

FROM THE SERIES
Destination Treasure

Myla Jackson

Deep DOWN UNDER



*Scarlet
Series*



Deep Down Under

by

Myla Jackson

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Deep Down Under – Destination Pleasure Series

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The Wild Rose Press

PO Box 706

Adams Basin, NY 14410-0706

Visit us at www.thewildrosepress.com

Publishing History

First Scarlet Rose Edition, August 2007

Published in the United States of America

Dedication

To Rhonda and RJ for daring to follow your dreams.

Over nine-hundred freakin' miles into the Australian outback, driving on the wrong side of the road and alone, I was still steaming. Okay, so part of that could have been the one hundred degree temperature. The damned air conditioner on my rental car had quit around nine that morning. A fat drop of sweat slithered along my neck and down the front of my unbuttoned blouse into the only underclothes I had with me. A shear teddy, trimmed in lace. I should never have left Brisbane. The desert was no place for a lone female.

Had it really been over an hour since I'd seen another vehicle? It was just me, the road and every damned kangaroo in the southern half of the Northern Territory of Australia.

I slammed my foot to the brake and the heel of my palm on the horn as yet another herd of roos hopped across the road. At first I thought them cute. Now they were more annoying than the deer population back in South Texas.

How much farther to Alice Springs? Better question was, how much farther to the next gas station? The gas gauge tipped dangerously close to the E.

All my visions of lying on a beach in my bikini beside Trent had gone up in smoke when he criticized my lovemaking. Of all the bone-headed, inconsiderate jerks. I should have let him pay for my flight to Australia. But no. I insisted on paying my own way. After all, we weren't living together and we weren't engaged, even though I'd hinted often enough. If I'd known he had only wanted me to suck his cock the entire trip, I'd have stayed home.

Now, over three thousand dollars in debt on my credit card, I was determined to see some of what makes Australia a great country to visit. Meanwhile, Trent enjoyed the condo I'd helped pay for back on the Gold

Coast south of Brisbane.

More sweat made a trail down my chest between my breasts. In the middle of nowhere, I didn't see any point in modesty. I'd pulled the top back on the convertible and unbuttoned my blouse all the way down, exposing the teddy to as much cool air as possible. So, I didn't have an ocean to dive into. I was seeing the goddamn outback.

All because I'd refused to go down on Trent. He'd dumped me when I refused to suck his thing. What kind of man was he? Had he ever offered to go down on me? Hell no. As usual with Trent, it was all about him. "Lucy, you just don't get it. A man needs more sex than a woman, and it's only natural that he wants his woman to suck his dick."

I'd stood at the end of the bed in my sinfully expensive teddy, anticipating a night filled with wicked, hot sex. When I'd tried to come on to Trent, he'd pushed my head down toward his cock, demanding I "suck it." I wasn't a prude about giving a guy a blow job, but it was the way he'd demanded without actually giving me anything in return.

I'd slammed on the brakes and pulled back. When I'd hesitated, he'd blown up and called me immature and frigid. He'd said sex was boring with me.

"Wait a minute." I'd planted my hands on my hips. "Just because I didn't go down on you when you told me, you think I'm boring in bed? Sex isn't all about your satisfaction. What about me? What about foreplay?"

He had the nerve to look me straight in the eye and say, "Sucking my dick is foreplay."

"For you, maybe, but not me."

"Fine. If you don't want some of this..." He pointed at his erection as if it was one of those naked Roman statues to be admired. "There are plenty of Aussie girls out there who'll give me what I need without the hassle."

"Fine," I threw back at him. "Go find one. I'm here to see Australia, not your hairy balls."

I grabbed shorts, a shirt and my purse, stomped out

of the room, jumped in the rental car and left. Too bad I was in such a snit I didn't bother to grab my suitcases. All my clothes were back in the room with Trent. Well hell, who needed that many clothes anyway?

After driving most of the night and sleeping in the car somewhere north of Leigh Creek, I'd headed north to Alice Springs, or so I thought. By God, I was in Australia, damned if I wouldn't see some of it! I was a bit concerned when the pavement turned to dirt, but I kept going, sure I'd get there sooner or later.

All the while, I pondered—no, stewed—about what Trent had said. Was I frigid? Did I have hang-ups when it came to wrapping my lips around a man's penis?

Maybe if a man were to bring me to the point where I was crazed with passion, I'd want to go down on him. A ruggedly sexy man with nothing but pleasing me on his mind. Maybe then I'd want to put that thing in my mouth, want to feel the steely strength of his cock against my lips and tongue.

I shifted in my seat, my pussy crying out for something other than leather to rub up against. Where were all the Aussie cowboys when you needed one?

Could it get any hotter in this freakin desert?

As the sun peaked at mid-afternoon scorch, I glanced down at my teddy. Great, I was getting a lace-shaped sunburn. With only half my attention on the road, I didn't see the kangaroo until it leaped directly in my path.

I hit the brake and jerked the steering wheel to the right. The bright red convertible bounced off the road and across the dry, rocky earth, throwing me from side to side until my head banged against the steering wheel. Bright lights flared in my vision as the car continued on its wild, off-road trek.

As the force of the car met an immovable object—a large boulder—the car slammed to a halt, the front fender caving into the radiator. A high-pitched whistle was followed by clouds of steam rising from beneath the hood. The engine died, and I leaned back against the seat, the full force of the sun beating down on me and the tops of

my milky-white, exposed breasts. “Damn. Now what?”

How did I always manage to get into bad situations and somehow make them even worse?

Turning the key in the ignition yielded nada. Getting out and inspecting the damage did even less. Like I knew anything about engines. I crossed my arms over my chest and stared at the barren landscape stretching for miles away in front of me as if realizing for the first time, where the hell I was. Stranded in the desert outback of Australia, with a broken down car and miles away from anyone remotely capable of fixing all that was wrong in my life.

“Of all the stupid, idiotic things I could have done in my life, driving into a desert alone tops the list.” I tipped my head back and cried out, “Why me?”

“Were you expecting an answer?” The deep, sexy Australian drawl sounded behind me and nearly scared a dozen years off my existence.

I spun and stared up at a monstrous buckskin horse, its nostrils snorting down on me, stirring up the dust displaced by its massive hooves. The horse pranced three feet away, but it might as well have been on top of me. I’d never been that close to a horse before, despite living in the giant-sized state of Texas since the day I was born. Houston, was practically another world removed from the ranches of the western portion of the state. So, I was a city dweller, sue me.

The fire-breathing horse soon lost its pull on me when my gaze wandered up to its rider. Suddenly the sun melted all my brain cells into a mass of gray goo. Atop the gianormous steed was a man in a cowboy hat like no other man I’d ever laid eyes on. I could have picked him up and planted him, horse and all, on the Texas prairie and he’d have fit right in.

Until he opened his mouth again.

“In a bit of trouble I see.” His Aussie accent made my knees buckle. His voice was like a chocolate latte—smooth, sweet and hot enough to burn my lips.

I forced a shrug and casually leaned against the car

for something to hold me up. Umm, how I'd love to lick his lips. Warmth that had nothing to do with lattes or sunshine spread through my chest and dove to my belly and lower. "I had a near death experience with a kangaroo." I stared at the car, hoping to deflect the Aussie's piercing blue gaze from my reddening cheeks, praying he couldn't read my lusty thoughts. Hell, I didn't even know if he was married or had a girl somewhere back on his ranch or station. Whatever they called it in the Australian outback. I could be having sexual fantasies about a man who wasn't remotely available. So what else was new? Trent had been emotionally unavailable.

The blue-eyed cowboy leaned over his saddle horn, a smile curving his full, sensuous lips. "No worries. I know a bloke in Alice Springs can fix you right up."

Lips I could just imagine kissing mine. Lips that could touch me just about anywhere and I'd like it. Especially in that special place Trent had never gone with any part of his face.

His mouth twitched. "You're not from around these parts, are you?" He nodded at my chest.

All the time I'd been staring at him, my shirt was gaping open, the sheer black, lace teddy I'd been wearing when I stalked out of the condo on the Gold Coast left nothing to the cowboy's imagination. I gazed down at my state of perspiring undress and couldn't draw on enough brain power to button up. All I could think about was shedding the rest of my clothes to show him the skimpy garment as it was meant to be displayed. Without thinking, I looked up at him. "Are you married?"

As soon as the words left my lips, I wished them back. How stupid I must look, like a teenager with a crush.

He laughed, swinging down from the saddle.

"I'm sorry, it's none of my business." I gathered the edges of my blouse and attempted to fasten the buttons with nervous fingers.

"I'm not married." He brushed my hands aside and smoothly fitted the buttons into the holes. After fastening

only three, he lifted my chin with a work roughened finger. "Are you all right? No injuries from the smash?"

"This hasn't been one of my stellar moments, but other than that, I'm fine."

"Good. You can ride with me to the station where I can call Carl in Alice Springs."

"Ride?" His finger lingered on my chin, sending chills across my heated skin. "As in on that?" I looked around the colossal buckskin horse, hoping beyond hope the cowboy had a truck hiding in his saddlebag. No such luck.

"I don't think you have much of a choice."

I looked at the beast, stamping his feet in the dust as if daring me. "I could walk and follow you."

"It's too hot to stand out in the sun or to walk the ten kilometers. I promise, despite his size, Dusty is gentle."

The horse snorted, shaking his head.

Yeah, right. Gentle. With limited options, I grabbed my purse from the front seat and crossed to the horse. When I tried to lift my foot high enough to stick it into the stirrup, I knew I was doomed to failure. The horse was gigantic.

Warm, rough hands, grasped my hips and tossed me up into the saddle. The cowboy swung up behind me and settled me in his lap, his arm around my waist.

"I'm Jack Kenner." His breath stirred the loose hairs dangling down the back of my neck. That's not all it stirred.

"Lucy," I breathed, my heart stuttering when his arm bumped beneath my breasts.

"Lucy, you're liable to burn in those." He touched a finger to the edge of my shorts, the only other item of clothing besides the shirt I'd grabbed on my way out.

Where his finger brushed the top of my thigh, my skin sizzled. My pussy dripped with the flow of energy he inspired just by holding me close. Imagine what else he could inspire if we were both naked.

I sat up straighter, shocked at how quickly I was

generating lusty thoughts about Jack. How could a perfect stranger have that affect on me? My boyfriend of six months had never gotten me that excited.

Not married...in the middle of nowhere...ruggedly handsome...a dangerous combination.

My wicked thoughts took control. "How do I know I can trust you not to attack my virtue?" I asked the question, even though that was exactly where my line of thinking was taking me.

"Isn't it a little late to worry about that?" His arm tightened around my middle, but he'd avoided answering my question.

Instead of inciting fear, his avoidance only sparked my curiosity and ratcheted up my arousal. He was a stranger, a mystery to be revealed. I could just imagine revealing all the hard planes of his chest, the trim hips and muscular thighs.

Questions crowded my mind, threatening to spill out of my mouth. I clamped hard on my bottom lip to keep from blurting out the most prominent. The question that nudged not only at my mind, but at the crack between my butt cheeks. Was he as well hung as his horse?

The hard ridge of his cock pressed the denim of his jeans into the crevice of my ass, the flimsy cotton fabric of my workout shorts not much of a barrier. I was sure to leave a damp spot on his jeans. Would he notice and make fun of my desire? Trent would.

My dry mouth grew parched. I couldn't handle more rejection after what I'd gone through with Trent. I also couldn't just sit still and ignore his arousal and mine. I leaned my back against him and squirmed my bottom closer to his cock. If that didn't give him the hint I was interested, then I didn't know what would.

As we rode across the baked earth, an oasis of trees appeared on the horizon, beckoning us closer. Heat of the afternoon sun beat down on my bare head and I was near dizzy from the effort it took to concentrate on not ravaging the cowboy whose lap I sat in. When we neared the clump of greenery, out buildings and a rambling home painted a

blinding white appeared nestled neatly amongst the trees.

In front of the house, he helped me slide to the ground. "Make yourself at home. The wrecker service number is on the board by the telephone. I'll be back after I tend to the horse."

Feeling the sudden loss of the only human contact I'd had in the past twenty-four hours, I was hesitant to let him go. Okay, so it wasn't just because he was human. I was sad to give up the hard cock pressed against my ass. "Are there others in the house?" *Please say no.*

"No, the housekeeper is in Alice Springs visiting her daughter for the week. My foreman and station workers are out for the next five days at the remote watering holes. It's just me and you." He tipped his cowboy hat back. "I'd offer you a ride to Alice Springs, but Mrs. Jenkins has the truck. No worries. You can stay as long as you need to. I won't bite you."

I stared after him as he cantered around the house, a nudge of disappointment feathering across my belly. So he wouldn't bite? Damn. Secretly, I'd been hoping he'd take the lead and initiate a little nooky. Perhaps making love with an Aussie stranger would restore my flagging sexual ego. It didn't have to mean anything.

I found the phone number and made the call. A man named Carl promised he'd be there as soon as he could, his friendly Aussie accent reassuring. I hung up and raided the refrigerator for bottled water. Thirst quenched, I wandered into a spacious living area with windows overlooking a sparkling clean pool. The thought of immersing my hot body in the cool clear water overcame me.

"Hello!" I called out several times to ensure I was alone. After no response, I shed my shirt and shorts and stepped through the French windows onto the concrete pool deck, ideas of seducing my rescuer forefront in my mind.

Jack had said he'd be back later. How much later? Did I dare to swim in nothing more than my sheer teddy that left little to the imagination? Another glance at the

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tempting pool confirmed. Hell yes! And just maybe he'd walk in and I'd demonstrate a stroke or two.

I dove in, the tepid water warm but cooler than the heat of the desert. The water caressed every inch of my heated body, like a lover's hand. Before long, I was floating on my back with my eyes closed to the brilliant sun. The warmth of the air kissed my exposed skin, the water buoying me in a dream-like hold. I could get used to this. All I needed was a man to share it with.

My eyes popped open. To my disappointment, Jack wasn't standing at the side of the pool ready to fulfill every one of my sinful desires. I emerged from the water and lay on one of the scattered lounge chairs with the intention of only lying there long enough to dry my skin and the scrap of a teddy. I must have been a lot more tired than I thought.

A splash woke me from a light doze, and I sat up.

Jack surfaced, water streaming through his wavy brown hair, his deep blue eyes gleaming in the sun, a smile curving his luscious lips.

My body woke faster than I did, yet I had the wherewithal to keep my mouth shut, lest I say what was on the tip of my tongue. It would have been something like, "I want to lick the water off you, one drop at a time."

"Interesting swimming costume." He nodded at the teddy.

My first reaction was to warm with the heat of a blush, which only added to the heat of desire. My breasts instantly peaked into hard round beads, pointing against the see-through fabric. I fought my urge to raise my hands and cover myself. That would be the old Lucy's reaction. The *prude* who refused to go down on Trent. I clamped my arms to my sides and pushed out my chest a little farther. This was the new Lucy, the daring, sexually active Texan on the prowl for a little taste of the deep down under.

I didn't know this man. He was a stranger. Likely I'd never see him again after my car was taken care of. If ever I had an opportunity to act out my fantasies, now

was the time.

"If the costume bothers you..." I stood and stretched, raising my arms high above my head. Then I pushed the thin straps of the teddy over my shoulders, peeling the fabric down over my breasts, one rounded globe popping loose at a time. I smoothed a hand over one, lifting it and squeezing gently.

Jack's nostrils flared, his body growing still in the water.

I almost clapped with glee. That the man wasn't immune to my performance gave me a sense of power I'd never experienced during lovemaking. And lovemaking was in my plans for the afternoon.

With a secret smile curving my lips, I tugged the fabric lower until it rested at the top of the thatch of hair covering my pussy. "Is there room in that pool for two?"

"It's a big pool. I'm sure I can find a spot for you." Jack pushed away from the edge and floated a few feet away. It was then that I realized he wore nothing. As his body floated to the surface, his cock rose like a towering mast, water glistening down its length.

My breath caught in my throat, and my hands jerked the teddy down over my hips. In a rush to free my body of all encumbrances, I almost toppled onto my head. So much for grace.

"Need a hand with that?" He'd dropped to his feet, a grin stretching across his face, making him look younger and even more handsome.

Red-faced, I straightened, determined recapture the sensual tension. I dropped to the edge of the pool and sat on the side, dangling my legs in the water, I reached in and cupped the cool liquid, lifting my hand to trickle water over my breasts. "Is it always so hot in the outback?"

He stood in the waist-deep water, his gaze following the rivulet as it trailed between my breasts and down toward my cunt. "Never hotter." His blue-eyed gaze stroked my skin. "What's a lone sheila like you doing out in the desert? You're from the states, aren't you?"

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“Uh-huh. Here on vacation.” He needed to understand the extent of my stay. Better to establish it up front, before they went even deeper. *Deeper*. My pussy wept in anticipation. I inhaled and let my breath out slowly. “Once my time is up, I’ll be headin’ back home, oceans away from here.”

His eyes narrowed briefly then his jaw softened. He glided through the water, moving one slow step at a time. The closer he came the hotter I grew. I could see his cock in the swirling depths, and I wanted it, like I’d never wanted Trent’s. I ran my tongue across my lips and visualized taking his length into my mouth, letting him fill me until his velvety tip bumped the back of my throat.

The closer he moved, the wider my knees drifted apart, until he stood between them, his hands resting on the edge of the pool at either side of my naked hips.

“Do you always travel alone?” he asked, his gaze at boob-level, and he wasn’t looking into my eyes, that was for sure. And that dick of his was hard and straight, magnified by the clear water.

“Not usually.” I glanced away, fighting to steady my breathing. I wasn’t good at this naked flirting thing. If the girls back at work could see me now... They’d been surprised I’d agreed to go with Trent, and perhaps I’d been a little spurred on by their taunts that I was too shy and naïve to take on a full vacation with my boyfriend.

Now, with a strange cowboy between my legs, I couldn’t think past wanting him inside me. This must be what they had talked about letting go of my inhibitions.

“You saved me from dying of thirst in the desert, and I have no right to ask, but...” I raised my hands and cupped Jack’s face. “Can I kiss you?”

He reached up and dragged my mouth down to his. He tasted of minty toothpaste, as though he’d ducked through the house on his way out to the pool just to brush his teeth. The thought made me smile. He’d been as anxious as I was to continue our little exploration. I slid my tongue across the line of his lips until he opened his mouth and let me in. Then the tables turned from me

being the one to initiate contact to him taking control and showing me how it was done.

His hands slid down my sides to my hips and then to my thighs. When he reached my knees, he pressed them wider. I came up for air, my lungs so tight they didn't gather enough oxygen to make my brain function. All I could do was feel.

The warmth of his hands skimmed the inside of my thighs, traveling toward the center where he thumbed my folds, spreading them wide to reveal my aching clit. A herd of kangaroos leapt in my belly, and I leaned back on my hands, giving him more access. At first it was just his hands, his fingers and thumbs stroking the sensitized hub of my orgasmic center. Would he go down on me? Would he see to my satisfaction before his own? Or was I expecting too much?

I held my breath. No, I couldn't breathe. The way he toyed with me left my lungs struggling to catch up. A single, work-roughened finger dipped into my pussy, tracing a creamy path of desire upward to continue his assault on my clitoris. If he didn't stop, I'd come and end the magic all too soon. I wanted the moment to last forever. "You're killing me."

Immediately, his fingers halted. He glanced up to my face. "Does that hurt?"

"No." I tried to laugh, but it sounded more like a gasp. "It just feels so good," I whispered, lying back on my elbows, my hands fondling my breasts. "I want it to last forever."

"But then you'd never know the joy of this." He ducked lower, his mouth closing over me, his tongue delving into my cunt, flicking at my wetness. I dropped to my back, my hands sliding over my belly and down to where his shaggy brown hair tickled my thighs. My fingers threaded through his locks, pulling him closer.

He spread my folds and tongued my clit, flicking at it until I writhed in mindless frenzy. Clean hot Australian air, cool water lapping at my legs and Jack's tongue and lips tugging at my pussy had me tied in an incredibly

sensuous knot.

As he sucked on my clit, a broad thumb circled the tight muscles of my anus. Surely he wouldn't—

The thumb pressed slowly against the entrance while two rough fingers plunged into my cunt.

My back arched off the concrete, and I exploded into a thousand shards of color and light. My fingers gripped his hair, my legs rising to drape over his shoulders and clench around his ears. I'd never come with this much abandon, this much intensity. I felt like I'd never come before I'd met Jack.

When I fell back to earth, my desire didn't dissipate. Jack had shown me what lovemaking could be. No, what it should be. I was filled with the need to give back to him the gift he'd just given me. Not because I felt obligated, but because I wanted to feel him inside me. In my mouth, in my pussy. I wanted him, and I was determined to have him.

I dug my fingers into his shoulders, dragging at him, urging him to climb to the deck beside me. "My turn."

Jack hiked himself out of the water and dropped to the concrete at my side. His fingers trailed over my breasts and down to my mound of curls. I stopped his hand from going further. Though I could have gone for a second orgasm, I wanted to know the power of my affect on him. Did I have it in me to bring him to the brink of sanity as he'd brought me? To push him to the edge and over until he was crying out my name for more?

His brows arched downward over his eyes. "Don't you like it?"

"More than you can know. But like I said, it's my turn." I brought his hand to my breast and leaned to kiss him. Then I straddled his waist, my cunt teasing his erection. I dropped down over him, letting his bulbous tip slide inside. I inhaled and let it go, my pulse racing in my veins. But I had more to prove than that I could get him off. Any man could take a woman in a quick fuck, but I wanted to make him beg for me. He'd gone down on me and never demanded it in return. The freedom of choice

thrilled me to an ecstasy of hunger. I rose from his penis until the tip emerged and sprang free. "Not yet."

His brows rose. "No?"

"I'm not ready."

"Do you want to stop?" He glanced at his cock and then the pool. "A cold shower ought to do it." His face was strained, but I knew he'd stop if I really wanted him to. I could love a man who considered my needs before his own.

"Oh, no, I don't want to stop, just take a detour." I nudged his thighs apart with my knee and settled my legs between his, while working my lips down his solid chest and abdomen. "I wanted to do this first."

When I reached the coarse hairs at the base of his cock, I threaded the fingers of one hand through them and glided up the hard length of his shaft. I enjoyed the feel of velvety skin encasing solid steel. My stomach flipped over, my pussy drenching in anticipation of my mouth going down over his huge dick. I almost came then.

Until that point, I hadn't given much consideration to just how large he was. He was big. So big, I could imagine the walls of my vagina straining to encompass his length and girth. "You rival your horse in size."

He laughed out loud, his body shaking beneath me.

I kissed the rounded tip. A drop of come eased out, and I licked it. It was salty and musky like him. I licked it again. He tasted good.

I wrapped my lips around the mushroom head and ran my tongue along the ridge, across the top to the hole.

His fingers dug into my shoulder, and he held me still. "Don't. I can't hold back much longer."

"Then don't hold back." I took him in my mouth, swallowing him until the top of his cock bumped the back of my throat.

His chest rose and fell in a long drawn-out breath, as if he fought to control his instincts.

Control was exactly what I wanted him to lose, enough to beg me to give him more. Trent demanded. I hated when a man demanded without considering my

needs. Jack had already proved he could give as well as he got. My pussy still ached with the aftermath of his tonguing.

In a slow, swirling motion, I moved up and down his magnificent cock, my tongue teasing the veins along the length.

Jack's hands dug into my hair, half-pulling me closer and half-pushing me away. His six-pack stomach tightened, the muscles popping up in well-defined lines, his body tensing beneath me.

"Lucy." He jerked upward, filling her mouth. "I can't hold on. Please, let me come inside you."

My mouth twitched in a smile around his thick shaft. I'd done it. I'd taken a man in my mouth and made him beg. All without gagging. And I found myself wanting more.

More of this man, not Trent. More of Jack, the Aussie cowboy, who'd rescued me from the desert and shown me what lovemaking should be about—a sharing experience where the partners gave equally.

His hands grasped my shoulders, and he flipped me gently onto my back. "Say the word, and I stop here."

"No, I want you inside me." I wrapped my legs around his waist and squeezed, bringing him into my pussy, where he filled me to full and more.

The walls of my channel strained to accept him, and I held my breath. Trent's little penis couldn't begin to compare with Jack's monster dong. And the more I had of Jack, the less I thought about Trent. Trent who? I smiled and squeezed my legs around my Aussie lover until his balls bumped against my ass. I liked the way he filled me completely.

He moved in and out, his face tense with the effort of taking it slowly.

"Faster," I urged him.

The tempo increased until he was ramming in and out of me like a piston in an engine.

My head tipped back, and I rode the rising wave of

orgasm rippling through me. I'd never come just by fucking. Until this cowboy rammed me like a jackhammer. "Oh Jack!" As I catapulted over the edge, he slammed into me one last time and then pulled free, his juices spurting over my belly.

Thank goodness he was considerate enough to remember we'd launched into this without protection. He was a gentleman and a cowboy. He could ride me rough and still take care of my needs.

I wanted to shout out loud, to celebrate the best sex I'd had in a long time. Hell, the best sex I'd had, ever!

Jack dropped to the concrete beside me and leaned up on his elbow. "I didn't mean to take it this far."

I closed my eyes, a smile sliding across my face. "I did from the moment I saw you sitting on top of that huge horse of yours." I opened my eyes and stared up into the most beautiful blue eyes I'd ever encountered. Maybe they were even more intense due to the afterglow of our encounter. I didn't care.

The shade had moved across the deck to the position where we were beside the pool. Afternoon had moved into early evening. The tow truck from Alice Springs would be here any minute. My fling was coming to an end.

I reached out and ran my hand along his jaw line. "Thanks."

He captured my hand and kissed my palm. "Thanks for what?"

"For saving me from a fate worse than death." *Prudishness*. I liked the way his lips felt against my skin. Strong, yet gentle. Like him.

Suddenly, I didn't want it to be our last moment together. But I'd already infringed on his hospitality for long enough.

A sound penetrated through my haze of longing. Tires rumbled along a dirt road toward the station.

Jack beat me to my feet and held out a hand to help me up. "That must be the wrecker."

My gaze whipped around the poolside, searching for

my discarded clothing. When I moved to retrieve them, a hand on my waist stopped me.

Jack stroked down to my hip. "Stay."

"I have to go. You've done enough for me."

He pulled me to him, his hardening cock pressing into my belly. "I haven't done nearly enough."

"I really have to go." What was wrong with me? A sexy man just asked me to stay with him, and I was running like a coward? Was I afraid I'd like it too much? With only a week left in my vacation, I'd be heading home soon and leaving him behind. He lived here, I lived in Texas. There was no future in our relationship. Why prolong the heartache? "I have to go." I dove beneath his arm and grabbed up my clothing, slipping into the shirt and shorts.

As a truck door slammed around the front of the house, Jack slid up his zipper. Dressed in only his jeans and nothing else, he was so yummy, I almost said to hell with it and flung myself into his arms.

He held the French doors open for me.

When I stepped through, he captured me in his arms. "I've never met anyone quite like you, Lucy. I hope we'll meet again." His lips closed over mine, and I lost myself in his kiss. His tongue pushed past my teeth and tangled with mine.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and deepened the contact, my calf hooking around his leg, my pussy riding his thigh. God, I wanted him again.

A knock on the front door shattered the moment, and my arms fell to my side.

He smiled down at me and whispered. "Please, stay."

Another knock made him turn to answer it.

I stood in the middle of the living area, torn between staying and going.

What did I have to go back to? A job I could care less about. Who was waiting for me in Alice Springs? No one.

"Hey, Jack." A big burly man wearing grease-stained

jeans and a uniform shirt with an A-1 Wrecker Service logo on it slapped Jack across his bare back. "Where's the sheila who smashed her car?" His gaze wandered around the room until it fell on me. "You coming with me to Alice Springs, or do you want me to handle it and give you a jingle later?"

Jack stared across the floor at me, his steady blue gaze giving nothing away. He'd asked me twice to stay. It was up to me.

Did I stay and risk falling for a man I'd ultimately have to leave, or should I go with the mechanic and see to my car and forget Jack?

My gaze held Jack's. "If you can handle it on your own, I'll be staying."

Jack's eyes lit and the corners of his lips twitched as though he fought a grin. "You heard her, Carl. She's staying here." He gave him directions to the wreck and pushed him out the door.

My stomach fluttered, nerves making my hands shake.

Jack finally turned my direction, and I didn't have the least idea what to say. I didn't need to say anything.

His arms opened wide, and I fell into them.

"I'm afraid," I said against his chest.

"I'll be brave enough for both of us."

"What about when I leave?" I looked up into his eyes.

"Who said you were leaving?" His smile broke through, and he kissed me, his hands rising up beneath my shirt to cup my bare breasts.

I'd think about tomorrow another day. For now, I wanted to love my Aussie cowboy. My fingers made short work of the zipper on his jeans, and soon we were both naked on the floor.

Jack's lips covered me with kisses, working his way down. Deep down to that special place I never knew could be so good.