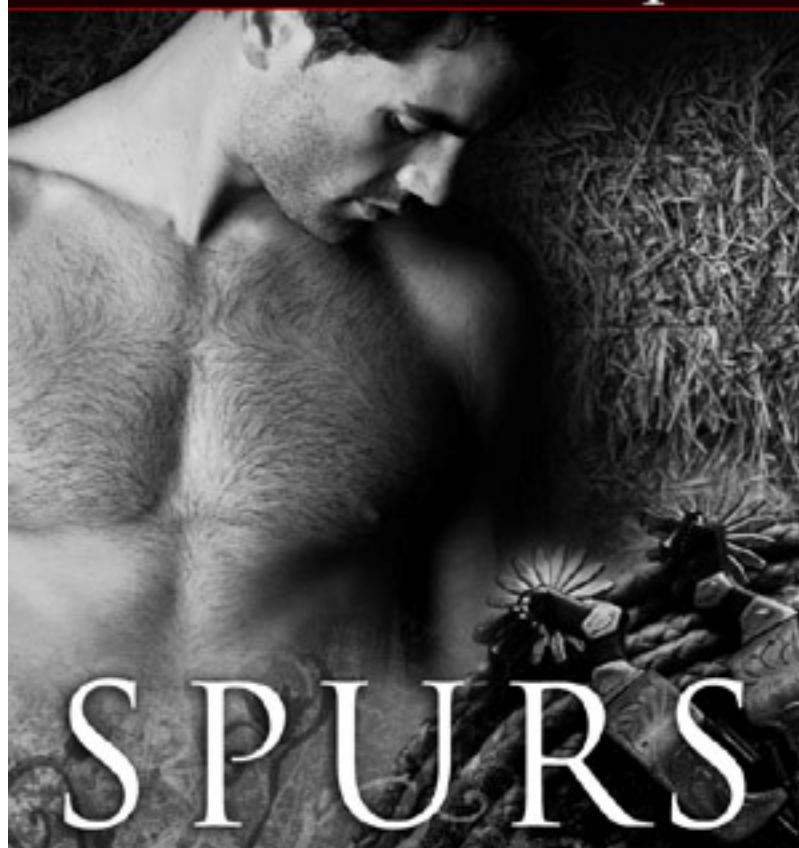


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# WICKED

Lolita Lopez



Spurs by Lolita Lopez

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*Spurs*

*By*

*Lolita Lopez*

## Spurs by Lolita Lopez

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### **Spurs**

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## Chapter One

Daphne's tummy quivered at the metallic jangle of spurs and heavy boots on the wooden floorboards. For the rest of her life, that sound would conjure up only one image: Cord Burnett, the sexiest, most drop dead gorgeous cowboy she'd ever seen. Growing up in Texas, Daphne had seen her fair share of cattlemen but none of them had ever compared to Cord. From the moment she'd first clapped eyes on him, she'd known he was the man for her.

Unfortunately, Cord didn't seem to share her sentiment.

Daphne tried not to dwell on that miserable fact as he drew near. Instead, she settled deeper into the corner of the comfy sofa and pretended to be engrossed in the article on super-massive black holes in her scientific journal. His footsteps came closer, his jingling spurs surprisingly noisy in the empty ranch house, and Daphne's entire body flared with awareness. He was so close his body heat penetrated her arm and the side of her face. He moved to stand in front of the couch, and his smell filled her nose. Leather. Sweat. Horses.

If only she could bottle that delicious scent and keep it for the lonely nights she'd face once she embarked on her graduate studies.

"Where is everybody?" he asked. His gruff voice shook her to the core.

She looked up slowly, savoring every second of raking her eyes over his dusty, muscular form. Those piercing blue eyes made her shiver. His square jaw, with its five o'clock shadow, lent him a roguish look. The

Stetson sitting atop his head hid most of his prematurely gray hair. She couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to be wrapped in those big, strong arms.

Shaking off her momentary enthrallment, Daphne met his gaze. "Kate and Derek decided to drive into Austin for the weekend. They won't be back until Sunday afternoon."

Cord's jaw ticked.

He'd done his best to avoid her during her two week visit to his ranch. Daphne had never imagined his dislike of her ran so deep he would be upset with Kate, his own niece, for leaving her behind for a few days. The knowledge that he couldn't stand to be alone with her stung her painfully.

She looked away, not wanting him to see the hurt in her eyes. "I made dinner, but don't feel obligated to try it." She tried to make light of the situation with an impish smile. "I'm not known for my cooking skills."

"I'm sure it's just fine." Cord's expression softened. He gestured to his filthy clothing. "I need a shower first. Half an hour okay?"

"Sure." Her gaze drifted to his backside as he walked away. She'd never seen such a perfect ass. The denim stretched taut across his butt only exaggerated its perfection. It was all she could do some days not to reach out and swat it. What would Cord do if she did? She doubted he'd be impressed.

Daphne dropped the magazine onto her lap, leaned her head back against the sofa cushion, and then buried her face in her hands. What was supposed to be three weeks of uninterrupted vacation in the gorgeous Hill Country of Texas, during which she was completely disconnected from the real world, was turning into a nightmare. Kate had been so excited to bring Daphne and Derek out to the sprawling ranch where she'd spent her childhood.

For Derek, it was a chance to experience the life Kate, his soon-to-be wife, had lived for years. Like Daphne, his sister, Derek had led a rather cushy life in Houston. They'd attended the best schools, with Daphne going to boarding school abroad. Both had graduated from top notch universities. Derek now worked with their father and was being groomed

to take over the family business. Marrying Kate in the spring was just the next step on the path their parents had laid out for him almost as soon as he was conceived.

Daphne, on the other hand, had jumped at the chance to escape her mother's never-ending parade of eligible Ivy League graduates. She was about to start studying for her PhD, for goodness sake. Bagging a blue-blooded husband with high earning potential and the "right" connections was the last thing on her mind. She needed space and time to decompress after four years of studying astrophysics at Caltech, and this ranch located in the middle of nowhere had seemed the perfect choice.

Until she'd met Cord and all her plans were shot to hell.

Falling in lust with her best friend's uncle had to be the worst thing she'd ever done. Not that she had any control over it, of course. It had simply happened. She'd taken just one look at that rough, raw man, and she was gone. She smiled wryly at the irony of her situation. Generally she had to beat men off with a stick, but the only man she'd ever truly craved wanted nothing to do with her.

\* \* \* \* \*

Cord cursed his rotten luck as he stood beneath his shower head's pounding spray. Of all the times for Kate to run off with her fiancé for a weekend in Austin. Being alone with Daphne was going to kill him.

For the last twelve days, he'd walked around with a permanent hard-on. The second Daphne Vasquez had stepped out of her brother's SUV that hot Saturday afternoon, he hadn't been able to get her out of his mind. A stiff breeze had kicked up her blue skirt and bared a tantalizing glimpse of thigh and baby blue panties. He'd tried to do the decent thing and look away, but it had proven impossible. As she'd walked toward the house, he'd prayed for another gust of wind, for another peek of those simple cotton underpants—and he'd felt like a huge pervert.

Daphne was way out of his league. She had hair as black as coffee, silky skin the color of caramel, eyes as green as spring grass. And those curves! Daphne was obviously a girl who enjoyed a good meal and

understood men wanted their women soft and round and full. She was brilliant, beautiful, disgustingly rich, and young—twenty-two to his thirty-four. Too young for a rough old bastard like himself.

But even knowing all that, Cord couldn't stop the fantasies. He hadn't been prone to wet dreams in ages but having Daphne sleeping just a few doors down had driven him to the point of insanity. He'd done an alarming amount of laundry over the last few days. No matter how hard he tried not to think of her, his cock overrode his wishes.

Even now he ached for her. Desperate for relief, he stroked the rigid length of his soapy cock. He fisted the head and fondled his sac. If he closed his eyes and concentrated, Cord could practically taste her. He yearned to bury his face in her sweet pussy. He could hear her shrieking his name as she came against his lips. He wanted to lap at her cunt, to swallow every last drop of honey leaking from her core. Then he'd shove his fat cock inside that tight pussy. He'd give her the ride of a lifetime, pound her right into the mattress until she begged for mercy.

With a groan, Cord came all over his hand. He leaned against the tile and caught his breath. He'd taken off the edge. Hopefully it would be enough to tide him over through dinner and the rest of the evening without Kate and Derek as a buffer.

But Daphne was just so goddamn gorgeous and alluring, he decided it was probably futile. It killed him to be rude to her, but avoiding her and acting as if he couldn't stand her was the only way he could maintain his sanity.

He couldn't have her, not in this lifetime. She was the kind of girl meant for a specific kind of man, a CEO with piles of cash or a genius scientist, definitely not some rough and tumble rancher with a bachelor's degree from a state university. He couldn't compare to the men who moved in her privileged circles. To entertain any hope outside the realm of reality was silly.

He'd steel his jaw and get through the weekend. If being near her proved too tempting, he'd drive into town and visit one of his standbys. He knew a handful of women willing to let him spend the night. Or he could always stop by the Rocking R for a drink. Meeting a woman there

wouldn't be difficult. Maybe that was exactly what he needed. A wild night with some nameless woman to clear his head. Daphne wasn't the only sexy woman in existence. He'd done just fine without her all these years.

His fixation with her was just a passing infatuation.  
Wasn't it?

\* \* \* \* \*

Daphne held her breath as Cord took the first tentative bite of the pasta dish she'd prepared. She hadn't been joking about her cooking skills. She'd grown up in a fully staffed household and attended boarding schools. Learning to whip up a home cooked meal hadn't even crossed her mind until her first semester at Caltech. Thankfully Kate had taken Daphne under her wing and taught her some of the more important skills she'd missed developing. They'd actually become friends over their shared microwave and contraband hot plate.

"It's good," Cord declared, his voice carrying a hint of surprise.

Daphne smiled, her tummy trembling happily at his compliment.  
"Thanks."

They sat at opposite ends of the dining table. Despite the distance between them, Daphne could smell the brisk cedar scent that always seemed to cling to him. She yearned to bury her nose against his neck and inhale the smell deep into her lungs. Would it send her over the edge? Probably, she acknowledged, squeezing her thighs together. Her sex pulsed at the vision of being so close to him, of pressing her breasts against him and licking the curve of his throat.

"Are you planning to hang around the ranch all weekend?"

She paused with her fork halfway to her mouth. The brief swell of happiness she'd experienced at his compliment collapsed. It was obvious he wanted her out of his hair. Swallowing hard, she lowered her fork.

"Kate left me the keys to her car. I'll leave in the morning. I'm sure I can find a room at a B&B in town or something."

Cord leaned forward in his chair. "I didn't mean—I just thought—"



"Don't worry about it." Daphne waved her hand dismissively. She plastered a smile on her face. "You've been really patient hosting Derek and me for the last two weeks. I'm sure you're used to privacy. I'll make myself scarce this evening."

No longer hungry, she gathered up her plate and glass and stood. She paused in the doorway to the kitchen. "There are brownies on the counter and ice cream in the freezer, if you want dessert."

Her eyes prickled with heat as she cleaned off her plate and stowed it in the dishwasher. She had to get away from Cord. Embarrassment burned her face. She'd been so stupid to think cooking the man dinner and engaging him in conversation might lead to something else. God, he couldn't even be bothered to pretend he enjoyed her company. Where had he learned his hosting skills?

Practically suffocating with humiliation and crushed dreams, Daphne walked out the back door still clutching her glass of iced tea. She skipped down the steps of the porch and walked aimlessly across the lawn. She skirted the edge of a small pond and found an inviting patch of grass beneath a shady tree.

She plopped down and rearranged the long skirt of her burgundy maxi-dress. The Indian-inspired print was among her favorites. She leaned back against the trunk and closed her eyes. Sitting alone and feeling foolish wasn't exactly how she'd imagined spending her Friday night. She'd had something a little spicier in mind. She'd just have to content herself with a fantasy and a little personal attention later in the shower.

Never one to waste time, she pulled her cell phone from the hidden pocket of her skirt and used the touch screen to surf the Internet for bed and breakfast listings. As she looked at the available rooms in the touristy center of Fredericksburg, Daphne noticed storm clouds building in the distance. Lately thunderstorms had exploded in the evenings due to the extreme daytime heating. Cord had been worried about lightning and the dry grass stretching as far as the eye could see. Drought conditions had yet to ease in the area. Daphne didn't know much about ranching, but she knew a grass fire was a terrible, threatening event.

The wind kicked up and a heavy gust slammed against her. The scent of rain hung ripe in the air. Daphne cast a wary glance at the darkening skyline. Deep gray clouds blocked the setting sun. The temperature shifted against her bare skin. The sky would soon open up and drench the parched ground.

"You'd best get in the house." Cord's voice startled her.

She whipped her head in his direction, shocked to see him standing just a few feet away from her. How the hell had he sneaked up on her like that?

"I'm perfectly capable of deciding when to seek shelter," Daphne said, a bit more defensively than necessary. "I'm not a child."

"No, you're not. All the same—" Cord fixed her with a long, hard look, and tilted his head. "I'd rather you not get zapped by lightning. Your parents wouldn't take kindly to that."

"They're not the suing type."

Cord snorted with obvious amusement. "I'm sure my tiny slice of land wouldn't make much of an impression on them. Hardly worth the lawyer's fees."

"Probably not," she replied in a catty tone.

Surprisingly, Cord laughed. "At least you're honest."

A bit embarrassed by her cheeky reply, she glanced away quickly. "I'm told it's a rather unfortunate attribute."

"I wouldn't agree with that."

At the softness in his voice, Daphne gazed up at him. Something flashed in his eyes, something so primal and real she shuddered under its power.

Cord took a step closer. "Are you cold?"

Daphne shook her head and slipped her phone back into her pocket. Before she could stand, Cord offered her his hands. She stared at them a moment, not trusting herself to let go when the time came. His warm, dry fingers wrapped around hers. Rather gently, Cord pulled her to her feet.

The bottom dropped from her stomach as she came into brief contact with his chest. Cord stepped back immediately and let go. He

seemed to be fighting a battle within his mind.

Daphne started to speak, but the oddest sensation overcame her. The hairs on her arms and the back of her neck rose suddenly. The very air she breathed seemed electrified. A split-second later, a bolt of lightning struck nearby—too close for comfort—and rattled the ground beneath her feet. Screaming, Daphne flung her hands over her head.

Cord's strong arms wrapped around her shoulders and slipped under her knees. In one swift movement, he lifted her off the ground and hustled her back to the porch lining the rear of the house. She clung to him like a terrified child. Thunder rumbled around them, threatening to shatter her ear drums. Fat raindrops gushed from the saturated clouds and soaked their clothing.

When they reached the safety of the covered porch, Cord carefully set her down. He gently pulled her arms from around his neck and swept a searching gaze over her body. "Are you all right?"

With a gulp, she nodded. Her limbs shook wildly and her teeth chattered. "I can't stop shaking."

Cord gathered her close, his heat and strength soothing her overexcited nerves. He tenderly touched her face, grazing her cheek with his thumb. Daphne lowered her eyelids at the sensation of his callused hand on her face. She'd imagined this moment so many times. Fantasy didn't come close to the real thing.

A tiny whimper escaped her throat when Cord's lips finally brushed hers. She fisted the damp fabric of his shirt and lifted herself on tiptoes to encourage his kiss. She wanted him to kiss her, to *really* kiss her. He didn't disappoint. Like a seasoned lover, Cord kissed her so deeply her knees threatened to buckle. His tongue darted between her lips and flicked against hers. Daphne opened her mouth wide and surrendered completely to his passionate kiss.

Cord broke away and stepped back. His shoulders lifted and fell, and he breathed heavily. He ran a hand through his now wet hair. "I shouldn't have done that. I'm sorry."

Fire coursed through her veins. She didn't know whether to scream or faint. "What?"

"You and me." He gestured between them. "This. It can't happen."

She was at a loss to understand what was happening. "Why not?"

"You're not the woman for me, Daphne. I can't offer you anything more than this." He spread his arms wide and indicated his ranch.

Regret tinged his voice. She suddenly realized why he'd been so aloof. Not wanting to lose this chance, Daphne reached out and cupped his cheek. His stubble rasped her palm. "Maybe I don't want anything more than this."

Cord went rigid. He stared at her intently, his gaze searing her skin. Finally he spoke. "Daphne, you're not the kind of girl I could love and leave. You'd better be damned sure you want me because once you're in my bed and in my arms, I'm not letting you go."

Daphne couldn't breathe. Hot and cold torrents rippled through her body. He wanted her just as much as she wanted him. Vaguely Daphne understood this was one of those once-in-a-lifetime moments. If she didn't act now, she'd lose him forever.

Boldly, Daphne wound her arms around his waist and pressed her lips to his. "Take me to bed, Cord."

## Chapter Two

Cord's resolve crumbled. Unable to deny the attraction between them a moment longer, he growled and lifted Daphne in his arms. She wasn't the type of girl to toy with him. She wanted exactly what he did—something more than a one night stand.

He carried her into the house and kicked the door shut behind him. His lips crashed down upon hers as he carted her through the dark house. She tasted of sugary iced tea. He couldn't get enough. He was dizzy with need.

Flashes of lightning lit up the house. The relaxing patter of raindrops against the tin roof created the perfect soundtrack. He gently placed her on his bed and crawled over her, his knees on either side of her waist. Pinned to the mattress, Daphne stared up at him with those bright, wide eyes. Her pink tongue stole out and licked her lower lip. An image of that pink tongue on the head of his cock rocked Cord's mind.

Ravenous for her, he bent low and captured her mouth again. Her skin was silky and soft. He nuzzled her neck and nipped at her throat. She mewled like a kitten and arched beneath him. Her fingers fumbled with the buttons lining the front of his shirt. Between his sensual kisses, she managed to work her way through the buttons and push the shirt off his shoulders.

Cord moved away just long enough to remove it and toe off his boots and socks. He returned to Daphne.

"You're so soft, sugar." Cord's hands roamed her body. He needed

to get her naked as quickly as possible. He sat up, hauled her off the bed, and settled her across his lap. She straddled him, her ripe breasts jutting against his face. Her pebbled nipples poked through the thin cotton. He grasped handfuls of her dress and tugged hard. She lifted her arms as he swept the garment over her head and tossed it aside.

For a long moment, he simply stared in awe at her nubile form. She had the perkier tits he'd ever seen. Her nipples were a dusky brown, and stiff. His hands drifted over the curves of her waist and full hips. A pair of hot pink hipster panties rode low on her tummy. Sparkling diamonds dripped from her navel. He playfully flicked the piercing, wondering all the while how many thousands of dollars worth of diamonds she wore so casually every day.

Daphne took his hand and brought it to her breast. She sighed as he palmed it and tweaked her nipple. Immediately he latched on to the enticing peak, drawing it between his lips and rolling his tongue over it. Daphne's fingers were in his hair, her head thrown back as she cried out at his suckling.

He wanted to hear her scream, wanted her shouts to ricochet off the walls of his bedroom. He moved swiftly and pressed her back onto the mattress. Taking his sweet time, Cord explored every inch of her delectable body, licking and kissing and nibbling until she trembled. Then he slid to his knees and pulled her toward the edge of the bed. He slowly parted her thighs and ran an appreciative hand along her mound. The crotch of her panties was soaked and clung to her plump pussy lips. His mouth watered for a taste of her.

He whisked off her panties and threw them aside, then peppered noisy kisses along her inner thighs. She quivered with anticipation, her legs shaking beneath his lips. The tantalizing scent of her cunt filled the air. He slid a finger through her dewy lips and circled the pink nub hidden there.

"Cord!" She gasped and rocked.

He lovingly petted her sex. "This is my pussy now."

"Yes," she said on a breath. "Yours."

With a smile, Cord bent low and slurped her clit between his lips.

She cried out and bucked against his mouth. Holding tightly to her thighs, Cord traced the folds of her sex with his pointed tongue. He dipped into her dripping entrance and gathered the oozing cream. He'd never tasted such a delicious pussy. He went wild on her juicy cunt.

She seemed to enjoy his enthusiasm. She threaded her fingers through his short hair and swiveled her hips. When he licked circles around her clit, Daphne moaned and pressed against him. He found the right rhythm and intensity and concentrated on making her explode. He focused solely on Daphne's reactions, on her deepening breaths and clenching thighs. He was determined to make this amazing for her. Cord wanted Daphne to know just how good things could be between them.

"Cord!" Daphne shattered, her pussy pulsing against his lips. He increased the speed of his flicking tongue, pushing her over the edge of one orgasm and onto another. Her cunt gushed against his chin. He lapped at her cream, the tip of his nose stimulating her clit.

"Oh, God! No more." Daphne inched away from his mouth. Her breasts rose and fell as she panted heavily. She clutched her belly and gulped. Eyes dazed, she peered down at him. "It's never worked. Not with any of the others."

Bemused, he tilted his head. "What?"

"I've never been able to come. At least, not until now." Her cheeks flushed.

Her frank admission stilled him. How had any man been stupid enough to leave her wanting more? She exuded such passion it simply boggled his mind to think her other lovers had failed to show her the full potential of her body's ability to climax.

"When you're with me, you'll always come first, sugar."

At his statement, Daphne's eyes flashed with excitement. Cord wiped his slick lips on her lower tummy. His cock ached for release and strained against the cotton and denim. He was hard enough to fuck through a brick wall. He wanted to bury himself in her tight, wet heat.

Heart pounding against his chest, he stood and removed his jeans and boxers. He found a condom in a bedside drawer and tossed it onto the bed. Daphne sat up, her feet dangling above the floor, and reached for

him. She kissed his stomach and flicked her tongue over his navel. Her short nails scratched lightly down his thighs as she brushed her lips side to side over his happy trail. His dick twitched at her nearness. Pre-cum dripped from its slitted head.

"Daphne!" Cord breathed her name when she licked the droplet from his skin. He'd dreamed of this moment, had stroked himself to orgasm by fantasizing about her sucking him off. Her plump, slick lips enveloped the head of his cock. Her tongue fluttered over the sensitive crown. His toes curled when she moved even lower and licked his sac. She sucked one ball, and then other between her lips and rolled her tongue across them. His jaw clenched at the overwhelming sensations she evoked with her skilled mouth.

His eyes widened when she licked her palm and used it to stroke his rigid length while sucking on the purple head. Her other hand worked his sac. He slid his fingers through her hair and watched his cock disappear into the warmth of her mouth. She made little noises of pleasure. The humming sounds vibrated through his penis and filtered into his belly.

When she deep-throated him without warning, Cord saw stars. His knees threatened to buckle. Her cheeks hollowed as she sucked hard and moaned around his cock. His calves tensed. If he didn't stop her, he would come too soon.

With a loud groan, he wrenched himself free of her mouth. He closed his eyes and counted to ten, terrified to move or breathe for fear of coming. When he regained control, Cord cupped her face. "You're amazing."

"You're rather wonderful yourself." Daphne grinned impishly.

Cord laughed and helped her stand. "You ain't seen nothing yet, darlin'."

He shoved her back onto the bed. She giggled as he nipped at her neck and earlobe. Moving between her thighs, he hastily applied the condom. Holding his shaft in his hand, he ran its blunt tip up and down her creamy slit and drew lazy circles around her clit. "Do you like that, sugar?"



"Yes." She rotated her hips and tried to milk every last ounce of sensation from his teasing movements. She clutched at his sides. "Fuck me, Cord. Fuck me hard."

How could he possibly deny her request?

Cord entered Daphne with one swift thrust. They both groaned at the sudden meeting of their bodies. Cord savored the feeling of being buried in her tight channel. He claimed her mouth and pumped his hips. His fingers spanned her waist as he sat back on his heels and pounded into her slippery cunt. Her nails bit into his forearms. She wrapped her legs around his waist and dug her heels into his ass, urging him to take her with more force. A small voice in the back of his mind told him to slow it down, to take his time and enjoy every second of their first coupling but his rampaging hormones demanded he kick up the pace and make her scream.

Holding his own building orgasm in check, Cord gave Daphne exactly what she wanted. He thrust fast and furiously, shaking the wooden frame of his four poster bed with his vigor. His thumb found her clit and massaged it in time with his plunging cock. Daphne cried out again and again, his name leaving her lips like some kind of mantra. Her pussy fluttered around his dick.

She was going to come.

"That's it, Daphne. Come for me. Come all over my cock."

Her shoulders arched off the bed. Thighs clenching his waist, she bucked wildly as she came. Cord marshaled his self-control and managed not to hurtle over the precipice with her. He thought of anything and everything but the overwhelming desire to pound right through to his own mind-blowing orgasm.

A beautiful pink flush blossomed over her skin. He slowed his thrusts until he stilled completely. She was breathtaking with her hair fanned out around her face. Her undulating body was covered in a fine sheen of sweat. Cord shifted until he lay over her, supporting his weight on his knees and elbows. He kissed her deeply, lovingly, and caressed her face. Then, moving more slowly, he resumed his thrusts.

Daphne lifted her hips to meet every one. She curled her arms

around his shoulders and dragged her lips over his jaw and along the side of his throat. He tucked his nose against her neck and took her with long, languid strokes. Her breaths buffeted his ear as she whispered naughty encouragement. Their mating had shifted from something feral in its intensity to something akin to a meeting of souls.

Cord lifted his head and gazed into her wide green eyes. He'd never seen such tenderness reflected on a woman's face. The passionate sincerity in her gaze rocked him to the core. He intertwined their fingers over her head and made love to her with all the gentleness he could manage. However sentimental or sappy it sounded, Cord wanted Daphne to always remember this stormy night, the first time they came together as lovers.

Daphne inhaled sharply, seemingly shocked by her climax. He followed a second later, surrendering completely to the rhythmic clamping of her pussy around his cock. He couldn't remember ever coming so hard. He lost the ability to breathe or make noise and simply jerked and pulsed as his seed rocketed through his rigid length.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the aftermath of their coupling, Daphne allowed Cord to gather her close to his chest. He'd rolled away only briefly to deal with the condom. He seemed to crave the intimacy of skin-to-skin contact as much as she did. She snuggled close and breathed in his scent. His heartbeat thudded against her ear. The two other times she'd had sex, Daphne had experienced nerve-wracking uncertainty. Should she stay? Should she go? What in the world was she supposed to say?

But not tonight. Resting in the crook of Cord's arm felt natural and right. She didn't ever want to leave his side.

"All right, sugar?"

Daphne pecked his cheek. "Just fine. You?"

"Boneless," he said with a deep laugh. "I couldn't move if the house was on fire."

She giggled and burrowed closer. Feeling a bit pensive, she drew

her initials on his chest. She'd never been with such an amazing specimen of masculinity. He was a man's man if ever she'd seen one. There wasn't an inch of his body that wasn't well-toned. Earlier, in the dying daylight, she'd noticed pale scars standing out against his tanned skin. His hands and arms had been subjected to quite a bit of abuse working with his cattle and horses. Seeing them, she'd been consumed with the urge to kiss each and every old hurt.

"I'm sorry," Cord said thickly.

Confused, Daphne lifted up on her elbow. She could just make out his eyes as streaks of lightning colored the night sky. "For?"

"The cold way I treated you. It wasn't right."

"No," she agreed. "But I think I understand."

"Do you?" Cord shifted until he loomed over her. His finger traced her jaw. "The second I saw you I could hardly breathe, but I knew it wouldn't work. We're from different worlds."

"Not so different." Daphne grazed her lips over his stubbled chin. "We're about to be family."

"Kate and Derek's situation isn't the same as ours."

Daphne hazarded a guess. "Because Derek is the wealthy one?"

Cord nodded stiffly. "I can get over the age difference. It's just a number. That you're better educated doesn't bother me either. You blow me away when you talk about astrophysics. But, Daphne," he sighed, "you're used to a certain kind of life, to luxuries and travel. I can't give you that."

"I don't need you to give me that, Cord." Daphne tenderly nuzzled her nose against his. "Money is the least of my worries. All I need is love and support from my man. That's it."

His eyebrows arched. "That's it?"

"Well, hot sex is a nice bonus." Daphne grinned mischievously.

Cord laughed and kissed her until her toes tingled. When he pulled away, he seemed a bit sobered. "No regrets?"

"Never." Daphne sifted her fingers through his closely cropped hair. Sticky wetness seeped between her thighs. Sweat dried on her skin. "Let's take a bath."

"Sure." Cord slid from the bed and held out his hand. She followed him into the bathroom. He reached for the light switch but stopped. "Candles okay? These lights are pretty bright."

"Better than okay," she said, already imagining the relaxing ambience.

"Wait here."

Cord disappeared and returned a few minutes later with matches and a box of votives. He placed them strategically around the bathroom and lit their wicks. Daphne filled the old-fashioned tub with steamy water. Cord climbed in first. His callused hands steadied her hips as she sank down in front of him. Nestling close to her back, Cord wrapped his arms around her waist and noisily kissed her neck. They silently enjoyed the heat for a while.

"I'm going to put a lot of miles on my truck."

Daphne glanced over her shoulder. "How so?"

"You'll be just down the street at UT working on your PhD. I don't expect you to drive up here all the time."

She smiled at his description. Just down the street? Try nearly a hundred miles. "We can alternate weekends or meet up twice a month instead of four times. We'll make it work."

"I doubt Derek is going to be very happy when he gets back from Austin." Cord chuckled against her neck. "Can he throw a punch?"

Daphne rolled her eyes and laughed. "I seriously doubt he'll care enough to knock you flat on your ass. We've always had a live and let live relationship."

"I hope Kate understands."

She kissed his forearm. "She will. She's one of the best people I've ever known." Daphne turned her face until she could reach his cheek. She planted a kiss there. "You did really well raising her."

"It wasn't easy, but I did my best. Half of the time I muddled through it. A twenty-something bachelor isn't very well qualified to raise a teenage girl."

"I think you did a fabulous job."

He smiled and kissed her temple. "Thanks."

Daphne moaned as Cord's big, strong hands drifted over her breasts and stroked her belly. His lips were on her shoulder, his tongue swirling against her skin. When he moved his hand lower, she sucked in a quick breath. He parted her gently and massaged her clit. Heat pooled in her lower belly. Arousal slicked the walls of her pussy.

"Do you like it when I rub your pussy?"

Daphne shivered at Cord's question. No man had ever spoken so dirty to her. When he'd claimed her pussy as his earlier, she'd nearly come right then and there. "Yes."

"I can still smell your cunt, still taste it on my lips."

"Cord!"

"You have the sweetest pussy I've ever tasted."

"Oh, God." Her breathless whisper only seemed to encourage him. He was obviously turned on by saying such filthy things. His fat cock prodded her ass. She shifted against it, wiggling and lifting her hips until it slid between her thighs. The length of his steely rod pushed against her pussy. She grasped the base and squirmed until it pressed against her entrance. That she was flirting with danger only heightened the thrill.

Cord's hand stilled. "I should grab a condom."

"I'm on the Pill. I've never had unprotected sex with my other two partners."

"I haven't either, but I've had more partners than you. I won't put you at risk—regardless of how minimal it might be."

Although the sudden interruption to their lovemaking annoyed Daphne, she recognized it as a statement of just how much Cord cared for her. He carefully moved her off his lap and got out of the tub. Daphne stepped out and pulled the plug. Water droplets clung to her skin.

In a matter of seconds, Cord returned to the bathroom. He ripped open the condom package and slid on the sheath. "I'll get tested as soon as possible so we can lose the latex."

Before she could reply, Cord took control. He gripped her hips, bent her over the countertop, and forced her legs open with his foot against her ankle. Her eyes widened. She'd always secretly craved such domination. Quivers of anticipation pierced her tummy.

Cord crouched a little and nudged his cock against her slit. She lifted her bottom until he slipped inside. She was so wet and hot for him. His wide girth stretched her pussy. His cock bumped the mouth of her womb. She stood on her tiptoes to accept his thrusts.

Their gazes met in the mirror. Daphne could see he was holding back. She wanted him to unleash all of that restraint. She wanted him to be wild and rough with her. Shoving back against him, Daphne clutched at his waist. "Harder!"

Cord's gaze turned smoky. His next thrust was so powerful it knocked the air right from her lungs. "Like that?"

"Yes." Daphne's feet bounced off the floor as he jackhammered into her cunt. When he fisted his hand in her hair, she cried out with shock. Sparks exploded in her lower belly. Cord slid his free hand around her front and clamped it over her breasts. He pulled her tightly against his rippling abs, lifting her from the floor.

"Touch yourself, Daphne." His eyes flashed in the mirror. "Rub your clit until you come."

She was powerless to refuse. Her fingers found the pink pearl and slipped in the cream coating her skin. She'd never been so wet. Something about Cord did this to her, turned her on so much.

Her fingers flicked her clit. Cord slammed into her pussy over and over again. Her entire body shook with the force of their mating. Low in her belly, desire curled and hummed. She vibrated with the power of it. Tendrils of ecstasy snaked through her thighs and into her chest. Her pussy clenched at his thrusting cock.

He seemed to sense she hovered closely to flying over the brink. "Say it."

Her cunt pulsed at his commanding voice.

"I'm going to come." She rubbed her clit even faster and inhaled shuddery breaths. "You make me come so hard."

She screamed his name and exploded in absolute bliss. Cord tightened his arm around her and repeatedly pounded into her. The impact of his cock deep within her pussy intensified the ripples of her orgasm. Their gazes held in the mirror. Cord's jaw clenched—and a

moment later he slammed into her so hard she gasped. His jerky movements shook her body as he filled the latex.

Cord swore and pressed his cheek to hers. She reached for his hand on the countertop and rested hers atop it. When she winced at the pressure of his body shoving her hip against the counter, he stepped back quickly and apologized. He pulled out of her slowly and kissed her shoulder.

Daphne could barely stand. Cord dealt with the condom before carefully turning her around. He wiped the fluids from between her thighs with a soft cloth and then blew out the candles. Without warning, he swung her into his arms and carted her back to the bed.

They clung to one another in the darkness. The storm seemed to be reaching a fever pitch but they were safe and snug inside the house. Secure in her cowboy's strong arms, Daphne drifted off to sleep.

### Chapter Three

Propped on his elbow, Cord watched Daphne sleep. The palest rays of sunshine penetrated the curtains and spilled across the bed. Utterly relaxed, she breathed softly. The corners of her plump lips were slightly upturned. Her bare breasts rose and fell. He still couldn't believe this was happening. After denying what he'd wanted for so long, the reality of waking with her in his arms was staggering.

Unable to help himself, Cord smoothed a hand along her neck and shoulder and palmed one of her full breasts. Its nipple hardened immediately. Leaning down, he glided his tongue over the peak. She stirred under his sensual suckling. Her breathing pattern changed. Like a sleek cat, she stretched her arms overhead and flexed her toes.

"Cord."

He smiled at the sound of her gentle whisper. "Daphne."

"Mmm." She moaned huskily as he wrapped his lips around her other nipple. His fingers stimulated the wet one he'd just abandoned. "If I'd known this was your version of a wakeup call, I'd have crawled into bed with you weeks ago."

Cord chuckled and slid his hand along her belly. She willingly parted her thighs and gasped when he found her berry pink clit. He nipped at the swell of her breast as his fingers teased her right to the brink. He loved the feeling of her fingers plowing through his hair, her nails scraping gently over his scalp. Her throaty moans echoed in the quiet house.



Cream flowed from her cunt, coating his probing fingers. Cord brought his fingers to his lips and licked the salty nectar from his skin. He gave a throaty hum of appreciation. "Delicious."

Daphne shuddered against him. Amused by just how easily she responded to his dirty talk, Cord brushed his lips over her ear. "I want you to ride me, sugar. I want to watch you put my cock in your pretty pink pussy and go wild."

She whimpered and shoved her wet cunt against his leg. Chuckling, Cord leaned across her and snatched a condom from the bedside table. Daphne's enthusiasm only grew as he rolled the latex down the length of his raging hard-on. She clambered to her knees and raked her nails down his thighs.

When he was safely covered, Daphne pounced on him. She braced a palm on his stomach and steadied his cock with the other hand. Her pussy dripped its arousal fluids. He'd never been with a woman who became so wet and excited. He'd be lying if he said it didn't stroke his male ego.

Teeth against her lip, Daphne lowered herself inch by delicious inch onto his stiff cock. When she'd taken all of him, she sat still for a second, seeming to acclimate herself to the sensation of fullness. Cord couldn't take his eyes off her. She was so breathtakingly beautiful with her tousled hair and sleepy gaze. He clasped her waist and pulled her forward, then pushed her back.

"Just like that, darlin'."

Daphne undulated like a belly dancer. Her diamond piercing glinted in the early morning sunlight. Her hair whipped around her shoulders. With each swivel of her hips, those mouthwatering tits bounced enticingly. He sat up and captured a dusky peak between his lips. She cried out as he sucked hard and playfully grazed his teeth over the sensitive pebble.

Leaning back, Cord watched his shiny cock slide in and out of her slick cunt. The erotic, rhythmic slap of their coupling was music to his ears. She flicked her hips a bit faster now and ground her clit against him. He spotted his belt on the nearby table and grabbed it. He looped it

around the rounded curves of her ass and pulled tight, as if the belt were reins.

Daphne's eyes flashed with desire. Her pussy fluttered around him. "Cord!"

He grinned like the Cheshire Cat and tugged on the belt again. The knowledge that Daphne liked a little kink sent shockwaves straight to his balls. What other naughty delights could he introduce into their bedroom?

Daphne's lips parted and a lazy sigh escaped her mouth. She placed her hands on her breasts and bounced on him. At the bottom of every down stroke, she circled her hips and rubbed her clit against him. He gritted his teeth at the unbelievable feeling of her pussy bottoming out on him again and again. He jerked the belt fast and faster. Never one to disappoint, Daphne rode him like a wanton. The bed vibrated with her rapid movements.

Taking both ends of the belt in one hand, Cord used the other to smack her ass. Daphne cried out with every swat. If she asked him to stop, he would immediately—but she didn't. Instead, Daphne flicked her hips more quickly. Her fingers snaked down her belly and dipped between the glistening folds of her sex. She massaged her clit with tight little circles.

Cord's balls drew up against his body. His stomach trembled as heat rolled through him. He smacked her backside hard enough to leave a mark.

"Come for me, Daphne."

She squeezed him with her thighs before tossing her head back and shrieking. Her eyes feral, she rode him like a woman unchained. He'd never seen anything as amazing as Daphne in the throes of passion. He couldn't hold back his climax. His entire body stiffened as cum rushed through his cock.

"Daphne!"

She collapsed against him. He wrapped his arms around her and held her close. They gasped for air and trembled. When he started to soften, Cord gently shifted her off of his chest and did what needed to be done. He made a mental note to get in to see his doctor. Being able to come inside Daphne, to hold her as long as he wanted without

interruption, would be worth the discomfort of testing.

Daphne curled up against him and crooked her calf over his. He soothingly caressed her back. She shuddered a bit when his hand drifted lower and encountered the heated skin of her bottom. Curious, he craned his neck and glanced at her ass. His rosy handprint stood out against her tanned skin. Pink marks outlined where the belt had been.

"I'm sorry." He kissed her forehead. "I didn't mean to hurt you."

Smiling, Daphne shook her head. "It's a good hurt."

He arched his brow. "A good hurt?"

"I liked it. A lot," she added shyly. "Maybe we could do it again?"

"Aw, hell, sugar, we can do anything you want." His heart clamored at the thought of all the sexual adventures they might experience together.

"Anything?"

Cord's eyes narrowed. "What do you have in mind?"

"Well," she said, toying with his chest, "would you wear your spurs?"

Surprise rippled through him. "My spurs?"

Pink stained her cheeks. Daphne nodded. "You have no idea how their jangling affects me. And the way you smell when you come in from work..." Her eyelids drifted shut. She shivered in his arms. "God, Cord, it drives me wild."

"Wild, huh?" He rolled her onto her back and nipped her neck. "I'll have to see what I can do about that."

\* \* \* \* \*

Daphne licked a dollop of cream cheese frosting from the spatula. Before he'd left for work this morning, Cord had promised to grill steaks for dinner. So she'd decided to make an Italian cream cake, her absolute favorite, for dessert. Hopefully Cord would like it.

The squeal of the front door sent her pulse into overdrive. She could barely hear the jangle of spurs over the thudding of her heartbeat against her eardrums. Electricity zipped along her spine at the realization

that he stood in the doorway. She inhaled deeply and caught the scent that was so perfectly *him*.

Hands trembling, she put down the spatula and turned to face him. Two lengths of rope dangled from one of his hands. Cord stepped into the kitchen, his footfalls loud in the silent house. He had a no-nonsense look on his face. A thrill of lust and apprehension rippled across her belly.

"Get on the table."

Without hesitation, Daphne followed his command. She hopped onto the rectangular table sitting in the breakfast nook. Cord tangled his fingers in her hair and captured her mouth in a ravenous kiss. She clutched at his shirt. Her mind reeled as the combined smells of leather, sweat, and cedar infiltrated her senses. She buried her nose against his neck and licked at his skin.

Cord growled and pulled free. "On your back."

His husky tone sent shivers through her core. She leaned back and rested on the table. Cord walked around to the other end and took her wrists in hand. With surprising finesse, he looped one rope around both of them and secured the loose end to a table leg. He left a little slack in the line. Goose bumps rose on Daphne's skin. Her shallow breaths communicated her excitement.

Cord smiled down at her and caressed her face. He bent low and kissed her sweetly before moving toward her feet. Grasping her thighs, he hauled her down to the edge of the table. The rope circling her wrists pulled taut. He bent her knees and planted her soles against the wooden tabletop. Her eyes widened at the sight of the gleaming knife he produced from a sheath dangling from his hip. He sliced the remaining rope in half and used one piece to tie her left ankle and thigh together. He repeated the process on the other leg.

"Cord!" Daphne gasped with shock when he slid his fingers under the crotch of her panties and split them with one quick flick of his knife. The roughness of his action simultaneously thrilled and frightened her.

Without another word, Cord left the kitchen. She listened to his fading footsteps. Was he coming back? Was this part of the game?

Daphne tugged against her bonds, testing them out of curiosity.

She'd never felt so open or vulnerable in her life. Currents of air from the overhead fan brushed over her wet pussy lips and cooled her skin. She yearned for Cord's touch. Her cunt clenched at the thought of his cock sliding into her again, filling her, stretching her as only he could.

Trembling at the jangle of his spurs, Daphne lifted her head as he entered the kitchen. He tossed a condom onto the table and removed his dusty Stetson.

"Leave it on," she begged.

A sexy smile curved his luscious mouth. "Whatever you want, sugar."

"I want your cock, Cord." Daphne decided to be bold. "Fuck me."

Nostrils flaring, he stepped up to the edge of the table and unbuckled his belt. His fingers flicked through the button and zipper of his fly. He freed his long, thick cock from his boxers and covered it with the condom. With teasing strokes, he rubbed the head of his penis through her folds. She tried to force him inside her cunt by lifting her hips and pushing against him but her bonds kept her firmly in place.

Holding tightly to her thighs, Cord thrust home. Daphne arched her shoulders and shouted his name. He drove into her mercilessly. There was nothing tender about their frantic coupling. Daphne surrendered completely to the idea of being completely submissive to him. The knowledge he would do whatever he wanted to her ratcheted up her desire.

Torrents of pleasure raced through her body with every forceful plunge of his cock into her dripping core. Living out her fantasy of being ravished by her rough, hard cowboy took her to heights of rapture she'd never imagined possible. She gripped the rope tied to her wrists. In the heat of the moment, she paid no mind to the red marks she would likely bear after their kitchen tryst. She lived only for that moment, for the absolute ecstasy Cord stoked within her.

Daphne's orgasm crashed down upon her with such force, she could hardly breathe let alone cry out. She convulsed atop the table, hips snapping, arms flexing, as Cord pounded into her relentlessly. The table slid across the kitchen floor with every jerk of his hips. He growled like a

bear and came, his fingers biting into her thighs so hard she knew she'd have half-moon bruises for a week.

Drunk with the post climax rush of endorphins, Daphne was barely aware of Cord cutting her loose and hauling her off the table. He sat down on the nearest chair and pulled her across his lap, her thighs straddling his. Cupping her nape, he kissed her long and hard. His taste and smell intoxicated her. She clung to his shoulders, fisting her fingers the damp fabric of his shirt. Would there ever be a more perfect moment than this?

"I need a shower," Cord said finally.

Daphne grinned impishly and wrinkled her nose. "Yes, you do."

He rubbed her backside through the scrunched fabric of her skirt. "Care to join me?"

She nuzzled her nose against his. "As if you have to ask..."

Cord chuckled and kissed her. He inclined his head toward the table. "Was it everything you wanted?"

"Even better," she replied, stroking his stubbled cheek. "Maybe we can try one of your fantasies next."

Cord flicked his tongue over her lower lip before nibbling it playfully. "Sugar, I think you and I are going to set tongues wagging out on this old ranch."

Daphne giggled and brushed her lips against his. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

The End

### Author Bio

While browsing bookstore shelves as a teenager, Lo discovered the erotic writings of Anaïs Nin and A.N. Roquelaure. Certain her mother would not approve, Lo smuggled the books home and squirreled them away in the most likely of places: under her bed. Late at night, she delved into the sensual worlds both writers created.

As a co-ed studying biochemistry and genetics at Texas A&M University, Lo dabbled in creating naughty tales to entertain her friends. Should she study for a midterm, or pen a deliciously dirty story to delight her small band of fans? Not surprisingly, Lo is now on an extended sabbatical from college.

Luckily, Lo stumbled onto the world of erotic romance publishers. She realized there were other readers and writers who loved and craved breathtaking romance with the spiciest of love scenes. She took a chance and submitted her first novella. The rest is history.

Lo lives in Texas with her family and her beloved Great Dane, Bosley.

Visit [www.lolitalopez.com](http://www.lolitalopez.com) for Lo's latest news and releases!