego. "Of course, he's already got Cordial wrapped around his little finger."

"The haughty ice blond, dripping with pearls."

Cyn leaned forward. "Most of them are fake. She's had to sell off her jewels to support her lavish lifestyle. She's looking for a rich husband for her daughters, beware."

He grinned. "Thanks for the warning. Does that include you?"

"Hell no, I'm only a stepdaughter and an arty, weird, one at that. And no, I'm not looking for a husband. You're off the hook, stud. Staying here would be stupid. Once she realizes who you are, the girls are going to come gunning for you. If I were you, I'd run a mile."

"I think I'll risk it," he said, taking the key to bungalow six out of her hand.

"It's the last log cabin on the right." She pulled away. "You should have everything you need."

"I hope so, because I'm really hungry," he said, looking deep into her eyes. "Room service?"

She chuckled; he really did think he was back at the Hyatt. "No. The hands start work at dawn, and get breakfast at six. If you care to join in the work, I'll feed you. Otherwise, I'd recommend the Coffee Cup Café; they make a mean eggs Benedict."

"Think about it. I might just let you taste me," he said, swinging out the door.

Cyn let out a startled gasp as she watched him go, her eyes glued to his very sexy butt. He would have to remember that needy disclosure. It was on. She'd like to take a bite out of that ass.

"CJ, I want a word with you." Cordial stepped up behind her.

Cyn jumped a mile. How had the woman snuck up on her? She'd been too busy ogling Jake, that's how. What was her step-mother doing slumming down at the dude ranch, and at this hour?

Cyn turned around, bristling when Cordial raked her new look with a shocked and disgruntled scowl.

“Now I know what happened to my stylists.”

Cyn had forgotten about the missing stylists, lost in lust with Jake Randal. If she'd actually poached her stepmother's stylists, it'd been in a good cause. But deep down, she believed there was a more mystical explanation. There was something magical about the godmothers showing up when she was in desperate need of them. “I don't know what you're talking about.”

“Right.” Cordial's eyes narrowed. “Watch your step missy. I can kick you off of these grounds.”

The threat was laughable. Who'd do the work if she were gone? “And do the grunt work yourself? I think not.” She bluffed.

“Is that who I think it was?” Cordial asked, glancing in the direction of the black Harley Davidson pulled up in front of bungalow six.

Boy, her stepmother didn't miss a thing. “I don't know, who do you think it is?”

Cordial's eyes narrowed. “Don't play games with me, young lady. I won't have that motorcycle bum staying here, you should have seen him last night, rubbing shoulders with his betters.”

“He's not a bum,” Cyn automatically jumped to his defense, and bit her lip when Cordial gave her a suspicious look. “He registered as a Mr. Smith, and paid in cash up front, so he's no vagrant.”

Cordial laughed bitterly. “You really are an innocent. Mr. Smith, you say?”

“That's right,” Cyn said with certainty, trying to calm her down. Jake couldn't afford to have Cordial run her usual credit check on him. He was under an assumed name for a reason.

“Did he give you any idea what he'd doing here?”

“He's here on business.”

Cordial frowned. “Monkey business. Smith is obviously an alias. Did he give you any hard clues to his true identity?”

“Nothing rock hard.” Cyn smiled, thinking of his cock. “But he might give it to me later.”

Cindy Revisited

Chapter 5

Jake Randal parked his bike next to his father's Caddy in the near empty Randal Industries Executive offices parking lot. He'd never wanted to come back, now he had no choice but to take the helm of the ailing company. Just as he thought, his workaholic father was here early, defying his doctor's orders. Some things never changed.

In his teens, he'd done everything to rebel against the future that had been mapped out for him. He'd left home at eighteen, and knocked around the world, joining the military, getting an education in jungle warfare and army intelligence. It had prepared him well for the cutthroat business world. He'd managed to fight his way to the top of the business world, and now he was back to square one.

The good thing was that Scion Industries was thriving, and could operate anywhere he chose to move. The bad thing was the less than pleasant task of taking Randal Industries apart to put it back together again on a solvent basis. He'd planned to lay low, and wait until the audit and investigation were complete. Lull the crooks into a false sense of security. Cyn's leveling about Hawkins behavior had changed all that. Action was called for, now.

He headed towards the security guard, recognizing Tim Bailey, a long time Randal Industries employee. It took a few minutes for recognition to spark in the older man's eyes.

"Good gosh, is it you?" Tim asked with a grin. "The rumors were right, you've come home."

"Yeah, I guess it blew my cover when I stopped in at the dance."

"People were arguing whether it was you or not. Most of them didn't think so, but I knew you straight off, when I saw you on the back of that sweet ride."

"Yeah, I had it shipped in along with the rest of my gear."

"So you're here for the duration?"

"As long as the old man needs me."

"Good on ya. There wouldn't be a personal reason for you sticking around, would there?" he asked with a smile. "I heard tell you scorned the local girls, and left with some gorgeous redhead."

Damn, the local rumor mill had lost none of its fervor. However, he didn't like thinking of Cyn being whispered about. "You heard that, did you?"

"Yup. Some stranger in town, they said, a mystery woman."

"And I intend to keep her that way," he said a bit gruffly, relaxing when the man nodded. He'd keep business and pleasure separate. At least Cyn's name hadn't been grist for the rumor mill, yet. He knew what it felt like to be whispered about, and he didn't know if Cyn could handle it. Her panic when he found her this morning was troubling.

To change the subject, and take his mind off troublesome thoughts of Cyn, he glanced at his father's Caddy. "I see pop is here, burning the early morning light."

Tim sighed. "Yeah, he is. Your mama would kick his ass if she knew."

Jake chuckled, thinking of his fierce, five foot nothing, mother laying down the law. Grown men knew enough to get out of his petite mother's way when she was on the warpath. "How long has he been doing this?" He stood implacably while Tim hesitated, obviously trying to balance loyalty with concern. "Don't worry. I'm not going to tell Mom."

Cindy Revisited

"I don't like to squeal, but he needs to slow down." Tim shook his head. "It's been about a week, while your mother is in Chicago for a showing. He told me he's trying to stay one step ahead of things. Apparently, there's some trouble brewing. Rumor has it the companies about to go bust."

"Don't worry. It's not going to happen. I've got everything in hand."

"Have I got your word on that?" Tim asked.

"Definitely. I know who's been sabotaging operations, and I'm going to shut them down," Jake said, coming up with plan B on the fly. If he couldn't afford to bide his time because of danger to Cyn, he'd flush the bastards out.

"You want me to keep it confidential?" Tim asked.

"Hell no, go ahead and spread it around," Jake said, seeing the comprehension in Tim's eye's as he walked away.

* * * *

He walked down the quiet corridors towards his father's corner office, and went in. Silas looked up from the spreadsheet's he'd been reading; a glass of whiskey at his elbow, and a cigar burning in the ashtray. He glanced at Jake, his eyes warming, before he frowned. "So it's true, you're home."

Jake smiled a little, seeing through his father's bluff. He didn't like being caught breaking doctor's orders. "Isn't that against doctor's orders? What would Mom say?"

"You'd damned well better not tell her. This is the only time of day I can indulge my vices." He pointed to the bottle of Scotch on his desk. "Want one?"

"No thanks," Jake said, taking the bottle away, carrying it back to the wet bar, and putting it in the cabinet.

"Well hell, boy. I don't need you preaching to me, too. Heard you made a spectacle of yourself at the dance, and insulted some of our local belles. That's no way to gain local favor, or get their land for our expansion."

Jake studied him, noting that while his dad was a little pale, he'd lost none of his vigor. At least he knew he could handle some direct questions that needed to be asked. "And screwing the locals out of their land is a way to gain local favor?"

Silas scowled up at him. "Who the hell said that? Did that information come from your fancy bean counters, or that nosy PI you hired, because it isn't true. Forensic audit, my ass; I never cheated anyone in my life, boy."

"I know you haven't, personally." Jake pulled the preliminary audit and Investigator's reports out of his duffle bag. "Take a look at these," he said, handing the reports over to his dad.

Silas glanced at the cover sheets. "You didn't have to hire them to find out we're losing money. I could have told you that. We're being run out of the market by bigger companies, that's why we need to expand operations."

"No, you're losing money because someone is embezzling. You're being taken by a ruthless con man and he's setting you up to take a fall with these bogus land deals."

Silas leaned back in his chair, to pin him with a frown. "Bogus land deals?"

"The ranches you've been buying up..."

"What about them?"

"North Star Developments has used extortion to obtain them on your behalf. The man behind it is a first class con man."

"Extortion...now hold on there, boy..."

"I've got proof." Jake cut in. He pulled out the threatening note Cyn gave him. "Here's a little sample."

Silas read it, his brow furrowing. "This doesn't mention North Star, or Randal Industries. What makes you think it has anything to do with us?"

"I got it from Cyn Taylor."

“That redheaded broad, with the hot temper. You can’t believe a word she says. Why, do you know what she did to Dwain Hawkins? She damned near killed him.”

“And do you know why? He put the moves on her, hard. She kicked his scrawny ass, and set the goats on him.”

Silas hooted with laughter. “The hell you say. He never told me that.”

“He wouldn’t.”

Silas shook his head. “It doesn’t add up. The times I saw her, she was a drab little thing, hardly a beauty like her sisters. What man would try to romance her?”

Jake tensed at the slur. Cyn hadn’t been kidding when she said she’d been invisible. Were the men in this county blind? “Watch you tongue, Dad.”

Silas pinned him with a slow, sly look, and nodded. “So that’s the way the wind blows. She’s the redhead you picked up.”

Jake gave his father a focused look, remaining quiet.

“Is that where you’re staying?”

“Yeah, under an assumed name, for now.” Jake waved his hand at the reports. “Those are your copies, Dad. Take them home, read them, and start following doctor’s orders for god’s sake.”

“You expect me to go home in the midst of this,” Silas said, a frown deepening the furrows in his brow.

“You need to rest up, if you’re going to retake the helm of the new improved Randal Industries.” Jake watched the startled, but excited look his dad gave him, confirming his thought that his father wasn’t ready to retire.

“Then you don’t want to stay? Your mother and I were kind of hoping you’d settle down here.”

“I’m moving Scion headquarters back home to Cider City. “Maud, my Gal Friday, is flying in today. I’m assigning her to you temporarily. She’ll be our go between.”

Cindy Revisited

“Good god, you can’t assign that harpy to ride herd on me. I’m a sick man.”

“Yeah right,” Jake said, looking at the two fingers of Scotch in his father’s glass. “Here’s how it’s going to play out...”

* * * *

Cyn walked into the Coffee Cup Café at noon, carrying Dora’s birthday gift. She spotted her friend at the counter, and hopped onto the stool next to her with a grin. This get away was just what she needed after the twin distractions of flirting with Jake and fending off Cordial. “Happy birthday.”

“Same to you.” Dora gave her new jeans and blouse a pleased look. “I’m glad to see the makeover continues.”

“Thanks.” Cyn said, preening a little. “That’s not all that’s continuing.”

“You’re still seeing JT!” Dora gasped.

Cyn nodded, a thrill surging through her at the thought. He was her very own stud if she wanted him. Who was she to turn that down? “He’s my Mr. Smith.”

“Get outta here,” Dora said, her jaw dropping. She leaned in to ask, “Does Cordial know?”

“Not yet. She thinks he’s a motorcycle gang member or something, and here for monkey business.”

Dora chuckled. “How right she is. I bet you two had a laugh when you figured that out last night.”

Cyn’s face heated.

“You didn’t have another un-kissed evening?” Dora said with a frown.

“I had a half-kissed evening.”

“Oh good gravy, why?”

“We were interrupted by his friends, Mack and Zane, and I panicked and ran. Imagine my chagrin when he showed up at the ranch this morning with my panties in his pocket.”

Dora hooted with laughter. “You didn’t leave them behind!”

Cindy Revisited

“Oh I did. I was in a hurry to get out of there before he came back and demanded answers. If you ever faced down a frustrated, aroused man, who’d just found out the woman who’d seduced him was actually a virgin, you’d understand. I ran like a scared rabbit.”

Dora let out a sigh. “Boy, you do have the devil’s own bad luck when it comes to men. But you say it continues. Tell me more, girlfriend.”

“He says I can taste him.”

Dora giggled. “What are you going to do about it?”

“What do you think?”

Chapter 6

Jake opened the door to his bungalow after eight that evening, tired and horny, and hoping to see Cyn lying naked in his bed. He flipped on the light switch and looked around, his shoulders sagging when he saw no sign of her. He should have known it wasn't going to be that easy to snag the shy filly.

Thoughts of her had kept him going through this crappy day. After the stormy meeting with his father, and picking up Maud from the airport, he'd settled into his office behind *Branded*, and got down to business. He called Zane to tell him about the obscene letters Cyn had received. He suspected that Dwain Hawkins was responsible, the same man he suspected had been bleeding his father dry for months to the tune of a million dollars. The guy was slippery, covering his tracks well. It was the mark of a professional con man. Now all he needed was proof. If he made a move against Cyn before that could be uncovered, Jake would come down on him like a house of bricks.

Jake shrugged out of his jacket, tossed it on the bed, and saw the book lying open on his pillow. His cock twitched when he saw the title, *Bound to Serve*. He grinned, relief surging through him, melting his fatigue away, as he scooped up the erotic romance novel. Cyn had accepted his invitation, in her own unexpected way. He scanned the first chapter...

"Condor caught Bridget disobeying him. He left the document in plain sight to test her compliance. She'd defied him, as expected. The instant she sensed his presence, she looked up at him, giving him the guilty blush of a

Cindy Revisited

kid caught with her hand in the cookie jar. An instant later, she was smiling at him, unapologetic. His heart skipped a beat while his cock stirred.

"A private island, huh? I'm not surprised."

Her instincts were sharp; he had to give her that, but he was keeping her in the dark for a reason. She'd want to take over. Hell, she threatened to take over him, and it couldn't be allowed. Not on his watch.

Bridget clutched the file, gauging Condor's unyielding expression. She wouldn't have to resort to subterfuge if he'd share the info, like a normal agent. His brooding expression told her to save her breath. Wary, she watched him roll up his sleeves and sit down on a jump seat.

"Kick off your shoes, take off your jacket and piece, and come here." He patted his lap.

She gulped; he couldn't mean to actually take her over his knee. The flight crew might overhear. "No."

"You did agree to be trained. You'll take it over my knee."

She stood there, both shocked and aroused. If she balked, he'd replace her. The thought made her kick off her pumps. Her toes curled into the carpet, as she gazed at the masterful look in his eyes. Almost without thought, she took off her blazer, reminded of her bold stripping in the director's office. His interested gaze only made her hotter. She removed her gun and holster, disarmed in more ways than one. Maybe doing him would give her clarity. She walked toward him. "You don't have to do this. I'm a quick study. I can fake it."

He smiled. "I can't. Every minute you delay is a demerit."

So he strove for reality on assignment. The knowledge should have stopped her cold. It didn't. She rolled her eyes. "What are you, one of the nuns at grammar school?"

"And did they paddle my little hellcat?"

"No. Nobody ever dared paddle me." One look at his laughing eyes told her he was daring.

Condor smiled and crooked a finger. "Come."

The demand was calmly voiced, but there was steel behind it. Just the thought of stretching out across his hard lap made her heart trip. He didn't

Cindy Revisited

reach out to grab her; it would have been easier if he had. "Fine, train me, Dino," she muttered, carefully draping herself over his lap while her face burned. His cock was semi-erect under her. Bridget gasped at the unexpectedly erotic feel, and arched away to break the disconcerting contact. Condor pushed her back down.

"Uh, uh."

He lifted up her skirt and she went still, mortified. Oh no, she was wearing her pink lace panties; fine lingerie was a weakness of hers. Who knew, when she'd put them on this morning, that she'd be draped over Condor's knee?

"You've so much to learn, Kitten." He rubbed her ass through her panties. "And there's not much time to teach you."

Bridget burned where his big hand touched her. Her sensitive pubes pressed against his hard leg, her pussy wet with need. She held her breath. He kept caressing her through her panties. Tears, she put down to nerves, sprang to her eyes. She blinked them away. Focus. She couldn't let him undo her with a single touch.

"Tell me, Kitten, why are you being punished?"

The amusement in his tone made her mad, even as his big hand caressing her bottom made her aroused. "Because you're a dinosaur." His chuckle was like warm honey.

"No, because you disobeyed me and snooped at the file," he said, fingering the waistband of her panties. "Say it."

He'd probably left the damned file out on purpose to trap her, and she'd fallen for it. It didn't say much for her instincts. She let out a sigh of frustration. "I disobeyed and snooped."

"And are you sorry?"

"Will it keep you from spanking me?"

"No."

"Then, no, I'm not sorry." She'd gathered valuable information and if it cost her a red ass, so be it. His wicked chuckle made her stiffen, a moment before his big hand smacked her bottom. She bit back a cry, shocked by the stinging heat, but not wanting to alert the flight crew.

Cindy Revisited

"Count the spanks for me, Kitten."

"No," she gasped, incensed by the outrageous demand.

"We go to five, honey, now count."

His big hand came down on her right cheek and she gasped as her stiff clit rubbed against his leg, "One."

"Very good," he praised.

She actually melted at the praise, how sick was that? He spanked her left cheek, and her stiff clit bumped up against his leg. She bit back a whimper. "Two."

"Ttt-three," she wailed when he smacked her another quick blow. Not two more, she'd either come or cry, either of which would be humiliating. She wanted to move but couldn't make herself.

The leather pants she was lying against were warm, and Condor was even hotter. She groaned as his rousing cock pressed against her. Her sex pulsed, growing wet while her bottom burned. "Four," she gasped when his big hand landed again.

"Five," she gasped as he caught her from the bottom, barely holding back a moan.

Stunned, she lay molded to him, on the verge of orgasm, while he rubbed her hot bottom. She couldn't resist leaning into his arousing touch, even while her face burned with embarrassment. The eroticism of being turned over Condor's knee was deep and disturbing. Assertive as she was, that she could be broken by it, stunned her. She quivered, needing him to finish what he'd started. Condor's cock was hard below her, his breathing rapid. His hand rubbed lower. She whimpered when he cupped her mound.

"Good, you're wet," he said.

His reserved tone broke through her sexual heat. Burning with need, she throbbed as his hot hand cupped her sex. Just a little more pressure and she'd come. If only he'd finish it, it might help her refocus. She arched against him, and he swatted her mound.

"No."

She bit back a raw sob at the quick sting; he was nothing but a tease. He pushed her off his lap.

Cindy Revisited

Sprawled on the floor in front of him, she boldly gazed back up him. His eyes were a deep brown, speaking of arousal.

He frowned. "I'm going to teach you your basic submissive position now. Up on your knees, legs apart, palms resting on your thighs."

She tried to do his bidding.

He looked her over, approvingly. "You are a quick study. This is submissive position number one. Of course, you'll usually be naked and open to me when flowing into it."

Her eyes widened when she visualized the scene. Naked and open, huh? Taking him might let her refocus on her goals.

"Now up and strip."

He was going to take her, after all. Thrilled, she sprang to her feet, a bit unsteadily, her heart racing. Condor reached out to steady her. His big hand circling her arm, made her lean toward him. He gave her a tight frown and let go. With trembling hands, she unbuttoned her silk blouse and slipped it off, reveling in the fact that Condor couldn't keep his hot gaze off of her. Emboldened, she unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the floor..."

Jake grinned. It seemed his student wanted to try some spice and he was happy to deliver. He liked his couplings with a little kink. Hell, she wanted to taste him; his cock throbbed as he remembered her words. At the rate things were going; he'd have blue balls within the week. He strode over to the phone and dialed zero, waiting impatiently for his lover in training to pick up. She answered on the third ring.

"Hello," her voice was low, hesitant.

His cock swelled behind his zipper when he heard her sultry voice. It was like he was one of Pavlov's dogs, drooling after her. "I'd like some room service, Cyn."

"But I told you..."

"Special room service," he explained, hearing her sexy, quick intake of breath.

"Oh."

Cindy Revisited

The shock and excitement in her honeyed voice made him leak pre-cum, as his cock twitched behind his fly. This was going to be good. He ached to be her guide in the bedroom, but he was going to call the shots, even if it killed him to slow things down. “Coming?” he asked, worried she might back down.

“Yes.”

He smiled when she clicked down the phone in a hurry, thanking his lucky stars that she wanted him as much as he needed her. He put down the phone, and pulled out a straight-backed chair, positioning it in the perfect place for her spanking.

Cyn walked the distance from her cabin to Jake’s bungalow, keeping a wary eye out for Cordial. The lights were out in the big house, which meant the girls were out on the town. Most people probably were on Saturday night, but Jake was saving the night for her seduction. Her heart raced at the thought, she ached to finish what he’d started. She still couldn’t believe she’d had the moxie to present him with her wish list, in the form of one of her favorite erotic romances.

Her palms were damp on the wicker tray she carried. It was a good cover in case she was observed, and she figured he might be hungry. Knowing it was beyond her to play it cool, she picked up the pace, hurrying to his door. A warm night breeze blew the skirt of her sundress around her legs, as she stepped up onto his porch. When he swept the door open before she could knock, she sucked in a startled breath. “You were...”

“Waiting for you? Always, sugar.”

Cyn’s hungry gaze swept over the chiseled planes of Jake’s handsome face, before drifting to focus on the manly bulge in his jeans. It was just as huge as she remembered. Licking her bottom lip, she gazed back up at his reckless heartbreaker’s smile, and creamed. He still looked delicious, and slightly dangerous to her, but she noticed signs of fatigue on his face. He’d had a hard day. “If you’d rather take a nap first, I’d give you a rain check.”

His low chuckle made her toes curl inside her sandals.

“Not a chance.” He glanced down at the tray. “What’d you bring me, sugar? Or is this just window dressing to hide our rendezvous?”

“Actually, it’s a little bit of both. Cordial is having you watched. But I thought you might be hungry, so I brought you supper.” She watched his sultry smile, melting her where she stood, as her sex tingled.

He took a deep whiff. “Fried chicken and biscuits.”

“And apple cobbler,” she said, self-conscious. It was just ordinary food, but his tender smile told her he was taking it as special.

“You’re beautiful, and you can cook too. I’m a lucky man. Where have you been all my life, Cyn?”

“In the barn or the studio.” She blushed. “And there’s a treat for us...for later. If we do anything, that is,” she added, feeling out of her depth.

“Believe me, we’re going to do something,” he said, stepping back to let her in. “Come inside, and put the tray on the dresser, sugar. Good as your cooking smells, I’m sure you’re far more tasty.”

Trembling, she did as he said, his body heat igniting her libido as she brushed past him. She somehow managed to make it to the dresser without dropping the tray. His sexy chuckle made her whimper.

“You are good for my ego, baby,” Jake murmured.

And he was good for her once sleeping hormones, Cyn decided, laying the tray down on the dresser. She slowly turned to face him, her nipples budding.

This time she intended to see him naked, no matter what. Jake leaned against the closed door, watching her with the steamiest look in his eyes. Her sex rippled in response. She couldn’t resist another peek at the growing bulge inside his jeans.

“Come here, sugar,” he said, quirking a finger at her.

She noticed the chair he'd placed in the middle of the floor, the novel she'd presented him with lying open on the bed, and bit her lip. He'd read it. She walked toward him, conceding for her, that there was no going back. Looking deep into his warm whiskey eyes, she decided to nibble her way from his chin to his toes, paying extra special attention to the manly parts in between.

Jake smiled, sitting down on the straight back chair, and patted his lap. "You'll take it over my knee."

He was going to spank her. Her tummy quivered, and her pussy clenched, as she stepped into his space, her thighs pressing against his powerful legs. She'd asked for it, but was she ready for a fantasy to become reality? Looking into the teasing depths of his eyes, she saw arousal and affection, and let her last fears go.

"I've got ya," he said, taking her hand, and rubbing his thumb over her wrist.

Cyn melted while he maintained a firm, yet tender, grip on her wrist. His hand was big, easily encircling her wrist, and she felt small and protected by contrast.

He smiled, and tumbled her down over his lap.

She went over his knee with a gasp, shocked, and turned on, as her belly and thighs made contact with his firm lap, and the harder bulge of his cock. "But I wanted to taste you," she gasped, as a delaying tactic.

"All in good time, Cyn. You placed yourself in my hands, and you're going to get it." He flipped up her skirt, baring her panty-clad bottom, and she felt heat rush through her. It was a good thing that she was wearing one of her sexy fairytale undies. The pink lace panties were probably a bit tame for a man of Jake's sophisticated tastes.

"God, you're so sexy," he said, spreading his palm out across her bottom.

Cyn felt a flutter of excitement and alarm at the size of his reach, as the heat of his huge paw seeped through her silk panties.

They weren't much of a barrier. She'd fantasized about this, but would the real thing be as good? She trembled, her nipples budding, achingly hard inside her bra, her stiff clit jutting out, throbbing. She moaned as it pressed against his thigh. When Jake raised his palm and gave her a quick smack, she whimpered at the sting and speed. "But I wasn't ready..."

He swatted her again, this time a little harder. "Ready now?" he teased.

Cyn's sex creamed. "Oh my god, yes," she gasped.

She trembled as he rained teasing blows across her bottom, and arched up, hoping for more. He was toying with her, making her ache for a harder paddling. "Please," she wailed. He stopped, and she let out a sob of frustration.

"Want more?" he asked, toying with the waistband of her panties.

She wriggled, trying to inflame him, and nodded.

"Say it," he said.

"Please, I want more."

"More, what? Do you require a proper spanking, Cyn?" He fingered the lacey waistband, his fingers venturing beneath, to scorch a path over her stinging ass. "Do you want me to pull these pretties down?"

"Oh, yes, pull them down." She arched into his touch when his hot fingertips touched her bare flesh. "Spank me properly."

"Excellent," he said, pulling her panties down to her ankles.

Hobbled as the panties tangled around her ankles, Cyn felt the restraint deep inside, and it only served to turn her on more. Her sex wept for him, trembling as the resistance increased her excitement.

"What a good girl." He spanked her harder.

She whimpered with need and arched up, taking them as foreplay. "I'm a woman, not a girl," she insisted, remembering their discussion at the ball.

“You’re a girl in the bedroom.” He caught her on the bottom of her ass with his open palm, driving her into his thigh.

She cried out with delight. Her stiff clit rubbing against his hard thigh, making her hungry sex spasm.

“Like that, do you?” he said, pleased, doing it again.

She shrieked with pleasure. “Yes,” she admitted, shuddering, the contact with her clit increasing.

“Now be a good girl, and reach down and play with your clit, Cyn. I want you to come while I spank you.”

Embarrassed by the sultry command, she hesitated, even while she ached to obey.

“Now,” he said, his open swat catching the bottom of her ass harder, driving her higher.

She gasped and did as he said, her hand rushing to her clit, while he heated up the spanking, catching the bottom of her ass over and over again, making her moan. Her body tightened, and her sex spasmed, her ass throbbing as she came with a shriek. Her hand fell away from her clit. Jake’s hand replaced it, his rough fingertip pressing her clit, his fingers filling her cunt, his little finger dipping into her juices and pressing into her anus. She gasped, as he loved her that way, wringing out and extended orgasm, which tore through her until she was limp. When it was over, she lay across his lap, totally drained.

Jake pulled her up, taking her into his arms, rocking her. “We have to set a few ground rules, Cyn.”

Cyn leaned against him, loving the low rumble of his voice, his racing heartbeat, and his manly essence. His cock was still rock hard under her hot ass, reminding her of what they’d just done, and what was to come. “Rules?”

His hand cupped her breast. “Un huh, three little rules. First, I want you naked and ready for me when I say so.”

Her nipple beaded as he fanned a fingertip over the tingling peak, making her gasp. They were still fully dressed, if you didn’t

count her panties about her ankles. She was putty in his hands, and she wouldn't have it any other way. Nibbling his ear, as he gave her nipple a little pinch, she complained. "That's barbaric."

"Welcome to the Stone Age, sugar," Jake said, unbuttoning the row of buttons down the front of her sundress. He peeled the garment open to expose her full breasts encased in a pink lace bra that matched her panties. "Second, I like the sexy underwear, and the dresses. You'll wear them for me."

"No," she said, rebelling. She'd never taken well to being told what to do. "JT, in case you haven't noticed, I do ranch work."

"It's Jake or sir when I'm disciplining you. When we have our sessions you'll comply."

"Or?"

"You'll get lots more spankings."

Cyn's bare bottom burned against his lap. "Like that's much of a threat. I loved it, and you know it." She snuggled closer, saying, "I've got a demand of my own."

"Such as?" he asked.

"I get to taste you soon, and then as much as I want."

He groaned, his hand slipping under her skirt to touch her wet sex.

Cyn cried out when Jake's index finger homed in on her stiff clit. He pressed the sensitized nub and she moaned, instantly throbbing with arousal again. He tweaked it, and she muffled her cries against his broad chest, as she came. When she recovered, she peered up at him. "If this is how you conduct your negotiations, no wonder you're known as the Barbarian."

He chuckled. "I'm a man who knows what he wants." He kissed her. "Third, you'll be bare and open for me when I need you."

Her eyes widened as she gazed at him. He wasn't kidding. "Another Stone Age thing?"

"You got it, sugar." He spread her legs, his little finger probing her ass. "Oh, and fourth...we need to keep your tight little rosebud lubed for my cock."

Her breath caught, as both her ass and pussy quivered. She'd been afraid the prospect of anal sex would turn him off. It was in chapter six of the book she'd given him. "We do?"

"I'll insist on it," he said, kissing her hard.

Cyn gave herself to him, kissing him back. His tongue slipped inside her mouth to mate with hers. When the kiss ended, he stood up, and set her on her feet. She was secretly thrilled by his Stone Age demands. A hot and heavy affair was just what she needed. Her feet were still tangled up in her panties, and she fell against him, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"I think that's a yes," he said with a laugh, his arms going around her.

"Oh yeah." She leaned against him, listening to his heartbeat race. At least she knew she wasn't the only one affected by this lust.

"My own present to unwrap."

Cyn's heart skipped a beat. "So what's stopping you?"

He smiled, and pushed the dress off her shoulders. It fell, pooling at their feet. "Some things are better taken slowly."

Cyn burned when he looked at her. "But not me," she complained. She grabbed his belt undoing it, pulling it off him. "Are you going to tie me up sometime?" she asked, running the leather through her hands, and giving him a challenging look.

"Would you like me to?" he asked, watching her.

"Maybe," she said, but her face flamed. "It's in chapter eight."

"Knowing it's coming might spoil the experience."

She gazed up at his mesmerizing face. "Not with you, cowboy. Nothing could be too tame with you. You're still wearing too many clothes," she complained.

He smiled. "So strip me."

It was all she needed to hear. She stepped forward, forgetting her hobbles, and gasped as she teetered off balance.

“Easy love,” he said, reaching out to steady her. “Let’s finish you first.”

“You wouldn’t have spanked me so hard if you wanted easy.” She burned as she kicked off her panties, enjoying his sexy grin. He was getting off on her eager delight for him, and she didn’t mind a bit. Feeling like a predator, she backed him against the dresser. His eyes twinkled, as she started to unbutton his shirt.

“Hungry, are you?” he teased.

“You ought to know, you started the fire.” The last button slipped out of its hole, and she opened his shirt to ogle him. His well-defined muscles, tight male nipples, and six-pack abs added up to one irresistible package. She leaned forward to lap at one flat brown disc, it beaded under her tongue. Yum, he was delicious!

He groaned, shrugging out of his shirt.

She licked a path to his other nipple, then sunk down to taste his six-pack, and dip her tongue inside his naval. She swirled it around making him growl and jerk. He was ticklish there, excellent. She did it again, distracting him as she unzipped his jeans. His growl made her glance up at him for approval. The heat in his gaze made her cream. Trembling with excitement, she tugged down his pants and his erection sprang out at her. He was going commando.

Cyn gazed at his cock for a heartbeat, admiring it. It was huge, long, thick, and heavy enough to hang down at his thigh. The red head was blunt and mushroom shaped. Her cool fingers ran down the hot silky length of him, and he hissed, his cock’s head rising up. A drop of pre-cum beaded on the slit. She leaned forward to lap at it and sighed with pleasure, feeling Jake shudder. Suddenly she found her female power. She lapped at his slit again, loving the salty male taste of him, as he leaked more cum, making him groan.

“Lick the head,” Jake ordered.

She didn't need further urging as she swirled her tongue around his cock's hot velvety head, stealing another drop of cum off the slit.

"Shit," he bit out trembling. "Suck on the head."

After another lick, she opened her mouth and took him inside, only able to contain a little. The erotic feel of his hard throbbing cock inside her mouth was addictive. She sucked, and both her hands wrapped firmly around his shaft. He hissed, his cock twitching under her ministrations. She could feel him tightening getting ready to come, and her pussy quivered with excitement. She wanted it all.

"That's it, sugar, give it up now."

She gave him a moue of disappointment, her mouth still keeping him. He gently rubbed his thumb over her cheek. "Now," he said gently.

Reluctantly, she let the head slip out of her mouth, giving his cock a final lick of departure. He drew her to her feet, and pulled her into his arms. Cyn went with a hunger, burning as his mouth claimed hers. Then, he carried her across the room to place her on the bed. He came down on top of her, and she welcomed his weight—the promise of his possession.

He broke the kiss to string a line of kisses down her throat, over her collarbone, to one hard nipple. He took the bud into his hot mouth drawing on it, making her squirm with need as she felt the pull deep inside her. Then he moved onto the other, teasing her to distraction, drawing the sensitive bud hard into his mouth, making her cry out. Arching up, into his hot mouth, she ran her hands over his back.

He moved on to scatter kisses down her abdomen, and she burned. When he moved down, settling between her spread legs, she couldn't help blushing. Her breath caught in her throat, and she tried to pull him up, to no avail, Jake would not be moved.

"Let me," he said.

When his hot tongue rested against her swollen clit, Cyn's eyes rolled back in her head, and she let out a shriek. It was that earth shattering. Pushing her hungry sex against his mouth, she was lost to ecstasy. Jake began to lap at her, his tongue teasing her, before pressing into her quivering pussy. She rolled on the bed, but his hands reached up to hold her hips fast. There was no getting away from the pleasure he was making her feel, and she didn't want to escape, as she throbbed with arousal under his rough and talented tongue.

He'd already made her come so many times, but she felt the pressure build inside her again. He took the bud of her clit into his mouth, and drew on it. Cyn exploded, her sex convulsing, empty. Jake surged up her body and thrust into her in one quick motion. Cyn cried out at the invasion. As he finished taking her virginity, Jake sealed her mouth with his, silencing her cry.

He lay still, breathing hard on top of her, his body tense as he waited for her newly opened pussy to become accustomed to him. She closed her eyes, feeling stunned by the sensation of his huge cock filling her. Her after spasms rippled, making her gasp, and him growl. She smiled up at him and rocked against him, only to feel his huge cock delve deeper inside.

"Easy babe, take it slow." He slowly started to withdraw, and then rock back into her.

Cyn arched up to meet his strokes, taking more of him. He was huge. Her eyes widened with surprise. "More," she moaned, as his hot cock filled her. He rocked into her, harder and deeper, until they both gasped. "Oh yes." She wrapped her legs around him, forcing him deeper, and wincing, but not letting him go.

He lost control, surging into her, again and again, until she tightened, coming, shouting his name. He surged into her once more and exploded, coming hard and fast, tight against her cervix. When Jake eased off her, pulling her close, Cyn snuggled against him, sated and dazzled. It was everything she'd dreamed of.

Cindy Revisited

Chapter 7

Jake stroked Cyn's supple back, enjoying the feel of her soft curves tucked tight against his body. It'd been a hell of a day and she'd made it brighter. He held her close, feeling possessive. "Come on," he said, rousing her, forcing himself to let go of her breast as he rolled out of bed. He gazed down at her, flushed from their lovemaking, and knew he was a lucky man. He bent to scoop her up.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked, clinging to him.

Jake felt honored by the affection, and trust he saw in her eyes. At least she trusted him in the bedroom. "You'll see," he said, shouldering his way into the bathroom with her snuggled in his arms. Her breasts tantalized him, the nipples hardening, rubbing against his chest, and making his mouth water with the need to taste her tempting strawberry tits. Hell, she'd tasted sweet all over. But he knew her first time would make her sore, and he wouldn't abuse her trust, no matter how horny they both were. He switched on the large walk in shower, making the shower a little cooler than he liked.

He had a sneaking suspicion ice cubes in the North Pole couldn't cool him off when Cyn was with him. "I must say, you do run a first class operation, Miss Cyn. The double shower with the body sprays was a stroke of genius."

"Cordial actually kitted this dude operation out before she lost interest and I came back to take over."

"That's right, you didn't always live here," he said, recalling her talk of duty.

"I actually used to have a life, at least kind of, if spending hours cooped up in my studio counts."

"Oh, it definitely counts." He was pleased when she smiled.

"I'm glad you think so," she purred, rubbing her cheek against his shoulder.

"Well, my dad always thought being artsy was a bit weird, and according to Cordial, I'm an embarrassment to the whole family. I'm usually spattered with paint, or dirt from the ranch."

"Forget them. I like you best when you're spattered. Like, that dirt on your nose when you bumped into me was cute." He was warmed when she beamed up at him.

"Thanks."

"So tell me more about your stepmother," he said, trying to get more information out of her. He had a suspicion she was linked to North Star, but no proof.

"I don't want to talk about her, okay?"

"Okay," Jake said, and stepped them under the spray. He set aside his line of questioning, and instead, luxuriated in the sensual feel of the woman in his arms, as water cascaded over and around them. She closed her eyes in seeming bliss, his cock stiffened again, and he groaned. Would he never get enough of this redheaded siren? Probably not, he decided, letting Cyn slip down his body to stand before him.

"That's nice," she said, rubbing her nipples across his chest.

He spread his feet a shoulder's length apart, and pulled her wet curves into his body. "Oh yeah," he agreed. "Now behave, you're sore, and we can't do anymore tonight." Instead, she shimmed against him making him crazy. Reaching behind her, he gave her a sharp spank, so he could think. She pouted up at him, blushing, her body radiant. Her lush lips were tempting him. He was in deep trouble. "Behave now, so I can wash you."

"Yes sir," she said unrepentantly.

He soaped up a washcloth, and swirled it over her lovely body, paying special attention to her tempting tits, watching them tremble, as she inhaled a shaky breath. He rubbed the terry cloth over her nipples, and they beaded, as her knees wobbled. She moaned, leaning into him.

"No fair. How come you don't have to behave?"

"Do you want me to stop?" he asked, stilling the washcloth.

"No. Please don't stop." She pressed into him.

"I won't," he said gently, and then turned her around, and spread her feet apart.

"Let's scrub that saucy bottom."

"I'd rather have you take it. I won't be sore there."

He smiled at her eagerness, his heart tripping a beat. She was hot, adventurous, and altogether perfect for him, but she wasn't ready. He teased her tight portal with a soapy finger. "All in good time. Arch your back, sugar."

"But when?" she asked.

He bit back a groan as she pushed her cute butt out at him, and slipped a finger inside, making her gasp. "Fuck yourself on my finger. Try it out." She froze for a minute, and then arched back riding his finger, her tight back passage pulling at him. He groaned, his stiff cock bobbing. She moaned, arching her back to give him better access. He restrained himself. If he spanked her, he'd fuck her. Instead, he reached out to adjust the body spray, aiming it at her stiff clit. She let out a cry, her backside clutching at his finger, as she came. He supported her when her knees wobbled, his finger coming free of her ass. He held her tight until she came back to earth.

Cyn turned to lay her head on Jake's shoulder, enjoying his touch, the slippery feel of his body against hers. She'd wanted a dream lover, but he was way beyond her expectations. "That was—"

"Sexy," he filled in.

“Earth shattering.” She lapped at his nipples, drinking a droplet of water off his skin. His cock pressed hot and hard against her slick thigh. “It’s your turn,” she said, stepping close enough to let his erection slip between her thighs. It rubbed hot and tantalizing against her mound.

“No.” He pulled back. “You’re too sore.”

“So? Spank me later,” she said, taking advantage of his retreat, by fisting his cock. He growled, thrusting into her hands, while he scowled at her. She wrapped both hands around his hot cock to hold him. “Let’s see if water power works on you.” She took the handheld spray, and aimed it at his cock while jacking him off. He groaned, and his balls grew tight against his body. She watched, fascinated and, playing a hunch, aimed the spray at them. Jake hissed in reaction, his cock leaking pre cum. “Interesting,” she said, pleased with her experiment.

“Stop teasing the bear,” he groaned, but throbbed in her gasp. Cyn laughed, and kept fisting him harder, as she moved the spray to his anus. He shook, letting out a roar, and spurted. “And I think we just found the sweet spot,” she said, crowing with delight.

“Don’t get any ideas,” he growled, his cock spurting.

Cyn sank down to capture him in her mouth. She drew on his cock, taking it deeper in her mouth. She sucked, breathing deep, felt him tremble and give her everything he had. She drew on him, draining him, and licking him clean. She looked up to find Jake looking at her with wonder.

He pulled her to her feet “Where did you learn that?”

“My personal library. You’re the first chance I’ve have to put it into practice.” His gaze smoldered at the last statement.

“And I’d better be the only.”

His possessive statement thrilled her, but she wasn’t fooling herself that she could keep him for long. When news of his return got out, every eligible woman in town would beat a trail to his door. How could she compete with that? She saw his irked expres-

sion and knew her silence bugged him. Good. It might be good to keep him guessing. Her eyes widened when he slapped off the shower, growled and bodily pulled her out of the shower.

“Now get this Cyn. I won’t share you with anyone. You’re mine,” he insisted, bending to kiss her.

“I’m yours,” Cyn said with a sigh, as his mouth claimed hers. She rubbed her tingling nipples against him, drawn into his possessive embrace. His tongue swept into her mouth mating with hers, as his hands swept down her slick back, to cup her ass and squeeze. She moaned pressing tight to him, her sex throbbing, as his cock stirred.

He broke the kiss to rub his manhood against her. “You belong to me Cyn, say it,” he hissed.

“I belong to you,” she agreed, with a pleased whimper, rocking against him, watching his whiskey eyes darken. When he set her back on her heels, and reached for a towel, she let out a whimper of complaint. His stern glance silenced her as he dried her off. It felt surreal to have him pamper her, take care of her, spank her, but he did it so well. Rubbing a towel over her hair, he made her scalp tingle as he was touching her, then he finger combed her red hair back behind her ears.

He smiled, seeing her dazzled gaze, bent to give her a quick kiss, and a teasing smack on the bottom. “Play time is over, sugar. Now lets eat, and talk.”

Cyn blushed. She didn’t particularly want to talk. He wanted to know things she didn’t like to talk about. Like her fucked up family dynamics. Nevertheless, she took his hand, and let him waltz her back into the bedroom. Gazing at the rumpled bed, she ached to be back in it with him. Things were so simple when they let their bodies do the communicating.

“Have a seat and I’ll get your supper,” she said, and smiled when he moved to comply without another word. He couldn’t question her with his mouth full. She turned to see him sitting on

the bed, sprawled naked against the headboard like a male center-fold. She'd love to paint him that way, she decided, walking over to put the tray on his lap. She watched him lift the lid, heard his stomach growl. "You really are starved."

"I worked nonstop, and didn't have time to eat."

"That's not good for you. If you wear yourself out, you'll be no use to your father."

He looked up at her, and gave her a concerned, half smile. "Ditto."

The barb hit home. She'd been running herself ragged, and they were still losing money. At the rate she was going, she didn't know which would be depleted first, the ranch, or her. "Try my chicken then. At least it never killed anybody."

He patted the spot next to him. "Join me."

"Trust me, I wouldn't poison you," she teased, but eagerly climbed into bed next to him, and nibbled a drumstick. She snuggled as close as she could, shivering with delight when the curve of her hip pressed his, and the side of her breast brushed his arm.

"Not even after what Dwain Hawkins did to you?" Jake teased. "He works for Randal Industries after all."

The reminder made her frown. Jake might be a dreamboat, but he did employ a creep, or at least his father had. "I might consider slipping him a laxative, but not you."

"Thanks for the vote of confidence." Jake chuckled, and bit into the chicken.

Now that she'd told him about Dwain's behavior, would Jake take steps to stop him? She knew for a fact hers wasn't the only ranch he was using dirty tricks to get. She'd hesitated to tell her father about her concerns, not wanting to bother him. After all what could he do behind bars? Now she might have to enlist her dad's support on his next visitor's day. Cordial rarely went there so there was little chance of running into her.

Jake dug into the food with gusto. "This is as good as it smells. Thanks for feeding me."

"You're welcome." She glowed, gratified to watch Jake polish off the rest of the chicken. He split a biscuit topped it with butter and honey, and lifted the morsel to her lips. She smiled, nibbling at the sweet treat, touched, and thrilled by the gesture as he hand fed her. "Yum," she said, licking honey off her lip.

"Allow me." He leaned forward to sensually lick the honey off her lips.

She trembled, as his tongue swept over the sweet spot, and then he slowly kissed her.

He broke the kiss, murmuring, "You are just as sweet as you look." Sobering, he said, "We need to talk, Cyn," and watched her frown.

"About what?"

"The mess you're in. Tell me about Cordial, the ranch, and what Hawkins did to you." He watched her frown deepen. "Tell me about the letters."

"I really don't want to talk about them." Cyn said, with a sigh.

"If it's coming from one of my people, I need to know."

Cyn sighed, and backed down. "I suppose you're right. Although, I can't say for sure who's sending them. They're anonymous, like I suppose all poison pen letters are, and obscene, talking about his giant cock, and intellect. Saying he's going to tame me. Some of them have scrawled notes on the back, in lipstick, telling me to run. I think maybe he's got a split personality or something."

"Did you report this to the police?"

"I didn't want to bother them with his lunatic ravings. The man is harmless, just annoying. He's never actually made good on any of his threats, and by the way, rumor has it, I'm not the only one getting them."

"I'll kill the bastard."

She smiled. "Don't bother, he isn't worth the effort. As you surmised, things are bad. My father's in prison and my stepmother is being a royal pain, especially since we have to economize. She'd love to sell off and move to greener pastures. All I'm trying to do is hold the ranch together until my dad gets out, three months from now. As for Hawkins, he can go piss up a rope, I'm not about to sell the ranch."

"How long has your family owned it?"

"Generations. My great-great-grandfather founded the ranch."

"It's nice to have roots, I suppose." He was disturbed by the thought of walking away from his family all those years ago. He should have come back more often. Of course, he and his father had butted heads, and he'd had to grow up, establish himself. Now that he'd come home, he intended to make up for lost time, put down roots, mend some fences.

"You don't have any," she said, looking at him and then blushed. "Oh excuse me, I didn't mean to..."

"Don't worry about it. It used to be true. But now I'm back, for keeps."

"You are?" she asked, nibbling her lip.

Was she worried she was going to be stuck with him? He didn't like the thought. "You don't have to worry about Dwain Hawkins anymore. I plan to fire him as soon, as I gather enough incriminating evidence against him, and turn him over to the law."

Her eyes widened. "So he is doing something criminal?"

"He's formed a land management company called North Star. He's gobbling up the property for himself, cheating the sellers, and my father, and will probably skip town. I had a hell of a time convincing my father to let me play this out. He can't reconcile himself to the possibility he was conned. I'm trying to trick Hawkins into revealing his accomplices, whoever's backing his operation."

"Your father didn't take it well after all."

Cindy Revisited

“No.” He admired her sympathy for his dad, who’d tried to steamroll her, and loved her heart. Most women wouldn’t be that generous. “His pride is hurt more than anything, but he’s a pragmatist. Eventually he came around. One trait we share is that we don’t like to be cheated.”

She smiled, leaning into Jake. “Thank you, thank you for taking care of Hawkins. It gives me one less battle to fight.”

“I could help you...”

She pressed a hand to his mouth. “No, I can’t allow that. I didn’t sleep with you for that reason.”

Jake nibbled her palm, making her gasp, stopping her protest. He’d act in her best interests whether she liked it or not.

Chapter 8

Cyn woke early the next morning, snuggled up to Jake's hunky body. His hand cupped her breast, making the nipple bead against his warm palm. His hot, steely erection, pressed into her bottom. *It wasn't just an erotic dream; they'd actually made love, repeatedly.* The thought made her smile. She pressed back against him, humming with pleasure as his cock slipped between the globes of her bottom, growing harder against her. He was going to open her there; she could hardly wait for him to take her ass.

Smiling, she glanced at the window, and gasped when she saw the sunrise. Good gravy, she hadn't intended to stay the night. Jake's cover was sure to be blown if she exposed him to more scrutiny. After last night, she fully understood his need for secrecy, and it was actually in her best interest to play along. If she made their affair public, Cordial would come nosing around. And the woman had spies, she knew at least one of the hands reported back to her. If one of them saw her leaving Jake's bungalow at this hour of the morning, it would be all over the ranch by noon. She simply couldn't risk it. And a selfish part of her wanted to keep him all to herself for a little bit longer. The minute his return was noted, Jake would be hit on by anything in skirts.

She glanced at the clock, and relaxed back against him when she saw it was only five thirty. Easing back against his sexy, hard body, she let out a pleasurable murmur. The lazy hands weren't up yet, and Pedro wouldn't be here for at least half an hour. There was time enough to linger, to revel in their newfound intimacy. Time

enough to snuggle, before she had to sneak back to her place, and pretend she hadn't spent a lusty night in a guest's bed. She wiggled her ass against Jake's tantalizing morning erection, tempted to jump his bones while he was dozing, and let out a hiss of pleasure when his hot cock brushed against her sensitized mound. She did it again, and again, dry humping him, as he grew harder and bigger. The man had the most amazing cock. He let out a growl, his hand tightening on her breast.

Cyn bit back a moan, freezing as he roused, starting to wake, her nipple jutting out against his palm, her stiff clit tingling against his hot cock. She shouldn't start anything she didn't have time to finish. Sanity returning, she flicked another regretful glance at the clock. It was time to leave before she woke him up, it would be easier that way. With a sigh of regret, she pulled back the covers, and prepared to flee. Jake's hand tightened on her breast, holding her fast.

"Where do you think you're going, sugar?"

Oh lord, he was awake, but for how long? Was he aware that she'd been humping him? She prayed not, even as she thrilled to his sexy bedroom rumble. Sighing, she couldn't resist pressing her bottom a little tighter against his throbbing cock, gasping when he angled it to press directly against her clit. Jake growled, and teased the jutting nub repeatedly, with slight flicks of his hips.

"Sugar, any time you want me to pleasure you, all you have to do is ask," he said, pinching her nipple.

Cyn whimpered, her nipple aching, her body tightening inside, her wet sex throbbing as her clit rested against his hot cock. The heat of him against her needy sex made her melt where she lay, turning to putty in his capable hands. "I have to get up, shower, and dress for the workday," she complained halfheartedly. "Otherwise..."

"The others will know we've been together," he finished grimly. "You ashamed of me, sugar?"

She heard the hurt behind his gruffness and placed her hand over his big one that still cupped her breast, to keep it in place. "It's not that. It's just that what we've shared is so special. I don't want to let the world intrude just yet. And you're trying to go undercover. If I get caught in your bed, it's going to start all kinds of speculation about you. You said it yourself; you need to catch Hawkins, before we go public." She relaxed when she felt his rigid body calm down, and he thrust his erection against her, teasing her to madness.

"What am I going to do with you?" he said, pinching her nipple again.

Cyn moaned at the pleasure, and cried out, arching back against him. She gasped with delight when he entered her from behind, thrusting home in one swift motion. "I've got a few ideas," she said, her heart skipping a beat as his cock surged, hard and huge, inside her, filling her needy sex completely."

"Good." He pulled out, and slammed back inside her, his hand tightening on her breast, as he thrust into her hard, again and again.

Cyn sobbed with pleasure as she met his thrusts, completely under his spell. He was all she wanted, or would ever need. She knew it as he mastered her completely.

"Just remember that you're mine," Jake said, pulling out to surge back into her.

"I'm yours," she gasped, crying out with ecstasy as his cock filled her. Her body tightened, her sex rippling, and she came, crying out his name.

Jake shuddered, surging back into her and coming with a growl, high and hard inside her, as he held her tight.

Cyn's racing heartbeat gradually slowed in tandem with Jake's, as he whispered soothing sounds, sweet nothings into her ear. His big hand slicked over her shoulder, to graze the side of her breast, and skim over her hip, bringing fire in its wake. Hell, she didn't want to go, instead, she wanted to turn around and taste

every luscious square inch of him. When he finally let go, easing away from her, she felt the pang of separation deep inside. A part of her didn't want this idyll to end, ever.

He gave her a light swat on the bottom. "Go, or I won't be able to keep my hands off you. And for the record, it doesn't matter if my cover will be blown, but I won't ruin your reputation."

Cyn got out of bed, and turned, sweeping a fond gaze over the hunky male length of his magnificent body, wondering if a little scandal would be so bad. Jake looked sleep-rumpled, irritated with her, and slightly dangerous with his stubble and sexy bedroom eyes. The masterful, predatory look in his topaz eyes made her toes curl in the thick carpet. He was certainly scrumptious. She hadn't meant to infer that she was ashamed of him, or the fact that they'd lain together, but he seemed to be taking it that way. She'd have to deal with his bruised ego later, that is, if there was a later for them.

Deliberately breaking their awkward morning-after eye contact, she turned to gather her scattered clothes, all the while conscious of his brooding gaze on her. Good grief, he'd strewn them from the pulled out chair where he'd taken her over his knee, to the bed. She approached the chair, her knees going weak as she looked at the innocent looking piece of furniture. She'd never get over the shocking delight of being spanked by Jake Randal. Her face heated with embarrassment as she picked up her dress and bra.

Clutching the garments in her hands, she cast a furtive glance at the bathroom door. She could duck inside to dress, but she knew that would be the chicken's way out. Jake was watching her, his gaze feeling like a physical caress. Instead, she laid the clothes on the chair, and turned to smile at him. The hint of a smile curving his hard mouth told her that her boldness pleased him. She slipped on her panties, arching her bottom out to tease him, and was pleased to hear his breath go out in a gasp. Smiling, she patted the panties into place, and reached for her bra. She slipped it on, leaning forward to push up her breasts, running her hands over the sensitized

curves. She shimmied into her dress, turned her back on him, and gave him a teasing look over her shoulder. "Want to button me up?"

She bit her lip as she listened to Jake track over to her. God, the man moved like a sleek jungle cat, or a street fighter. She shivered down to her toes as his hands closed over her shoulders. He tightened them a moment, and she leaned back against him, with a pleased gasp. He reached around her to do up her buttons; his hands sliding up her body to cup her breasts. His fingertips fanned over her nipples making her gasp.

"Don't tease me sugar, unless you want to go over my knee, and then back into my bed all day."

The rasped words shocked and pleased her. The seduction was a two way street, at least she knew he wanted her. "Sorry sir," she teased. "You'll just have to paddle me for it later."

"Don't tempt me, bad girl," he said, as he fastened her last button.

She picked up her sandals, and turned to meet his masterful gaze. "What are you going to do today?" she asked, hoping she wasn't sounding desperate. She'd die if he up and moved out.

"I'm going into the office later. I've got some research to do, and I have to set up operations for Scion."

"Oh yeah, where at?"

"I've leased office space in the *Branded* building."

"Oh gosh, you mean where your friend's sex shop is?" she asked, shocked.

"Want me to pick you up a present?" he asked, smiling.

"Another book would be nice," she said, reaching for the novel she'd lent him.

"Leave it, sugar. Like I said, I need to do research." He smiled. "We won't want to run out of material."

"Somehow, I don't think that's going to be a problem with you."

Cindy Revisited

“Nice to know I meet your expectations,” he said, his sultry gaze lingering on her face.

She wasn’t sure if he was teasing her or not. “You’ve been absolutely perfect, Jake.”

* * * *

Jake watched Cyn go, when he really itched to pull her back into bed. She was like a fire in his blood. He wanted everything from her, but he’d settle for breakfast. He washed up, dressed, and rolled out for chores twenty minutes later, fully intending to stake his claim, and make sure Cyn didn’t wear herself out with work at the same time.

Jake approached Pedro. He noticed two other hands, one older and grizzled, the other young, blond, and lazing around, joking.

“Well, Mr. Smith, I’m surprised to see you up and about at this hour,” Pedro said with a grin. “Is there something I can get for you, Hombre?”

Jake met the older man’s steady brown eyes. He was protective of Cyn, which was good. “Cyn told me that if I worked, I’d get breakfast. Any objection?”

“Cyn, huh?” He went back to the tack. “Not as long as Miss Cynthia Jean’s okay with it. Any trouble and I’ll bounce your ass out of here, I don’t care who you are.”

Jake nodded, watching the flare in the older man’s eyes. The man was sharp, had already figured out who he was. “Fine by me.”

“You could go feed the goats; they’re bleating their asses off, and then muck out the stalls.” Pedro turned to scowl at the lingering young blond cowboy. “If you don’t have anything to do Chance, I’ll find you something.”

Chance froze, and speared them with annoyance. “No sir, Mr. Orlando, I was just going.”

“Sorry I’m late,” Cyn said, walking into the barn.

Jake’s cock twitched as her sultry voice washed over him, reviving his morning hard on. Cyn froze in her tracks when she

caught sight of him, and blushed. He watched the blush go down her face and followed it to the V of her t-shirt, recalling that she blushed all over. He smiled. "You promised me breakfast if I worked."

"So I did," she said with a twinkle in her eye. "You help with morning chores, and I'll go organize breakfast. I hope you like it hot."

"You know I do. The hotter the better, sugar." His eyes glued to her sultry sway as she hurried back to the bunkhouse.

* * * *

Half an hour later, Cyn handed Jake a platter of huevos rancheros she'd liberally loaded with peppers, and gasped, when his fingertips brushed her wrist. Jake's sultry look was enough to make her knees weak, darn the man. She'd wanted to avoid making their affair public knowledge, at least for now. She was acutely aware of the curious stares of the ranch hands sitting at the other end of the table, watching this tableau, but she couldn't seem to control herself.

Jake kicked out a chair. "Sit down, sugar."

"Yeah, CJ, take a load off," Pedro said.

She sank into the wooden chair, feeling gratitude that Jake was taking care of her, and consternation that he thought he could order her about in her kitchen, in front of her men. She gleefully watched the man she adored help himself to the eggs, and take a big bite, waiting for him to yelp and reach for his water. She'd made the dish extra spicy to teach him a lesson. Instead, he quirked a startled brow at her, a grin twitching his manly lips.

"My favorite, Cyn," he said, looking deep into her eyes, adding, "most cooks don't put in enough heat."

"Uh huh," she murmured, melting where she sat as she watched him savor her cooking. Everything about him was erotic.

"Eat," he said, looking at her empty plate.

How could she eat when her hormones were boiling over? Still, knowing they were being observed, she helped herself to the eggs and took a bite, wincing when the heat burst on her tongue. She reached for her water, her mouth on fire, hearing Jake's low chuckle. Caught in her own trap, darn it.

"Too spicy?" he asked innocently.

"I can handle it," she said, making herself eat another small forkful. Once she got past the heat, it was actually tasty. Slanting a curious gaze Jake's way she found his sultry gaze on her mouth. Time seemed to stand still.

Pedro cleared his throat, then said, "Well men, work's a waiting, we'd best get at it."

Cyn blushed, grateful for the interruption. The hands weren't used to her dressing in anything but shapeless work clothes. The past couple of days had been an eye opener for them, and she didn't want to add fuel to fire their gossip. Trembling inside, she watched the corners of Jake's mouth kick up in a sexy grin. He knew exactly what she wanted, him.

"I'll be out directly," Jake said, his eyes still locked with Cyn's. "First I think I'll have a second cup of coffee."

"Not necessary, Señor. You've paid for your breakfast."

"I believe in an honest day's work. I'll finish my chores before I go into town on business."

"Later," Pedro said, following the hands out the door.

Cyn smiled, finding herself suddenly alone with Jake. She stood up and sauntered toward him, mischief on her mind. "I wonder how you would taste with strawberry jam," she murmured aloud. The determined gaze she focused on him, made him flash her his bad boy smile, the one that made her weak in the knees.

He reached out to snag her wrist, tumbling her down onto his lap. She landed with a moan, when she felt his rousing cock under her bottom. He growled and bent to kiss her, his arms wrapped around her. Cyn sighed with pleasure as his hard mouth slanted

over hers, his tongue surging into her mouth. She plastered herself tight to his powerful chest, her breasts aching, the nipples budding like jewels against him.

The slam of the screen door barely registered in her sex starved brain. A gasp made her frown against Jake's lips, and break the kiss to look up. Brandy stood there, dressed in a red bikini, her shocked gaze locked on their clinch. Jake went rigid, his arms tightening around her, when she started to wiggle off his lap. Cyn stopped trying to get away, the cat was already out of the bag, and turned an irritated look on her stepsister. "Did you want something?"

Brandy smiled, flicking her long blond hair over her shoulder, as she gave Jake a flirtatious look. "Mother said you had a guy you were keeping all to yourself, CJ. That biker from the dance."

"So you came to see for yourself?" Cyn filled in.

"Did not, I just came to tell you I'm going to a pool party at the Billing's Ranch. While I'm out make sure my room is cleaned properly. It's in a terrible state."

"Don't you have a housekeeper to take care of that?" Jake asked.

"She's cut back on the staff, so she can pick up the slack," Brandy snapped. "Besides, nobody does hospital corners like CJ."

"Ah," he said.

Cindy frowned, irritated that they were talking about her like she wasn't there. She'd cut the house staff down to try to save money, and she didn't appreciate Jake knowing the embarrassing details of her dysfunctional family situation. "No," she said, waiting for her refusal to sink in, as Brandy preened before Jake.

"What did you say?" Brandy asked, her jaw dropping.

"I said, no. I am not your maid. Clean up after yourself. You're going to have to do it when you go off to college."

"A lot you know. I'm blowing off school to knock around Europe with Tiff on our gap year. Then I'm going to snag a rich husband."

"Not on my dime, you're not."

Brandy glared at her, and then focused on Jake. "Hello Mr.?"

"Smith," Jake said, without inflection.

Cyn watched their interaction, unable to look away. Brandy was about to hit on him, even while she was in his lap. She recognized her seductive sway, as she leaned across the table to shake his hand, giving him a view of her cleavage. She'd known she'd lose him but she hadn't thought it would be so soon. But a glance at Jake told her he wasn't interested, he kept his eyes on Brandy's, a scornful look on his harsh face, refusing to shake her hand.

Brandy pulled it back with a moue of disappointment. "You look good enough to eat, Mr. Smith."

"I'm not on the menu," he said, dismissively.

Cyn coughed, choking back a laugh.

"Just make sure my bedroom is cleaned properly this time, Cinders," Brandy snapped, storming away.

Jake scowled as the screen door slammed, and the manipulative brat stormed out. Cyn's back was rigid, but her hands were trembling in her lap. He recognized that she didn't want to show weakness in front of the girl. He smoothed a comforting hand down her back. "You were magnificent."

"Do you really think so?"

"I know so." He picked up his coffee cup, and held it to Cyn's lips. "Drink it, I think you need it," he ordered.

Cindy took a bracing sip. "Thanks."

"You're welcome. What are we going to do about them?" He knew the minute he'd said it he'd miscalculated, by her frown.

"Nothing, they're my family, I'll..."

Cindy Revisited

He bent to kiss her, silencing her objections. He couldn't stand back and watch her get hurt. He groaned as his mouth slanted over her soft lips and she breathed a sigh of surrender into him.

"What's that?" Cyn murmured, her senses swimming when Jake broke the kiss. She could swear she heard buzzing and a yelp outside.

"Who cares," he said, nibbling her ear. "I'll pick you up tonight for a moonlight supper."

* * * *

Up above, the fairies scowled as they observed Chance eavesdropping on the loving couple.

"That nosy young cowboy is back, Aggie," Hilda shouted.

Agatha rushed to the circle. "Persistent bugger isn't he?"

"We ought to drop a thunderbolt on his ass," Hilda said, with a fierce scowl.

Imogene fluttered up. "Or maybe a flock of woodpeckers could dive bomb him. I've got a woodpecker spell we could use."

"No," Agatha said, pointing her wand at the beehive under the eaves. "Bee's are much more affective in cases like this."

The enraged bees flew out of the hive, flying in a line straight towards the lurking cowboy. He let out a yelp and took off running, heading for the creek.

The fairies laughed as he dived in headfirst.

"Serves you right, you dirty bugger," they shouted, their voices echoing in the wind through the treetops.

Chance resurfaced and darted a panicked glance around the woods for the voices, angry and confused.

* * * *

Cyn went out to the mailbox that afternoon, her heart sinking when she pulled out yet another obscene note. Damn Dwain Hawkins! The disgusting man just didn't give up. She tore it open and froze.

Cindy Revisited

...Cyn, you stupid, cheap lying slut. I put you up on a pedestal, and you're no better than a common whore, letting him spank you and sucking Jake Randal's cock like you couldn't get enough. Yes, I know who he is, and what you did, and I'll make you both pay...

She crumbled it up, sickened to realize that Hawkins had been watching she and Jake in bed, their private intimate moments. How did Hawkins gain such easy access to the ranch? She knew that Pedro was on alert for him, as was she. She sagged against the post, her strength ebbing, and then straightened. For all she knew, he could be watching her now. She wouldn't give him the satisfaction of letting him see her crumble under the pressure like this. The sick bastard had gone too far. The time had come to report him to the police.

The sound of footsteps behind her, made her tense, adrenalin kicked in as she spun around, flowing into a karate pose. Cordial gave her a startled look, her thin lips tightening.

"Are you completely insane?" Cordial snapped, stepping back a pace.

"No, just partially," Cyn said with a smirk, at her stepmother's offended glower.

"What have you got there?" Cordial stared at the crumpled note in Cyn's hand. "Not another alleged, obscene letter?"

"Now, how did you know about them?" Cyn asked, instantly on her guard. She'd deliberately kept quiet about this, not wanting it to get back to her father and worry him needlessly. Only Juanita and Pedro knew, and she'd made them promise not to tell. She watched Cordial gulp, hesitating.

"I heard you talking to Juanita. It's a fine state of affairs when you'll go to a maid with your problems, and not me."

"Yeah right. Like you give a damn," she said sadly, shocked to hear Cordial sigh.

Cindy Revisited

“We’ve never been close, I admit, but I don’t want to see anything bad happen to you.” Her gaze went back to the letter.

“Don’t worry about it. I’m not going to let some maniac’s ravings bother me and run. I’m going to be just fine.”

“About that, I think it would be better if you did run,” Cordial said, wringing her hands, before looking around nervously. “Go back to Taos before you get hurt.”

“Why? What do you know?” she asked, hearing a note of panic in Cordial’s normally cultured voice.

“I know that you’re playing with fire, messing around with Jake Randal in his bungalow last night. Letting him spank you, for pity’s sake, have you no pride?”

Cyn’s jaw dropped. “How did you...?”

“Please, it’s all over town.”

Cyn didn’t believe that. Brandy would have been all over Jake this morning if she’d known his identity. Cordial’s sudden knowledge, on top of the threatening letter, added up to a chilling picture. Her stepmother wasn’t the type to window peek, but wouldn’t be above employing a spy. Chance for instance, he seemed especially close to the girls. “Just keep your nose out of my business, Cordial, and we’ll both get along.”

Chapter 9

Jake leaned back at his desk, in the back office connected to *Branded*, eating lunch. With his wireless business, he could work anywhere, and he found the privacy back here advantageous. It was the main reason he'd sought Mack out at the dance two days ago, and it'd brought him Cyn. It also didn't hurt that he had easy access to sexy books to increase Cyn's erotica library. He dropped his sandwich, picked up *Bound to Serve*, and continued reading, his cock swelling. He had to shift in his chair to try to accommodate his discomfort. Good lord, she was going to kill him with blue balls.

...One look at Lola's glare as Condor hustled her out of there told Bridget she was in deep trouble. The reaction was instantaneous, but she wouldn't have done it if she hadn't been so on edge. Condor's tight grip on her arm told her he was worried, too. She had to trot to keep up with his long stride as he marched her across the grounds toward their bungalow. "I'm sorry, but he..."

"Not another word," he said, opening the door to their bungalow.

She tensed when he leaned forward, seemingly to nuzzle her neck.

"The place is bugged, and you've been very bad. So for god's sake be good and obey my every command."

Bridget digested that disturbing news as he pushed her inside. She'd been bad and she was about to get it. The bugs she'd already figured on. Knowing they had an audience gave her a little thrill. She eagerly brushed up against his hot body, on fire despite the knowledge they were watched. When Condor's lips brushed hotly over hers, she sighed with pleasure leaning into him, loving the hard feel of his body against hers, the surge of his

Cindy Revisited

cock against her naked belly. She still ached to see it, taste him. When he broke the kiss, she saw need, regret, and resolve in his stormy eyes. She was in for it, and her butt heated in anticipation as she blushed. She watched him wide-eyed as he walked over to what she'd guessed was a spanking bench. He crooked a finger.

"Come take your punishment, kitten."

Bridget found herself moving forward, both embarrassed and turned on. She was so on edge and the sultry look on his stern but handsome face only added to her discomfiture. She bent over the padded bar wincing when she saw him pick up a red paddle. It was going to hurt worse than the spanking. Would it make her just as randy, she wondered, as Condor stepped up beside her. His big hand smoothed her hair back, and she bit back a needy sigh, trembling with need.

At least he didn't need to strip her tonight; she was already bare ass naked for him, and vulnerable. His hands swept in a loving caress down her shivering back, to cup her outthrust bottom. Her knees wobbled and she sagged against the bench, her pussy wet. "Tell me, why are you being paddled, kitten?"

"Because you're too mean to fuck me," she snapped. His warm laugh made her even more furious.

"You haven't earned that pleasure yet. You were very disobedient today, kitten."

She sniffed, crushed by the crisply spoken rebuke, her emotions on edge even though it was playacting. It was true in a way, she had messed up, and almost blown her cover twice. As an agent, she never made stupid mistakes like that. But he had her so achingly turned on she couldn't help it.

"You'll take six strokes of the paddle, and don't you dare come, you're being punished."

The paddle smacked down on her bottom, and she moaned at the mingled pain and pleasure, her ass heating. He was such a bastard.

"Good girl."

He smacked her and she lifted up on her toes, moaning.

"Down," he said, pushing her back down.

Cindy Revisited

Bridget sagged against the leather padded bench, tensing as he swung the paddle again. It hit and she screeched, her pussy quivering. She couldn't take three more without coming, but she had to try.

He smacked her harder and her sex convulsed as she started to come.

"No."

She managed to pull it back, listening to his voice.

"Five."

The paddle smacked her left cheek and she moaned, her ass and pussy on fire.

"Six."

The paddle smacked her right cheek and she let out a helpless whimper on the edge of orgasm. She heard the loud rasp of his zipper being pulled down, and moaned needful and desperate for him. It might only be simulated sex for their possible audience, but she welcomed it.

Condor trembled, pressing up against Bridget's hot bottom. He cock was hard to bursting and he rubbed it teasingly against her wet mound, her needful sigh like music to him. She was creamy, hot, and perfect for him. He fought back his instincts and fit himself between her trembling thighs, simulating the act he burned to do, pretending to make love to her. Bridget sobbed with pleasure as his hard cock rubbed against her slick pubes, bumping against her stiff clit. She came, crying out her passion, and he bit back a pained groan, her rhythmic spasms torturing his rigid cock.

As she came back to earth, he pulled back and zipped up, still hard as a pole and unsatisfied. It wasn't about the mission anymore for him; it was about them. Bridget straightened up, turning her sultry, tear-filled eyes on him, and he folded like a deck of cards. His expression hard as the bulge in his pants, he scooped her up in his arms and carried her into the bathroom. It was the only place to give them a hint of privacy. "Turn on the shower." He ordered.

She did and he set her inside the stall, stripped, and joined her. His hungry gaze stroked her as he stalked her toward the corner. She looked a bit nervous, he decided. "I don't like an audience," he said, backing her into the shower. Growling, he bent to kiss her.

Cindy Revisited

Bridget moaned as his hard mouth claimed hers.

Condor reveled in the feel of her damp body rubbing teasingly against his hardness. Her nipples beaded tighter against him, burning him like two laser beams. She rubbed them against his hair-roughened chest, whimpering at the sparks of pleasure the simple action caused. His big hands cupped the globes of her bottom and squeezed gently, feeling her sex cream against his abdomen, feeling her quivering with need. He lifted her up, and settled her over his erection.

Bridget sighed with pleasure, wrapping her legs around his hips as his hot, hard cock filled her.

Fully enclosed in her heat, he held her still, savoring the moment. But his tight body wouldn't let him. He started to move, his body tight with leashed energy, and felt like their hearts were beating in tandem. Hell, it was the most erotic thing ever. This was a hell of a lot more than an ordinary mission, but he pushed the thought away. He couldn't afford to care too much. He locked gazes with Bridget's passionate dark eyes. She shivered with delight, completely surrendering to him.

He groaned, accepting her sweet surrender, his grip on her ass tightening. He could swear she could read his thoughts as she clung to him, her pussy clutching at him. Her sweet moans were music to his ears. He backed her against the shower stall's marble wall, under the showerhead, and thrust deeper. Contracting, she exploded, waves of orgasm sweeping through her. Condor groaned and thrust high against her cervix pouring out his tribute. She laid her head on his broad shoulder, savoring the afterglow. His pulse was slowing back to normal and he held her tight. The tender intimacies of his touch made tears of bliss mist her eyes.

"This changes nothing," he whispered into her ear...

Jake put down the book and eased back in his chair, running baseball stats in his head to fight his hard on. Cyn had the kinky, soulful, sexuality of his dreams, and he could hardly wait to see her tonight. He'd planned something special, and private, indulging her need for secrecy.

"Hey buddy."

Jake looked up in his open doorway to see Mack standing there, two steaming cups of coffee in his hands. "Hey, I was just..."

"Reading," Mack said with a smirk, as he glanced at the erotic romance novel. "I brought you a boost of caffeine."

"Hand it over." Jake leaned across his desk to take the steaming aromatic brew. There was no way he could stand up to reach for it, and show Mack how affected he was by the book. It wasn't just the steamy novel; it was the thoughts of doing those same things to Cyn. All he had to do was pick up a paddle from the store, and then he'd...

"Earth to Jake, are you in there pal?"

"Man, you've got it bad," Mack said, spinning around the chair in front of Jake's desk, and straddling it. "It must be the mysterious redhead."

"Smart ass," Jake said, but there was little heat in his voice.

"So I take it you caught up with your runaway lover."

"Yeah, you could say that," Jake answered, adding under his breath, "Now I've just got to figure out how to keep her."

Mack glanced back at the book. "It can't be. The woman that bought this novel is five foot two, a cute brunette, with sparkling green eyes; not a stacked redhead."

Jake arched his brow at the stacked redhead comment, recalling Mack and Zane's heated reactions to her that night. He didn't want competition, but he knew they wouldn't really poach, even though they'd shared lovers in the distant past. "Okay, I'll play along. What are you now, psychic?"

"Nah. *Bound to Serve* is one of the books I sell in the shop, a best seller. The cute brunette brought a slew of them a month back. Her name's Dana something, I think."

"Dora," Jake corrected him. "My woman's best friend."

"You know her? The sly minx always comes in on someone else's shift. How about an introduction?"

"How about a favor?" Jake shot back at him.

“Just ask, and it’s yours.”

* * * *

Jake got back to the ranch at quarter to six, his plans for the night finalized. He was going to do his damndest to bind Cyn to him with sex. He had a few sexy surprises in store for her. He’d only made it through a third of the book she’d lent him, and he was intrigued. He stalked up to bungalow six and entered, stripping off his leather jacket, and unbuttoning shirt, on his way to the shower. Thinking of Cyn as he’d left her this morning, a blushing, bewitching delight, made his cock swell. Her red hair tousled around her pretty heart shaped face. He was falling for her hard, and they’d only just begun.

A knock on the door stopped him in his tracks, halfway to the bathroom. Cyn! His cock throbbed as he thought her name, swelling to painful proportions inside his jeans. He smiled. It pleased him that she was early, proving that she was just as anxious to be together as he was. She could wash his back.

He strode back to the door hungry for her, and pulled it open. Brandy stood on his doorstep, and gasped, taking a half step back when she saw his scowling face. Damn it all, she was the last spoiled brat he wanted to see. She blinked her false eyelashes at him and smiled, recovering from her shock, as she took a step forward, deliberately stumbling, and falling into his arms.

“Oops,” she said with a giggle. “Excuse me, Mr. Randal. I never will get used to these new stiletto heels. Although they do make my legs look sexy, don’t you think?”

So she knew who he was, which probably meant big mama did too. The word was out, they’d better damned not, make trouble for Cyn. Jake scowled at the blond bombshell wannabe plastered to his chest, his hard-on shrinking like a popped balloon, and tried to peel her off him. It wasn’t easy, she clung to him, digging her long nails into his skin. Damn it all, Cyn had been right, they were after him. The little, would be Lolita, was wearing full makeup, including false eye-

lashes, which she batted up at him as she gave him a calculated smile. Her cloying perfume made him gag, being potent enough to drop a cow, making his nose twitch. He managed to back her out the door, and slam it shut behind him. "Why are you here, Brandy?"

Her pleased gaze swept up at him. "You remember my name. Most boys can't tell me apart from my twin sister."

Oh brother. "You've got a mole on your left cheek. Don't take it personally. I'm a trained observer; I make it my business to notice things."

"I'll just bet." She traced a path down his chest with one sharp nail. "I've got another mole. Wanna see where it is?"

Annoyed, he clamped his hand over her probing finger to stop it from drifting towards his crotch. She misinterpreted his touch and grinned, her glossy red lips curving into a triumphant smile. The girl was out to try her seduction skills on some unwary guy, but it wouldn't be him. "No. I was just about to take a shower, and you're interrupting it."

"I could wash your back," she said, licking her lips.

Cindy walked down the path to Jake's bungalow, ready for their date. She'd seen his bike pull in, and couldn't wait for him to pick her up. She had important news for him. His return was out, and she'd been open about their affair. She knew it would please him.

She turned the corner and saw Brandy in Jake's arms. His shirt was hanging open, her hand touching his bare chest, his hand over hers in what looked like a tender moment. Cindy stopped in her tracks, gasping with shock, as all her sultry hopes and dreams fizzled while she glared at them. How could he cheat on her with Brandy?

Jake heard her, looked toward her and scowled. He pushed Brandy's hand off his skin. "Cyn."

Brandy flicked her a victorious smile and Cyn glared back at her. This was no doubt payback for refusing to clean her room this morning. This kind of vindictive, childish behavior she could expect from the immature young woman, but Jake? It seemed so out of character for him. How could he have cheated on her so blatantly, knowing she might catch him? His outraged expression as he met her glare was confusing and only fed her anger.

“Did you need something, Cinders?” Brandy asked.

“Not a damned thing from you,” she said flatly, waiting for Jake to say something, at least beg her forgiveness. His closed, rather hurt expression, made her gut twist, along with her aching heart.

“Good, then why don’t you get out of that ridiculous dress, put your farmer clothes back on, and give us some privacy. We want to be alone.”

Cindy’s spine went rigid, her chin rising with quiet outrage. She wouldn’t give them the satisfaction of seeing her cry. “Don’t let me interrupt.” She turned on her heel, and rushed back to her apartment.

“Damn it all,” Jake said, giving Brandy a wide berth as he sprinted down the stairs. He was well and truly pissed. Cyn shouldn’t have believed the ridiculous set up. It was ludicrous to think he’d prefer Brandy’s blatant charms to hers. Still, she’d taken the first opportunity to flee. He stepped down the path after Cyn, but Brandy grabbed his arm, stopping him.

“Where do you think you’re going? I’m not done with you yet,” she said, her green eyes narrowing.

He directed a forbidding scowl at her hand lingering on his arm, and she took her hand off his sleeve. “I’m going to retrieve my woman. Go practice your womanly wiles on some other unsuspecting guy, jailbait. I’m not buying.”

Cindy Revisited

“Well,” she hissed, stamping her foot. “You won’t get me by playing hard to get, Jake Randal. Don’t expect me to fall for this lovelorn act either; I’m too smart for that.”

“Believe what you want, little girl. I’ve got a much more important woman to deal with, and she’s waiting for me,” he snapped, turning away as Brandy glowered at him.

“Come back here,” she demanded, with a screech. “You’re not the type to let that old maid lead you around by your cock,” she shouted after him.

“Old maid,” he grumbled, his eyes narrowing, as he realized what kind of underhanded warfare they’d put his woman through. “Little brat, Cyn is more of a woman than you’ll ever be,” he said, as he stalked away.

“You’re up to something, JT Randal,” Brandy yelled back at him, adding, “and my mom is going to find out what it is. Just you wait and see.”

Chapter 10

Cindy slammed into her cabin, walking through the lobby and into her living space, blinking away the tears misting her eyes. How could she have been naive enough to think she had what it took to hold on to a man like Jake Randal? She'd known he was way out of her league when she'd seduced him at the ball. But Brandy? How could he cheat on her with the stupid little brat?

Brandy had gone after him mostly for spite of course, getting revenge for this morning. It only pointed out the futility of trying to get her to grow up and learn to stand on her own two feet. Damn it all, she should have expected something like this when Cordial revealed that she knew Jake's identity late this morning. Instead, she felt sucker punched, standing here sniffing back tears like a fool.

The lobby door opened, and she froze, her heart stopping. Please don't let it be him, she pleaded, silently. I can't take the humiliation, the pain of losing him. When she heard his distinctive, fluid, hunting footsteps cross the lobby floor she groaned. Why hadn't she thought to lock it? Because she'd simply thought he wouldn't pursue her. Why the hell had he, after she'd caught him red-handed? She tensed, her spine stiffening, her chin rising defiantly. If he thought he could sweet-talk her into continuing their affair, he was dead wrong.

As the connecting door to her apartment opened and closed, she turned to face him. He stood a foot away from her, his relentless hooded gaze locked on her. One thing she could say about him,

he could be very focused. But so could she, and she choose to focus on his betrayal, as all her hormones went on red alert. His jaw was tight, his whiskey eyes clouded with hurt. She sucked in her breath at the startling sight. Why should he look so upset? She was the one who'd been wronged. "What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be *negotiating* with Brandy?" He closed in on her, his scent, his magnetic presence wrapped around her, making her shiver right down to her toes, despite her justifiable anger. Stiffening her spine, she glared up at him.

He kept coming, closing the gap. "No. I'm not interested in Brandy, or anything she has to sell. I thought I'd made that clear earlier, when I held you in my lap. It seems you need convincing."

Cindy shivered, her nipples tingling, and retreated, backing up past the kitchen island and into the dining nook. She wouldn't back down from her justifiable outrage. She couldn't afford to, if she wanted to come out of this with her heart and pride in tact. "Could have fooled me, the way you were wrapped all over her."

"It was the other way around, sugar. If you'll think about who was touching whom, you'll figure that out for yourself."

"Yeah right," she said, inching back, reliving the appalling incident in her mind. Jake backed against his door, Brandy grinning like a cat with cream, as she leaned into him, her hand on his chest. It was true, Brandy had been the one with her hands on him, but he hadn't tried very hard to get away. "You're strong enough to push her back. You didn't."

"I repeat. I'm not interested in Brandy."

She backed away out of sheer self-survival, and wound up in a corner, trapped between the dinette table and the counter. Damn the man! He'd confused her so much he'd thrown off her sense of direction, turning her on at the same time. Her pulse was racing, but not from fear, she still wanted him, bad. She couldn't deny her arousal, their deep sexual connection.

"You're just using this incident to drive us apart because you're afraid of what you feel," he said, leaning into her.

The accusation struck a little too close to home, and she glared up at him, his body heat making her flush. "That's not true."

"Prove it," he said, with a half smile, his hands braced on the wall on either side of her head, holding her trapped.

Cyn burned, spellbound and needy, her gaze locked with his tempting, teasing dark one. How could she have come to need him so much in this short a time frame? It wasn't fair, because it made her vulnerable. "How on earth could I prove it?"

"Kiss me. If I don't rock your world, sugar, you can go back to hating me."

That kind of teasing statement, was probably guaranteed to get him back into her bed, darn it. Damn, but she wanted to taste him. Her defenses crumbled as her nipples tightened and her lips tingled. "And if you do?" she asked, intrigued, in spite of her self-protective instincts.

"You'll find out," he said, with a smile.

The sensual promise, coupled with his sultry smile, made her shiver with delight. What other sexual tricks did he have in his bag? One little kiss wouldn't hurt, and it would settle things in her mind. She leaned forward, her lips pursed, and frowned when he didn't immediately bend to kiss her. He wanted to make her work for it. She went up on tiptoes, and brushed her lips against his hard sexy one, moaning when she tasted him, only it wasn't as good when he didn't cooperate.

She whispered, "Come here, you," against his lips, wrapped her arms around his neck, and pulled him down to kiss her properly. He went with a growl, his mouth slanting over hers. He nipped her lower lip and she opened for him, shivering as he took her mouth. Oh yeah, this was what she craved. He wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into his aroused body, and thrilled at her ability to turn him on. Whimpering, she rocked her throbbing sex

against the rock hard bulge of his cock. Tonight she wanted to see it, taste it.

She trembled when his hands slid down to cup her buttocks and squeeze. She rocked against the ridge of his cock, sparks going through her. When Jake flipped up her skirt to give her five sharp spanks, she whimpered and melted against him.

"We're exclusive. Never forget it again," he punctuated the last word with a spank that caught her on the bottom of her ass."

"Yes, sir," She gasped, her legs quivering as she went up on tiptoes again.

He smoothed her skirt down, and kissed the teardrops off her cheeks. "No more tears." He turned her towards her bedroom. "Pack an overnight bag. I'm taking you away from this mess."

"But the chores, I can't just leave."

"You've got hands, let them work a full day for once. I guarantee you Pedro would like to crack the whip on them."

"So you've already spoken to Pedro about this?"

"We've talked. He wants you to cut back, is afraid you're hurting yourself. So am I."

It touched her to have both big men worry about her. It was true Pedro had been trying to convince her to cut back for weeks, and she hated to worry him. She hesitated, sorely tempted to chuck it all, and run off with Jake. "I'll give you tonight, I can't make any promises beyond tomorrow."

"Tonight you're mind, body and soul," he said, watching her pack.

And heart, she said silently as she zipped the duffle bag, adding the latest obscene letter to the stack of clothes. She'd already accepted that she was in love with Jake, knowing full well he was only thinking of this as a summer fling. It didn't matter. She'd take him any way she could get him. At least he was trying to take care of her, in his own gruff alpha male way. For all his breeding, Jake Randal was still rough around the edges and it excited her.

Cindy Revisited

She walked outside with him, locking her door behind her. Instead of feeling like she was abandoning her post, she felt light and bubbly, like she was running away. Only Jake could affect her this way. Slanting a glance at his hard body, she could hardly believe she'd agreed to go away on a fantasy overnight with him. Her body tightened with anticipation, and her sex got creamy. She already ached for him.

He looked perfectly at home here on the ranch, in his biker leathers and boots, even though this had to be foreign territory to a sophisticated man of the world like him. Jake seemed to dominate whatever setting he was in, especially the bedroom. That thought made her tingle, as she licked her bottom lip. His steamy gaze locked on her and she smiled, her heart racing.

"Ready?" he asked, holding out his hand, his gaze holding hers fast.

"Always," she murmured sinking deep into the whiskey depths of his masterful eyes, her nipples beading inside her bra, her lips tingling as she gazed at his. She was dying to kiss him again, needed to taste him. She took a half step toward him, his sheer magnetism pulling her toward him, like a moth to a flame. He was liable to burn her up, but what a spectacular way to go.

"Just a little warning, sugar," he said, with a smile. "I read chapter seven."

Cyn stumbled, her knees going weak as his teasing statement sunk in. *Chapter seven; oh god!* Jake instantly reached out to steady her, his big hand clamping around her bare upper arm. She let out a needy gasp, her body turning to pudding. She was so melty, he could eat her up with a spoon, and by the wicked gleam in his eye; he knew it. He only had to touch her, and she was on fire. Jake gave her a bad boy smile in response, his rough fingertips stroking her skin.

Was she ready for chapter seven? It contained ultra hot scenes, paddling, and two men. Oh my! Truthfully, she couldn't foresee wanting any

other man in her bed, or watching her have sex, but it was intriguing. Her heart skipped a beat at the thought. It couldn't be, Jake struck her as very territorial, the kind of alpha male that did not share his toys, despite his wicked, hell raiser, reputation as a youth.

"I'm starved for you, sugar." Jake reached out to take her bag out of her limp fingers.

Cyn let it go, glad he'd grabbed the bag before she dropped it. Stunned and turned on, she didn't know how to react to his brazen statement. "Me too," she murmured, it was the best she could come up with.

"That's sweet," he said, skimming his hand down her arm to take her hand in his.

He gave her hand a little squeeze, and Cyn all but fell into a puddle at his feet. He knew she was nervous, and was trying to soothe her, how perfect. She squeezed his hand back to show him she was fine, and tried to give him a serene smile in return.

"Let's get this show on the road before you chicken out on me."

Smart man, he could read her emotions so well. "I'm ready to go," she said, determined to hang onto her sophisticated pose. Truth be told, even though she was a little nervous, she was eager to be with him. To hell with whoever disapproved. She was starving for him too. She went on tiptoe to kiss him. Jake's mouth slanted over hers, his arms wrapped around her, pulling her tight to him, as his tongue mated with hers. The world became a rosy glow behind her closed eyes, as she indulged in a taste of Jake.

He was absolutely, positively, yummy, and as his cock grew hard against her mound, she whimpered, leaving him no doubt of her need for him, and she arched against him. Leading him back to her bed was sounding better and better all the time, to her sex starved body. Instead, he broke the kiss, setting her back from him. She let out a disgruntled grumble of complaint, frowning up at him, to see his hard mouth twitching with stifled laughter. He was

getting off on driving her crazy, darn him. "Stop playing hard to get," she said, stomping her foot.

He tipped back his head and laughed at that, then reached out to snag her arm when she moved away miffed. "Honey, I can be had any time you say the word. You've got me walking around with a hard on half the time."

"Really?" She looked down at his bulge for proof. It pleased her to no end that she affected him that way. "I thought it only happened when we kissed."

"Sugar, it happens every time I think about you. Satisfied?"

"Uh huh."

"Good. Lets go." He took her arm and steered her towards his waiting Harley.

He was in a hurry for her, an excellent sign. Her sex fluttered, as she cast a sidelong glance at him, growing creamy for him. God he was sexy. Come what may, she'd chosen who she trusted, and she wouldn't look back. She'd as good as severed ties with Cordial today, and she didn't regret it, even though she knew there was going to be hell to pay later. Taking away something Cordial wanted was never painless. Cordial desperately wanted Jake as a son-in-law, just not married to her artsy spinster stepchild.

She wasn't thinking in terms of matrimony. She just wanted to have a hot and heavy affair with Jake Randal, get through the next two months until her father was released, and go back to Taos with some warm memories. Although, there could be more, Jake said he could work anywhere. Maybe he could move Scion headquarters to...

No! She absolutely wouldn't let herself go there, wouldn't torture herself with what might be. She'd just enjoy this to the fullest. At least Jake was taking care of the other thorn in her side, Dwain Hawkins.

She stood still, bemused, as Jake put on her helmet, tucking her hair back away from her face. Riding a motorcycle was another

new experience tonight. Maybe she should have worn slacks, but it was too late now. Besides, pressing her thong-clad mound against Jake's ass was an intriguing thought. She watched him stash her duffle in the saddlebags, put on his own helmet, and mount the bike.

Cyn felt heat rush through her as she watched the utterly male movement. Her mouth watered. Prying eyes were probably watching, but she didn't care. Let 'em look, she was through kowtowing to Cordial and her ilk. Jake looked at her, and she slipped onto the back of the bike, gasping when her freshly spanked bottom touched hot leather.

"Put your arms around me, sugar, and hang on tight," Jake said.

Cyn leaned into him, gasping when her stiff clit bumped against him, and her sex pulsed against the vibrating seat. Oh lord, it was going to be pure pleasure riding with him. She bit back an orgasmic moan, as a spasm went through her.

Jake let out a knowing chuckle, saying, "Enjoy it babe, it's one of the perks of riding with a bad boy."

After the kiss, and spanking, she needed to come—bad, and his words threatened to push her over the edge. She plastered herself to his back, her arms wrapped tighter around him, murmuring, "You are a wicked man, Jacob Randal."

He chuckled when her hands drifted down to his erection, and she gasped. "I'm glad I live up to my bad reputation, Cyn."

Cyn closed her eyes as Jake drove them towards town. All sensation seemed to be focused in her vibrating mound. She whimpered, her sex spasming. It was on the tip of her tongue to ask where he was taking her, but she wanted to prove that she trusted him. Her trust seemed important to him. Besides, she was too distracted by lust to think straight.

"You're dying to know where we're going, aren't you, sugar?"

"Of course not, I trust you," she stammered, squeezing him tighter, making him groan when she accidentally squished his erec-

tion too hard. Damn, but he could read her like a book. He knew her so well; her mind was spinning with the sexy prospects ahead. *He'd read chapter seven... she knew what that meant.* "Ah the hell with it. Yes. I admit that I'm curious, but it's not because I don't trust you."

"I appreciate that." He reached down to slide her hand off his package. "Keep that up, and I'll be out of commission."

"Sorry," she said, with concern and moved her other hand up off his bulge. Having him not able to perform would be terrible.

"No problem," he chuckled, pulling up to *Branded*. He drove around to the rear parking lot, parking next to a big, black SUV.

Chapter 11

A tingle went through her as she gazed at the intriguing erotica shop. Were they picking up some sex toys? This was also new territory. She knew for a fact that *Branded* did a booming, if clandestine, business. Jake turned off the bike, and turned to look at her, with a focused intensity that made her toes curl in her pumps. He'd picked the perfect place to amp up the heat. A shiver of sensual anticipation went through her. "Just what do you have up your sleeve, for me, Jacob Randal?"

He grinned, taking her hand and placing it on the burgeoning erection under his jeans. "Don't you mean what have I got in my pants for you?"

"Oh yeah." She caressed his steely length, thrilled to feel him harden under her touch. "Let me at that bad boy," she said, reaching for his zipper.

"Later." He reached out to still her fingers before she could strip him. "Our first stop, a private after hours, tour of *Branded*."

So he wasn't just rushing in to pick up some toys. Cyn cast an intrigued, if wary, glance at *Branded*. She couldn't take much more stimulation without climaxing. Jake was going to tease her until she came, she could tell by the wicked look in his eye. He was watching her, trying to gauge her reaction. "Sounds lovely," she said, with a little sigh of surrender, reacting to his steamy gaze, as she dismounted, took off her helmet, and handed it to him. She couldn't back down after her talk of being bold, and she didn't want to.

Cindy Revisited

"That's my little, fantasy bad girl." He leaned forward to give her a slow, hot kiss.

Cyn's heart was beating faster when he broke the kiss and stowed the helmet away. She watched his quick focused motions knowing he was hungry for her; it gave her a little thrill. She leaned towards him like a flower to the sun, and he turned to catch her around the waist, tugging her bodily to him, to hold her intimately, as he nuzzled her nape.

"You, are making me hard as a pole," he said, rubbing his erection against her.

Cyn whimpered, her sex pulsing as his hardness tantalized her. "I know, thank you."

He growled, grinding against her. "Never doubt your power over me again."

"Never," she said with a gasp, as her body caught fire. She knew he could smell her arousal, when she glanced up to see his hard mouth kick up around the edges, She was already so turned on, totally wet and needy, how could she handle more? "I'll get you for sexually teasing me like this, Jake Randal," she whispered into his ear. His sexy chuckle made her cream even more.

"I'm going to paddle you for that, sugar, and soon."

"Promises, promises," she complained, rocking her hips against his solid erection, making them both groan. "Why don't you just take me back to good old bungalow six, and fuck me till I can't stand up straight?"

"Enough," he said, giving her bottom a light spank. "Stop trying to provoke me."

Cyn bit back a moan, as his hand lingered on her ass, and he stroked her bottom through her clothes. She leaned into his strength, inhaling his masculine scent, overdosing on his essence.

"Come," he said, setting her back on her heels, and taking her arm.

If only she could. She was aching close to coming and he knew it. Still, she followed him on wobbly legs to *Branded's* solid metal, back security door. Jake punched out a security code on a keypad to gain entrance, and opened the door for her. She let him usher her inside and glanced around curiously. A closed door with *Scion Inc.* printed on masking tape was on the left side of the back entry door. *Branded*, what she could see of it through the safety glass door was on the right. Jake really did have an office back here. Why would an upscale businessman choose to work in such obscure setting? It would be a great place to lie low. It reinforced his claim of a quiet undercover investigation of North Star Enterprises, and Dwain Hawkins in particular, and soothed any remaining doubts.

He noticed the direction of her stare. "If you need me during the day, come here."

"A little afternoon sex on your desk," she teased.

"Anything you want, sugar." He brushed her hair back off her face.

A heat wave rushed through her, as he touched her, and she couldn't help leaning into his strength.

Jake opened the glass door to *Branded*. An overhead bell tinkling in the empty, but still lit, store.

"Looks like your right, this is a private tour. No customers but us." She walked inside, relieved to see they were alone.

"Sure thing, sugar. Mack and I do little favors for each other from time to time. The front door is locked, and Mack will be set up for our private showing."

Knowing that his hunky friend was in on her debauchery even if he wasn't here made her sex clench. She gazed at the exotic wares, feeling a new sense of naughtiness, taking in the Aladdin's Treasure Chest of Erotic Merchandise. The fairytale godmother's magic bag had nothing on this. She wanted one of everything. Just the possibilities to rock Jake's world intrigued her. Her dazzled

gaze flicked from the lingerie, to the vibrators, to what looked like paddles and floggers, oh my...

"Are you ready to shop, bad girl?" Jake said, coming up behind her.

Cyn leaned back against him, her pussy throbbing, as she pressed her hot ass against him, loving the feel of his erection pressing into her. "Oh yeah, I'm more than ready, Jake."

"Excellent," Jake broke the contact to pick up a basket, and thrust it at her. "We'll need to get you a wide assortment of toys of course..."

"Of course," she murmured clutching the basket, not knowing what to grab first.

"This way," he said, edging her to the left.

Cyn frowned as he directed her to a rack of stubby, funny looking dildos. Then she read the labels—butt plugs. Her face heated as she took in the wide variety of sizes. "So many."

Jake grinned, and pulled three off the rack to add to the basket, explaining, "We need assorted sizes to get you ready for my cock, because I'm kind of big."

"Believe me, I noticed," she said, watching him pop two tubes of flavored gel into the basket.

"The lube goes with them. I want your rose nice and creamy for me, just like your cunt."

She moaned, spasming where she stood, as he talked dirty to her. She hoped that he'd make good on his promise to take her ass. So far, he'd been nothing but a tease.

Jake eased her away from him. "We need to get some edible love gel so you can taste me."

Now that got her attention. She looked at all the flavors, picked out strawberry and coconut, added them to her basket, and glanced at the tantalizing bulge in his pants. He was going to let her taste him—she could hardly wait.

Jake grinned, letting her ogle him for a moment, then took her elbow and led her to the display of vibrators. He leaned back against the wall, gazing at her with curiosity. "Pick two, sugar. I guarantee you that you'll like it when I use them on you."

She didn't doubt it for a minute. Cindy stared at them for a moment, her eyes widening at the diversity, as she checked out natural veined lifelike models, to neon colored ones, with intriguing clitoral bump outs. They came in all shapes and sizes. Running her hands over them, made her feel sultry, and ache to come. One even had double prongs. With her sex, wet and aching, she grabbed a large red one, labeled "The Stud", thinking it almost matched Jake's cock. Then she went for a smaller duck shaped one for bathtub fun.

"Excellent choices." Jake picked out a little one from the end of the rack.

She made a moue of complaint. "It's so small," she whispered. "It's for your ass," he said, stroking her bottom through her clothes, his hand shaping the globes of her ass, before venturing in between...

"Ah," she blushed. Cyn gasped, her legs shaking as he teased her with his hands. If only he'd pop some batteries in her stud...or better yet unzip his pants. They were alone, nobody would see.

He gave her a playful swat, and steered her toward the racks of lingerie in a rainbow of different colors. "How about some nice lingerie?"

"Lovely," she said, looking at the beautiful assortment. She popped a black satin garter belt and matching fishnet stockings into her basket. They reminded her of something a film noir fem fatale might wear, and Jake liked them, she could tell by his pleased expression. "I'll model them for you."

"How about these, too?" He held up blue satin crotchless panties and a matching cut out bra.

Her eyes widened when she looked at the adventurous lingerie. They were like something out of a fifties men's magazine; they were perfect. "I think they're barely legal, and just what I need," she said, with a matching grin.

"Not to worry, I have a friend on the force." He added the bra and panties to her basket with a wink.

Cyn quivered inside when she imagined herself modeling them for Jake. Alone in his bedroom, he'd take her over his knee, and spank her until she came. She squeezed her legs together at the randy thought.

"Let's go try out the paddles for size." He steered her toward the display.

Cyn throbbed as he walked her around the corner and she caught sight of the spanking bar pulled out from the wall, and red paddle already laid out on top of the padded leather bench. *Oh my, this was it.* She shivered with delight, both turned on, and embarrassed, as Jake reached behind her to unzip her dress. He licked her nape, flicking her dress straps off her shoulders one by one, as Cyn moaned, having to fight from coming. She had to wait. The dress slid off her with a hiss, to pool at her feet, leaving her standing in only her underwear. Her nipples went instantly stiff, along with her clit.

"I promised you a paddling," he said, nibbling on her ear.

Cyn whimpered with need as his warm breath stirred the tender at her sensitive nape. He could be such a tease. Why did he prolong this aching need? He moved back, and she cried out, bereft.

"Take off your bra, and panties, sugar, and bend over the bar, if you want the paddle."

Trembling with need and apprehension, she bit her lip, and reached back to unhook her bra. It came loose, and the sound of Jake's rasping breath made her giddy. She slowly lowered the garment, teasing him, hearing him growl, and let it fall. Then she

reached for the waistband of her thong, slowly inching it down the curve of her ass before stepping out of them. She smiled and picked them up, draping them over the end of the bar, saying designingly, "Another souvenir perhaps?"

"Don't press your luck sugar, or my patience. Over the bar now."

Cyn draped herself over the padded bar all joking over, and gasped when her abdomen pressed against the leather. Her ass was arched out toward Jake, exposed, and her breasts dangled, hanging free. She gasped when Jake ran a hot caress over her flanks, straightening her form, arching her ass out a little more. He toed her feet apart with a light nudge of his cowboy boots, and she moaned, her sex fluttering. When he laid the broad leather paddle against her ass, letting it rest there, she closed her eyes with a moan. He lifted the paddle and she started to tense but he brought it down so quickly with a teasing smack he caught the bottom of her ass unprepared. She yelped, as heat bloomed in its wake, and opened her eyes. Mack was leaning against the counter watching her, a steamy look in his eye. She gasped. "He's..."

"Watching you get it, bad girl."

The paddle came down with another teasing smack. She whimpered, needing more to come. Her sex rippled, her nipples budded tight, her breasts jiggling.

"See how hot you're making him?"

"Yes," she said with a squeak, watching Mack unzip his pants, and pull out his already stiff cock, to jack off. She couldn't look away from the sight, as Jake reigned teasing smacks against her ass. Mack's twitching cock was almost as big as Jake's, hard, and red.

"Now, smile for him Cyn. Show him that you like being watched while you're paddled," Jake ordered.

"She's not doing it," Mack said, giving her a shrug as Jake laid into her harder.

Moaning, her sex spasming, Cyn froze, gasping out, "I can't," her breasts jiggling as Jake heated her ass with the paddle. Mindless with need, she cupped her breasts playing with the nipples and spasmed as Jake landed a blow to her mound. She watched Mack's cock twitch, beads of sweat breaking out on his brow. Then Jake let up, she whimpered in protest, on the edge of coming. "Oh please..." she sobbed.

"What do you want, Cyn?" Jake demanded.

"Please spank me some more, sir."

"In front of Mack?"

"In front of the whole town. I don't care."

She locked sultry gazes with Mack, seeing his understanding smile, and smiled back at him.

"She's being a good girl now," Mack called out.

Cyn let out a sigh of surrender as Jake started spanking her harder. She was lost, moaning as her sex tightened and her pussy quivered. Her clit rubbed against the bar with each spank, and she came with a scream, as Jake continued to spank her. When her after-spasms ebbed, she opened her eyes to see Mack tuck his hard on back in his pants with a wince. He walked over, the bulge under his pants was huge, his gaze hot.

"Only for you pal," he said to Jake, giving him a high five, as he walked behind her. Jake went to the front and handed him the paddle.

Jake caressed her breasts, pinching her nipples. "Stay down, sugar," Jake said, gruffly, "You're not done yet."

Cyn moaned, wondering if she could take much more, as he rolled her sensitive nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, tugging on them, making her gasp with strong after-spasms.

"That was hot as hell," Mack said, touching her stinging bottom. "And so is your ass. He gave you quite a paddling, didn't he girl?"

Cyn gasped, unable to stop leaning into the other man's caress. She nodded.

"Answer him, sugar," Jake ordered.

"Yes, sir," she gasped as Jake pinched her nipples, and Mack traced the spank marks on her throbbing ass. She wriggled, unable to stay still as her arousal returned ten fold. She moaned with need, completely sensitized, trusting them to give her as many orgasms as she could handle.

"I want your mouth, sugar," Jake said, unzipping his pants, as Mack touched the paddle to her bottom.

She whimpered, knowing what was coming, pushing back against the teasing paddle, and gazed hungrily at Jake's magnificent cock. He was already rock hard for her, the head a velvety purple-red, a bead of pre cum glistening on the slit. She moaned and flicked out her tongue to lick it off, hearing him hiss with pleasure. She swirled her tongue around the velvety head, toying with the loose flap of skin underneath, connecting the head to his long thick shaft, making Jake moan.

With a groan, she opened her mouth and Jake slipped the head of his cock into her mouth. She murmured with pleasure, suckling on him, making him hiss, and thrust into her a little more. Emboldened, she took him deeper into her mouth, as he gently cupped her cheeks with his hands. Mack drew back the paddle, giving her a light smack, and she gasped, gagging a little, as Jake's cock went deeper.

"Easy girl," Jake said, caressing her stretched cheek with a gentle stroke of his thumb. "Time your movements with his spanks."

She moaned, doing just that, as Jake surged into her mouth time and again, Mack kept up a driving rhythm. She whimpered, aroused on both sides, as her body tightened once more. Her pussy rippled, her stiff clit rubbing on the bar. To come for another man seemed wrong, even though it felt so good. She tightened inside,

holding back to the point of pain. Jake thrust into her, toying with her nipples.

“Come for him, sugar, I know you need to.”

She sucked him harder, shaking her head a little, her body quivering as her clit burned. Jake came, spurting into her mouth, and she suckled him dry, draining him, needing to pleasure him.

Mack stopped spanking. “She’s not coming for me, you lucky SOB. It’s you she wants.”

She lay limp and painfully aroused against the bar, Mack’s hard on inside his pants rubbing against her ass.

“He can give you more,” Jake said, still caressing her breasts.

It felt good, and hell, and it was just like the book, but it wasn’t right. “No. All I want is you.”

Jake felt the tension in him uncoil, as he met Mack’s envious, but understanding gaze. He wouldn’t have trusted any other man with this. He couldn’t risk losing Cyn.

“I’ll go ring this lot up and give you lovebirds some privacy.” Mack picked up the basket, and walked away.

Jake gazed down at Cyn, still draped over the paddling bar, her nipples stiff as rubies, her sex hot and aroused, her ass rosy, her face blushing, and his cock swelled. Only she could get him hard this fast. He walked behind her, rubbing his cock against her out-thrust ass. She moaned, and arched back against him. He slipped into her wet sex, and took her hard and fast from behind, his balls quickly tightening, as her cunt tightened, milking him.

She cried out as she came, and he drove into her.

Jake groaned, coming inside her. Draped over as they both gasped for breath, he thanked his lucky stars, he’d found Cyn. He eased away and pulled her off the bar, and into his arms. She pressed against him, spent.

“That was hot,” she said, nibbling his jaw. “And very naughty.”

“I agree.” He cupped her hot ass and squeezed a little, adding, “But you are a bad girl.” She flashed an amused and needy look up at

him, and his cock started to swell again. Hell, he had to get her out of here before he screwed her again. That, he wasn't letting his old buddy in on. They'd shared women in the past but not this one.

"Time to get dressed." He helped her into her bra and dress. He picked up her panties from the end of the paddling bar, before she could reach for them, and tucked them in his top pocket.

"Are you starting a collection?" she asked, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Yeah, they're addictive, I just can't get enough. Any objection?" He watched her reaction. Instead of trying to brush him off, she smiled. He felt the connection where he lived; acknowledging that he was good and hooked, and that he liked it.

Mack grinned as they walked toward the register, and handed him a large shopping bag. "I added the paddle and a few other goodies. Don't worry about paying, I'll run you a tab."

"Later," Jake said, taking the bag in one hand, and Cyn in the other. He rushed Cyn out the back door, eager to get her to bed. "I think we'll take the SUV, there's more room."

Chapter 12

“Why do we need more room?” she asked with a bemused smile. “Are we going parking?”

“You’ll find out,” he said, pulling her duffle out of the bike’s saddlebags, and throwing it in the back seat along with the *Branded* goody bag. He turned to look at her. She was watching him with a bemused expression and he knew what a lucky guy he really was. He opened the door and grabbed her, lifting her inside. Smiling at her startled gasp.

“More of your Stone Age behavior.”

“That’s right. Welcome to my world, sugar.” He buckled her in, closed her door, and rushed around to get behind the wheel. “This won’t take long,” he said driving away. “We’re not going parking. I just didn’t want you to catch cold with no panties on.” He winked, making her blush. He could hardly wait to bed her properly. Cyn’s hot reaction to the paddling had him throbbing behind his fly. He drove through the property gates, pulling into the long private drive leading to a cottage along side the lake. Tall garden walls and the rural setting insured privacy.

“It’s a little slice of paradise.” She looked out at the rustic cottage and beach.

He smiled pleased with her stunned reaction. He wanted to give her the sun and the moon, every sensual pleasure she could dream up, and some she didn’t anticipate. “Glad you like it, sugar. I haven’t been here for years, but I called the staff to make sure it was made ready.”

"It's lovely," she said, with a tranquil sigh, as her curious gaze scanned the wooded grounds.

"The fence surrounding the property, and its isolated location, should insure our privacy, for now." He watched her blush. She'd liked being watched and touched by Mack, but he was glad she didn't want another man inside her.

"Good. Because, boy do we ever need privacy tonight. I'm going to enjoy tasting you, and..."

"Hold that thought." He grinned at her sudden boldness, turned off the engine, and exited the vehicle, to go around and help her out. He opened her door pleased that she sat there and waited for him. Her hot eyes were practically eating him up, making his hard on throb behind his fly. Maybe if he bought some baggy pants, he'd survive this, he thought with wry self-humor. As it was, he was going to have the worst case of blue balls in Texas history. He tugged open her door and reached for her, ignoring the hand she held out to grasp her around the waist and drag her out bodily.

She sucked in a shocked gasp and melted against him as he pulled her onto him. His stiff cock twitched when the seductive witch purred as she brushed against him, and her luscious tits pillowed against his chest. His heart was beating like a drum; his cock throbbed in tandem. Letting out a growl, he bent to claim her mouth. His tongue snaking into her mouth to mate with hers, as she kissed him back. He broke the kiss with a rumble of approval. She was perfect for him, he'd known it from the beginning.

He pulled back to rake her tantalizing body, and seductive smile, with an admiring gaze. "I approve of the dress, love," he said, touching her pretty dress's print rayon skirt. He could smell her cream, as she leaned into him with a needy gasp, while his hot palms ran over her even hotter bottom. He cupped the round globes of her sexy ass, delighted to hear her gasp. "The thong was a great idea, love. You obeyed my instructions," he said, giving her another squeeze. "But did you lube your tight little ass for me?" he

asked, the corners of his hard mouth kicking up in a smile as he pulled back to see her blush. He loved it when she blushed for him. "Did you obey me?" he asked.

She nodded, trembling, as she nibbled her lower lip.

He bit back a groan, and skimmed his hand over the sultry curve of her ass. He'd loved that she'd worn the thong, and matching satin bra. He grinned and flipped up her skirt to check, his hand caressing her freshly paddled bottom. It was still a little warm, and blushing. She moaned, her knees wobbling, and sagged into him. He laughed, catching her; his whole body primed with need, as he caressed her bare bottom.

Tracing the crease between the round globes of her bottom teasingly, he murmured, "Very nice indeed." He gave each cheek a teasing spank, loving the way she gasped and pressed against him. "You have the sexiest ass, Cyn, it just begs for my spankings and my cock to open it. Is it lubed for me?" he asked circling the puckered orifice with his fingertip.

"I used some baby oil," she said with a gasp. "I felt extra naughty when I did it for you.

"Bad girl." He chuckled, loving her whispered confession. "We've now got something better than baby oil. Let's open our bag of toys and use the strawberry lube." He reached around her for the *Branded* bag. He watched her blush as she flicked a fascinated gaze over the contents of the bag. The paddle lay inside, along with some nipple clamps, a slave collar, blindfold and handcuffs. "Mack was generous," he said, pulling out the flavored gel.

"Bend over the fender, precious. I'm going to lube you properly, and get your ass ready for my cock."

Cyn bent over the warm fender, her sex quivering, her face heating as Jake flipped up her skirt. He'd already claimed her panties and had them in his top pocket so there was no barrier. Standing half naked in the setting sun was shockingly erotic. Cream of arousal misted the nest of curls covering her pussy and ran down

her thighs, as Jake ran his big hand over the outthrust curves of her ass. She moaned, pushing back at him, silently begging for more. She craved his touch. She was hot, and ready for him now.

His blunt fingertip suddenly circled her anus with a cool gel, making her gasp with shock, but she didn't pull away. Then something firm pressed against her pulsing orifice and eased inside. She whimpered at the invasion, her ass and pussy rippling in reaction, even as her clit throbbed. He pressed it a little farther inside her clutching bottom, and she arched back at him, while she gasped at the invasion. It wasn't warm like his delightfully naughty finger had been last night, and it sure a shooting wasn't big enough to be his magnificent cock. It was one of the butt plugs. "This is your smallest butt plug, Cyn," Jake said firmly. "I'm using it both to discipline you and to stretch you for my cock.

The word discipline made her tighten against him. It'd looked so small but now felt so big stretching her tight bottom.

"Relax," he commanded, rubbing her bottom softly. "Only a little more to go."

She didn't normally take well to discipline, but she relaxed at his touch, and he slipped the plug the rest of the way inside. She burned, seeming to be spread wide, but she knew it was tiny compared with his cock. As her ass rippled on the device, she couldn't help rolling her hips in arousal.

"Tight?" he asked.

"Yes, and naughty."

"Well then, it's just the thing for you, bad girl," he said with a chuckle, wiggling it.

She gasped, moaning when he fucked it in and out of her a few times. She met the thrusts, her sex quivering.

"Excellent," he said, pushing it back in place.

She gasped in protest. "You're not going to stop now," she wailed. "I need more. I need the real thing. I want you to open me."

"I'll take your ass, when and if I decide that you're ready for it," he said, straightening her up and turning her to face him.

She thought about digging in her heels, mad at him for making her wait. But in the end, she turned and fell into his arms with a needy sigh. He could be such a control freak. "You're mean," she complained. He spanked her left cheek and she gasped as the plug moved inside her. She let out a helpless whimper under his hands, craving more. But he let her go, and gently set her back on her heels.

"Dinner is waiting," he said, taking her arm and leading her to the cottage.

She bit back a gasp, every step setting off sexual tremors inside her. She looked around the cottage impressed. The table was laid beautifully and wonderful aromas wafted out of silver chafing dishes.

Jake smiled and led her toward the table. "I promised you dinner. Smells good, doesn't it, love."

"Delicious," she said, asking, "How did you do it?"

"I had it catered in. Mack set it up for us. He's a gourmet cook. Don't worry we've got the place to ourselves."

Just what surprises did he have up his sleeve? She gazed at his implacable expression, her body pulsing with desire, her ass rippling on the teasing butt plug. Good grief she hadn't known *Branded* sold them before their private showing, having sent Dora in to buy her contraband.

Cindy watched as Jake smiled his heated gaze, running over her like a hot caress. He knew what he was doing to her, how hot he was making her and this was only the beginning. She smiled, licking her lip, hoping to provoke him into ending her misery, and watched his eyes darken with lust. Nice. Now if she could just seduce him...

"Sit," he said, pulling out her chair.

She sat with a sigh, and then gasped when her ass touched the cool wooden seat, sending quivers through her.

He chuckled. "Relax and enjoy the sensation," he said, going to the chafing dishes to fill her plate. He walked back to place the plate in front of her before filling his own.

The food smelled delicious, but she was too aroused to eat. She watched every move he made, her sex creaming while her ass quivered. Her clit thrust out, seeming to throb in time with her racing pulse. Cyn bit back a moan, trying to sit quietly in a ladylike manner on her chair.

Jake sat down and gazed at her. "Eat, sugar, you'll need your energy to go toe to toe with me later."

She picked up her fork at his bidding and nibbled at her chicken and veggies. Watching him eat was even a turn on she decided, as she watched him savor his food. Would he savor her later?

Jake sat back, sipping his wine, and quirked his finger. "Come."

Cyn managed to get to her feet, biting back a gasp as the butt plug moved, making her pussy and ass quiver. It was pleasurable torture and he knew it, based on the knowing smile on his face. How many women had he trained? Strike that, she didn't want to know. Locking gazes with him, she started toward him. She was going to taste him all over this time.

Jake held out a hand to halt her. "That's far enough, sugar. Strip for me, Cyn. Show me what a bad girl you are."

Cindy stood frozen for a minute her face heating.

"Want your present and your paddling?" he asked, his brow arching.

"Yes." She was already on fire for all he might give her. Her face heating, she reached for her zipper and turned her back to him, slowly lowering it. She wouldn't be the only one teased tonight. She looked over her shoulder at him and peeled off the dress, lowering it slowly to bare her bottom. She let it drop to pool at her

feet. She turned, locking gazes with him, his sexy smile making her want to brain him, and fuck him at the same time. Instead, she ran her hands over her breasts, cupping them in her hands, offering them to him. She fanned her nipples through her bra, making them hard, thrilled when she saw his gaze darken with lust.

Her fingertips circled her budding nipples. Jake's breathing grew ragged. Oh yeah, she was turning him on. She reached for the bra's back clasp and unhooked it, shimmying out of it. The fire in Jake's eyes made her pant.

"Pinch your nipples for me," Jake said.

She did, and whimpered at the small-mingled pleasure and pain.

"Good girl," he praised.

"Kick off your shoes and come here," he said, patting his lap.

She stifled a moan and walked over to him. He ran a hand over her body, pinching her nipple. He pulled her onto his lap, astride him, her open pussy brushing against his slacks, her breasts pillowed against his chest, her ass rippling on the butt plug. Jake smiled and kissed her.

"I heard it was your birthday. Open your present."

She picked up the gift-wrapped package, tore off the gift-wrap, and saw a jeweler's case. What on earth? It was too big to be a ring, not that she expected one.

"Open it," he said, toying with her nipples, lengthening them.

Stifling a pleased moan, she opened the box, to find two jeweled clips.

"They're your nipple clamps, Cyn. Turquoise to match your eyes. I had them commissioned. Want me to put them on you?"

She nodded, her body hungry, wondering how the naughty but beautiful things would feel. He rolled her left nipple between his thumb and forefinger, tugging on it to lengthen it. Cyn was squirming, whimpering with need, when he opened the clasp, and clamped the jewel onto her turgid peak. She gasped with startled

pleasure as he let go, letting the jewel dangle down, increasing the pleasure. She whimpered as the weight tugged on her tortured nip. "Oh god, it's better than I imagined."

He chuckled, and picked up the other clamp, toying with her right nipple and attaching it.

Cyn gasped at the pinch and the sweet weight tugging at her as he let go. She gazed down at the dangling jewels, shuddering as she gasped, making her nipples seem to swell and burn while her pussy spasmed. She gasped when his hand went to her hungry sex, his strong arm supporting her wobbly legs. She moaned as he slipped two fingers into her pussy, while his thumb rode her clit.

"That's it, baby, fuck yourself on my hand."

She tightened, arching against him, spasms rippling through her as she came, shouting her triumph into his shirt. She collapsed against him as he held her. Shit, he was still fully dressed. "You're wearing too many clothes, Randal." She murmured against his chest.

"It's Jake or sir, and you can solve that by undressing me," Jake said, kissing her.

Now there was a brilliant idea. Smiling, wickedly she undid his tie, and pushed his jacket off his broad shoulders. Then she went for his belt and zipper.

"Hey, aren't you forgetting the shirt?" he asked amused.

"You've got your priorities, I've got mine." She undid his belt wondering if she'd like it across her backside some time. The paddle had been a stinging revelation. That could wait for later. She undid his pants, making him wince when she banged into his hard on.

"Easy, sweet," he said, pushing back the dishes to sit her on the edge of the table, and standing up.

He unzipped his pants and let them drop. Her fascinated gaze fell on his erection, hanging huge and hard down his thigh. She was

dimly aware of his shucking off his shirt. He opened the love gel and handed it to her. "Enjoy."

She smiled, took him in her hand, and squeezed a good-sized bead on his head, fascinated when he hissed. She flicked her tongue out to taste him, whispering yummy as the mingled flavors of Jake and strawberries burst on her tongue. She took him into her mouth and drew on his hard staff. He jerked and she took him deep down her throat. She gagged a little and he pulled back but she gripped his hips and sucked him off. He exploded into her mouth as she sucked him dry. She grinned up at him. "Now that's desert."

"Bad girl." He pulled her to her feet and into his arms.

She sighed with pleasure gazing at the sultry look on his handsome face. He could do anything he wanted to her.

"Give me your mouth, Cyn, and wrap your legs around me"

She kissed him and gasped when his stiffening cock impaled her as she wrapped her legs around his waist. He carried her across the floor and outside. She shivered with delight as the evening breeze caressed her bare skin. The sunset was beautiful and she knew someday she'd have to paint it and him just the way he looked tonight. Bad boy, satyr, sex god, all rolled into one. When he started to walk into the water, she gasped with delight. "You planning on taking me skinny dipping?"

"Oh yeah," he said, walking into the water. His slid her down onto his rousing cock, and strode deeper, each movement making her gasp. Her sex clutched at him feverishly, her ass rippling on the plug inside her. As waist deep water rushed around them, he cupped her ass, and rode her harder and faster. She moaned, her sex clinging to him as her ass squeezed the butt plug he'd inserted in her. She cried out, coming long and hard. He held her tight, coming inside her.

Chapter 13

Jake woke up the next morning, his mind made up. He was keeping her. He rubbed his rousing cock against Cyn's warm ass, and smiled when she arched against him. He rolled her over and came down on top of her. "Good morning, sugar."

She smiled up at him and raised her leg to open for him fully. "Good morning yourself, sex god."

"So I'm a sex god, am I?" he said, pleased.

"In my book, yeah."

He rubbed his cock against her again, and she made yummy noises. "Want breakfast, do you?" he teased.

"I want you."

"Good. Now kneel up on the edge of the bed for your paddling." The startled and excited look she gave him was priceless.

"You mean it?"

"Oh yeah. Move, or I'll take my belt to you."

She smiled and leisurely crawled down to the end of the bed arching her ass up in the air teasingly. "How's this?"

"Tease," he said with a smile.

"It's good for you." She bit her lip when he picked up the paddle.

He brought it down on her ass, and she moaned, flushing all over.

He started a steady rhythm that had her moaning, his cock twitching as she cried out. Her sex was wet, glistening, and fragrant. Her ass was arching up to meet him, her thighs trembling.

He was tempted to taste her all over. "Spread your legs, Cyn, I want to spank that bad pussy."

She moaned and spread her legs apart.

Jake caught her mound with flicks of the paddle and she came with a shriek, her cunt pulsing. He dropped the paddle and brought a lubed vibrator to her ass. She moaned as he slipped the head inside, and her body tightened. He flipped it on vibrate and she shrieked, coming again, loosening up as he slid it home, letting it vibrate inside her as he fucked her ass with it. She moaned grinding against him. He reached out to press her clit, and she came. He gently pulled it out and rolled back on the bed beside her. He didn't want to do anything but pleasure her today. He flipped her around, making her gasp and laugh, reversing positions so that he was on the bottom.

She sat astride him, with a bemused smile. "You used to wrestle, didn't you?"

"I still do," he said, with a pleased chuckle at the jealous look on her face. Good. Maybe it would keep her from backing away from him.

"I'll have to see for myself how flexible you are," she said, slipping onto his cock.

Jake hissed with pleasure as she lowered her tight sex onto his cock, barely able to hold him. She sat still for a moment her eyes closed, a blissful look on her bewitching face, and he couldn't look away. He slid his hands up her body to cup her beautiful breasts, her eyes opened, and she looked down at him with love.

"I'm about to ride you, cowboy," she said, rocking her hips.

Jake groaned, as she took him, rocking harder, whimpering as her clit brushed against him on the down strokes. He arched up into her making her cry out, her cunt tightening on his dick, milking at him. With a growl, he held her hips to steady her as she rode him, arching up into her again and again, until they were both gasping. His balls tightened. His cock swelled inside her, he was so close,

but he was taking her with him. He surged up, tweaking her clit, making her scream as she clutched at him. His other hand reached behind her globes to toy into her anus, and she exploded. Her pussy wringing his cock made his body stiffen; his balls tighten close to his body. He came with a roar as she milked him. Cyn collapsed down on top of him. He pulled her into his arms, their bodies still intimately joined.

“What’s the decision, can I still wrestle?”

“Yeah baby, you can wrestle with the best of them.”

* * * *

That afternoon, Cyn put away the lunch dishes and took a minute to gaze fondly at Jake as he wiped up the table. They’d lingered over breakfast in bed, and played around until noon. Now it was time to go back to reality, and a big part of her didn’t want to. Things would probably change between them. In a way, this idyll had strengthened their relationship but it had also created doubts. Jake never talked about himself, his hopes, and his dreams. He’d never even told her that he wanted to continue the affair after he moved out next week.

That left her one short week to get him out of her system.

“Something wrong?” he asked, looking back at her, his stance tense.

“No. I was just thinking about the chores back at the ranch,” she lied. “This has been fun, but I need to go back.”

“Why? Stay with me another night,” he said, stalking up to her to take the dishes out of her hands and put them on the counter. “I’ll make it worth your while, Cyn. S’mores by the campfire, all the strawberry sex gel you can handle, and the paddle.”

Cyn leaned into him with a moan, sorely tempted. It wasn’t like they’d actually miss her at the ranch. “I don’t know.” Staying was risky; she’d just crave him more when he left. Besides, she had responsibilities. “I shouldn’t.”

He gave her a firm look, telling her that he knew what she was thinking. "One more night, do it for me, for us," he said.

"I'll make a deal with you. You can come back to my apartment. I'll model that naughty underwear, and serve you supper in bed. We'll keep it quiet so as not to blow your cover. We don't want to scare off Hawkins if word got out."

"There's no need to worry about that. Things escalated, and I had to recalculate the odds. I put the word out that I'm back and that arrests are about to take place. It should make the guilty parties run. Then we'll have them. I had to act quickly. Why do you think little sister was all over me? I don't fool myself into thinking it's my good looks."

He was so wrong; he was a total hunk even if he didn't realize it. "That explains Cordial's cat and mouse game. Maybe she isn't guilty of window peeking." His offhand disclosure could explain Cordial's sudden knowledge of his identity, but not her knowing what they'd done in bed. He should have told her this from the start, and not tried to run the show alone. It was typical of his dominant behavior and she wouldn't have it outside the bedroom.

"Window peeking?" he asked, his brow arching.

She sighed. "We were watched our night together at the ranch. And when I went out to the mailbox to find the latest obscene note, Cordial came up behind me, confronted me about it, and told me to run while I still could. She knew everything we did and she's not the only one."

"The note," Jake said, giving her a probing glance.

"Oh yeah, he must have been watching us. It was pretty sickening."

Jake pulled her into his arms with a groan. "No more playing around. I'm driving you in to the police station right now."

Cyn sighed, leaning into him, his strength restoring her sense of calm. "I know. I already decided that yesterday, and brought the letter along."

Cyn clung to Jake as he drove his Harley around to the rear parking lot at the police station and parked. She'd hesitated to do this, file an official complaint, because she didn't want to make Hawkins think he was getting to her. Thinking if she'd ignored him, he'd eventually give up and go away. It had backfired, he was getting worse. She took off her helmet and handed it to Jake as they dismounted.

"You ready to do this?" he asked, giving her a tender smile.

She nodded. "Thanks for bringing me." She took his hand and walked with him into the rear entrance, strengthened by his presence. "I guess I should have filed a complaint weeks ago," she said and gave him a puzzled look when he steered her towards the detectives' offices instead of the front lobby. He might be used to special VIP service but she certainly didn't expect it. "I need to file a report, not go back here."

"No need. I already filed one for you."

Her jaw dropped, as he walked her up to an office door. "You did what?" she asked, her eyes narrowing. How could he have presumed she'd give him permission to do that?

"It needed to be done, sugar," he said softly. "It was for your own good."

"Don't you *sugar* me," she snapped back at him. "And condescending words like, *it was for your own good*, are guaranteed to get your ass kicked."

"I'll risk it," he said grimly, and tapped on the door lettered, *Detective Zane Redcloud* and leaned inside. "Got a minute?"

Zane looked up from his computer. "Sure. Come on in and take a seat. I see you finally brought in the complainant."

Cyn gave Jake an irritated glance, and brushed by him and into the room. She sat gingerly on a stiff backed chair facing Zane's desk, her face heating with embarrassment, when he raked an appreciative glance over her.

"She got another one," Jake said.

Cyn scowled at Jake. "I do have a voice of my own, you know." She turned back to look at Zane, saying, "I received another of those stupid letters, only this time it's worse. It seems he was watching us." She pulled it out, and handed it over his desk, blushing when he read it.

"I was afraid of this."

"Window peeking?" she asked.

"No, escalation. Stalkers always have to increase their presence to get the same rush."

"Damn sick ass bastard," Jake bit out. "When are you going to arrest him?"

"I thought you wanted me to hold off and wait until your investigation of North Star was complete."

Jake frowned, pinning Zane with a resolved glance. "Not anymore. Some things take precedence."

Cyn took in their man-to-man gaze, and scowled. Detective Redcloud was no doubt used to riding roughshod over suspects, and Jake just plain wanted to smother her with bubble wrap to keep her safe. "Hey boys, a little attention here. I don't appreciate you talking about this over my head." They snapped steely gazes at her, filled with male determination.

Zane arched a brow. "So you're willing to make out an official complaint?"

"Yes, I am," she said firmly. "I don't want him bothering me any more." She smiled when Zane pulled out the paperwork, and turned to see Jake's resolute gaze on her. He'd be more of a challenge. "And as for you, Jake, I won't have you sneaking behind my back, and keeping me in the dark, while trying to protect me."

Jake frowned. "I can't promise you that. Some issues involving Randal Industries are confidential."

"I don't need to know all the business related details. But I do insist on running my own life. You can't protect me by keeping me in the dark."

He frowned. "I'm just trying to help, take some of the burdens off your shoulders."

"I'm a strong woman, Jake," she said, sighing, when Jake's cell phone rang and he turned his back on her to answer it, talking in low tones. He was doing it again.

* * * *

Cyn walked away while he was on the phone, exasperated. She headed down the hall to the front door. There had to be some way to convince him to open up and let her in. She wouldn't let him manipulate her this way, and then keep her in the dark. She stepped out the front door, and hurried down the steps. Jake's hand on her arm stopped her when she reached the sidewalk. "Let go," she snapped, turning her head to frown at him.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Home, alone. I'll call a cab. Until you decide to level with me about what's going on, you're cut off." Jake's stunned expression almost made her smile.

* * * *

In the coffee shop across the street from the cop shop, he put down his latte and chuckled. And to think he'd only stopped here by chance. Sometimes fate could be a sweet mistress. His plan was working better than he could have imagined. He watched Cynthia Jane say something cutting to the pretty boy, and then stomp away, storming around the corner, Jake following her pleading like a dog. Good. Soon he'd make them both pay...

* * * *

Jake tracked Cyn around the corner, exasperated. How could he make her see that he was only trying to shelter her, help her? He could understand her fury, but there was no way he could let her run away. "Does that mean you don't love me anymore?" he teased, and was gratified to see her stop in her tracks.

She turned to face him, a troubled frown on her face. "I never said I did."

He saw the tender look in her eyes, telling him her repressive frown was a lie, and wanted to shout for joy. Instead, he leaned closer to say, "But you do, don't you?"

"Yeah, cowboy, unfortunately I'm head over heels in love with you. But don't think that cuts you any slack when it comes to this. I won't have you pulling the strings, keeping me in the dark to protect me. I meant what I said. Until you start leveling with me, you're cut off."

He scowled as she turned to go, and grabbed her arm. "You can't go off on your own, sugar, no matter how pissed you are at me. Until this is wrapped up, we're going to be inseparable. You know I'm right about this."

"I'm not a fool, Jake," she said with a scowl. "Fine, just remember what I want from you. Full disclosure."

"I'll remember," he said, as they got on his bike. He tensed, not liking her standoffish body language; she deliberately kept space between them, her hands clutching the seat instead of him. Damn. He knew he had some fence mending to do, and that she was right. "We have to stop at Randal Industries. Something's come up."

"I take it your plan to get them running scared worked," she said dryly.

"A little too well," he agreed, with a sigh. It had an unexpected affect. Dwain Hawkins was still there. "The forensic audit I ordered is complete along with the investigation I ordered." He was relieved to feel Cyn loosen up behind him, wrapping her hands around his middle.

"Was that so hard?" she teased.

"Yes," he said, not wanting her to get involved in the dicey, perhaps dangerous, situation. "You don't have to take on my burdens. You've got enough of your own."

Cindy Revisited

"Remember what you said about burdens, they're easier to bear when they're shared."

He looked over his shoulder at her, noting her pleased smile. "I give up. But let me know if it gets tedious or you get bored."

"It won't happen, I'm not Brandy or Tiffany."

"Thank god for that," he said, peeling out.

* * * *

Jake pulled into the Randal Industries nearly full lot, parking next to his father's car. He still wasn't happy that Cyn was involved. It could get nasty and he didn't want her hurt. Cyn's determined expression, as they walked toward the building, told him she knew what he was thinking. "Thanks for coming, I don't know anyone else who would have worried about me." He reached out to squeeze her hand.

"We're a team." Her hand clung to his.

It was a novel experience, having someone looking after him. He'd been on his own since his late teens. He gave Cyn a smile. "Follow my lead in there, okay?"

"Sure thing. I'm just here to give you moral support."

Shifting back into business mode, he nodded at Tim, as they reached his guard shack.

"Hi Jake, I see you brought some pretty company with you today," Tim said, giving Cyn a curious smile.

"That's right. Tim meet Cyn Taylor, my girlfriend."

Tim's eyes widened. "Well, hello, Ms. Taylor. I didn't know it was you. I put the word out for you, by the way, Jake."

Jake nodded. "I heard."

"I hope I did okay." He tilted his head to study Jake's reaction.

"You did a really good job from what I hear," Cyn replied with a kind smile.

"Great," Tim said, standing taller. "I'm always glad to help. Randal Industries has been good to me and mine. Your father especially, Jake."

"I know he appreciates your loyalty, as I do." Jake patted him on the arm. "Is Dad in his office?"

"He just went down to the factory floor for a minute. You can wait for him in his office. I'll tell him you're here."

"Thanks." Jake took Cyn through the gate when Tim buzzed them in. Randal Industries employed a lot of good people like Tim, being a major local employer, and he couldn't let them down by allowing the losses to go on.

"He's a nice man," Cyn said, as they walked down the hall. "But why did you tell him that we're partners?"

"Why not? It's true isn't it?" he asked, gazing at her. He was relieved when she smiled.

"Yes. It's true, as long as you keep letting me in."

Jake stepped into the anteroom, outside his father's office, and found Maud waiting at the desk, a scowl on her face as she caught sight of him. He gazed back at her fondly; the dynamo had her silver hair pulled back in its usual bun, and was wearing one of her stiff formal suits. She peered out the bottom of her bifocals at him. She'd kept him running on time for years.

"About time you got here, Jacob. You're father's been irate. What do you mean, turning off your cell?"

"I wanted some privacy, for once."

Maud gave Cyn a kindly but curious look. "And who's your lady friend?" she asked, ignoring him.

"Cyn, meet Maud, she's been my nosy, bossy, private secretary for the past seven years, now she's my dad's problem."

"Don't pay any attention to him, I just take an interest in the wastrels well-being. It's nice to meet you Cyn. It's about time he got out of the office and had a social life."

He was chagrined to see Cyn grin back at her.

"You don't say. I take it he doesn't date much."

"Are you kidding, he..."

"We'll be waiting inside," Jake interrupted, easing Cyn into the inner office. "Get Bart Donovan on the phone, and ask him to come over."

"I already did, young man. He's on his way."

Jake rolled his eyes, only Maud could make him feel like a kid. He knew Maud had his best interests at heart, but there were things a guy didn't want to talk about in front of the woman he loved.

"Why don't you take a seat, anywhere, sugar," Jake said, closing the door. He watched her settle into a wing chair in the corner, and paced in front of the desk. He saw Cyn's concerned gaze on him, and stopped. "Drink?" he asked.

"Water would be nice," she said, with a nod.

He went to the fridge in the wet bar, and got out a bottle of spring water for her. Just then, the door opened, and Silas burst into the room.

"About time you got here, son. Why in blue blazes did you turn off your cell? Maud all but had to send out smoke signals to reach you." He looked at the bottle of water in Jake's hand and said. "Get me one of those too, and add some scotch."

"No scotch." Jake handed his father a bottle of water, and carried one over to Cyn. She took it from him, but he noticed her wary gaze remained on his father.

Silas stopped dead in his tracks when he spotted Cyn. He gave her a thoughtful look. "This must be that Taylor girl you've been shackled up with out at the ranch. But what the hell is she doing here? These are crucial times boy, women have no place in business, and besides, she might be a spy."

"Dad, behave..."

"What a crock," Cyn snapped, surging to her feet. "I'm here to support Jake, and under protest, I might add."

"The hell you say." Silas grinned. "You've got spunk. I'll say that for you."

"Same to you, Mister," she said, staring him down.

Jake went quiet as they glared at each other, ready to intervene. He wasn't surprised to see his father back down. Cyn could be fierce.

"Well I'll be damned son; it looks like you picked you a good one."

Silas settled in his desk chair and looked at Cyn. "You're the one who kicked Dwain's ass, and set the dogs on him."

"That's me," Cyn said with a rebellious grin, adding, "And for the record, it was pygmy goats, not dogs."

"So you're the scheming redhead that stole him away at the dance."

"I suppose that's verbatim."

"Pretty much, got it from your stepmother. She's at a claw and cackle women's club meeting with my wife, right now."

Maud buzzed, "Bart Donaldson is here to see you."

"Send him in," Silas said into the intercom.

Jake sat back as the accountant, with a paunch and a comb over, lumbered into the room. Bart gave them all a suspicious glance. Jake sighed; it was going to be a long day.

"Here's the deal. I've pinpointed the losses in the acquisitions department. When I went to confront the culprit, I learned that he hasn't reported for work. The North Star office and his condo have been abandoned, and picked clean of personal items. I was able to recover certain documents. Deeds and land contracts for the properties they took. None of them have been filed, as far as I've been able to ascertain, which leaves Randal Industries in jeopardy." He dumped out a sheaf of documents. The one for the Taylor ranch landed on top.

Cyn gasped.

Jake's gut tightened as he glanced at her shell-shocked expression. "It's not legal." He assured her.

"But damning," she said, seeing Cordial's signature along with her father's. "It's a forgery, has to be, my dad wouldn't sell, and anyhow, he couldn't. I have power of attorney."

"Durable, or temporary?" Zane asked.

"Temporary," Cyn said softly.

"Are there any out clauses?"

"I don't know," she said, her voice breaking.

"Easy, sugar." Jake took her hand in his. "I'll have my attorney find out exactly what's happening. And Bart..."

"Thank you, but I'll handle it."

Jake watched her shut down right before his eyes, and his gut twisted. Didn't she trust him after all? Her trembling hand, in his, made him furious at Cordial. Damn the scheming bitch. He'd sort this out for Cyn, and she'd come around. "It's time I got you home," Jake said, standing up. He pulled out Cyn's chair and helped her to her feet. She seemed numb with shock.

"Are you two coming to our party tonight?" Silas asked, rising.

"Party?" Cyn asked in a daze.

"Yeah, the wife is throwing a shindig for our anniversary. I want you two to be there. It would go a-ways in putting down rumors that RI's in trouble."

"We wouldn't want that," Cyn said sarcastically.

Jake grinned, taking her arm, relieved to see that she was getting her spunk back.

"It'll be good for you too, young lady," Silas said with a glower. "You still look a little green about the gills."

Cyn laughed. "Thanks I needed that to snap me out of it. I'm fine, it's just a shock to find out someone you trusted is trying to screw you."

"Ain't it though," he said with a nod.

"We'll be there, Dad," Jake said, steering Cyn toward the door.

Chapter 14

Cyn rode back to the ranch with Jake, her mind in a whirl. How could Cordial have tried to con her this way, or be stupid enough to think she could get away with it? Her father's signature had to be a forgery, at least that thought made her feel a little bit better. Her hand tightened on the copy of the document Jake had given to her.

"I'll get one of my operatives to interview you father about this."

"No." She met his frown with a steady look. He was trying to protect her, in his take-charge way, but she had to handle this on her own. "I don't want to see him hurt. Visiting day is in tomorrow. I'll go see him, lay this all out on the table, and get some answers." She watched his jaw set; his hands tighten on the steering wheel, telling her he didn't like it. He probably thought she was being stubborn, but she couldn't help it; she was putting her foot down. A thing like this took tact, and Jake had all the delicacy of a Mack truck. "Don't you see, a shock like this could give him a heart attack or something at his age, this has to be done delicately, and by me."

"And you don't trust me to handle this, right?"

"It's not that, it's just that, it's just that; *hell*...my father thinks my stepmother hung the moon. This is going to come as a big shock to him. He's still crazy in love with her, even though she rarely visits him in prison. Even worse, he trusted me to look after

his ranch, Cordial, and their daughters. How can I tell him I've failed?"

"Did you ever think he might have failed you, be conning you?" he shot back, studying her face grimly.

"How dare you infer," she sputtered, knowing deep down her dad had failed her by being a workaholic, absentee, father. But he'd changed for the better after he'd married Cordial. At least she could credit the other woman for that much. "My dad..."

"Left you holding the bag," Jake said flatly. "Face it, sugar. What kind of father does that?"

"One who's run out of options. He was going to prison, even though it's considered a country club type white-collar crime compound, it's still prison, and he knew they couldn't cope. When he asked for my help, I was touched. He finally needed me. We've always been distant, my father and I," she said with a sigh.

"I know the feeling," Jake bit out.

Cyn nodded, knowing they'd shared a similar childhood, but at least Jake had grown up with a mother. "Dad was shattered when my mother died, and Pedro and Juanita more or less raised me. They're like second parents to me. But when Cordial came into the picture, it was like he had a new lease on life. I hate to see that spark go out. And when he got in trouble and needed me, I was glad to come back. I love this land, and I can still paint in my spare time."

Jake pulled into the ranch driveway and drove directly to her cabin. "I understand your tender feelings, and respect you for them, but I won't sit idly by and let you get hurt."

"I can't get any more hurt than I already am."

"There are still too many unknown factors for my liking. Dwain Hawkins for instance."

"You heard Zane. The elusive con man has run away. Either way, he's no longer a threat." She opened her door and jumped out

before he could get to her, knowing he'd weaken her strong will. She wouldn't let him soften her up with sex.

Jake slammed his door, and walked around to her. "Fine. I'll back off, and give you two days to clear this up. After that, it goes to court with the other pending documents, and Cordial's goose is cooked. The courts take a dim view of forgery."

"I understand, but I want to hear her side of it first. There's the possibility her signature is a forgery, too."

"Right," he said, following her to her cabin.

"Where do you think you're going?" she asked, arching a brow.

"You promised to model the undies and feed me supper in bed."

"That was before." She looked at Jake and weakened. "Oh heck, come on in and I'll see what I can whip up."

She turned to look at him once they were inside and she'd bolted the door. She had him all to herself and she wasn't about to let Cordial or the twins intrude on their privacy. "What am I going to do with you?" she mused out loud.

Jake smiled. "How about dinner for starters?"

"Dinner, right." She started toward the kitchen when he stopped her by simply touching her shoulder, coming up behind her. She sighed, leaning into him. "You fight dirty, Jake."

"I fight fire with fire," he said, nibbling her nape.

Her zipper went down and she didn't try to stop him. "You expect me to cook naked?"

"Semi-naked," he said with a chuckle as her dress fell. "You did promise to model these garments."

Cyn blushed as her peek-a-boo undies were revealed. In all the commotion, she'd forgotten she was wearing them. Jake's hands cupped her breasts, his fingertips swirling over her tingling nipples. She moaned. "I never said I was going to sleep with you."

“I didn’t have sleeping in mind, sugar. And besides, I’ve been very good and open, you said so yourself.”

She bit back a moan, thrusting herself into his hands. “So I did.” When he stopped playing with her boobs and let go, stepping away, she let out a moue of protest. She needed him, no matter her reservations. He was starting to change, and open up to her, she could see that.

“Let’s cook,” he said, taking her hand and pulling her into the kitchen with him.

When he introduced her to chocolate whipped cream shots later, she groaned with ecstasy. “My god, that’s good right out of the can.”

He smiled, “A perfect guy’s desert. No cooking.” He leaned forward to kiss her.

She moaned, opening for him, tasting the best of everything, him and whipped cream. When a fleece lined restraint wrapped around her wrist, she giggled. “Are you planning on tying me up and having your wicked way with me?”

He waggled his eyebrows. “You’re onto my evil plan,” he said, boosting her up onto the table.

She smiled at him, bemused.

“Up on your knees darling, legs apart.”

She spread herself, the crotchless panties baring her to his hot eyes.

“Now reach behind you and arch your back.”

She did and he loosely restrained the other wrist with the cuffs. She felt the restraint inside, her body trembling. She was completely open for him, her breasts thrust out, her nipples hard as jewels, her creamy sex opened for him. He pulled the little flogger out of the *Branded* bag and she almost came. It had a little leather flap. They hadn’t tried that yet. He flicked it at her left nipple, and it made her cry out at the burst of heat. “You are a wicked man,

Jake Randal,” she said with a moan, as he did it again, and then moved on to her other nipple.

“Little old me,” he said innocently, and aimed it at her clit.

She whimpered, her clit throbbing, her pussy clenching. He kept a driving rhythm, and she came with a shriek, her sex spasming. She was dimly aware of the flogger hitting the table. Jake was on her, pulling her into his arms, kissing her, his hands on her secret wet needy places.

Jake unzipped his pants, groaning when he grasped her hips, and thrust into her wet sex, deep and hard.

Cyn whimpered, her hands still restrained and behind her, her back arched, leaving her totally open to him. He clutched her ass, driving into her, making her tremble, as her sex clung to his hard driving cock. He surged into her, grinding against her clit, and bent to take her nipple into his mouth and suck on it. She shrieked, her sex pulsing as he drew hard on the tender budded point. He pulled her tight to him, his shaft rubbing her clit, and she exploded, fireworks going on behind her closed eyelids, her pussy milking at him.

Jake groaned, and shuddered inside her, his cock plunging into her hard as he came.

* * * *

He stood in the shadow, his face suffused with rage, as he watched her act like a common whore for Jake Randal. What a bitch. Beating her into submission would be so sweet and satisfying. He groaned, jacking off, his cock red hot. If only she saw what he had, she'd swoon. Randal was probably hung like a mouse like most pretty boys. He couldn't tell with the jerk's cock buried in her snatch.

He came with a roar, spurting against the siding, tripping on her damned sculpture in the flowerbed. He fetched up against her window with a thud, and froze. The morons inside kept on kissing. Soon their time would come...

* * * *

Cindy Revisited

Up above, Agatha shrieked. "It's him. We've got t...oh wait, he's slinking away like the snake that he is."

* * * *

Jake left Cyn's hard nipple with a lick that made her wriggle on his cock and sigh with pleasure. He rose up; his cock still buried inside her, to look at the window, the drapes were open a few inches. Damn he hadn't noticed in his heat to touch her. His senses prickling with danger, he said, "What was that?"

"I didn't hear anything," Cyn murmured. "It's probably just another incidence of your hyper vigilance; you need to learn to relax, honey."

Jake smiled down at her still arched back and restrains, her nipples hard as rubies, a sated look on her beautiful face. "Come on," he said, pulling her up, and undoing her restraints, earning a moue of protest. He smiled, caressing her face. "Later. I promise."

"I'm going to hold you to that, cowboy."

He drew her off the table, and pulled her robe off the bed, putting it on her. He'd heard someone lurking around outside, and after learning about the Peeping Tom he wasn't taking any chances.

"Stay here." He positioned her by the door and weathered her frown. "I mean it," he said, stepping outside. He walked around the cabin in the dark, bright moonlight easing his path. His eyes were accustomed to night vision, and he scanned the area, not seeing a soul. He made his way to the dining room window, where he'd heard the thud. Cyn had a flowerbed planted; he realized when he inhaled the sharp scent of mint. He tensed when he saw the trampled down herbal border, the still wet semen stains on the logs. At least it removed Cordial from suspicion. The peeper was a guy. "Damn," he muttered.

"What is it?" Cyn said, coming up behind him.

"I thought I told you to stay inside," he said, turning to pin her with his best repressive frown.

“And I told you I expect full disclosure. Guess which one of us is going to win?” She glanced at the stains, and her eyes widened. “Is that what I think it is?”

“Uh huh. Our Peeping Tom is a guy.”

“Yuck. What a sick creep.”

“Probably can’t get it up otherwise.”

Cyn looked at her flowerbed and glared. “Look what he did to my flowers. The pansies are ruined, and the mint will never be the same.” She let out a gasp. “Look. He broke my garden sculpture; it was an AB White original. That bastard.”

“He probably tripped over it running away. Don’t worry, I know where I can get you one wholesale.”

“At least this lets two people out of suspicion,” she said, her nose wrinkling as she looked at the stains.

“Two?” he asked, tilting his head.

“Sure, Cordial because she’s female, and Dwain Hawkins. Maybe he wasn’t guilty of the obscene letters after all. I now feel kind of bad for blaming him, persecuting him.”

“Don’t, he still could be lurking around.”

“That’s not very likely according to Zane. It doesn’t fit his past MO.”

Chapter 15

Cyn accompanied Jake to his parent's estate, her heart racing. Would his parents accept her? What would the other guests think? It was their first actual public outing as a couple. She'd never worried what others thought of her before, but now she so wanted to make a good impression.

Jake parked his SUV in the driveway. She was glad he'd brought it because she was dressed in her turquoise fairytale gown. Riding on his Harley, dressed for a formal party, would have been difficult, to say the least. She turned to gaze at him; he looked so handsome in his tux. His gaze warmed as it washed over her. When he pulled her into his arms for a kiss, she went with a pleased sigh. The sensation of his hot lips slanting over hers, his taste, almost succeeded in wiping away her nerves. If he was doing it to distract her, he'd succeeded. She moaned into his mouth, her body aching for him. He cupped her breast through her dress, his palm heating her nipple, making it stiff.

He pulled back to nibble her ear. "Ready to make your entrance?"

She clung to him. "I'm not sure I can do this."

"You can and you will. Sass me and I'll take you up to my room and spank you," he said, nipping her lobe.

She gasped with heat, thrilling at his naughty words. "You're a wicked man, Jake Randal."

"And you're a bad girl, Cyn Taylor," Jake said, letting her go. "That's why you're perfect for me."

It wasn't a declaration of love, but it was close, and she'd take it she decided, gazing into his eyes. She let Jake help her out of the SUV, her nerves returning. When he reached back to get her wrapped gift, a painting for his parents, she nibbled her lower lip. Would they even like it? "I'm not so sure about this, either."

"They'll love it, and they'll love you, trust me."

She smiled, bemused, when he took her arm, walking her toward the house. She knew it was too late to turn back. Holding his hand, she walked with Jake into the mansion, gazing around at the exquisite interiors, impressed. It was much grander than she'd expected, with antique furniture and a gleaming marble floor. Jake's mother obviously had exquisite taste. There were a few people milling around the foyer, some she recognized. She tensed when the others swept them with curious gazes.

Jake took her elbow, steering her into the living room. She was glad his steady presence was at her side, keeping her calm. At least she was dressed well. She'd gotten her gown back from the cleaners today. Jake's hand, warm and tender on her bare arm, was reassuring, and gave her a boost of confidence, as all eyes seemed to turn to them. *Well, damn, she'd have to get used to being the center of attention if she stayed around Jake.*

"Come. I want you to meet my mother," Jake said, steering her through the crowd to the petite lady holding court.

Jake's mother, Alice, looked up and beamed when they approached. With her red designer's dress, and sleekly coifed strawberry blond hair, Jake's mother was the height of elegance. Alice's warm gaze lingered on Jake for a moment, before she cast a speculative gaze at Cyn. "Well, son, it's about time you made an appearance. I was starting to wonder if the rumors of your return were just that."

"It's good to see you too, Mother," Jake said, giving Cyn's arm a squeeze, before letting go to walk over and give his mother a hug. "I've been rather busy."

"Too busy to visit," she said, with a smile. "Or were you otherwise more pleasantly occupied?" she asked, her twinkling gaze on Cyn.

"A little of both, but it's good to be home."

"We've missed you. Now I won't have to track you around the country through Maud." She turned to look at Cyn. "And who's your date?"

Jake walked over to Cyn's side, casually looping an arm around her shoulders. "Mom meet Cynthia Taylor, she lives..."

"At the Taylor ranch these past six months, I know."

Cyn sighed, knowing this was Cordial's doing, preparing for the worst. Lord knows what her stepmother had told Alice about her. She didn't even want to imagine. At least the dragon lady was nowhere in sight. With any luck, she wasn't on the guest list. "I'm please to meet you, Mrs. Randal."

"Call me Alice, dear," she said, with a smile, adding, "You're the reason I haven't seen my son, and that Silas has been so cross."

"Ma'am I..."

"Don't worry. Anyone who can capture my son's interest and infuriate my stubborn husband is someone I'd like to know better."

Cyn relaxed. "Thanks, I think. I'd like a chance to get to know you better, too."

"So what have you two got there?" Alice looked at the gift-wrapped package, Jake held.

"An anniversary gift." Cyn looked around the exquisitely decorated living room; the wall's hung with original art, some breathtaking AB White sculptures on display, realizing she might have goofed. "On second thought, maybe you'd prefer something else..."

"How can you say that? You're a gifted artist," Jake cut in, and handed the present to his mother.

"Let me see." Alice carefully unwrapped the painting, and set it on a console table along the wall. She looked at it from different

angles. "My son is right, you are a gifted artist. Are you showing anywhere at present?"

"Um no. I had to temporarily close my studio in Taos."

"Mom's AB White," Jake said, with a smile.

"I had no idea," Cyn said, stunned.

"I told you I could get you another sculpture wholesale," he teased.

"What's this?" Alice asked.

"Cyn's favorite sculpture, one of your wonderland series, was damaged last night. I told her I could get her a replacement."

"And you didn't tell her I was your mother?" Alice scolded, but smiled. "Jacob, you're as hard headed as your father."

Cyn smiled, watching their easy affectionate humor. If only she had such a loving family. Being artists, she and Jake's mother did indeed have a lot in common.

"I'm honored that you think so highly of my work. Come into my studio sometime this week, and pick out one of my works. A gift from me for bringing my son home."

"But I didn't..." Cyn started to say when Silas walked up. She and Jake were only temporary lovers. She glanced at Silas seeing the agitation on his face. More Randal Industries problems she supposed.

Silas stepped close to Jake. "I need to talk to you son..."

"Look what Cyn brought us, dear," Alice interrupted his rant.

Silas flicked an interested glance at the landscape. "Nice," he said gruffly, and turned back to Jake.

"Don't pay him any mind, dear." Alice said.

"Something's come up, son," Silas said. "We need to talk."

Cyn was curious to know what it was about, but Silas's closed expression didn't give her a clue. More of the mundane business stuff, maybe. Jake hesitated, giving her a concerned look.

"This shouldn't take long."

She didn't want to stand in his way and she appreciated his attempts to keep her in the loop. "Go honey, I'll be fine."

"I'll be back, stay by Mother."

Cyn nodded to placate him, knowing he was hyper-vigilant after last night's events. She was on edge herself, wondering when it would come back to hit her. She was standing in a quiet corner when she noticed Cordial and the girls sweep into the room. Cyn let out a groan, making those nearby look at her funny, and making Cordial look her way.

Cordial's scornful glance raked over her gown. "Crap, I thought you burned the thing."

"I tried to Mother, but I couldn't find it," Tiffany hissed back at her.

"Well hell," Cordial muttered.

Cyn watched Jake's mother circulating, approaching Cordial and accepted the inevitable. She headed straight toward the impending collision. She'd be damned if she'd cower in the corner. Eyes narrowed for battle, she watched Cordial speak to Jake's mother, her voice low and intense.

"Well she's been just wild, carrying on with your son in front of my impressionable daughters. Both of whom have been groomed to take their place in society..."

Cyn rolled her eyes, as she stepped up beside Cordial. "Why don't you just have them show her their teeth, step-mamma, so she can pick out the very best one for her son?"

Cordial jumped, and turned to glare at her as Cyn stared her down. She flicked at glance at Jake's mother and noticed an understanding, and grimly amused, smile playing around Mrs. Randal's mouth. Hooray, the woman saw through Cordial's bluster.

"See what I mean, Mrs. Randal, no class at all. If you'll take my advice," Cordial said with a cool smile, warming to the task, "you'll ban her from..."

"It was a pleasure meeting you Ma'am," Cyn cut in, ignoring Cordial's tirade, as she focused on Jake's mother. "I'll look forward to visiting your studio soon. Happy anniversary, and thank you for inviting me."

"Why thank you my dear, you're not going so soon?" Alice shot an irritated glare at Cordial, who gasped.

"I must. I think I'll go check on Jake, and remove myself from certain individuals," she said, meeting Cordial's glittering gaze.

"I completely understand," Alice said, with a smile. "And you're welcome to my home anytime. Call me and we'll talk galleries."

Cyn nodded, and walked away, making her way to the den. Heated male voices, one of them Jake's, stopped her in the doorway.

"Blood spatter, you say?" Jake said. "Are you sure that it's his, Zane?"

"We're running DNA tests now, pal, but they take a while to be read. From the crime scene, it looks like it was a hell of a struggle."

"Or was staged?" Silas cut in. "From what you've said, Dwain Hawkins was a world class con man."

"Warrants from coast to coast," Zane added, "But this time he might have met his match. It looks like one of his victims took the bastard out, permanently."

"I'll believe that when you actually find a body," Jake said grimly. "Until then, I'm guarding Cyn."

Cyn sucked in a shocked gasp, feeling sickened at the thought of Hawkins being murdered. She'd hated the man, but she didn't want him dead.

"And the deed's?" Silas asked.

"We've turned all the documents over to the DA," Zane said, "Fraudulently purchased properties will be recompensed."

"All but the Taylor ranch," Jake cut in. "I don't want that released with the other properties."

"You can't wrap her up in tissue paper to keep her safe and out of the mess," Silas bit out.

"Wanna bet?" Jake said with determination.

So he hadn't gotten over his overprotecting ways. Cyn stepped into the room drawing all the men's wary glances. Silas reached for his scotch, Zane stifled a grin when he saw her stalking up to Jake, and Jake pinned her with a wary glance.

"Now sugar..."

"Don't, now sugar, me," she snapped, getting in his face. "I thought you were through with this keeping me sheltered, and stupid, overprotective junk."

"He's trying to do you a favor, little girl," Silas said. "Women are no good at business."

"So I see," she frowned at the bottle of scotch in his hand, and was relieved to see him put it down, a sheepish look on his face. "You men have made a hell of a mess, from my vantage point. I could hardly do worse." She turned to go. "I'll see myself home, gentlemen. Don't want to interfere with your hush-hush business."

Angry and hurt, she hadn't made it to the door when Jake caught up with her. His firm hand on her arm stopped her in her tracks. She gave him a glare over her shoulder. "Let go now, unless you want to get flipped."

"No. I'm taking you home."

"My stepsisters, your would-be harem, are in there waiting for you," she snapped back at him. "I'd hate to see you miss it." She was satisfied to see him grind his teeth with frustration.

"You know better than that," he growled.

"Do I, stud?" She studied his handsome face, wishing he'd learn to trust her to handle things. "If you lied about one thing, what's to say you wouldn't lie about another?" She shrugged out of his grasp and headed for the door, blinking away the tears of fru-

stration misting her eyes. She tried to not to let him see her distress, as Jake implacably tracked her out the door. He was holding onto her ranch. A dinky little property like the Double T wouldn't mean a thing to a man of his wealth. He was trying to protect her again. Why didn't he trust her with the cold, hard, facts of life? She wasn't going to go hysterical on him.

Jake made sure Cyn got into the SUV, weathering her scowl of disapproval. She could glare all she wanted, he wasn't letting her go. He got in, locked the doors and started the engine. "For the record I didn't lie."

* * * *

Cyn smoldered as they pulled up to the ranch. He still didn't get it. She didn't just want him to share good things with her, but real issues too. She wouldn't let him wrap her in cotton wool to keep her safe.

When he parked by her cabin, she opened the door, and leapt out, heading towards her place, disgruntled when he fell into step beside her. The man could move fast, and silent. "Where do you think you're going?" she asked, adding, "I'm not sleeping with you tonight, so go back to bungalow six."

"I'm going with you. I'll sleep on the couch, if you insist. Until this is wrapped up, we do everything together."

"Oh joy," she said, stomping up on her porch. She arched a wry brow when he pushed her back before she could go inside, and went in on a low crouch to check things out. "Is that really necessary..." his glare stopped her in her tracks.

"God damn it," he bit out.

Cyn froze, as she heard a thud, her heart leaping in her throat. If anything happened to him, it would kill her. She rushed inside to help, didn't see him, and tracked the sound to her bedroom. "What is it?"

Jake spun around, a knife in his hand, and scowled when he saw her. "I thought I told you to stay outside."

"I thought you needed me." She watched him smile, relaxing, and felt that electric connection all over again.

He stepped toward her, filling the bedroom doorway. "Maybe you'd better wait in the kitchen while I clean..."

She recognized a delaying tactic when she saw one, and peeked around him at the carnage in her bedroom. Her clothes were tossed everywhere, strewn on the bed, some slashed. Cordial? *We tried Mom, we couldn't find it.* She glanced at the knife in his hand, recognizing it as one from her kitchen. "Where did you find the knife?"

His eyes narrowed as he gazed at her for a minute. "On your bed."

Cyn closed her eyes with a groan; it was the one answer she'd been afraid of. "Looks like my Peeping Tom stalker, just escalated." Jake's tender touch on her face made her open her eyes. "There's more, isn't there?"

"He left another letter, and pictures taken with a night scope."

"Oh god." She let Jake pull her trembling body into his comforting arms.

"Damn it all, I'm getting you out of here as soon as we call Zane."

"No. I won't let this coward make me run. If you want to put on coffee, I'll see what I can salvage."

"Sorry. It's a crime scene now. You sit down and relax." He walked her toward the sofa. "I'll call Zane's cell."

Jake stalked over to the kitchen, out of earshot and made the call.

Zane answered on the second ring. "What's wrong?"

"He's back, and this time he vandalized Cyn's place, and left a calling card."

"I'll be right over."

Jake pocketed the phone and walked over to the coffeemaker to brew coffee, going through the motions, stifling his rage, for now. He needed to be levelheaded and thinking, to help her. Once

he got his hands on the culprit, all bets were off. He glanced at Cyn, she was quiet in shock, and bit out a curse. *Damn it all, where was Zane?* He wanted to get her away from this. Instead, he carried a cup of coffee over to her, and sat down on the sofa next to her. He thrust it in front of her nose and watched her shudder as she took a drink, glad to see her pull out of it. He set the cup down on the coffee table and pulled her into his arms. She went stiffly, and then sagged against him.

“Why won’t he leave me alone?”

“Because he’s a fucking coward. Don’t worry, sugar, we’re going to stop him,” he said, holding her. “I’ll keep you safe.”

“It might have been them,” she said with a sniff.

“Who?”

“Brandy and Tiffany. They were telling Cordial they couldn’t find this gown. It’s so juvenile, it had to be them.”

Jake relaxed his guard a little bit; better them than an unknown threat. Still, he didn’t completely buy it. He looked up when Zane knocked, and poked his head around the door. “In there,” he said, shrugging toward the bedroom.

Zane went in, and let out a whistle. He came back out, the knife in an evidence bag. “Did either of you see who did it?”

“No,” Cyn said, pushing away from Jake.

“She heard someone talking about it though,” Jake added, as Cyn stiffened beside him. It amazed him that she was still protective of them.

“Tell me?” Zane said.

“I’d rather not.” Cyn bit her lip as she gave Jake a pleading look. “It’s a family matter, something I have to take care of myself.”

Zane cast a questioning look at Jake. “You okay with this?”

“Yeah, for now. I trust her judgment,” he said, pleased to see Cyn smile at him. “Just do a thorough report in case things go south. Oh and you’re going to find my prints on the knife.”

“You know better than to handle evidence.”

“He couldn’t help it. He thought someone was sneaking up behind him,” Cyn cut in, going to his defense.

Zane gave Jake an envious smile. “I’ll try to run prints on this,” he said, dangling the knife. “In the meantime, I suggest you leave. The security here is nonexistent.”

Cyn frowned at him.

“He’s right. Come on,” Jake said, holding out his hand, and was gratified when she relented, and took his hand without a word. At least she trusted him on some level. He escorted her out to his vehicle and drove her back to the cottage. At least the place had security.

Cyn was shell-shocked as they drove away, feeling like she was abandoning the ranch. When she saw her father, she’d demand some concrete answers. Until then, she’d let her knight in tarnished armor rescue her.

She leaned back and watched Jake lock up and set the alarm system, grateful that she had him. He turned to look at her, the steamy look in his eyes making her a little crazy. The feeling of security when they entered the cottage, and Jake locking the doors and setting the security system, made her let out a sigh of relief. She took in his bad boy smile, and her carefully constructed brick wall disintegrated. She might not completely trust him in the boardroom, but she did in the bedroom. The time out was actually good. She needed to get her head on straight. She needed Jake. She went into his arms, pressing him back against the door, as she hugged him.

He held her, smoothing a stroke down her back. “Easy, sugar, it’s the adrenalin kicking in.”

“I need you,” she said, nibbling his ear, not liking her need being reduced to a biological essence.

“Honey, you’ve got me.” He scooped her up in his arms and carried her to the bedroom. “All night long.”

"Mmmm," she said, kissing his jaw. "That sounds great. Why don't you put me down, and get naked for me."

"I'm starting to think you just see me as a sex object," he said with a grin, as he set her down on the floor.

"Now what ever gave you that idea, stud?" she asked, batting her eyes at him.

"This," he said, pulling her into his arms.

Cyn let out a sigh of surrender when his mouth came down to claim hers, and melted against him. She kissed him back, her tongue mating with his, and then felt his hand pull down her zipper. She groaned into his mouth when he slid the straps off her shoulders and the dress slipped down between their bodies, hitting the floor. She pulled back to try to frown at him. "You've got to stop doing that."

"Stripping you? Never gonna happen, sugar. I think both of us naked is a great idea."

She smiled, letting him strip her, and then ogled him when he pulled off his clothes. "Very nice," she said, eyeing him. She noticed the variety of sex toys on top of the dresser. "I see you've been shopping."

"Uh huh, I believe in being prepared."

"A regular boy scout, aren't you?" She walked over to pick up the tubes of tubes of oral sex gel. The heat in his twinkling eyes made her shiver. "What's your pleasure, strawberry or coconut?"

"My pleasure is you," he said, stalking up to her, and taking the tubes of gel out of her hands. "You know this lube has another purpose."

She gave him a sly look, intrigued. "Really? Tell me more."

He opened the coconut gel, and smiled, noting her intrigued look.

Cyn's mouth watered in anticipation. Did he want her to go down on him again? The question was answered a moment later when he squeezed a dollop of gel onto her left nipple. The horny,

cold-hot feeling, made her moan, shooting straight through her, making her toes curl. He smiled, bending to take her budded nipple into his mouth, as she whimpered. The heat of his mouth\ made her eyes roll back in her head. She let out a cry as he drew hard on her tingling coconut flavored peak. Her knees went weak, as she pressed close to his hard body.

Pushing her back against the dresser, Jake let out a macho growl, thrust his thigh up against her sex to brace her in place, and kept on sucking. Grinding her pussy against his hair roughened thigh, Cyn whimpered at the delightful twin arousals. Jake was relentless, drawing harder on her nipple, his rough tongue laving the tortured peak. Her eyes closed, and she completely let herself go. Instantly, a dollop of cold gel covered her other nipple. She moaned, knowing what was coming as Jake gave her throbbing left nipple a last lick.

Stiffening in anticipation, she didn't know if she could handle it without melting into a puddle of need. Her body tightened. The gel-covered right nipple burned with fire and ice as she waited, what seemed like forever, for him to take it in his mouth. Instead, he blew on it. "Oh," she cried as a heat wave drew it tighter, and his mouth closed over it. Little mewling noises poured out of her mouth as her sex went into spasm, flutters tightening her pussy. She gasped, stiffening, crying out Jake's name as she came.

Jake released her nipple with a little kiss on its tip, and pulled her into his arms. "How's that for starters?"

"Delightful, and exhausting," Cyn said, leaning into his strong embrace, spent, but still hungry. She smiled, nibbling his ear, in love and lust with him. He was all she needed. Jake picked her up, holding her tight, as if she were light as a feather. Cyn hung on tight, wrapping her arms around his neck, while her legs wrapped around his waist. Her sex pressed against his washboard abs, the tingling of arousal returned, and she realized this wasn't over by a long shot.

Jake's hands, cupping her ass, squeezed, and she let out a little giggle.

"Are you fixing to ride me, cowboy?"

"What do you think?" Jake asked, holding her in a secure grip as he carried her to the bed and laid her down. His hot gaze made her burn as he looked down at her. She arched her hips, her legs spreading, silently begging for him. She lay exposed, basking in his obvious delight. It felt so right to have this man think she was special.

"Perfect," he whispered.

Knowing he meant the words opened up a piece of her heart, she'd kept guarded. She watched him pick up the Lube and trembled. "Oh, please," she needed him inside her now.

His mouth kicked up in a knowing grin as he squeezed a line of gel onto her bare pussy, putting an extra dollop on her swollen clit. Cyn let out a needy gasp, as Jake knelt between her quivering thighs and flicked a long stroke of his rough tongue up her pussy. Arching toward his tantalizing tongue, she whimpered, her legs shaking, her sex spasming. He sucked the swollen nubbin of her clit into his hot mouth. Her eyes rolled back in her head, as she came, screaming his name.

With a growl, he surged up her trembling body, thrusting into her contracting pussy. He pulled almost out of her and surged back into her, to the hilt. Her hips snapped up to meet his fevered thrusts, her clit rubbing against his rock hard shaft.

He groaned, his hands cupping her ass to hold her closer to him as he thrust harder and deeper.

Cyn cried out, her body shaking, everything tightening inside her. She wrapped her legs around his hips, trapping him to her as her body shook. Deep spasms tugged as his hot hard cock, as her pleasure peaked. Waves of orgasm pulsed through her as she exploded, seeing stars behind her closed eyelids. Jake thrust fiercely into her once more, and went still, coming hard against her cervix.

After a moment, he rolled them over so that her limp body lay atop his, and she was astride him. Cyn sighed with completion, as his big hands stroked her back. Wrapped around him, she felt safe and loved. She wanted to stay that way forever. When she felt his cock stirring again, she raised her head to give him a questioning look. "Again?"

"I'm insatiable with it comes to you, sugar." He chuckled and opened the drawer in the nightstand.

Cyn sat astride him and watched him curiously. "What other tricks do you have up your sleeve, Randal?" She watched him pull the small vibrator out of the drawer and quivered. "Just what do you think you're going to do with that?"

"How about this?" he said, buzzing her left nipple.

Cyn cried out at the pleasure, her head tipping back, as his cock grew harder inside her, driving her crazy.

"I love that sound, sugar," he said with a warm male chuckle, and buzzed the other nipple.

Cyn trembled, moaning; grinding against him, making him groan.

Jake moved the vibrator's tip down to buzz her clit.

Cyn whimpered, lifting up a tiny bit to give him better access. He kept thrusting his cock up into her, rocking into her, as he teased her throbbing clit.

Thrusting harder and deeper, he groaned, "That's it sugar, take me."

Impaled on his once more hard cock, she trembled, contracting around him, ripples of pleasure fluttering through her sex, as she came.

Grasping her hip tight with one hand, Jake surged up into her, and buzzed her anus. She screamed, her orgasm coming harder, as he slipped the head of the vibrator inside her rippling ass. She whimpered, coming again, sobbing with release as she met his fierce thrusts, her body tugging at his cock.

Cindy Revisited

Jake came with a growl, calling her name.

Cyn collapsed against him, and he held her tight. She felt warmed, bathed in the afterglow, as she sprawled on top of his hard muscular chest listening to his thundering heartbeat slow. She lifted her head and smiled at him. “That was—”

“Hot,” he said, his hand slipping down to cup her ass.

Reveling in the warm feeling, she thought how right it felt to be in his arms.

Chapter 16

Jake escorted Cyn into the minimum-security penitentiary's day room to see her father, despite her objections. After what happened last night, he wasn't about to let her face this alone. He stayed at her side, still not convinced that she was out of danger.

"You don't need to come in with me," she said, when the guard motioned her to the visitor's room.

"I'm going." He took her elbow, withstanding her frown. He knew she was trying to be strong, and wanted to protect her family, but he wasn't going to step aside.

He walked with her into the large empty room with tables and chairs. Carl Taylor sat at one on the tables, tall and burly with salt and pepper hair, and horn-rimmed glasses. A pleased expression lit the man's gray eyes when he saw Cyn. Then he noticed Jake at her side and his eyes narrowed with suspicion.

"Dad," Cyn said with a smile, rushing over to hug her father.

He stood wrapping his arms around her in a bear hug. He looked over her head at Jake. "Is this the dude who's been compromising you?"

Cyn pulled back with a gasp. "Who told you that?" She let out a disgusted groan. "Don't tell me, I already know, Cordial."

"She's your step-momma, honey. She's just looking out for your best interests."

Jake saw Cyn's shattered expression, and felt his gut twist. He took a step forward. "You don't know what you're talking about, mister."

"Like hell," Carl glowered back at him.

Cyn scowled. "Will you two calm down the testosterone display? Dad, this is Jake Randal. He's my, ah...boyfriend. And for the record we're compromising each other."

Jake grinned at Cyn's feisty comeback, relieved that she hadn't tried to deny him, but boyfriend didn't even touch what they shared.

"Silas Randal's boy, the juvenile delinquent who blew town when he turned of age?"

"That's me," Jake said dryly.

"And just what are your intentions towards my daughter, young man?"

"Dad," Cyn said with a gasp, blushing.

"They're completely honorable, sir, unlike some others I could mention." He watched the older man go stiff, as he digested that information.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Nice way of letting me handle it," Cyn complained, giving Jake a frown.

Jake met her gaze with a non-repentant stare.

She sighed, and turned back to her father. "The thing is Dad, something has happened, and..."

"Show him the land contract," Jake cut in.

"I was getting to that," she snapped, and pulled out the document. "There's been a swindle going on with Randal Industries expansion plans. They've been scamming properties away from people, while ripping off Jake's dad."

"I didn't sign this." Carl stared at the document.

"I told you so," Cyn said triumphantly.

Jake saw her pleased glow and waited for the bad news when he saw her father tense. He was damned good at reading people and the man had something to hide.

"But honey, I might have if I'd been presented with this offer. You say it's bogus."

"Phony as the paper it's written on," Jake cut in, meeting the older man's troubled gaze.

"What do you mean you might have taken it?" Cyn asked, her jaw dropping.

Carl took off his glasses, and gave her an apologetic look. "Honey, I'm no rancher, you know that. My stint in this country club with bars proves it. I've been thinking about selling up. I've a job waiting for me in Dallas if I want it. And I'll have the girl's college tuition to front, creditors to pay off, that all takes cash that I don't have. Besides, Cordial isn't happy, as this proves. The signature is hers."

"You'd be willing to testify to that in a court of law?" Jake cut in.

Carl gave him a brittle smile. "Not a chance in hell. I love my wife..."

"But you can't sell," Cyn cut in. "The Double T is in your blood."

"Not mine, honey, maybe yours. It's why I put you in charge; let you get it out of your system. I miscalculated, I'm sorry. Cheer up; when I get out, you can go back to your old life, your studio. I know you miss it, and you're wearing yourself out."

"Who told you that, Cordial?"

"No, Pedro. He's been sending me weekly reports."

Jake smiled, pleased that her father had been proactive in looking after her. "Good thinking."

Cyn flicked him an annoyed glance. "I knew there were spies around the place."

"Yeah, and most of them are on your side. I also heard about the letters."

"Damned blabber mouth."

"I've already gone to the police," Jake cut in. "I've taken steps to keep Cyn safe."

Carl gave him a slow assessing look. "That's not what my wife says, but then she's biased. She's desperate to make good matches for our daughters while she can. Not on my watch."

"Dad, I've never heard you talk this way before."

"I know and it's my fault that we haven't been close. I mean to take steps to rectify that, if you'll let me."

"Of course I will," Cyn put her hand over her dad's on the table.

"Take care of her young man," Carl said, giving Jake a steely look.

"I promise to." Jake took a business card out of his pocket. "Call this number if you want to sell the ranch. I'll see that you get top dollar for it." He saw the realization in the older man's gaze, and despair in Cyn's.

"Time's up." The guard came in.

* * * *

Cyn was silent on the ride back to the ranch. She couldn't wrap her mind around the fact that her father wanted to sell up, move on. She didn't understand why ranching wasn't in his blood, but now she had to acknowledge it was true. And now Jake was going to be instrumental in the sale. Hell, maybe she could come visit it after he moved in. She didn't know how to feel about that, sad, angry, or glad that it wasn't going to be demolished by Randal Industries.

Jake pulled into the driveway and up to the ranch house. She looked at him questioningly.

"We might as well get this over with."

She nodded, realizing he was right. She had to confront Cordial get it all out into the open, if she was going to survive until her father was released. She got out of the vehicle and made her way up to the front door, walking under the front portico. She wasn't

going to slip in the back door like usual. Why should she act like a second-class family member? She frowned when Jake fell into step at her side, but couldn't deny that she drew strength from him.

She rang the doorbell, and Juanita answered it. She swept a glance over them, and smiled, then noticed Cyn's pale face. "Oh my, what happened? It's true that the police were called to your cabin last night?"

"It's true," Jake said. "Who told you?"

"I heard Cordial and the girls talking. Pedro and I have been worried about you all day."

"I'm sorry," Cyn said, giving her a hug. "I should have realized that you'd fret, and given you a call when we left. Don't worry I'm fine. We stayed the night out by the lake, and just got back from visiting Dad. I need to see Cordial, is she in?"

"She's in the study."

"Excellent." Cyn walked inside. "This way," she told Jake, leading the way through the foyer, and down the hall to her father's study. "You think you can follow my lead this time?" she asked him, seeing his rueful smile.

"Have at it, sugar. I'm just here as muscle."

Hunky looking muscle she decided, gazing at his sexy body. There was a grimly determined look on his handsome face. The rogue wasn't likely to take a calm, reasonable, tone. "See that you do," she said in a low tone when they reached the open doorway to the wood paneled study. Jake's Scion headquarters would look right at home in here, she decided with a sigh and focused on Cordial, at the desk, wearing her reading glasses, pouring over some paper. Cyn tapped on the door.

"For the last time, no, you can't go to Europe for the gap season, Tiffany!" Cordial snapped, not bothering to look up.

"It's not Tiffany," Cyn said, watching Cordial freeze. "And for the record, I told her the same thing when she mentioned her hair-brained scheme."

Cordial opened the desk drawer and quickly slipped the document into it before she shot a worried look up at her. "What are you doing here? And why did you bring him?"

"I came for some answers to some difficult questions," Cyn said, noting her stepmother's guilty look. "And Jake's just here as backup."

"And muscle," Jake said with a pirate's grin. "Don't forget muscle."

"If you think you two can come in here and threaten me and my position you're dead wrong." She glared at the two of them.

"Is that the message you were trying to send when you trashed Cyn's clothes, and left your calling card behind last night?" Jake fixed her with a fierce stare.

Cordial bit her lip. "Calling card?"

"A knife."

"Oh god," Cordial said with a shocked gasp.

Cyn let out a relieved sigh. "You didn't do it."

"Of course I didn't do it. What do you take me for?"

"A cheat, and a fraud," Jake cut in.

"How dare you?" Her hands shook as she put them in her lap.

Cyn frowned at Jake, silently telling him to back off. "Hell of a job of letting me take charge, honey."

"I won't idly sit by and let that conniving bitch use you anymore."

Cyn couldn't tear her gaze off Jake's sincere one. That he was her champion filled her with joy. She turned to look at Cordial who was glowering at them. "Tell us about your deal with North Star Development," she demanded, and was shocked when Cordial's haughty expression fell.

Her head hanging low, Cordial sniffed back a tear, grumbling, "So he went ahead and ratted me out, damn it. I should have known not to trust him. After all who in their right mind trusts a blackmailer?"

"A blackmailer," Cyn repeated, shocked by the disclosure. It all made sense, her stepmother's sudden change. Cyn laid the land contract on the desk. "Did you sign this?"

"Yes, damn you, I had no choice. He threatened to muddy our good name, make sure the girls didn't make advantageous matches. I had to sign."

"It's okay." Cyn let out a sigh when Cordial burst into tears.

"No it's not," Jake cut in. "What about the threats you've been receiving."

"Threats?" Cordial looked up, blinking away tears.

"Poison pen letters, slashed clothes. Who's doing it?"

"Dwain of course, I'm sure of it even though he wouldn't admit it. She hurt his pride, you see." Cordial looked at Cyn. "I told you, I didn't want you hurt, tried to be nasty as I could to you to get you to leave. But you wouldn't, you're just as stubborn as your father, young lady."

Cyn's jaw dropped at the scolding tone, then watched as Cordial burst into noisy sobs.

"It stops as of now," Jake said grimly.

"But Dwain..."

"Isn't a problem anymore. He's skipped town with the cops tight on his heels. And this land contract you signed is worthless," he said, picking the document up and tearing it in half.

* * * *

The next day, Jake knew Cyn was pissed as she rushed the hands through breakfast. The disclosures of the last couple of days had taken their toll on her. She seemed determined to focus on ranch work, to avoid dwelling on her problems, and he admired her for that. The hands seeming to read her edgy mood, and ate up quick, before rushing out to work. Jake wasn't about to leave. He might have overplayed his hand, making an offer for the ranch, and coming down hard on Cordial, but damn it, he was trying to pro-

tect her. He wouldn't idly sit by and see her killing herself with work.

He leveled a look at her that made her fall silent. "I know you're mad at me for purchasing the ranch, not to mention grilling Cordial yesterday."

"It's not that," she sighed, "At least not mostly."

Had he read her wrong? "Then you're not upset that I'm buying the ranch."

"Actually, I'm glad that if my dad's determined to sell, it's going to good hands. Not Randal Industries who'd demolish it. You're not going to are you?"

"No, I'm not going to."

"And as for Cordial, I'm glad you were there for back up. Something's got to be done about her and the girls."

"Then you don't mind that I threatened her?"

She frowned at him. "Well, you were a little rough on her, but you did it for a good reason. Have the police got a line on Dwain Hawkins yet?"

"They're close. So what chores shall we do today?"

"I need to move the herd to the south pasture today, and mend some fences in the north pasture. But you don't have to stick around and help me. I know you've got work to do in town."

"I'll help you with your work this morning, and you can go in to the office with me this afternoon," Jake said, lifting her up and setting her on her feet. "I'll buy you a few new toys at *Branded*."

Cyn gazed at him bemused and flustered, she could hardly wait. His hands were warm, spanning her waist, and his expression determined and sexy. There'd be no gainsaying him and truthfully, she didn't want to. Spending time out on the land with him sounded like heaven. But they'd have to traverse the acreage on horseback. "Do you ride?" she asked, and blushed when he grinned. "Forget I asked."

Cindy Revisited

"Baby, I'm an expert rider," he said, pressing her against the cabinet, his cock nestling against her crotch. He nuzzled her nape asking. "Don't you think so?"

She moaned, arching against him. "Honey, you can ride me anytime."

* * * *

Up above, Agatha gasped, calling out, "Red alert ladies, he's back again."

"What a crumb," Imogene said, sniffing back a tear as she glared at Chance sneaking up the staircase. "We should drop a chandelier on him. A big one."

"I've got a better idea," Hilda said, clapping her hands. A phone suddenly popped into her hand. "We've got a job for you, Eros."

Agatha and Imogene shared a smile. "Excellent," they said in tandem.

An instant later, a short, bald, ageless man popped into the circle. He hoisted his bow and quiver of arrows higher on his shoulder and smiled. "You rang?"

"We sure did," Hilda said, batting her eyes.

He leered up at her. "I'm here to serve my sweet. What's the job?"

Agatha cleared her throat. "If you'd look down instead of flirting you'd know. Our fairy goddaughter is in danger."

They watched as Chance crept away from the house and went to get his rifle.

Chapter 17

Jake secured the next stretch of barbed wire, and glanced at Cyn to see how she was doing. Delayed maintenance nothing, the wires had been deliberately cut. It didn't take a genius to figure out why. Somebody wanted to force the sale, and figured losses might do the trick. He wondered if Cordial was in on this part of it. He still didn't buy her tearful repentance, probably never would.

Cyn's troubled gaze made his jaw tighten, as all his protective instincts came out. "Why don't you get us a cold drink? This is thirsty work."

She nodded, pulling off her thick gloves, and walking toward the lone tree where they'd left their horses. "I'll get the lemonade," she said, heading toward the animals and her pack.

"Sounds good." He wiped his brow. Setting down his hammer, he followed her into the open. A glint of light reflecting off metal was his only warning before a gunshot rang out, hitting the tree next to Cyn.

She gasped, "What the hell!"

Jake tackled her before whoever was gunning for her took another pot shot. He rolled, cushioning her fall, and then lay atop her, protecting her. "Shh," he hissed as another shot pinged out.

A sudden thunder of hooves made Jake smile. He locked gazes with Cyn. "The stampede gives us cover. Roll with me, now," Jake said, moving them behind the tree.

* * * *

Cindy Revisited

Up above, Eros notched two arrows into his bow, taking aim at Chance hiding in the grass with a rifle, and the racing herd. "This is a bit unorthodox, ladies, but it should work." He let the arrows fly, hitting Chance, who yelped and grabbed his butt, and the lead steer. The entire herd turned en masse and headed toward Chance, mooing. Chance let out a wail, jumping up, but they caught him, bringing him to ground as they licked him.

* * * *

"Well I'll be damned," Jake said, as the herd turned, converging on the sniper hiding in the tall grass. Chance jumped up with a panicked cry and tried to run. Jake's eyes narrowed when he put the pieces of the puzzle together, his concern that the North Star had a mole in the ranch confirmed.

Cindy sat up, her jaw dropping when she saw the cattle licking him and mooing. "My god, it was Chance! I can't believe it." Her eyes widened as she saw the cows form a tight circle around him, mooing and licking him like he was a salt lick, rubbing against him. He fell to the ground sobbing. "What's gotten into them? I've never seen them act like that before. It's like they love him."

Jake pulled out his cell phone, pushed the button for 911, and handed it off to Cyn. Her eyes were narrowed on Chance, but she was shaking. He stroked her face bringing her out of her shock. "Get the cops here, ask for Zane. I'll go take care of this bozo."

"Careful," she said, looking at the rifle on the ground.

Jake smiled at her. "I don't think he's much of a danger now." He stalked over to Chance, curled on the grass in a fetal position, covered in cow slobber, and picked up the rifle. He carried it back to Cyn. "If he makes a wrong move shoot him."

Chance tried to move, but the cattle wouldn't let him. Jake waded through them, and pulled the slippery bastard to his feet. "Who are you working for, asshole?" he growled as police cars pulled up the road. Chance sobbed, mumbling incoherently. Jake growled with frustration as the police arrived. He let go of Chance,

who crumpled to the ground, the cows mobbing him again. He took one look at Zane, striding his way behind the uniformed officers and relaxed his guard.

Zane swept a slow glance at Cyn holding the rifle, to Chance once again mobbed by the herd, and Jake. "What happened?"

Jake stepped aside to let the cattle do their worst. "He took some shots at us; the stampeding herd took him down."

"Jake was a hero." Cyn said.

"Doesn't surprise me one bit," Zane said with a nod, as the other officers went to extricate the prisoner from the herd. "Who's the sniper?"

"Chance somebody," Jake said.

"Chance McCall, he signed on a few months ago."

"That name doesn't ring any bells."

"He's new in the area, a friend of my stepmother's..."

"Ah," Zane said. "Any idea why he came gunning for you?"

"It could have something to do with the fact that my stepmother is being blackmailed by Dwain Hawkins."

"North Star Properties," Zane said grimly and turned to Jake. "You didn't tell me this."

"That's my fault," Cyn cut in, putting a hand on Jake's arm. "I asked him to hold off, thought we had things under control. I'm sorry."

Jake pulled her into his arms. "It's okay, sugar, you couldn't have known you had a sniper in your midst."

"I've always thought there was a spy. I just thought it was Cordial. But why?"

"Seems likely he's a confederate of Dwain Hawkins," Zane said. "Maybe he panicked because he was left holding the bag. Either way, I think we caught our Peeping Tom."

"Slimy bastard." Jake growled as the cops led a sobbing Chance away, the herd following them at close range, mooing.

"You'd better get him over the barbed wire fence, before you're mobbed guys," Zane said with a chuckle.

"What can I say? My livestock aren't usually this unruly," Cyn said with a smile. "He seems to be catnip for cows."

Jake held her tight. "I'm not letting you out of my sight."

"Sounds good to me, cowboy." Cyn leaned against him.

Zane cleared his throat. "Hate to interrupt folks, but we need to take this back to the ranch. You want to come with me and send someone back for your mounts?"

"Sounds good," Jake said, helping Cyn into the jeep.

Cyn tensed as they drove back to the ranch, and saw the shock on Pedro's face, as she got out of the unmarked police car. He took one look at her cut arm and turned to Jake.

"I thought you said you'd keep her safe. What happened out there, Hombre?"

"He did, Pedro," she said, touching Pedro's arm. "He saved me." She was aware of the other cowboys' troubled gazes. "Chance has been arrested. He tried to kill us."

"He took some pot shots at us from the tall grass," Jake cut in, looping an arm around Cyn's shoulder.

"Then he's the one who was sending you the messages?" Pedro muttered.

"Looks like it," Jake said.

"Damn, I knew that kid was wrong, he had a hell of a lot more money than he ought to. God damn it." Pedro took off his hat and slapped it on his leg. "I should' a fired that kid."

"Why didn't you?" Jake asked.

Pedro looked up at the house, "Personal reasons."

Cyn was apprehensive but knew it needed to be done. "Let's go talk," she said, heading for the poolside. They'd be out sunning themselves. Rounding the house, they found the girls lying on chaise lounges, sunning themselves. Cordial sat under an umbrella-

covered table, reading a book, a martini at her side. She looked up and did a double take when she saw Cyn's scraped arms.

"What happened?" she asked, making the girls look up.

"Your boyfriend tried to kill her," Jake said.

The glass slipped out of Cordial's fingers, smashing on the flagstone terrace. "What do you mean tried to kill her? You said Dwain was out of the picture. And I don't have a boyfriend. I'm a happily married woman."

"Could'a fooled me," Cyn grumbled. "You never go visit Dad in prison."

"That's because he asked me not to, he doesn't want me to see him there."

Cyn digested that news, startled, but could tell Cordial was sincere.

"Mom what's going on?" Brandy said, sitting up.

"CJ claims that Chance tried to kill her."

Brandy scoffed, "How ridiculous, he wouldn't do that, scare her maybe, but never kill her."

"What do you mean, scare her, young lady?" Cordial said.

How blind can you be mother?" Tiffany snapped, sitting bolt upright. "She's his lover. They've been carrying on behind your back for weeks. Why do you think she wanted you to hire him?"

Brandy rounded on her with a glare. "Shut your freaking mouth, Tiff, or I'll shut it for you!"

"Ohh, I'm scared," Tiffany mocked her, "He's been with me on the side, too."

"Liar," Brandy said, shoving her into the pool.

Tiffany surfaced sputtering. "Slut."

"Silence," Cordial shouted, rising to her feet. Both girls stared at her in shock, mouths agape.

"The police have taken Chance into custody, for attempted murder. And he's singing like a bird. He was using you two twits, pumping you for information. The police will want to question

you,” Jake said, giving the girls a frown that made them fall silent. It seems he was working for Dwain Hawkins and got nervous when Hawkins skipped town. He decided to take us out, and run.”

“Mommy, this can’t be true,” Brandy wailed.

Tiffany pouted, “He loved me.”

“It’s true,” Cordial snapped. “He was the one who’d pass me the letters to post. But if I’d had any idea he was sleeping with you two, I’d have killed him.”

“What letters?” Brandy asked.

“So it was you?” Cyn said, with a gasp.

“Who else would have easy access to the mailbox?”

“Then you’re the one who scrawled messages on the back of some of them.”

Cordial shrugged, looking down. “I didn’t want you hurt. Please believe me I had no choice but to cooperate. Otherwise he’d have...”

“What’s going on mother?” Tiffany asked.

“I was being blackmailed.”

“But...”

“Dwain Hawkins found out that I had a child out of wedlock. My son was born premature, and died. My parents kept it quiet, told everyone I was off to a finishing school. I never told a soul, not even Carl, but somehow Hawkins dug it up, and he’s been holding it over me ever since. He wanted a million dollars. I don’t have anywhere near that kind of money. He knew it too and said he’d make a deal. If I persuaded my friends that it was a good idea to sell, gave him the ranch, and you too, CJ, we’d be even. He was obsessed with you. I’ve been going crazy.”

“I’ll want to talk to you about that,” Zane said, walking up to them. Our search of Chance’s personal affects bore fruit. Chance McCall is an alias; he’s a grifter from way back. Worked these scams with Dwain Hawkins for years, usually as the face man, charming the ladies out of their pants for his boss.” He scowled

when Brandy and Tiffany broke into tears. "I need to take you three downtown for questioning. Get dressed."

"But mother," the girls wailed, shooting pleading glances at Cordial.

"Do it," Cordial snapped at them, making Brandy get out of the pool. Both girls wrapped towels around themselves, trembling.

Cordial stood, her shoulders sagging. "I'm actually glad that it's over, and I've come clean. You'd better believe my daughters will be cooperative, or they'll find themselves joining their lover behind bars," Cordial said, in a firm tone that made the girls sit up straight. "They're going to forget all this boy crazy foolishness, and go back to school this fall, or I'll see they're disinherited." She glanced at Jake. "My husband says that you're going to buy the ranch from him, so that we can get away from here. Is it true?"

Jake nodded. "It's true, Mrs. Taylor. You have my word on it."

"And CJ?" Cordial asked, her concerned gaze going to Cyn.

"Don't worry. I'm going to take care of her," Jake said, putting his arm around Cyn's shoulders.

Stunned, and equally relieved that it was over, Cyn stood in his embrace feeling strangely disconnected. Shock, she supposed. Cordial had tried to save her; she could hardly wrap her mind around it. All Cordial's sniping, her efforts to get her to leave all took on new meaning now. She might have all the tact of a bulldozer but she'd mostly meant well. It was a lot to assimilate. "I'm going to be fine," Cyn rushed to reassure her, hoping they could find a way to mend fences. It would be important for her father if they did. "The ranch is going into good hands. Jake will be a good caretaker for the land, and won't let Randal Industries destroy it."

"Good."

Chapter 18

Cyn went back into her cabin that night, alone with Jake, relieved that the worst was behind her. Now she could concentrate on the rest of her life. Now she could concentrate on Jake, and how sexy he made her feel. He walked up behind her after bolting the door, his hand tightening possessively on her shoulders, as he pressed hard and needy against her ass. Her whole body heated, melting into him, and she moaned. God, she needed him, didn't even want to think about the end of the summer, the possible end of their affair. Jake's magic touch was the key to her sexuality. When he was pressed against her like this, she knew she'd never want to stop.

Smiling against her skin, he pressed kisses down her neck. "You are so good for me, sugar," he said, his erection pressing against her.

She laughed, groaning as he reached around her to cup her breasts, his hands holding her sensitive breasts, squeezing slightly.

"This ranch wouldn't be the same without you. You've got to stay." Unzipping her dress, he peeled it off her in one smooth move.

Sighing, she knew it was almost what she wanted to hear. "Let's talk about this later and let our bodies do the communicating now." She gasped as he tweaked her nipples through her bra.

"You are so right, sugar," he said, unhooking her bra. He lowered her panties, asking, "Is it lubed for me, sugar?"

A little fission of excitement and alarm zinged through her as he touched her, cupping the globes of her bottom, rubbing the flesh in between. Her knees wobbled with delight. So far, he'd been nothing but a tease when it came to anal sex. "You know it is," she said with a pout. If only he'd stop teasing her about taking her ass. She had kept up her lube and butt plugs all along, aching for his possession there.

"Step out of the panties, and bend over the back of the sofa, sugar," he said with a growl.

Blushing, she did as he said, kicking off her undies, and walking over to the couch. She bent over the padded back, with a gasp. "Are you actually going to claim me?" she asked. "So far you've been nothing but a tease."

He let out a rueful chuckle. "I think it's been the other way around, sugar, and you know it. You make me crazy for you, and for this tight little ass." He teased the lubed opening with a swirl of his fingertip. "I burn to open it with my cock."

She moaned, her ass quivering, her sex pulsing, but he pulled his hand away. Then she saw him pick up the paddle and moaned. He was going to drive her insane with need. He gave her left cheek a rapid smack, and she gasped, stifling her cry against her palm.

"Ass higher," he said.

Cyn arched her bottom out, groaning when the paddle came down on her right cheek, gasping as heat flooded her sex. Her ass throbbing, she bit back a moan, trembling as he played the paddle up and down her hot bottom. Spasming, her sex creamed, misting her inner thighs with her juices. She arched her hips out, trying to be good, leaning into the strokes.

"You're mine," he said with a final smack.

"I'm yours," she sighed. She'd trust him completely. He was her future. When he dropped the paddle, and stepped behind her, unzipping his pants, his stiff cock touching her ass, she gasped with delight.

He nibbled her ear. "God, you're hot, woman, and you're driving me crazy."

She laughed, amused, and bedazzled. "I think I've cornered the market on crazy. Who just got paddled?"

He rocked his cock against her. "I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"No." She insisted, tugging him down again. "I don't think you'd ever hurt me, I trust you completely."

He chuckled. "That's good to hear. We'll have to go paddle shopping, and pick out an assortment."

She laughed at the threat. "That's right, tie me up and spank me, that's the key to my heart," she said with a hiss, as his cock touched her ass.

"But first I've got something to give you, if you want it," he teased, his stiff cock pressed against her quivering anus.

Cyn moaned, praying he wasn't toying with her, and pressed back against his teasing cock, so close, but not taking her. "Ah, yes. You know I want it," she said with a needy groan, as the broad head of his cock eased just inside her ass. She cried out, clinging to him, realizing how big he was. She gasped, adjusting, only wanting him more. Jake held still for a moment, throbbing inside her, stretching her open, as he bent to kiss her nape. Leaning over her back, surrounding her with his heat, his muscular body cradled hers, while her ass rippled on the head of his cock.

"Are you ready for this step, sugar?" he asked, poised to take her, his body tight and tense.

"Oh yes," she said, arching her back, pressing against him. She gasped, the breath leaving her as he pressed inside, his cock parting her, until he was buried to the hilt inside her. Cyn moaned helplessly, as her ass rippled, milking his cock at the same time that her pussy quivered.

Jake groaned, lying still inside her. "Easy sugar, just relax and let me love you."

Cindy Revisited

Cyn let out a breath relaxing at his tone as he slowly pulled back and surged back inside her. She gasped, stretched, and was turned on beyond belief.

He rested, kissing her nape. "Is this what you crave, Cyn, this bad boy inside your tight little ass?"

"You know it is," she hissed, arching back to meet his thrusts, gasping as her pussy and ass both clamped down, tugging at him.

"Slowly love," he said, pulling out to slip back inside.

Moaning, heat surged through her when he did it again, building a driving rhythm that made her cry out. She rocked back against him, his balls slapping into her as he took her harder. He reached down to touch her clit, and she came with a shriek, milking at him.

"That's it, come for me," he demanded, deepening the thrusts.

And she did again, climaxing, her spasms clamping onto him, as he came with a groan, deep and hard inside her.

* * * *

A few days later, Cyn was working on a commissioned painting in her mini studio area in the cabin. Since the showdown with Cordial and the girls, they'd lived under a quiet truce, and to her pleasure, Jake had stayed with her. They hadn't yet had that talk, but she was hopeful. She glanced at him with an appreciative smile. He was her prince charming. "I'd like to paint you sometime."

He grinned and sauntered up to her. "I'll pose for you anytime."

"Nude?" she asked, with a grin.

"Any way you want me, sugar."

She sighed with pleasure when Jake stepped up behind her to nuzzle her nape and wrap his arms around her. "I'm so glad that they've got Chance charged."

"Me too," he said, his hands slipping up under her blouse to cup her breasts. "Why don't you take a break, and we can..."

"I've got to finish this, honey. Your mom was nice enough to get me the private commission and a showing in Chicago. I can't let

her down.” The brush shook in her hand as he pinched her nipples with his sexually talented fingers, and she moaned. She could never get enough of him. “Oh what the hell...”

Jake’s cell phone rang. “Hold that thought, sugar,” he said, answering it. “What’s up, Zane? Have you got a cold or something, you sound kind of hoarse?”

He cleared his throat. “Nah, too much tequila last night. We found more improprieties at Randal Industries. We need you down here pronto. That Hawkins guy was a real bad ass.”

Jake looked at Cyn and sighed. “That’s a matter of opinion—a pain in the ass for sure. Can’t it wait until later? I’m kind of busy...”

“Sorry,” he said. “This is urgent.”

“Hold on a second,” Jake said, putting his hand over the receiver. He gazed at Cyn, sexy as hell in shorts and a tank top, a fetching smudge of pink paint on her pretty nose, and fell in love with her all over again. It happened at least five times a day. Even though the thugs had been dealt with, he still felt edgy. “I don’t like leaving you alone.”

“But you’re a smart guy,” she said with a twinkle in her eye, adding, “and you’ve learned to trust me to take care of myself. Go.” Cyn rose up on her tiptoes to give Jake a quick kiss. “I’ll be here when you get back, and we can play then. I’ve got lots of painting to do.”

Jake frowned, hesitating. “Are you sure?”

“I’m positive. Dwain is gone, Chance is behind bars, and the girls are leaving me alone. Go, so I can get some work done.”

“Fine, I’ll be back in an hour. Then I’m taking you out to dinner, we’ve got lots to talk about.” He walked away, putting the phone back up to his lips. “I’m on my way.”

Cyn went back to her painting, troubled. What was there to talk about? He was buying the ranch. She was going back to her

studio in Taos, end of story. Maybe they could keep a long distance relationship, see each other on weekends.

She set down her brush, and reached for her pallet knife, when a footstep alerted her that she wasn't alone. Had Jake come back for something? The prickly feeling at her back made her shiver, the hair standing up on the back of her neck. Whoever it was, he was staring at her; the sensation was palpable, hostile. Gripping the pallet knife tighter, she spun around, looking toward the sound in her cluttered studio. Dwain Hawkins stood there, alive and breathing, the clothes hanging on his gaunt frame, a gun in his hand.

"Hello, Cynthia Jane, or should I call you sexy Sin?" he said with a tight smile. "I bet you didn't expect me to come back for you."

His singsong voice gave her the creeps. "You really aren't stupid enough to think you can get away with this," she spat out, having nothing else to lose. Last time he'd let her get close enough to flip him. This time he'd probably be more cautious.

He glared. "Don't call me stupid, you moron. Your pathetic pretty boy is the dumb one, letting me lure him away like that."

"Then Zane didn't call?"

"Of course not, it's an electronic thing," he said with a smirk, adding in a superior tone, "Don't rack your weak brain trying to understand, woman."

"And now what?" she demanded, inching closer. "You're going to kill me and run away?"

"Of course not, I want a hell of a lot more than that. I'm going to turn you into my very own sex slave. I'll make Jake Randal pay dearly for exposing me. And I get to have you groveling at my feet at the same time. I can hardly wait."

She glared at him, her skin crawling. "I won't let you touch me."

He laughed. "From what I've seen, Cynthia Jane, you'll let anybody touch you. I've got video proof, in fact. I'll be able to school a bad girl like you to my cock in no time."

"Think again, jerk."

"This is going to be fun," he said with a smirk. "Payback is sweet."

Cyn got close enough to see the spittle at the corners of his mouth, the cold, insane glint in his pale blue eyes. "Payback you say. What did I ever do to you?" He glared at her, and she gulped. "Oops, forget I asked that."

"It wasn't your lame physical attack. Stupid women like you are a dime a dozen. It's rich boy. He smashed my scheme," Dwain said with a growl. "He can't be allowed to get away with it, can't possibly compete with a genius like me."

"Wow, that's quite a plan," she said, trying to humor him, trying to buy time.

He smiled down at her. "I'm glad you realize that. Maybe you're smarter than you look, and I won't have to hurt you so bad."

Jake was cruising down the highway when his cell phone rang. "I'm almost there," he said, seeing Zane's caller ID.

"Almost where?" Zane asked.

"To the station, you called me."

"I didn't call you."

"Crap!" Jake said, doing a 360 turn on his Harley. "Send a patrol car to the ranch. I've just been lured away."

* * * *

Up above, Agatha put down her teacup and scowled. "Red alert ladies," she shouted.

"Oh my stars, this is it," Imogene said.

Hilda scowled. "What a rat."

"This calls for strong medicine, girls. Let's deploy the troops."

Cindy Revisited

They disintegrated like falling stars, setting down like snowflakes outside the cabin.

Agatha looked at the assembled group. "All molecules here, good."

"Imogene, go speed our hero along, or he won't get here in time."

"Right boss," Imogene said, dematerializing.

"Hilda, go get the goats," Agatha turned to say.

"Will do, Aggie," Hilda said, vanishing into thin air.

"I'm going in," Agatha said, rematerializing inside. Standing at Cyn's elbow, she knew her fairy goddaughter could feel her, even if she couldn't see her. The fool with the gun was too far-gone to even sense her presence. She waved her magic wand and he gulped, easing back a half step. Agatha grinned, and then whispered, "Be strong Cyn, we're working on your rescue."

Cyn stood a little taller, her chin rising as she glared at him.

Speeding toward the ranch, Jake was praying for greater octane, when suddenly a tailwind caught him, hurtling him so fast the trees were only a blur. He squinted his eyes, lowered his head, and gave it all he had.

* * * *

The familiar sound of hooves rushing through her lobby, made Cyn smile. Dwain didn't know what was coming. She turned to see her wooly rescuers sprint into the room, like some invisible force was chasing them.

"What the hell!" Dwain yelled, as the pygmy goats rushed past him. He leveled his gun on them.

That was the last straw. "Don't you dare touch my babies," Cyn shouted, as she lunged at him.

He let out a shriek, tumbling backwards over Curly, the gun going off.

Jake ran into the cabin, his heart in his throat when he heard the gunshot. He took one look at Cyn glaring down at Hawkins, knife in hand, while he sobbed as goats mobbed him, and smiled.

Cindy Revisited

Hawkins saw him, and rolled, scrambling for his gun. Jake went in low and fast, taking him out with a vicious blow. When the man fell unconscious to the floor, Jake pocketed his gun, and went to Cyn. She was standing there looking at him like he was a hero or something.

“My knight in shining armor,” she said.

He pulled her into his arms, needing to reassure himself that she was in one piece. “Never scare me like that again, Cyn. I couldn’t bear to lose you. I love you.”

She smiled, reaching up on tiptoes to kiss him, murmuring, “I love you too, Jake.”

“Then you’ll stay here, and marry me,” he pulled back to say. “I brought the ranch for us to share.”

“Of course I will, Jake. I thought you’d never ask.”

* * * *

Behind them, the fairies gathered, beaming. “Now that’s what I call some fierce fairy action,” Hilda said.

“It’s so romantic,” Imogene said with a sniff.

“All in a days work, ladies. All in a days work,” Agatha added gently, “In Philadelphia there’s a six year old renting Cinderella.”

* * * *

Cyn opened her eyes and saw her fairy godmothers standing behind Jake. She smiled at them, dazzled when they waved goodbye and vanished. They were real; she’d known it all along.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

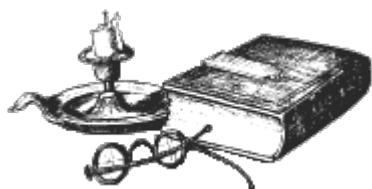
Honey Jans lives in a small Midwestern town with her husband and true inspiration. She is a born romantic with an extraordinarily vivid yet kinky imagination.

In February 2005, Honey was overjoyed when *The Gift* became a #1 best seller at Whiskey Creek Press Torrid. Then in July, the list went up and *April Love* was at the top, *The Commander's Club* climbed the charts and hit #1 in September, and again in December, Honey was positively delighted. *The Gift* was a finalist in the 2006 EPPIE Awards Contest. Honey recently signed with literary agent Roberta Brown from Brown Literary Agency, and she couldn't be happier.

In her spare time, Honey enjoys lounging under a shade tree and sipping a cool drink while reading a good book. Her talents and interest are not limited to romance, erotica or printed words. Honey is also an artist, with an amazing talent that she inherited from her mother. She lives life to the fullest traveling whenever she can, frequently taking tropical vacations and Caribbean cruises with her husband.

Honey hopes her erotic tales add spice and reading pleasure to your life. She loves to hear from her readers and tries to answer all quires. If you'd like to contact her, you can eMail Honey or join her newsgroup. She is a member of Romance Writers of America, WisRWA, Outreach, Passionate Inc. and EPIC.

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