

ELLORA'S CAVE *Sophisticate*



NOTHING BUT SEX  
COUGAR CHALLENGE

FRAN LEE

## **Nothing But Sex**

Fran Lee

*A standalone story in the Cougar Challenge series.*

Lee Blackhorse is hardly Cougar material, no matter what her friends over at Tempt the Cougar say. A forty-two-year-old woman who lusts after her thirty-year-old weekend helper is just plain nuts. Or is she? Mike Running Elk is the sexiest thing ever to don tight jeans and a second-skin t-shirt. She's secretly yearned for the man for years.

Mike has no problem seeing himself in the role of Lee's lover. In fact, if he can just get the hot-as-hell woman to realize he's plenty old enough to ring her bells, he plans to do more than just clean her barn and mow her grass. He's waited for her long enough.

When Mike shows up at her door with an injured hand, he notices Lee can't pull her eyes off his naked, ripped chest. Mike can't believe she's as oblivious as she acts. The ice has been broken and he intends to heat things up even more...

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



[www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com)

Nothing But Sex

ISBN 9781419928666

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Edited by Grace Bradley

Cover art by Syneca

Electronic book publication May 2010

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# ***NOTHING BUT SEX***

**Fran Lee**

## *Dedication*

To all the wonderful people who have extended a helping hand on this long journey, from family and friends to authors and editors with the patience of Job, I dedicate this book.

## *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

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## **Chapter One**

"I can't believe you just said that!" Lee Blackhorse yelled after her ex as he climbed into his big 4x4 and slammed the door, glancing back at her from the rolled down window. "You lousy bastard! You know absolutely nothing about how I feel. Nothing about how I function. How dare you..." Her voice dwindled away as he peeled out of her graveled driveway and swung the gleaming black truck south. All she could do was stare after him, helpless rage boiling over inside her.

Again.

It never failed. No matter how many times she told herself she would never let him take advantage of her again, she continuously found herself falling back into that old trap. After ten years of supporting the asshole, she should know better than to take anything the man said at face value. Oh! She stomped one booted foot into the gravel that comprised her house driveway and swore at her own stupidity. She should have seen it coming.

She had been online, checking out her favorite websites, buying a few erotic romances from Ellora's Cave again and lurking once more on the Tempt the Cougar Blog. Reading the posts and wishing she had the guts to accept what they all called The Cougar Challenge.

The seven women who had started the blog were a lot like her. Supposedly over the sexual hill. Except that they had all taken a challenge tossed out by one of them after they had all attended the RomantiCon readers and authors convention a few months back. So easy...or so it sounded. But for someone like Lee, nothing was ever as easy as it sounded.

Monica Allen was the one who challenged the others to find a hot younger man. Then, one by one, the women took up the challenge. And then one day, Lee had scraped up the courage to post a comment on one of the posts.

Oh, seeing you gals do this gives me courage to go out and try, at least. I will go to Victoria's Secret, by damn! Lee B.

Or should she say Victoria's Secret's latest online catalog?

Of course she had never found the courage to post again. She wasn't Cougar caliber. Cougars were emotionally strong, smart and had the guts to go after what they wanted. Not Lee Blackhorse. She still had a soft spot deep inside for the handsome, engaging man she'd once been married to. But the things he'd done and the way he'd treated her should have squeezed that damn soft spot into a tiny kernel and buried it so far down it would never reappear. Instead, she would end up letting him "borrow" money again and again, never to see a dime of it come back.

Howard had started gambling again over at the Tribe-owned casino. His new wife's daddy had closed the vault doors when he found out how much money Howard had blown gambling. So who could he turn to when the bill collectors threatened to take his precious truck because he couldn't make the payments? His soft touch ex-wife. After all, hadn't she supported him well during their ten-year marriage? The typical sap-headed *wasichu* blonde. Funny how she had become the epitome of all known blonde jokes in her own thoughts. And it must be true that her blue eyes meant her head was filled with air. Only a total airhead would let Howard finagle another hundred bucks out of her. Damn it all! Those Cougar women wouldn't have allowed that to happen.

Her mother had warned her not to marry the hot, sexy Native American movie star. "Nothing good will come of marrying that man." But Lee had been swept away by the man's image. His hot eyes. His delicious good looks. He had played to her love of NA culture and he had pretended to be the kind of man she admired. After all, Howard

Blackhorse was an actor, right? But in the end, his clay moccasins had shown up, and he had fallen off that tall, bright pedestal she'd put him on.

Children? She'd wanted them. He hadn't. He'd won.

She'd found out that he had cheated almost all through their marriage, usually with groupies who followed the handsome, swaggering man who had won a Golden Globe Award for his portrayal of Crazy Horse in his one and only big bucks film, back in 1989. The fact that he hadn't made a dime in the film industry since didn't matter. Women flocked after him like bees after a honey pot. And she could see why.

Howard wore his waist-length black hair loose with a leather tie over one ear with a fake eagle feather dangling from it, all part of the persona he'd evolved. Oh, he had tried for more important roles after that big one was released, but by the mid-nineties the NA film craze had died down and there were hundreds of hot, good-looking NA actors all fighting for scraps. And Howard, in his late thirties, was unable to compete with the young bucks, scrambling for bit parts and leads in whatever movies came along. He'd gotten a dozen small parts, but nothing much, money-wise. By the mid to late nineties, there were a large number of handsome, well-educated, theatrically trained NA actors to compete with, and that had put Howard out of the running.

So he had taken the remaining royalties from his one hit film and had bought himself a place just south of the Rosebud res, bought a couple of new cars, and had set up a "back to nature" spa ranch of sorts. That was about the time Lee had met him.

Lee had been working for the Rosebud School when the handsome actor had visited as part of a school-sponsored NA awareness festival. Like all the other women around him, she had been swept off her feet, but he had asked her to marry him. And despite her mother's worried pronouncements of impending doom, she had allowed him to sweep her up and carry her home.

As she thought back, she couldn't figure for beans what had attracted him to her...a plain, mousy Anglo woman. It had just been so flattering that he chose her over dozens



of pretty women, that she'd fallen head over heels. But her mother had told her that he just wanted a woman with a good-paying job.

Thanks, Mom. Real flattering.

The polish had started to wear off the apple when Howard had started gambling. They had been married five months. The money hadn't been a lot at first, and of course he had promised that it was just an off the wall thing...would never happen again. Etcetera. She hadn't found out about his philandering until she'd heard some intentionally loud gossip at the feed mercantile that had made her go home and confront him about what she'd heard. He'd had the gall to laugh in her face. It had hurt desperately.

After ten years of paying for his trucks, his cars, his clothes, feed for his horses and taxes on the ranch when the profits turned into the red, the innumerable affairs he admitted to having had with girls young enough to be his daughters and his unquenchable thirst for more of everything had galvanized her to take a final stand. And when she had demanded that he stop his philandering and take his marriage seriously, he had chosen to run off with his current nineteen-year-old flame, and Lee had divorced him.

The words he'd just thrown at her when she'd told him she didn't want him coming to borrow from her anymore were definitely the final straw. Still shaking with indignation and rage, she did her best to swallow the pain his words had caused, as she sank onto the white-painted wooden porch, burying her face in her hands. And the tears slid down her face unheeded as sobs racked her body. His words reverberated through her.

*I only married you in the first place because you would do anything I asked. You were pathetic. You really believe I wanted you for any other reason when I could have any woman I looked at? You're nothing, Lee. You are less than nothing. You couldn't even satisfy me in bed, you dried-up bitch! If you felt anything for me back then, you sure never showed it where it counted...in the sack.*

Michael Running Elk slammed on his brakes as the familiar gleaming black 4x4 blew the stop sign in the center of town and swung wide, nearly hitting the front of his beloved old green pickup. Pretty boy Blackhorse was on the rampage again. Made him wonder what had happened this time. Usually it was his father-in-law telling him his funds were cut off because he'd blown a month's allowance in one night of gambling. But the direction he was coming from made it seem more likely that his ex had told him to fuck off. And it wasn't often that Lee Blackhorse, as sweet-tempered and good-natured as she was, told anyone to fuck off.

Mike drew a deep breath and frowned after the speeding 4x4. It was barely past ten in the morning and if he was any judge, the man was drunk already, driving wild and crazy. If he wasn't careful, he'd pile that bright shiny truck into the ravine someday. Might serve him right, at that. The bastard had worked his way through half the women on the res in the past couple of years.

The thought of Lee Blackhorse made him swing the wheel left and head down the highway toward her place a couple of miles down the road. It was too early to do the chores yet, but she probably needed a shoulder to cry on about now. Maybe she would cry on his shoulder.

Nope. More likely she would just have him clean the stalls. As for the crying on his broad shoulder, he wished she would. At times he wanted to just grab and shake her and haul her upstairs to her bedroom. But he respected her too much for that. God knew he had thought about that woman more than was decent, her being the highlight of a great many of his very graphic, favorite wet dreams. God, but he wanted to make a move. Problem was, he was scared shitless of having her laugh at him. He was not some hot stud like her ex, and he worked hard. He worked with his back and his hands. No. She was all class and grace—not for the likes of him. No education to speak of. You didn't need a four-year college degree to know good horseflesh. And his dad had taught him all about running his own place. The two years he'd spent learning to do

books and how to stitch up and treat animals had given him the rest of what he'd needed. But it hadn't given him the polish and pretty manners that Lee deserved in a man.

But somehow his truck ended up stopped and idling on the shoulder of the road a couple hundred feet from her driveway as he watched her sitting on her porch, hunched over and...crying? He swore under his breath, and they weren't pretty words. The self-important prick must have been out here asking for more money. From the looks of it, things hadn't gone well. He clenched his fists around the steering wheel, debating on what he should do. What he wanted to do was walk up to her and kiss her silly. But what she would accept was probably something quite different, so he simply pulled into her driveway and climbed out of the old truck, slamming the door to let her know she had company.

Lee heard the truck and hurriedly swiped at her tears, not wanting Mike to see her crying. Mike Running Elk was a good kid, one of the most polite and helpful in town. He came by every Saturday like clockwork to clean out her barn, mow her wild and woolly lawn and fix whatever needed fixing around the house. She paid him the pittance of fifty dollars a week to help out around the place for a few hours, but she knew he would have done it all for free. He didn't need the money. He earned a decent living running his own horse ranch. He probably made as much in one hour training horses for others as she could afford to pay him for his help, but he good-naturedly accepted her small payment and her thanks, as well as a sandwich and soda. And Lee enjoyed his company.

Bless him, she didn't want to let him see her tears.

He'd been helping her around the place since way before she and Howard had split. Back then, he had needed the cash to help pay off his dad's funeral bill and help support his mother and brothers. He had been helping out for over twelve years. It seemed he understood how much she welcomed the help. And she certainly did.

Working a full-time job with the school district left little time for the chores that Howard once did, before he'd started drinking so much he slept all day.

She sniffed and made certain there were no tears still on her face when she turned and smiled up at him. "Hi, Mike. Look, I'm a little short today. I'm sorry that you made the trip out here for nothing. I would have called but..." She shrugged. *But* the reason she was short on cash was driving back to the bar to spend the "truck payment" he'd just borrowed. Of course, Mike didn't need to know that. She fished a ten out of her pocket and said, "Here's money for the gas you spent coming over today. Take this Saturday off."

Mike stared down at her slim hand and the wrinkled ten dollar bill. He calmed the sudden need to follow the man who'd made her cry like this and ram a few fists down his throat. Instead of cursing viciously, he lifted his hat and ran a lean hand through his dark hair before settling the battered Stetson back onto his head. "No problem, ma'am."

He winced. He had planned to call her "Lee", but he'd blown it again. How the hell was she ever going to realize he wasn't the kid she always thought him to be if he kept calling her "ma'am"? He swallowed hard, hesitated for a few moments, hoping she would change her mind. But she avoided his gaze and pretended to find something on the step beside her completely riveting. *Come on, idiot...say something.*

"No need for gas money. I was driving this way anyway." Still she didn't lift her face to look at him. "Look, I have nothing to do today but kick my heels. The hands have the ranch taken care of. I'm goin' around to the barn and you can pay me later. Or better yet, you can cook me up some of that great stew you make. We'll figure something out..." He left the innuendo hanging, but she didn't seem to pick up on it.

When she simply shrugged, he sighed and headed around the side of the old house to start the usual simple chores he had been doing for her since he was eighteen. He swore under his breath. The chore he wanted so desperately to do for her was out of the question. She would have a damn cow if he did what he so eagerly wanted to do, and

dragged the woman into her house to fuck her until they both fell in a heap, unable to move or think.

He glanced down at his hands and clenched them into fists. She would be horrified if he put those calloused hands on her—*in* her—the way he wanted to. He pulled his work gloves out of his rear jeans pocket and tugged them on. But even if she didn't mind his calluses and his rough skin, what the hell would she want with a guy who was about as polished and gentlemanly as a horned toad? That slime ball she had married was the kind of guy she wanted. Slick, smooth and able to talk a woman into about anything. Shit! She still wanted the bastard, or she wouldn't let him keep coming back.

With a snarl of frustration, he grabbed a pitchfork and stabbed the nearest open bale and started slinging hay over into the feed bins to the waiting yearling heifers.

## Chapter Two

Was she going totally crazy here? Dear God! What the hell was happening to her? Had she just had a wild sexual reaction to a kid twelve years her junior? Lee shook her head and swallowed the tightness in her throat. She was forty-two freaking years old, for Pete's sake! Michael Running Elk was what? Maybe twenty-nine? Thirty? Dear Lord, but she was so freaking horny just hearing the kid's voice and staring at those long, lean legs in those well-worn jeans, she could barely control her thoughts.

What the hell? Sure, she'd always found Mike sexy and attractive, but it had never hit her this hard before. She had always managed to shake it off and get back to reality. What was she? Some sort of impressionable nitwit? Lee rose from her seat on the step and climbed to the porch again, dusting off her jeans and chewing her lip. Had she really just had a vision of Mike Running Elk poised stark naked over her...nudging her thighs apart and fitting his cock into her wet pussy? *Oh my God*. She desperately needed a glass of ice water.

She hurried into the house and through to the kitchen and poured herself a chilled glass of water from the fridge, adding ice. Could fighting with your ex cause you to daydream about humping the hot kid who did your barn chores? She stared out the kitchen window at the man who was forking hay into the feed lot for the cattle. Her eyes strayed over the lean, tight ass inside those worn jeans. The wide back that rippled with hard muscle. And then he jabbed the pitchfork into a bale and stripped his t-shirt off over his head with one movement and she damn near swallowed her tongue. Holy shit! Long black hair was plastered to his sweat-damp skin as he draped the shirt over the feed lot fence poles and resumed his work. Something hot and needy curled deep in her belly and a shot of white-hot lust zinged straight to her pussy.

Whirling away from the window, she almost ran into the den where her laptop computer sat, open and waiting, and she sank onto the chair, her insides a puddle of hot mush. Taking a deep swallow of the ice water, she set down the glass and logged in, immediately typing the URL for Tempt the Cougar.

As the Tempt the Cougar blog flashed to life on her screen, she drew a deep breath. This blog had opened her eyes. Had made her seriously think about getting back to some sort of normalcy. And the thought of having a younger man hot for her? God, that had sounded so good back then. It had made her begin to look at things differently.

Before reading the blog and comments, she had genuinely thought that older women who went after younger men were slightly perverted. After reading, she'd wondered why anyone would think that having sex with a man younger than yourself was perverted, when there were millions of men out there—like her ex—who quite happily fucked the brains out of younger women all the time. And still she had simply lurked, reading their posts, laughing at their jokes and wishing to hell that she had the courage to make a move back out into the male-female world. Of course, she had never thought she would get all hot and bothered over some kid half her age—okay, so he wasn't half her age—and start getting ideas about seducing the poor guy.

As she sat there, reading the most recent posts, she decided that it was time to start asking questions. Was she so far out of it that she couldn't attract some guy like Mike? Was she crazy to even dream about trying to get him into her bed? The answers were yes, and yes. But she still wanted to ask. The “challenge” was making her question her own rationale.

She scrolled down to the comments, and began typing.

Lee B: I am a divorced woman age forty-two and I just had the most shocking daydream of myself having sex with a kid of thirty. Help!

There. It was out. She had said it. It felt weird, but somehow it had liberated her. She felt as if a hundred-pound weight had been lifted from her shoulders.

Then she realized that she had just admitted that she had the hots for Mike and she blushed furiously. Thank God these blog posts were anonymous.

She sighed and checked her email to see if her mother had sent her the recipe for chocolate chip walnut cookies she'd asked for. It was there. She smiled and printed it and was about to close the email program when an incoming email popped up. Her eyes widened, and her face grew red. It was an email response to the post she had just left on the Tempt the Cougar blog.

Lee B,

You think thirty is a "kid"? Come on, girl! Get real. He's over eighteen. He's old enough to have sex with. It isn't the age difference that's the issue here...it's your fear of being thought of as a cradle-robber. Right? There is no cradle. The guy is a full-grown man. So what's the hold up? Take the Challenge.

Cam

Her throat tightened. How the hell had Cam gotten her email addy? Oh, duh! What on earth had given her the idea that no one would know who left the post? She'd signed in. She wriggled her fingers over the keyboard. Should she reply? She wanted help here.

Hi, Cam,

I was shocked that I could think of this guy in the light of a sex partner. I've known him since he was like sixteen. To me, he's a kid. Shit! He does my chores for me. And here I am, lusting over him. Just not right.

Lee

The screen remained still for about two minutes before another email popped up.



Lee,

We all got past that idea. It was part of the Challenge. If you are afraid to take the leap, you will never get out of the rut. Hell, all of us had to take that leap, girl. Just don't give up on yourself. Challenge yourself.

Cam

She didn't know how long she sat there, but the sound of a loud knock on her back door brought her out of her trance and she shook her head to clear away the amazingly erotic thoughts that were flitting through her head. She rose and hurried into the kitchen to see Mike standing inside the back porch, his hand dripping blood.

"Oh my God! What happened?" she cried, jerking the inner screen door open and dragging him bodily into the kitchen as she grabbed a clean tea towel and slapped it over the dripping cut.

He shook his head and said, "No big deal. I was moving that coil of barbed wire and caught myself. Do you have some alcohol and a bandage?"

Her gaze shifted from his bloodied hand to his naked torso and every nerve in her body started screaming for her to touch that coppery, smooth skin. Dragging her eyes away from his chest, she swallowed hard and said jerkily, "Come on upstairs. There's a first-aid kit in the bathroom. That looks like it might need a stitch or two."

Mike swore foully as he caught his glove on one of the murderously long barbs on the roll of wire fencing that he was trying to move and he tugged his leather work glove off to find that the barb had made it through to his palm. He shook his head and shoved his hair back from his face with his other hand before he tugged his unused handkerchief from his back pocket and wrapped it around his hand, which did very little to stanch the flow of blood. Swearing at his own clumsiness, he headed across the

wide work yard to the back porch and stepped inside, knocking on the inside screen door.

She appeared from the archway to the living room, her face pink and her lower lip caught between her teeth as she caught sight of him and he realized that he hadn't bothered to pull his damn shirt back on. He saw the way her eyes darkened as they slid over his body and he felt a shot of anticipation run from his gut to his cock. Her lips were full. Her eyes were smoky blue. A small vein throbbed in her throat. And it struck him forcibly that she most certainly was as aware of him as he was of her.

But before he could wrap his mind around her reaction to him, she was hurrying up the stairs to the bathroom and he was following, his appreciative eyes on the lush swell of her generous, gorgeous ass as he held the tea towel tightly to his bleeding hand. Sweet Jesus, but he loved her ass. He had loved it ever since he'd first seen her, when he was just eighteen, and he had asked her if he could do some odd jobs around the place to make some cash every week. Right after his dad had died. Watching her walk around in tight jeans had made him forget a lot of the pain in his life back then.

She filled a pair of jeans like they'd been poured onto her. His mouth watered and his cock grew impossibly harder. Even the stinging pain in his hand couldn't distract his attention from that ass.

As she entered the bathroom and stretched up to the shelf above the toilet to lift down the first-aid kit, he almost whimpered. Was she trying to kill him? If she didn't stop wiggling around, he was gonna blow.

"I can handle it from here," he grated as she opened the box and started to take the soaked tea towel out of his grip. But she shoved his free hand away and gently placed his hand in the sink, rinsing it with icy-cold tap water that nearly made him yell at the pain. He stared down at her bent head as she probed and cleaned the wound and each time her body brushed his, he almost lost it.

He lost track of what was happening with his hand as every drop of blood in his body raged into his groin, threatening to explode. Maybe that was a good thing, because his hand might stop bleeding.

"I still think we need to get you to the clinic and get this stitched. It's way too jagged to heal right, and it's still bleeding."

Her words were lost in the hot muddle of his emotions and body. But when she looked up into his face, he forced himself to pay attention. "Hold this clean towel in your palm. Press it tight. I'll get my car keys."

And as she left the bathroom, he sank down onto the closed toilet and gasped for breath. If he didn't get his cock to calm down, he would throw her down on the damn bathroom floor and fuck her blind. And somehow, he didn't think she would respond well to that technique.

## Chapter Three

As she entered her bedroom and grabbed her purse and a clean t-shirt that had once been Howard's, she found herself wondering what the hell she was going to do about the way she was reacting to Mike Running Elk. She was going to make a complete fool of herself if she didn't get control...and fast. This was getting way out of hand. She could barely breathe when she was next to his hot, hard body. And if she didn't get a shirt on him before she took him to the clinic, she was going to orgasm just looking. Good grief. The kid was *ripped*. And the way his package had bulged against his stressed zipper had made her tongue feel like it wouldn't go back into her mouth right.

She dashed back to the bathroom and found him trying to take a leak and keep his injured palm under pressure at the same time. It wasn't working. He glanced sideways at her, and growled, "Can you hold this damn towel on my hand while I take care of business here?" At the look on her face, he amended, "Unless you'd rather help me take a leak. Either way is fine with me."

Blushing wildly, she averted her eyes from his open zipper and grabbed the towel wrapped around his hand, applying a bit too much pressure that made him give a grunt of pain. "Sorry," she whispered, her cheeks hot enough to fry eggs on.

What the hell was she so damn embarrassed about? She'd seen Howard take a leak thousands of times. And this kid certainly didn't have anything she hadn't seen before. Yet she felt like a dirty old lady ogling him. Cam's words came back to her.

*You think thirty is a "kid"? Challenge yourself.*

Of course he was no child. He was a full-grown man and she was an adult woman. It was simply a matter of perspective. And as she tried not to sneak a peek at his cock as he managed his business a bit clumsily with his left hand and tucked himself back into

his jeans, she still felt totally naughty even considering looking. He swore softly and said tersely, "Can you get the zipper for me? I'm not so damn good one-handed."

She allowed him to replace her hand with his on the bloody towel and she reached to pull his zipper up. He hissed in through his teeth and jerked as her fingertips grazed his swollen cock, and she said tersely, "If you jerk like that, I'll end up zipping *you* into the zipper. Stop moving."

"Yes ma'am...Lee." His voice sounded strangled.

The sound of her name on his lips almost made her jerk and zip his cock into the fly of his tightly stretched jeans. She managed to complete the task without killing him, and then she gently dragged the fresh shirt down over his head, helping him to get the towel-wrapped hand through the sleeve. When he was decent, she grabbed her purse again and said jerkily, "Let's get you to the damn clinic."

Mike almost blew his wad when her fingertips slid over his aching cock as she tried to zip him up. He was so damn swollen, she was having trouble, even using both her hands. He was breathing raggedly as she ordered him out to her car, and he even tried mentally reciting the Psalms to keep his mind off saying to hell with his bleeding hand and dragging her into her bedroom. Nothing worked. He remained hard as a fucking rock.

He slid into her car and folded his long legs under the glove box. When she noticed that he was sitting like a jockey, she pressed a button and his seat slid back. He breathed a quiet thank you and accepted her help with his seat belt without comment, gritting his teeth as her breast brushed his arm and her sweet-smelling hair brushed his nose. Sweet Jesus. Did she think he was made of wood?

She peeled out of the driveway like a race driver and he tried not to wince as she took the turn onto the secondary road leading to the clinic on two wheels. He was damn surprised that Lee Blackhorse had the guts to drive like this. He wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen it with his own eyes.

The twenty-minute drive to the clinic was managed in a little less than ten minutes and as they climbed out of the car, he glanced down at her and grinned wickedly. "I didn't know you went in for NASCAR, Lee."

Her blue gaze snapped to his face and she frowned. "You think Sam would ticket me for speeding if he saw that hand?"

In answer, Sam Rainfeather's voice came from the driveway behind them. "You know you were going eighty-five back there, Lee?" She glanced at the big man who was climbing out of his patrol car.

"Mike's hand got ripped up and he's bleeding. You can ticket me after we get him taken care of, Sam."

Mike drew a deep breath, taking in the scent of her floral shampoo and the scent of woman and he almost tripped over his own damn feet. The clinic nurse grabbed a wheelchair and Sam eased him down onto the seat before he could explain that his dizziness didn't come from loss of blood. But he decided to keep his trap shut and let her baby him some more.

Her hand on his arm was enough to keep the blood rushing to his groin and he desperately wanted that hand to ease downward to see what she was doing to him. Man, he was pathetic. He almost whimpered when she removed her hand to let the nurse wheel him into the surgery to see about getting him stitched up. As the door closed behind him, he gave a deep groan and bent forward to ease the pressure on his fucking fly. The nurse thought he was gonna puke and jammed a basin under his nose. If only it was that easy.

Lee sank onto the chair in the little waiting room and gratefully accepted the cup of coffee that Sam handed her. She glanced up into his face and gave him a wry grimace. "Still going to ticket me, Sam?"

"I ought to, Lee. You were flying low in that damn seventies-comet of yours. I don't know how the hell you got that thing to go eighty-five without it falling to pieces. But

I'll cut you a break, since you were playing kamikaze ambulance driver." His deep voice rumbled as she sipped the hot, reviving liquid. "Next time, call me. I'm never more than five miles from your place and can get there in two minutes."

She flushed warmly at the proprietary tone. Sam was one of her many married admirers...hanging around the divorcée hoping for a bit of sack time. At least Sam had never actually come out and asked. He just hinted. She should be grateful for that, at least. She really liked Ramona Rainfeather and she would rather cut her thumb off than make that poor woman's life any lousier than it was, being married to the good-looking and philandering town Chief of Police.

She sighed and took another sip. Sam's hand came to rest on her shoulder and it took all her willpower to not shrug it off. "You call me next time you need anything, Lee. Okay?"

She glanced up into his face and smiled tightly. "Sure, Sam. Thanks."

He rubbed her shoulder suggestively, then he grinned at her. "You take care."

She watched him exit the clinic and slide back under the wheel of his patrol car before she gave a shudder of revulsion. Lord! Did she have a sign on her forehead that said "Hard Up and Easy"?

With a sigh of resignation, she finished the black coffee and tossed the cup into the trash basket beside the reception desk. So far, in this tiny town of a hundred-sixty-seven souls, she'd been propositioned by roughly thirty-six married men since her divorce. Oh...and one unmarried man of eighty-six...old Gabriel Whitecloud. She shook her head and gave an unamused bark of laughter. No damn wonder she was lusting after her weekend help. At least he was under seventy and unmarried. And hot. And succulent.

The sound of boots on the pristine tile floor brought her up short in her mental molestation of the man and she glanced up to see Mike stepping out of the surgery door, gently flexing the new bandage that bound his right hand. Dr. Harris was walking out behind him and she caught the last half of the conversation.

"I'll expect that you will be off work for the next five days. I don't want you tearing those stitches. I want you back in three days to check the wound. Jackie will give you a brace so you won't bend that hand like you're doing. If you shower, keep that hand dry. No driving unless you have a car with no stick shift. And Jackie will give you that tetanus booster before you leave."

Lee chewed the corner of her lower lip as Mike nodded and allowed the little Lakota nurse to shove his sleeve up over the bulging muscle on his upper arm to administer the shot. Jackie fitted a metal brace that was padded with foam and leather onto his wrist and palm and strapped his hand in snugly. And when the pretty Lakota woman smiled up into Mike's dark eyes and said, "Anything else you need, you just call." Lee almost blurted out something stupid like "He's mine! Keep your freakin' hands off!"

She noted the proprietary way the woman's hand rested on Mike's bulging biceps, and she cleared her throat, bringing his dark eyes up to her face. And for just one breathless moment, she thought she saw a flicker of raw need in those eyes. Raw need that was quickly masked as he grinned down at her and the girl's hand slipped off his arm. A quick glance at Jackie's face brought hot red to her cheeks as she realized that the younger woman was staring at her as if she'd just stolen a juicy apple out from under her pretty nose.

A sense of elation filled her. Pretty little Jackie was jealous! Jealous of frumpy, forty-two-year-old Lee Blackhorse. And Mike Running Elk had looked at her as if he wanted to take a big bite out of her. Dear God...she knew that it would only take ten minutes for the gossip mill to start churning out lurid stories about the woman who had once been married to Howard now turning her sights on Mike Running Elk. She had already heard it all...*an Anglo woman carrying off the res prize. Why couldn't white women leave the res men for res girls?* She shook her head slightly and realized that Mike was smiling down into her hot face with a quizzical expression.



“Um – sorry! I’ll take you back to your place and I’ll have someone bring your truck out. And I’ll pay for this treatment, since it was all my fault.”

Mike wanted to pick her up and carry her into an exam room and tell her the bill was settled, but he managed to say almost calmly, “Are you gonna drive the speed limit this time?”

The small jibe broke her embarrassment and she laughed jerkily as he used his body to herd her away from the nurse who was glaring at her and out the front door of the clinic.

“Now that you aren’t bleeding to death, sure.” Her voice sounded sexy and breathless and he couldn’t wait to get her alone in the little car again.

He knew that Jackie Red Cloud was gonna spread the word that Mike Running Elk had fallen into the *wasichu* woman’s trap, just like Howard Blackhorse had. He had heard all the sour grapes that had rolled through the little town when their famous and good-looking hero of the Hollywood screen had married a white woman instead of one of the hopeful res girls. Not a woman within a hundred miles had not had her say on that matter. Including his own mother.

*“I wish these Anglo women would stick to their own men and leave our young men for our girls!”*

Jackie and all the girls in town had eventually had their own fling with the lecherous star of stage and screen, so what were they bitching about? It had been Lee who had taken the humiliation and pain of watching her husband fuck everything in skirts and flaunt his “marriage” as some sort of status symbol. Mike had wanted to kick the shit out of the bastard more times than he could count.

He had damn near cleaned Howard’s clock the time the bastard had made a comment about “keeping his eyes off his woman” when he had caught Mike staring at Lee while she was working around the garden in a halter-top and brief shorts that had given him one hell of a hard-on.

The older man had been very drunk and had taken out his ire on his wife instead of the guy who had looked. Howard had shouted at her and humiliated her about wearing clothes that only a whore would wear...and when Lee had raced into the house in tears, Mike had taken it upon himself to plant a fist in Howard's handsome face, knocking him—and a tooth—out. Luckily, Lee hadn't seen it and Howard had never mentioned it, probably too humiliated to admit a twenty-year-old kid had taken him down.

Mike had simply kicked a pile of leaves and dirt over his inert body and had gone back to finishing up in the barn.

As he edged her out the door, using his body to nudge her along, he recalled that day and the way she had looked and his cock decided right at that moment to salute. He felt her stiffen and inhale sharply as that part of his anatomy pressed firmly against her rounded ass, and she moved more quickly, not even hesitating to climb into the driver's seat as he went around to the passenger door and slid in.

He noted her high color and saw her hands trembling on the steering wheel as she started the little car. "You gonna help me with my belt?" he asked softly, and saw her pink tongue flick out to moisten her lips.

"Um—sure—sorry..." she said shakily, leaning across his body to grab the belt and haul it across his chest and lap.

When her hand grazed his stiff fly, she lost hold of the belt and had to reach again, and Mike said raggedly, "I think I just died and went to Heaven..."

She was unnerved by the feel of his hard, eager body shoving her out the clinic door and toward the car, but when she felt his cock ram between her butt cheeks, she almost gave a yelp of shock. Heat flashed through her as she fumbled to climb into the car and when he asked for help with his seat belt, she tried to hide her hot face from him. Dear Lord! The scent of him nearly made her lose control of her hands. He smelled like a dark pine forest—and like man. Probably from using pine cleaner on the concrete

floor of the tack room, and working hard. The combined scents did not repel her. They made her damn mouth water.

But when her knuckles grazed his cock through his jeans and she heard his intake of breath, she lost hold of the buckle and had to fish it back over his lean frame. She clicked the buckle into the latch and sank back into her own seat as he breathed what sounded sort of like "Heaven". And then she managed to pull her thoughts back together enough to start the car and pull out of the gravel parking area and back onto the highway.

"I'll get you back to the ranch and bring Shorty or Jack back to take your truck."

"Take me to your place."

She jammed on the brakes and jerked her head around to stare at him. "My place? Why? It'll be easier to just take you home, so you can be comfortable."

His dark eyes were in shadow, but she could feel them on her face as she hesitated in the entrance to the clinic parking area. "I want to be with you."

His quiet statement nearly put her into cardiac arrest. It took a few moments to compose her thoughts to reply.

*"With me?"*

"Just turn left and drive. Please."

She found herself turning toward her place and she drove slowly, terrified that her agitation would show in her speed. Not another word passed between them until she pulled into her own rutted driveway and cut the engine. As she unfastened the buckle of his belt, then her own, she murmured softly, "If you're hungry, I have some leftover stew..."

Before the words were out, his left hand slid into her hair and caught the back of her head and she was pulled halfway over the small console between the seats as his mouth covered hers in a hot, sensuous command. The hand swathed in metal, leather, and tape was cupped over her left cheek and as she opened her lips to ask what he was

doing, his tongue slid in to stop her protest cold. O.M.G. No one had ever kissed her like this. Her belly was doing a hot tango and her breasts ached to be touched. Her pussy clenched and warm cream flooded her panties as she gave a throaty groan of surrender and let him plunder her mouth.

The sound of the deep, visceral growl that rolled from the wide chest beneath her flattened palms almost made her orgasm on the spot. Thoughts of a shifter romance she had recently read tore through her and she moaned as he eased the kiss and nibbled her full lower lip gently, while his injured hand slid down her throat and over her collarbone to cup her supersensitive, aching breast. The unexpected and very embarrassing orgasm that rolled from her pussy to her nipples and back brought her off the seat with a mewling sound of pleasure and white-hot sparkles of lust threaded their way through her body, bouncing around joyfully.

He slowly squeezed her throbbing breast through her shirt and lifted his head to stare down into her glazed eyes. His lips curved wickedly into a grin and his voice whispered huskily, "Damn, I must be good."

She choked back a gurgle of embarrassed laughter as she struggled to right herself on the driver's seat. "Or I'm just a horny old woman."

Hearing her own words brought a groan to her lips as she closed her eyes and wished she could just slither through the nearest crack in the floor. What must he think of her now? After this display, she was gonna have to hide from him for the rest of her life. Or would she? Had she just taken up the challenge?

## Chapter Four

Mike knew that he was taking a damn risky step, but he seemed to lose control totally when she reached over and unbuckled his belt. When his hand slid into the soft strands of her sweet-scented hair, he went on autopilot. He cupped the back of her head and swiveled in his seat to catch her mouth like a starving man finding an unattended gourmet meal. His injured hand moved to catch her face before she could jerk back and chastise him for his brashness, and when she opened her mouth to tell him off, he buried his tongue in her sweet heat and his fucking cock almost scalped itself on his zipper as it burst through the open fly of his boxers and headed for what it desperately needed.

And then he had cupped her delicious breast and she had orgasmed so readily. He had damn near blasted cum into his jeans as he smelled the moist sweetness of her hot cream and heard the little mewling sound of her climax. And then when she replied to his jocular comment the way she had, he knew for damn sure that she was as eager and interested as he was.

He calmed his body and thoughts and savored the taste of her on his lips as she struggled to scoot from her seat and run to the safety of her porch. *Oh, no, sweetheart, you aren't getting away from me that easily...not after waiting forever to know you want me, too...*

He was out his door and on top of her before she got five steps and his good arm dragged her lush curves back against his raging body, his face buried in the curve of her neck and her sweet silken hair. "Whoa...what are you scared of, Lee?"

She shivered as his hand cupped her belly and slid down to caress her where the seam of her tight jeans pressed against her clit. He felt the shudder of reaction go through her.

"I shouldn't have let that happen," she whispered huskily.

"Let what happen? Me jumping you, or the orgasm?"

She shoved at his wrist as he continued to press the seam of her jeans just under her zipper. "I'm way too old to be doing stuff like this! For God's sake, Mike. I'm almost old enough to be your damn mother!"

He kept his hand right where it was and slid his injured hand around to cup and squeeze her right breast. "My mother? Send that one in to Ripley. Old? Shit, Lee. You aren't too old to want to be touched. You sure as a hell aren't too old to want a man inside you again. And I'm sure as hell old enough to give you what you need...and to take what I need." Jesus, was he desperate or what?

Lee's heart hammered hard against her chest walls as he toyed firmly with her mons and clit and when his injured hand cupped and teased her breast and erect nipple, she exhaled explosively and leaned her head back against his shoulder, her eyes closed as he spoke in a rumbling growl against her neck. Dear God. How many years had she waited to hear a man tell her these things? Howard would have given her a pity fuck, if she'd have flipped out a hundred dollar bill. But here was a man who was young, hot and very obviously horny, if that cock jabbing into her ass was any clue. And he wanted *her*. She could have bitten her damn tongue off when she blurted out that she was "too old" to be doing this. He was right...she was trying to run from what she desperately wanted.

His lips nuzzled past her hair and he sucked lightly on the soft skin of her neck, his teeth nipping gently as even more hot cream filled her panties. "Please, Lee? You have no idea how much I want to strip that hot body and nibble every inch of skin. How much I want to bury my face in your pussy and eat you until you scream. I'm about to explode here, baby. Please say yes and put me out of my fucking misery."

Her entire body trembled at the sound of his voice asking her for something she wanted desperately to give. So what if tomorrow morning he woke up and found

himself in bed with a woman twelve years his senior, with a soft belly and love handles and breasts that were slowly answering the call of gravity? *Sweet Jesus*. He was hers for the asking tonight and he was beyond caring if she was his dream girl. And she wanted nothing more than to give him exactly what he wanted.

"If we stand here on the porch much longer, Sam will come asking if I'm abusing you." Her own voice sounded choked.

His soft, deep chuckle vibrated against her back. "More likely, he'll be asking if he can join the fun."

"Let me get my keys..."

Once inside the door, she was dragged around to face him and her soft sweater was whisked off over her head. Howard's old t-shirt was gone and her feverish palms rested against smooth, solid, rippling muscle. "You'll tear your stitches." She gasped as he hefted her and pulled her legs around his lean hips, using his injured hand as well as the uninjured one. The feel of the closed door against her back and the feel of his hot mouth covering her erect nipple through the satin and lace of her bra made her forget what she was saying. All she could feel was the hard ridge of his denim-covered cock rocking hard against the seam of her tight jeans as he tugged her bra cup down and took her bare nipple in his lips, sucking hard.

"Oh, my God!" she wailed as another throbbing climax engulfed her and Mike's soft chuckle brought more hot color to her cheeks. She clung to his shoulders as she rode the waves of pleasure while his cock continued to press and ease against her clit. Had the man just dry fucked her to oblivion? She sobbed into the long hair that fell forward over his naked shoulder and he murmured soft words to calm her in his native tongue, kissing her throat and breast gently as she came back to earth from one of the most intense orgasms she'd ever experienced. She almost laughed to think that being dry fucked through two pair of jeans had just given her the most sexual pleasure she had ever felt.

As he lowered her feet to the floor and leaned in to kiss her lips sweetly, she reached to loosen his ornate silver belt buckle and he put his uninjured hand over hers, shaking his head slowly.

"Why not?" she whispered huskily against his mouth.

"I don't carry condoms on me. And I reckon you never had to stock them, not being one to have men guests."

Her cheeks burned as she stared into his dark eyes. "How do you know I don't have men over?"

"You aren't the type to have one-night stands, Lee."

Her eyes narrowed. "You saying that nobody would want me?"

He stopped her angry words with a kiss that set every nerve in her body aflame, and she bit his lip sharply. "What was that for?" he panted as he rested his forehead against hers.

"Because you didn't answer me. You didn't tell me why you were sure I didn't have one-nighters."

She waited breathlessly for him to speak. "Because I would drive by most nights to check to see that there were no cars parked in your driveway."

"You...what?"

"You heard me. I stalked your sweet ass to make sure you were alone. And when you came with me just touching you, I realized you probably haven't been with a man since you dumped Howard."

She didn't know whether to be elated that he liked that idea, or horrified and offended that he had spied on her. Elated won as his thumb and finger rolled her nipple and he whispered hoarsely, "God, I want to fuck you...without the jeans between us..."

Her hands returned to his belt buckle and his heart almost stopped beating for a moment as her fingers dragged his zipper down and reached in to circle his cock. Her



voice was husky as she whispered against his lips, "I have never done this before, so you might have to coach me." He almost lost reality totally as she sank down the front of his body and took his aching cock into her sweet, hot mouth, sucking the head and gently stroking him from base to crown with her hands as he leaned into the wall and gave a groan of pure pleasure.

"Is this right?" she asked, looking up. His fingers tangled into her tousled hair and he stared down at her as she licked the vein that ran from his root to his swollen crown.

"Sweet Lord, woman...anything you do is right." His voice was thick as he watched her smile and slurp his hard-as-nails cock back into her mouth and he fought to keep from thrusting his hips forward and gagging her with his full length. Then her gently probing hands found his tight balls and he gave a shout and bit his lip hard.

"Am I hurting you?" she asked, glancing up with a sweet smile.

"You're killing me," he growled and dragged her from her knees into his arms.

He swung her from her feet and carried her up the stairs to her room. He knew where it was. He'd seen her light come on often enough when he was spying. "As much as I love what you were doing, I really want to get you naked, Lee—and I want to bury myself in you. If you don't have a condom, I'll have to figure something else out."

She was shocked that he was carrying her one-hundred-fifty-pound frame up the stairs like she weighed ounces. His words made her pussy clench and her nipples harden. Oh, Christ. He wanted to see her naked? Big mistake. There went the confidence she'd just gained. This ripped, stacked, gorgeous man wanted to take her clothes off her and look at her forty-two-year-old body. Oh, shit!

When he unerringly headed for her bedroom door and kicked it open, she prayed he would decide not to turn on the lights, but he did exactly that. He carried her to her bed and tossed her onto it and then began to strip his own clothes off. She watched, mesmerized, as he bared that marvelous young body and then gave his deliciously erect

cock a slow stroke, inhaling deeply as his dark eyes turned to her where she sat like a frozen statue in the middle of her bed.

She swallowed hard and whispered shakily, "You really don't want to see me totally naked, Mike. Trust me..."

His eyes slipped over her lacy bra and down over her rounded tummy. He shook his head slowly. "I've seen you totally naked hundreds of times, baby." He tapped his head with one finger and his lips curved into a wicked grin.

"Imagination is fabulous...you don't want to spoil that image by asking me to strip. I look absolutely nothing like you probably imagined, and I certainly don't want to scare the hell out of the first unmarried man who's asked me for sex in seven years." She chewed the corner of her lip as he moved to the edge of the bed and reached out to pull her up to her knees.

"Let me be the judge of that, sweetheart."

Hot color flooded her face as his fingertips gently slipped her bra straps off her shoulders and his large uninjured palm cupped her right breast, while his other hand gently slid the bra down to her waist. The look in his eyes was enough to shake her world and when he murmured something in Lakota and slowly sucked her nipple deep into his mouth, she almost fainted dead away from the pleasure.

"Oh, God, that feels so good," she moaned as he gave delicious attention to her other nipple, and before she realized it, her jeans were unfastened and pooled around her knees. His thumbs hooked her panties and shoved them slowly down. He licked the bottom of one breast as he tweaked the nipple of the other and she clutched at his head to keep from falling over.

Her self-consciousness faded as he laid her back on the pillows and stripped her boots, socks and her jeans and panties away. He ran his uninjured palm over her body, from her breast to her hip, and on down her thigh, before it circled back up to rest on the mound of her belly. "You are beautiful." His breath was ragged and for a moment, she believed him.

In the light of her overhead bulb, his body was shadowed and hard. He ran the fingers of his good hand through the soft hair of her mound and sought the wet lips of her pussy, his eyes darkening. "I want to eat you. I want to taste this. And then I want to know what you feel like deep inside."

She couldn't speak. She just nodded. And when he slid down and spread her thighs, propping them up over his wide shoulders, she arched and gasped. As his tongue replaced his lean fingers and he growled against her pussy, she felt his tongue drag from her anal rosette to her clit and she came up off the bed with a cry of need. He pulled her back down, positioning her to his liking, and then he opened his mouth over her pussy and began a hot, deep, methodical seduction that was designed to destroy all resistance and give maximum pleasure. She grabbed the long hair on the crown of his head and clung, bucking and crying out and coming apart with orgasm after orgasm as he fucked her with fingers and tongue. She barely noticed when he gently slipped a finger into her anal rosette...and when he probed her with two, she was so aroused she didn't give a damn. The third finger startled her, but the ongoing pleasure of his assault on her clit and pussy eased away the burning pressure and full feel of him fucking her ass with the fingers that were wet from her pussy.

"You think you can take me there?" he whispered huskily against her ear.

"I don't know...you're pretty big, and hard as hell." She moaned as he lifted her and rolled her onto her belly, lifting her ass by placing her pillows under her belly.

"If it hurts too much, I'll stop. Just tell me." He breathed softly against her neck as she felt him rubbing the tip of his thick cock over her wet pussy. "I'm gonna get it wet. Just relax."

She moaned as his cock slid slowly into her pussy, stretching and filling her to perfection. He moved gently and slowly, and then he withdrew and pressed the bulbous head into her anal rosette. Dark pleasure slid through her body as he slipped slowly past her tight muscle, and as she relaxed, he pressed deeper until his cock was fully sheathed in her tight ass.

"Oh, God, Mike...it actually feels good," she groaned. She closed her eyes and fought to breathe, feeling totally filled.

"Use your fingers on your clit," he urged as he slowly began to pump his hips, pulling gently out and then sliding carefully back in.

She obeyed, and his words teased as he whispered, "Pinch your nipples."

The thick shaft that stretched her ass pressed deep and she moaned as her own fingertips tantalized her erect little knob of nerves. And then he bit the back of her neck gently, as his hand came down with a smart slap on her butt cheek, causing her to cry out in shock. "Ride it, baby...feel it, love," he rasped as he smacked her other ass cheek.

"What are you..." she gasped as he reached between her legs and pinched her clit between the thumb and forefinger of his injured hand. "Oh! God!" she screamed into the quilt on her bed as the orgasm that struck rippled through her like a tsunami. She bucked against his hips as he pounded into her tight ass, and she felt his seed spurting deep inside her as he gave a shout and stiffened against her, then fell over her back and rasped raggedly, "Did I hurt you?"

Unable to reply, she panted into the quilt, savoring the feel of his cock still buried deep in her ass. When she was able to speak, she rolled her head and said shakily, "No, but my ass cheeks are burning."

His soft laugh rumbled in his chest and he rolled onto his side, taking her with him. "I'll make sure to stock up on condoms. I love your tight little ass, but I really want to be inside that pretty pussy next time I come."

He was amazed, and still so fucking horny he couldn't breathe right. She had let him come in her sweet ass. Not very many women enjoyed that. He had made her come with him, but he was pretty sure she would prefer him to be inside her pussy next time. He calmed his body as she fell asleep in his embrace, so weary she couldn't hold her eyes open. How many nights had he dreamed of having her like this? How many nights had he envisioned her naked in his arms? His body ached to take her again, but he

didn't want to scare the shit out of her and make her think he was after nothing but sex. No, he wanted far more than hot sex, but it was gonna take some time to convince her he was old enough to handle her needs. And he fully intended to prove he was the man to make her completely forget Howard Blackhorse.

## **Chapter Five**

She awoke to the sound of someone in her shower, and as she started to roll over to look toward the bathroom door, she gave a little groan of surprise at how damn sore she felt. Memory flooded back in like the dam had just burst and she planted her palm over her face with a moan of embarrassment. Oh, God. Had she really just fucked Mike Running Elk? Had she truly let that hot young stud see her in all her naked glory? Biting her lower lip, she sat up and realized with some trepidation that she most certainly had. She was stark naked, and when she was fully upright, she realized with a sense of surreality that the evidence of their orgy was soaking into her rumpled sheet.

“Noooo...” She shook her head and grabbed a handful of facial tissues to clean up with. She blushed beet red as she realized what she had allowed to happen and she glanced at the clock. Was it truly 5:45 a.m.? Was he in her shower? Oh, Lord...his hand. He would soak the stitches and end up back in the clinic.

Scooting out of bed, she tiptoed to the partially open door and peeped around, and almost burst into laughter. The injured hand was sticking up above the top of the shower enclosure and the minute he heard her laugh, his voice rumbled, “Don’t laugh. Get the hell in here and help an injured man with his one-handed shower.”

“You’re naked...” she trailed off with a swallow of mortification. Duh! He was truly going to think her brain dead with her scintillating conversational skills.

“You’ve seen me naked before, and I can’t get this fucking washcloth soaped up one-handed.”

Feeling decidedly adolescent in her embarrassment, she slid the shower door open far enough to step in behind his broad back and then shove it shut. “Give me that.” She took the washcloth and picked up the soap from the shower floor, pausing as her nose almost brushed his marvelously muscled ass cheek.

"If you plan to lick or bite, at least let me turn around," he growled, and she straightened quickly, her face hot.

"Shut up. You want me to scrub your back first?" Her voice sounded thready even to her. In response to her question, he turned in the stall and his cock nosed up against her belly as he grinned down into her red face.

"It's my front I want clean. Especially that."

She bit her lip hard to keep from whimpering as she soaped the cloth and stroked his chest and abs and then circled the soapy terrycloth around his rigid cock and gently cleaned the shaft and head. When he gave a growl of pleasure, she peeped up to see his head pressed back against the tile beside the shower head, his chest pumping for air.

"Like that?" she murmured as she stroked him with just her soapy palm and felt the shudder go through him.

"Christ, yes," he groaned and she pressed a soapy kiss over his copper nipple, enjoying the power she held over his body at the moment.

"Then maybe you'll like this even better," she whispered, sliding slowly down his trembling body, her wet and now soapy breasts dragging over his body as she sank to her knees and gently rinsed the soap from his cock before taking him all the way into her mouth until he touched the back of her palate.

"Oh, God," he almost shouted as she massaged his tightening balls and stroked his shaft with each deep suck on his cock's dark red crown.

He couldn't believe her. She was too fucking good to be true. So eager to investigate and so damn responsive to his unspoken needs. He held his injured hand in the air above the shower, but his good hand instantly threaded itself into her wet, silken hair and he gasped throatily, "I'm gonna come...you need to stop now."

She didn't seem to hear him and her mouth slid all the way over his cock until he felt the back of her throat. Unable to pull out of her mouth because she was gripping the

root of his cock with her fist, he came totally unglued, spurting hard into her sweet mouth and apologizing profusely as he shuddered with pleasure and closed his eyes.

“Sweet Jesus, baby...I think I’m gonna die here....” He groaned, and when she had milked every drop of cum from him, she rose to her tiptoes and dragged his head down to give him a good taste of himself. He opened his mouth over hers and accepted the salty sweet taste of his own orgasm, unable to believe what she had just given him—willingly—without him asking. And he wanted desperately to taste the heady juices that slid down her inner thighs as she straddled his thigh muscle and began to slowly hump it.

“You don’t have to do that, baby,” he whispered into her mouth. “Let me take care of you.”

“It feels so good,” she whispered shakily against his lips and he groaned as he felt her sweet pussy open to rub over his skin. He felt the turgid little nub of her clit as she gave a whimper of pleasure and ground her pussy on his muscle.

“I can make it feel a lot better,” he growled and reached to shut off the water. Once the water was no longer a danger to his bandage, he sank to his knees in front of her and hoisted her thigh up over his wide shoulders, pressing her back into the corner of the shower stall. He smiled when she reached to pull her glistening wet labia apart to bare her lush pussy and clit, and he took the invitation instantly. His mouth and tongue claimed her, sucked her clit, buried his strong tongue in her creamy opening, and thrilled to her arching, screaming orgasm as she humped his face and begged him not to stop. Shit! As if he ever would.

He was ready for another go, but she gently shoved his mouth from her after a few more minutes and she whispered huskily, “I think I’m going to die of pleasure, Mike. Please, I can’t take any more.”

He kissed her pussy lovingly, inhaling her delicious scent, before he slipped her thigh off his shoulder and supported her as he rose to his feet again. “I have to get over to the ranch early. I made an appointment to show a horse to a special customer. I



wouldn't go if I had anyone else I trusted enough to handle the sale." He ran his mouth along her jaw and licked her throat slowly, enjoying the shiver of pleasure that rolled over her skin.

He met her eyes and saw what he was afraid he would see...resignation. She obviously didn't expect to see him again. "Will you come with me?"

Her eyes widened and she blinked up into his face. "You want me to come with you?"

He couldn't stop the wicked grin. "My shower is bigger. So is my bed. But if you prefer to stay here and fix brunch, I'll more than happily come back after I clinch the sale."

She stared into those dark, glittering eyes, unable to believe that he wanted to see her later. But then, what red-blooded man would pass up a sure thing? Hell, she was so damn horny, he wouldn't be able to walk when she finished with him.

"Your hand is getting wet." She breathed numbly as he cupped her wet face with his brace.

"Which is it to be?" He ignored her worry, holding her eyes with his gaze. "Because I'm not walking away and giving you the chance to rethink what happened here last night and this morning. I can see that delicious mind of yours worrying this into the dirt. You either come with me, or expect me back here in a few hours. Your choice."

She swallowed hard and brushed her fingertips over his massive chest and leaned in to lick his nipple. "Don't forget to bring condoms."

His mouth swooped to take hers, hard, desperate...hot. Then his mouth switched to her dripping nipples, sucking them deep one at a time as he planted his uninjured palm firmly over her mons and slipped his long middle finger into her wet heat, bringing her up onto her toes as she whimpered.

"I'll be back before noon. Don't bother to get dressed. I'll just have to strip you naked again." He slipped another finger deep into her pussy as he returned to her breasts, and when a third finger pressed inside and they curved up to gently massage her G-spot, Lee came apart with a violent scream that she muffled against his hair, riding his hand helplessly until it subsided. He slowly pulled them from her, lifting them to his lips to taste, his dark eyes burning into hers.

"Please, condoms," she rasped.

"How many packages will we need?" His lips curved.

"As many as you think you will need. You're the only one who knows that."

"Hope they have a shelf full," he growled.

Sitting once again at her computer, she logged into the Tempt the Cougar website, and had to smile as she saw even more encouragement posted to her comment.

Monica: Dreams reveal our most secret desires. Or not so secret. Hellllllooooo Internet!! But, seriously, the only help you need is figuring out how to let the "kid" know you're interested. You were joking about that, right?

I mean, did YOU feel like a kid at thirty? I know I didn't. How much do you want to bet he doesn't either? I bet he just doesn't look like a full-grown man, he acts like one, too. Mmmmm. I like it when they do that. And he's several years older than my man, btw.

Lori: Wow, daydreams huh? I, for one, love to hear about those. Tell all, Lee, and then go get him! What are you waiting for?

She felt a bit too embarrassed to share last night with the whole group. Maybe next time... She bit her lip and checked the IM to see who was online at the moment. Cam's avatar showed. Oh please, God, let her be at her computer.

Lee B: Cam...are you there? I sure hope so, because I need advice!

She sat in front of the laptop, biting her lip. She hit send, and waited. She read some email. She checked a couple of blogs. Then when the response came, she wondered if she were crazy to be telling anyone what she'd done.

Cam: What's up?

Lee B: Dear God. You won't believe what happened last night...and again this morning.

Cam: Well, spill, girl!

Lee B: I took your challenge. The kid...the one who isn't a kid. O.M.G. I can't believe I did all those things...I mean...holy shit! And he wants to see me this afternoon. What should I do?

Cam: Did you enjoy what you did?

Lee B: Hell, yes!

Cam: Then why not? Enjoy him while you have him. If he wants more than one hot night, that's good.

Lee B: But, what on earth will people think? I have a "history" in this town. I was literally the scourge of the earth when I married a NA guy. The women hated me because I took one of "their" men. Now they'll probably want to string me up for doing it again.

Cam: They're jealous. But it's not your fault that "their" men find you attractive, girl. Whatever you have, just offer to bottle and sell it to them. LOL!

Lee B: But is he thinking that I'm just a hard-up fuck? I really have to live in this little town, and I hate the thought of being a laughingstock.

Cam: You have a point, dear, but if he wants to see you again after he had you once, he has to be more than just thinking of you as a handy fuck. I'd say roll with it. Let the chips fall where they may, and all that cliché shit. Just enjoy the hell out of the man. Be the Cougar you were meant to be. ☺

She shut the laptop down and closed it slowly. Glancing at the wall clock in the hallway, she swallowed her nerves and rose. It was nearly noon. He hadn't called to say he'd changed his mind, but she was a nervous wreck. She had made some Belgian waffles and had whipped some raspberry jelly into a pint of heavy cream. As an afterthought, she had opened a jar of maraschino cherries.

A plate of chicken canapés was in the fridge and a bottle of Riesling was chilling in a bucket of ice chips. Every sound nearly gave her a heart attack. She listened for the sound of his newer SUV, the one that had an automatic tranny. He had promised he wouldn't drive the old green pickup once he arrived at the ranch, until his hand healed.

At 12:15, she heard a truck, but it wasn't his. She cringed as the heavy booted steps crossed her porch. Why the hell did Howard have to pick today to restart their fight?

She opened the door and glared up at him. He was obviously drunk already.

"You aren't gonna invite me in? What is it? You expecting your cowboy?"

"Go away, Howard. I'm not in the mood to fight with you again." She started to close the door, but his hand stopped it and she gasped as he pushed his way through her door into her living room. "Get out! Now. Or I'll call Sam." Her panic was visible as Howard circled her in the middle of the floor like a tiger sniffing at raw meat.

"You fucking whore. You think I'd just let any man fuck my wife?" he snarled as she tried to bolt for the kitchen. His arm snaked out to catch her, throwing her backward onto the sofa.

"I haven't been your wife for seven years, Howard. Let me go!" She struggled as he shoved a knee between her legs and pinned her wrists above her head. Panic welled in her chest as his dark eyes slid slowly down her tiny tank that showed way too much of what he had forsaken long ago. "I'll scream!" She gulped as he reached for her belt buckle.

"I'll bet you will, like you did when the cowboy fucked you? I got what you want, bitch. I got what you need. Scream for me." His voice was a deep snarl that reminded her of the time he had come home drunk and had shouted at her for telling him he had to stop drinking and screwing around. The night before she called her lawyer and told him she wanted to file for divorce.

She inhaled a deep lungful of air and let out a shriek that should have broken all the glass in the place, but before she could scream a second time, his big calloused hand closed over her mouth and his teeth sank painfully into the top of her shoulder as his free hand tore her belt from the buckle and fumbled with her zipper. He lifted his mouth from her welted skin and hissed, "You should have fought a little harder when you were married to me, Lee. I might have enjoyed it more."

His hand reached inside her open jeans and he grabbed the lace that peeked through the opening, ripping it so hard it cut into her skin. He caught her hand as she tried to claw his face and he laughed as he wrenched her arm behind her back. She managed to get to his perfect face with her other hand, though, and he roared in rage as she dug her short but strong nails into his left cheek, and screamed again as his hand left her mouth to grab her wrist.

"Fucking whore," he roared as he planted a knee against her chest and hauled back to punch her in the face. She closed her eyes and lowered her face to lessen the danger of a broken jaw or neck, because Howard had a punch like a jackhammer. But the sharp blow she expected never came. She felt his weight lift from her and she heard something heavy hit the floor. Her coffee table flew, broken into three pieces.

She screamed again as hands closed over her shoulders and was ready to struggle, but she was hauled up off the sofa and into strong arms, her head cradled against a solid shoulder as Mike's shaking voice said against her temple, "Easy, it's me. He can't hurt you."

Without conscious thought, her hands flew from behind her back and grabbed the solid body in front of her, wrapping him in a death grip as she broke into tears and her legs gave out. "Shhhh, you're safe," he murmured against her ear as the siren of Sam's patrol car made her jump.

"Jesus H. Christ, Mike! What the hell are you calling me out here for?" Sam's angry voice stopped as Howard groaned and rolled over to try to get to his feet. Lee opened her eyes to the tableau and felt like she wanted to die of mortification.

"I got here just as Howard was about to beat the shit out of Lee. Seems he didn't want to take 'go to hell' as an answer, and I evened the odds a little."

Sam had drawn his service piece and was settling it back into his holster, his dark eyes shifting from Howard's bleeding face, to her open jeans and then to Mike's proprietary hold on her shaking body. She felt like she could just slither through a crack and be happy. Howard staggered to his feet and cursed foully, pointing at Mike.

"I was just trying to talk to my wife and this snot-nosed son of a bitch barged in and started swinging! I want the fucker arrested!"

It was at that point that Lee decided to take a stand, regardless of the consequences. "Howard showed up drunk, Sam. I told him to leave, but he forced his way in and started to force himself on me. I tried to get away but he caught me and he threw me down. I clawed his face to get him off me. He was about to pound my face in when Mike stopped him. I want a restraining order, Sam. I don't want this bastard within a mile of me ever again." She leaned her face into Mike's solid chest and Sam inhaled deeply, looking at Howard's bleeding face and the broken nose he was sporting. His gaze slid over the fresh, livid bruises on her upper arms and bare abs. He winced as he glanced at the teeth marks on her shoulder.

"I'm going to need statements from all three of you. Better get a jacket on, Lee, and come on down to the station house."

"In case you didn't notice, Sam, Lee is bruised and badly shaken up. I would suggest that you take that piece of shit down to the station and book him for attempted sexual assault and battery, and get that injunction in to Judge Wyatt. Send Sadie and Doc Harris out to get her statement. I'll be right here until they show up."

Howard wiped the blood from his face with the back of one hand and sneered. "She's my fucking wife. You gonna leave this bastard here and haul my ass off to jail, Sam? She's been fucking him, for Chrissake! He's gonna lie to keep his own ass out of trouble, and she'll lie to protect him!"

Lee stiffened. "I am not your wife, Howard. You don't own me. And I can fuck any man I choose in my own home. I have no need to lie about you. Everybody in town knows you are a liar, a cheat, a drunk and a philanderer, Howard Blackhorse. You hit me before, and I divorced you. You hit me today and you got what you deserved. You ever hit me again, and I promise you I'll blow your sorry ass to hell!"

Still in a high rage, Howard almost screamed, "I want this son of a bitch arrested for breaking in when I was trying to talk to my...Lee! He had no right barging in here and attacking me. This isn't his property," Howard snarled.

## **Chapter Six**

The look on Sam's face and the way Howard was puffing up like he was going to explode made his decision for him. Not that he hadn't decided earlier, but if ever there was a moment when he needed to protect his woman, it was now. Mike pulled her tightly into his chest to calm her trembling body and he met Sam's gaze.

"A man has the right to protect what's his, Sam. And Lee is mine to protect. She agreed to be my wife. That gives me the right to kick the living shit out of any man who tries to harm her. So unless you are planning to get any deeper into this matter by questioning that right, I'd suggest you get this prick out of my sight before I beat his ass some more."

He ignored the startled jerk of the body clinging so tightly to his and he stared Sam in the eye. He gently squeezed her hip and stroked his hand slowly down her stiff spine to gentle her. He felt her hot breath on his neck as she calmed her breathing. He just hoped she wouldn't make a damn liar out of him in front of the Chief of Police and her prick of an ex.

Sam cleared his throat. "Um...that right, Lee? Is Mike Running Elk your fiancé?"

Mike silently urged her to say yes as she turned her face to the man. He pressed his lips against her temple and hoped she wouldn't leave Howard an opening to have him arrested for assault.

What the hell was he doing? Her shocked gasp was muffled against his throat and she felt his strong hand gently cup and squeeze her hip, then slide over her back caressingly. She swallowed hard, recognizing the gift even as she turned her face to stare stonily at Sam. He was giving her a way to prevent gossip, to prevent her from



becoming a laughingstock, to prevent Howard from continuing his constant barrage of insults and unwanted visits. He was putting himself on the line to protect her.

“That’s right, Sam. He’s my fiancé. But I still want that injunction. If Howard so much as turns into the lane in front of my place, I want him arrested. I don’t expect Mike to have to beat him shitless every time he shows up. I want the *law* to do something to protect me from this. I want to feel safe in my own home when Mike isn’t here. Howard needs to learn the hard way what *no* means.”

She turned her face up to Mike, and said softly, “I don’t mind going to the station house and clinic to give a statement and let them gather evidence against him, Mike. It’ll be my pleasure.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Howard cursed and shouted and threatened, but Sam locked him into the cell and told him he could call his lawyer as soon as he got the paperwork done. It had taken over an hour for Sam to finish the paperwork for the restraining order before they had taken Lee to the damn clinic. She refused to go until she saw the order in the envelope and on its way to Judge Barclay. She was a very stubborn woman, but he couldn’t blame her. At the clinic, he was told to wait in the outer area. His last look at her was when she glanced over her shoulder and shot him a tear-filled look. He had almost forced his way in there to be with her.

He sat there flexing his abused hand—the one he’d planted squarely into Howard’s pretty face. The one with the metal and leather brace, which had worked damn well to break that finely-hewn nose with. He would have to thank the doc for it later. He’d always thought Howard was too damn vain about his perfect Lakota nose.

He tossed the crumpled coffee cup into the waste bin on top of several others he’d worked his way through during the long wait. He glanced at his watch again. What the hell was taking so damn long? A scraping sound came to him, and he came to his feet instantly as the inner door opened.

After three excruciatingly long hours, Lee emerged from the clinic exam room with a borrowed blanket wrapped around her shoulders, and he simply opened his arms and she walked into them. He sensed her humiliation and pain, and he thanked the deputy and Doc and swung her from her feet and into his arms. She lay in his embrace like a weary newborn foal, too tired to even move. He carried her out to his SUV and carefully fastened the seatbelt around her, before moving to the driver's side and sliding in. She was silent as the grave as he started the engine. They got out of the parking lot and he swung back toward her place in total silence. But about halfway there the dam burst and she began to sob uncontrollably, huddling like a frightened child in the bucket seat as he pulled to the side of the road and shut off the engine.

The res deputy Sadie was quiet and professional as the doc examined Lee and photographed her bruises, especially the livid bite marks on her neck and shoulder. She felt the humiliation and the pain of the last hours like a vise clamped around her stomach. She saw the strained look on the woman's face as the doctor cleaned one cut and took two stitches in it. Sadie obviously had some words she wanted to say, but was holding them back. The gossip mill would tell the world what kind of asshole Howard Blackhorse was.

She felt numb to the core as she slipped off the exam table and tugged her jeans back on, leaving her torn lace thong with the deputy as "physical evidence". Her body ached. Her heart ached. And she wanted nothing more than to go home and fall into her bed and just die of the humiliation that Howard had put her through...again.

They gave her a blanket to wrap around herself when she mentioned the chill, and as she left the exam room she expected to find Sam waiting to drive her home. She wasn't eager to deal with him after all that had happened. Tears stung her lids and she swallowed convulsively.

The sight of Mike standing there, his eyes dark and worried, made her want to run and hide. But when he simply opened his arms, she felt as if her legs were on autopilot as she walked straight across the waiting room to feel them closing around her gently.

She lost the ability to hold herself erect and as she sank into his arms, he bent and swept her legs out from under her, cradling her against his chest as he murmured thanks to the deputy and Doc and simply carried her from the clinic like she was a small child instead of a grown woman.

He said nothing. She bit her lip to keep back the tears. She knew that he was hoping she would consider his earlier words for exactly what they were—an offer of temporary protection. She was as embarrassed to be in this ignominious position as he was, and despite her attempts to remain strong, she lost it totally.

She curled into a small ball on the seat and buried her face in her hands and let the tears flow. Let the pain and fear and anger wash through and over her as she stopped fighting the emotions that swamped her. The car slowed and stopped. Great. Now she was making a total ass of herself and he would certainly be thrilled to see her out of his car and out of his sight.

She felt his hands unbuckling the belt and she swiped her face with both hands, struggling to sit up and make her apology. “I...I’m so sorry.” She sniffed as he turned her on the seat and pulled her legs around his hips. The feel of his hard, thick cock pressed against his zipper and nudging her pussy through their combined jeans once again made her look up into his face as the late afternoon sunlight lit his features. The light caught the dark gleam in his eyes and she sucked in a shaky breath as he caged her face between his hands and whispered, “You have nothing to be sorry for. You didn’t ask to be brutalized. And you didn’t ask for him to try to rape you. And you didn’t have to ask me for what I planned to give in the first place.”

A hiccup and a sniff made him smile slowly as his mouth swooped down and caught her lips in a sweet, gentle caress. Her heart began to beat a tattoo in her chest as he rocked against her slowly, sending hot splinters of pure lust through her body.

"I want you so much," she whispered against his mouth.

"Nowhere near as much as I want you, sweetheart." He kissed her nose and gave her one more firm thrust of his pelvis before he abruptly swung her legs back inside the SUV, refastened her belt and moved back to the driver's side door.

No more words passed his lips until they were parked in her driveway and he shut off the engine again. When he spoke, he didn't look at her. "If I carry you in there, I'll be there 'til morning. If you don't want that, you better get out of the car and get inside. I won't leave until you have the door locked."

One last pity fuck for the abused ex-wife. One last night of untrammelled sex. Could she handle that, after all that she'd been through today? Her aching body grew hot at the memory of his gentleness and his power. It didn't matter if it would never happen again. She wanted it to happen tonight. To be able to carry the memory of this delicious man with her for the rest of her days.

"My legs won't work..." she lied huskily. "I can't walk without help."

He sat there waiting for her to make her decision. He was giving her an out. And praying she wouldn't take it. His hands clenched the wheel, while his body throbbed with need. He knew she had been shocked, most likely embarrassed all to hell by his claiming her as his fiancé. The way she had stiffened, he realized instantly that she didn't feel the same way about him that he felt about her. But he still wanted her. Even if all she had to offer him was nothing but sex. He would take it. He would take it as long as she was willing to have him.

When she spoke, the fist that was squeezing his heart relaxed and the blood that had almost stopped moving began to pound through his veins once again. He slid out of the seat and almost bounded over the hood of the SUV to jerk her door open and drag her into his arms. He carried her up the steps to the porch, and after she unlocked the door, he carried her into the darkened house. She struggled to get her feet on the floor and he watched numbly as she closed the door, flicked the lock again and pulled

the shades in the living room windows. When her eyes turned back to his, he drew in a deep breath and held it. "What?"

"I made us lunch, but we never got to eat it. And I'm starving."

His breath whooshed out as she dropped the blanket and stripped her tiny tank off over her head, to reveal that she was braless.

"Aren't you hungry?" she whispered as she ran her palm down his shirt front. He ripped it off over his head without a word and let her hands caress his skin slowly, setting fire to his body when her nails gently dragged seductively over his nipples.

"Starving," he growled as she reached for his belt buckle. He unbuckled hers as she opened his fly and gently fisted his cock as she shoved his jeans over his hips.

"Mmmm...commando?" Her lips trailed over his collarbone and her hot tongue flicked his nipple. He pulled back as he saw the stitches, and his face tightened.

"That fucking bastard," he hissed.

"Forget Howard." Her voice was a shaky rasp as she drew his gaze back to hers.

He growled as he bared her body and let her jeans pool at her ankles. Her thong had been torn off and the resulting bruises and scrapes on her thighs and soft belly where he had planted his knee enraged him. He sank to his knees on her Navajo rug and ran his mouth over her bruises. Her thighs were trembling. He slipped her feet out of her sandals and helped her lose the jeans. And as he rose back up her body, his tongue trailed slowly over her thigh, mons and belly, then swirled around her nipple.

"Oh, God!" She clasped his head to her breast and buried her lips in his thick black hair. "Oh, Mike. Oh, Lord!"

He dragged her throbbing peak deep into his hot mouth as he kicked his own jeans off, after toeing off his boots. His palms then slid up her ribs to gently lift and cup her breasts and he felt her widen her stance as his eager cock prodded her belly.

"What was for lunch?" he murmured around her nipple.

"Belgian waffles with whipped raspberry cream and maraschino cherries, and chicken canapés. In the fridge. But the Riesling is likely warm by now..."

"I always wanted to eat food off a naked woman. Like they do in Japan." He switched to her other breast and she gasped and almost orgasmed. "Think you could let me have one little fantasy?"

He slipped his fingers over her erect little clit and she whimpered and shuddered. "Maybe nibble a dollop of raspberry whipped cream off this little thing here?"

His finger slicked deeper into her swollen pussy. "Maybe lick up a spoonful of cream from inside this?"

"Oh, God," was her only response. He nipped her nipple.

"Or how about me wrapping a canapé around this and nibbling it off bit by bit?"

His words drove her wild to let him have his fantasy. She managed to find her voice. "Only if you let me eat off yours first."

"Anything you want, baby, anything at all," he growled around her nipple, and she shoved him away a bit to catch her breath.

"The shades are up in the kitchen."

"I'll pull them while you get the food out."

He allowed her to feast on him with mixed feelings. He felt like an idiot to be spread-eagle on her table, but after a few minutes, that feeling was replaced with sheer, white-hot lust. He could get real used to this.

It was amazing how it made her hot all over as she placed bits of food on strategic parts of his anatomy, watching his muscles flex when she touched something ultra sensitive. He was sprawled in the center of her kitchen table, stark naked and she gave a moan of enjoyment as she bent over him to lick a bit of spiced chicken and red pepper from his right nipple, chewing slowly as she sucked on the erect bump. Her teeth

scraped his nipple a couple of times and he inhaled sharply, making the square of waffle topple off his cock.

She loved the way he trembled and shuddered each time she nibbled a morsel from his abs, his thigh, his throat. She picked each morsel at random, but left the waffle and cream that decorated his stiff shaft until last.

When she slid between his thighs, he gave a groan of anticipation, and when she took the bit of waffle off his shaft, he lifted his ass from the table.

"Please, you're killing me." His voice was thick with need.

"Patience," she whispered and licked the line of raspberry cream off the heavy vein that ran the length of his cock from base to swollen crown. As her mouth closed over the cherry at the tip of his aching cock, he caught the back of her head and pressed his cock deeper into her mouth. "Sweet Jesus, Lee. Yes."

He arched and she took him in until the cherry went down her throat with a slow swallow. The taste of pre-cum was salty and sharp as she began to devour him in earnest, sucking and stroking as he begged her to take him deeper. He trembled like a leaf as she gently squeezed his balls, and when he burst in her mouth, he gave an exultant cry of pleasure as he cupped her face with his trembling hands and stared down into her eyes as she took every drop he had to give her. When his body had ceased shaking, he dragged her up to kiss her, and whispered hoarsely against her lips, "My turn..."

She lay on the table, arms and legs splayed wide as he prepared her for his own feast. He covered each turgid nipple with curry sauce and balanced a canapé on top. He gently painted a line of whipped cream over her anus and labia and placed a dollop of cream with a cherry over her clit. But when he pressed a chilled spoonful of cream into her pussy, she almost came right there. Food was placed strategically on her ribs, her newly shaved mons and her throat, and when he was ready, he said roughly, "I am really going to love eating you."

His mouth and tongue teased and tantalized as he nibbled each morsel. He started with the canapés on her mons and navel and shifted to the ones on her throat. Her body shivered and trembled with each gentle nip, with each swirl of his tongue. Her nipples ached to be touched as he nibbled the savory chicken off the top of each little pile of curry sauce, and then his mouth closed over the first nipple and she almost lost it. He spent a great deal of time devouring the delicacies on each breast, and she was almost a mental and physical wreck by the time he cleaned the last of the sauce from her throbbing nipples.

He moved between her legs and whispered huskily, "Time for dessert."

His tongue snaked over the cream that he had decorated her inner thighs with. Her hips kept lifting from the table and he kept pressing her back down as he murmured, "Patience..."

He licked the line of dripping raspberry cream from her anal rosette and swollen labia, and then spread her gently with his thumbs as he settled onto his knees and hooked her legs over his shoulders. "Ready for this?" he growled against her pussy, and then he was slowly dipping his tongue inside to taste the delicious combination of raspberry and woman, his tongue probing to reclaim the delicious sweetness that he had buried inside her.

"Oh my God," she cried as his tongue dragged over her raspberry-flavored labia and he found the cherry over her clit, sucking it up and settling in to suck the tight little bud of nerves, his fingers invading her pussy to massage and tease her vaginal walls as he devoured her clit with little growls of pleasure.

The orgasm began deep in her belly and radiated outward to every nerve in her shuddering body, bringing her hips up and her back into an arch as she bit the back of her wrist to keep her screams of ecstasy from echoing all the way to the police station. The last thing she wanted or needed was to have Sam rush into the house to see who was murdering her.



He fed her orgasm to a fever pitch and gently kept up just enough pressure and suction to keep her peaking for several delicious minutes before he gave her a final heated lick and rose over her prostrate form to stare down into her glazed eyes. "I want to finish this right. You game?"

He was standing in a direct line with her sweetly wet, still clenching pussy and he stroked his stiff cock and rubbed the head gently back and forth over her wet clit before he grabbed the condom packet he had placed on the table next to her hip, tearing it open and rolling it slowly over his swollen, wet crown to settle it firmly over his thick shaft.

Her words freed his spirit as she whispered huskily, "Oh, please. I want you inside me, Mike."

It was as if the air in the room had gone as he entered her and pressed slowly into the cradle of her tight sheath until his rough nest of pubic hair was pressed hard against her bare mound. His hands closed gently over her plump breasts, his brace abandoned so that he could feel her soft globes in both palms. He stared down into her half-closed eyes and rocked his hips gently to fully enjoy her tight channel. Her mouth parted on a shaky sigh as he slowly drew back until only the head of his cock remained inside her, before returning to her wet warmth with a guttural cry of joy. He watched her face as she closed her eyes and threw her head back in ecstasy. His woman. Whether she knew it or not. She was his woman.

The friction was perfect. The head of his cock caught her G-spot with each well-aimed thrust and after seven long years of celibacy, her body rose in a crescendo of orgasmic response that went on and on and on. Her drawn-out sobs of perfect pleasure urged him on until her pussy clamped him so damn tight that the sound of his muffled shout of exultation told her that he shared her ecstatic joy.

As he lifted her gently from the table, his lips caught hers in a breathlessly erotic caress and held for a long, satisfying time as he wrapped her thighs around his hips and

carried her slowly up the stairs. Words were totally unnecessary as he stepped into the bathroom and pulled open the shower before setting her on her feet and withdrawing to dispose of the condom. She stood under the spray as he soaped the residue of their feasts from their bodies with sure, slow strokes of his big hands, and then rinsed them both off. He gently pressed her thighs apart and used the soapy washcloth to clean the raspberry cream from her, and as he dried her off with a thick towel after he shut off the spray, she felt as if she could sleep for days.

He seemed to understand her weariness, as he carried her into her bedroom and used the fluffy towel to dry her hair. He took her soft bristle brush to her mop to untangle it before he swept back the covers on the bed and eased her into the warm nest, bending to kiss her lips gently and murmur, "Sleep."

He leaned against the doorjamb and watched her sleep for nearly an hour before he swung away and went downstairs to find his boots, jeans and shirt. As he tugged his clothes on, he set about cleaning up the signs of their orchestrated feast. In the living room, he cleared away the mangled coffee table and swept up the broken ceramics that had suffered at Howard's hands. Once the little house was set to rights once more, he fished his car keys out of his pocket and glanced at his watch. He figured she would sleep awhile. He had some arrangements to make, and he definitely needed clean skivvies. He slipped out of the house, taking her keys with him so he could get back in without disturbing her.

## **Chapter Seven**

She awoke to the sound of his SUV starting and tires crunching on her driveway. She rolled her head to stare blearily at her bedside clock's LED readout. Three a.m. The ball was over and Prince Charming was riding off into the dawn. She chewed her lip as she thought of the mixed metaphors she was spouting, and she gave a sad little moan of loss. He was gone. She was alone again. And she was sore and aching in places she hadn't known existed. Her eyes drifted shut for a moment and then she buried her face in the pillow and let her self-pity out in a torrent of tears.

God, but she wanted him. She ached for him. But she was too damn old for him, and she knew it. The blush would be off the apple soon. When he noticed her crow's feet and the cellulite, he would realize his error and quietly wish he hadn't allowed this to happen. She had to let him go now, before she came to desperately need him.

Her alarm went off at five thirty as it always did. She reached out lethargically and slapped her hand over the shutoff button. Fuck the alarm. Shutting it off told her how stiff and sore her body felt. Her damn eyes were puffy and nearly swollen shut from crying. She had the cattle and hens to feed. The little American pony she boarded for a teenager whose mom didn't have a place to keep him would be kicking his stall down if he didn't get fed, and soon.

All she wanted was another friggin' hour...

Habit dragged her ass out of bed and into her bathroom, where her savior must have cleaned up the wet towels and the mess, because the bathroom was sparkling and neat. She stared at the horrible black bruises on her belly, ribs, and arms and she shivered again at the sight of the bite marks on her shoulder. No damn wonder she felt like a bull had run over her at full gallop. And speaking of bulls... Her hand cupped her

bruised belly and she felt her pussy tighten and tremble at the memory of him inside her, hard and thick, yet gentle and slow to allow her the thrill of his lovemaking without the pain of his considerable size.

“Oh, Mike,” she sighed softly as she closed her eyes and leaned against the porcelain sink. Memories of his hands, his mouth and his marvelous cock left her trembling with a need that would never be fulfilled quite so deliciously ever again. Even her ten-inch “Mr. Mann” would never look quite as enticing again.

She stood there for a while, until the call of nature brought her back to reality. After using the toilet and brushing her teeth and splashing her swollen face with cold water, she padded back into her bedroom and pulled out underwear and a fresh pair of jeans, then tugged a clean tank on, eschewing a bra. The bruises on her ribs wouldn’t take well to the pressure.

She tugged on socks and her boots and went downstairs to make her ritual pot of strong black coffee. As it began to drip fragrantly into the glass carafe, she turned and stared at the neatly cleaned table, her cheeks growing hot just thinking of the things they’d done on its painted surface last night. She would never be able to sit at it again without seeing his hard, muscular body stretched out across it, his eyes burning into hers as she arranged bits of savory food on his coppery, smooth skin.

“Hoo boy.” She exhaled sharply as she turned away to reach into the fridge for milk to pour over her cereal. Her hands were shaking. Well...she’d wanted memories, right? As she set the milk back in the fridge, she saw the remains of the raspberry whipped cream and she dipped a finger into it and brought it to her lips.

The rich, fruity scent and flavor twined around her senses once again and she almost orgasmed standing in front of her open refrigerator. She would never be able to look at a jar of raspberry jelly or a carton of heavy cream again without her belly flip-flopping. She could just imagine her future shopping trips – avoiding the jelly aisle and feeling her way past the dairy case with her eyes closed.

The cereal tasted like cardboard, but she forced it down, glancing at her wall clock. Heaving a sigh, she walked into the living room and blinked. He had cleared away the chaotic mess and her clothes had been picked up. She turned to look for her keys. She remembered tossing them onto the lamp table just after she locked the door and hot color flooded her cheeks as she recalled exactly what she had done after tossing them there. Her keys were gone? Damn. He must have accidentally picked up hers along with his. She supposed he would drop them off later.

Dawn was breaking when she stepped out the back porch door and headed for the barn and feed lots. Cattle lifted their heads and then moved laconically toward the troughs. The chickens came racing out of the hen house and almost tripped her in their eager pursuit of the grain she flung to them as she walked. She dumped the rest of the small feed bucket on their heads as they tried to peck some corn from her boots. She flung a broken bale of meadow hay over the feed lot fence into the trough and spread it out so the six young heifers could get to their own share more easily, before heading into the corral and across to the barn where the hooves of the appaloosa pony rang against the door of his stall.

"Hold your horses, Chickapee. Yours is coming." She grinned at the perfectly proportioned head that popped out over the door of the box stall. She opened the door of the big loose box at the far end of the barn and forked a pat of meadow hay into the feedbox and dumped a quart of mashed oats into the smaller feed cup on the wall, before filling the trough bucket with fresh water. When she snapped the lead onto his halter and swung the door open, Chickapee tried to bolt past her and she laughed and shoved him back, making him behave. "Be a gentleman, please. You won't starve."

But she recalled that she hadn't fed him yesterday afternoon, having spent time with the doc and the police. And with Mike. She rubbed his forehead and kissed his muzzle. "Sorry. Forgot you *are* starving, you poor boy."

She unclipped the lead as he entered the loose box and she closed the gate, watching him dig hungrily into his oats first, then the hay.

It had been years since she'd had a horse in here, until Lilly Santiago had asked her to board Chickapee for Suzi, her teenaged daughter. Now the pleasure she derived from caring for the beautiful little championship jumper helped her feel less cheated by life. Suzi came over after school and groomed and rode him, while Lee was busy grading homework from her students. It worked out perfectly.

Knowing how Lee had loved to ride before she'd had to sell the horses, Suzi had offered to let her ride the classy little POA, but she had declined, thinking of her one-hundred-fifty-pound weight on the almost delicate-looking little show-jumper, despite Suzi's assurances that a POA could carry her easily. Last thing she wanted to do was cause damage to those dainty, fine legs.

She leaned on the unpainted top rail of the loose-box and was dreamily admiring the coloring of the animal when the sound of a heavy truck coming into the barn's side-drive made her heart clench, and she almost panicked, wondering if Howard had managed to finagle his way out of jail somehow.

Instinctively reaching for the hay fork, she turned and walked to the barn door and stopped dead at the sight of the big horse van that was just rolling to a halt in the open space between the house and the barn corrals. The gleaming blue and silver fifth-wheel trailer matched the big 4x4 that hauled it, and she stared at the symbol on the side of the 4x4 numbly. The depiction of a bull elk leaping over a crossed pair of lightning bolts made her mouth go dry. O.M.G.

She had known that Mike owned a horse ranch, but she had no idea it paid well enough to allow for equipment like this. She leaned the pitchfork against the barn wall and walked slowly around to the driver's door just as it opened and the object of her fantasies slid out and hopped to the packed dirt yard, and the long, lean, hard look of him nearly made her knees give out.

She became instantly aware of her tiny tank that her generous breasts filled to capacity as his eyes dropped from her bruised neck and shoulder down to her boots and back. "Hi." Her breathless greeting was barely audible as she shoved her hands into the pockets of her jeans to keep them from shaking.

He nodded to her and shook back his thick, long hair. Her eyes widened as she realized that it was down, and worn with a leather and porcupine quill ornament that secured a real eagle feather and a strand of glass beads in many colors. He cleared his throat self-consciously and said quietly, "I wanted to do this right for you."

"Um...do what right for me?" She swallowed the knot in her throat and watched him as he walked to the back of the big horse van and unhooked the latch on the tailgate. A moment later, a long ramp slid out and the end planted into the hard-packed earth. Her heart snagged in her throat as she heard him murmuring soft words, and moments later, she stared in mute shock as he emerged from the van, followed by a stunningly beautiful black Quarter horse, and another stunningly beautiful palomino, and another equally glossy and gorgeous pinto, and finally, a solid white appaloosa with a blanket of chocolate leopard spots over his rump.

As the beautiful animals stood patiently, nudging his shoulders and back like very large dogs awaiting praise, his eyes turned to hers and he said quietly, "Normally I would have given these to your father and if he accepted them, I would have asked for his daughter. My great grandfather brought an entire herd of ponies to my great grandmother's father. So if you want more, I have another hundred just like these, but they wouldn't fit in the van."

The realization of what he was trying to tell her struck her in the gut like a fist and she almost sank onto the dirt. She barely managed to remain on her feet. Her lips were trembling too hard to reply.

"There are other gifts, too. It was customary to present the woman's family with hides, meat, knives, rifles, buffalo robes and blankets. But I figured maybe this would work until we got around to picking out the rest."

She stared at him as he shoved a hand into his pocket and fished out something small and stepped across the space that separated them. He opened the small velvet box and the blinding glitter of a stunning diamond caught the rays of the early morning sun, making her blink. "I think this will be easier to wear than a buffalo robe, and I didn't want to leave out any Anglo customs you might expect as part of the bargain."

He stood waiting, his heart pounding hard against his ribs. Her shocked face seemed to go white, and his hopes sank. Had he been too eager? Had he misread her? The appaloosa came up behind him and gave him a solid head-butt between the shoulder blades and he slammed into her, his arms catching her as she staggered back. The ring flew. After about half a second of shocked silence, Lee screamed and fought free of his arms and he wanted to die of humiliation. Until he realized that she was on her hands and knees in the dirt, sobbing and hunting for the lost ring.

"Oooohhhh! Noooo! A man gives me my first frigging diamond, and right off the bat, it gets lost." She was muttering to herself as she ran her fingers through the dirt beside the empty ring box. His lips twitched and his heart flew. He bent down and dragged her up out of the dust and as she opened her mouth to speak, he bent and covered her sweet lips with his hungry mouth, stopping her protests, and dragging her sweet pussy hard up against his raging cock with both palms on her delicious, round ass cheeks.

"The ring will still be here. It's not going anywhere. Sweet Jesus, woman, put me out of my fucking misery and just say yes."

His words stopped her frantic struggle and she stared up into those night-dark eyes, her heart going into hyperdrive. Her brain kicked in after a brief struggle with reality, and she found her voice.

"You—I—we..." she croaked.



His eyes glittered. A wicked smile curved those lush lips and he said roughly, "Yes. And you aren't getting rid of me even if you don't accept the damn horses. I have lots more. You have to give in sooner or later."

She swallowed convulsively and touched his lips with her fingertips, then laughed as she left a trail of rich dark dirt over them. "I just put war paint on you."

His eyes darkened and his jaw flexed. His breathing deepened and he placed his un-bandaged palm over her heart and whispered huskily, "*Le mayak'u kte.*"

Her belly did a little flip and she turned his palm and pressed her lips against it. "Whatever you just said, the answer is yes."

He gave what sounded remarkably like a war whoop as he picked her up from the ground and swung her around in a circle before pressing her back into the side of the gleaming van and kissing her into oblivion. The sound of the horses snorting and stamping and a nudge from the appaloosa's satiny nose made him growl raggedly against her mouth, "Need to corral them and get them fed before they tear the place apart. Give me two minutes?"

As he backed away from her, his face ruddy and his eyes glittering, she swallowed hard. Dear God, he really...truly wanted her? She managed to move away from the van and she walked over to where the ring box lay on its side in the dust. She picked it up and scanned the packed dirt around it. There wasn't a sign of the ring. Her heart ached just a little. No one had ever given her a diamond before. Not even Howard. It must have hit the ground and bounced. Later, she would borrow Lilly's metal detector and find it. She had to find it.

Her thoughts were interrupted by the feel of his large body pressed against her back and his hands turning her to face him.

He was there, his hands slipping over her ribs and ass, his lips caressing her full breasts. The horses were happily munching on hay in the main corral. He pressed her gently back against the side of the van and tugged her tank down to find her swollen

nipples, and then he gave a short laugh and burrowed his lips between her heavy globes.

When he lifted his smiling face, she realized that he was holding her brand new diamond ring in his teeth. "That's a damn convenient item of clothing you're wearing, woman. It holds the most beautiful breasts I've ever seen, and it's a handy catch-all."

He removed the ring from his mouth and picked up her left hand, biting his lip. The ring slid easily over her ring finger and he let out his breath. "It fits."

She stared at the stunning diamond, then she stared up into his flushed face. "When did you get this?"

"About a year after you dumped Howard's sorry ass."

Her eyes widened and her mouth flopped open. "You bought this ring six years ago? For who?"

He kissed her nose lightly. "For whom..."

"Okay...for whom?"

"For you. I found the ring you lost in the barn and checked the size before I told you I'd found it." His throat moved as he swallowed hard.

"You...bought..." She felt lightheaded.

He stopped her words with a light kiss and whispered huskily, "Let's take this conversation inside where I can convince you to shut up and fuck my brains out again."

Once inside the kitchen door, her tank was gone, then her boots and jeans. He tossed his own shirt and then toed off his boots before stripping off his own jeans. He kissed her deeply and then turned to wash the corral dust from his hands in her kitchen sink. She stared at his fine ass and his powerful, rippling back as he dried his hands and turned to stare at her across the kitchen.

"You are beautiful," she whispered softly as he stalked slowly across the tiled floor to pick her up and set her on the countertop, level with his stiffly solid cock.

"Glad you think so," he whispered against her throat as he gently kissed the black bruises from Howard's teeth softly and licked the vein that throbbed on the side of her neck. "Since we are now officially engaged, would it be proper to believe you wouldn't say no to me not using a condom?"

Her throat clenched. Her pussy clenched. "I could get pregnant..."

"Fine by me, woman, an added bonus, but I really want to feel your hot pussy wrapped around me without anything to keep me from feeling everything inside you."

He waited only for her little moan of need and her little twitching movement as she offered him her bare, slick folds. He gently leaned her back against the upper cabinets and dragged her hips forward to greet the tip of his cock, and as it slipped into the wet, ready sheath of her pussy, he hissed in a deep breath and let it out in a whoosh. As her cunt clenched tight around his shaft, he whispered hoarsely next to her ear, "Ride me, woman, and when you've come a dozen times, I'll spread you wide on the table and enjoy my dessert."

Her body shuddered as he slowly lowered his head and caught her lips and began a decadent rhythm that insured that he would keep his promise to her.

If she didn't die of pleasure first...

## **Epilogue**

Cougars...

I know it's been a while since I asked for help, but things just happened so fast, I haven't really thought about it since you offered me all that marvelous encouragement. I'm the one who had suddenly developed the hots for my Saturday helper...remember?

I want to thank you all for this wonderful blog. If I hadn't had you there to vent to, I think I would have made the biggest mistake in my life. I would have ignored my feelings one more time, and I would have missed finding the man meant for me.

I wish I could return the wonderful gift you gave me. Here's a photo of my hubby...does he pass muster?

Hugs,

Lee R.E.

She sighed and clicked the "post comment" button. She sank against the chair back and felt his wet arms slip down around her body as his lips caressed her damp hair just above her temple.

"I still think posing for your little impromptu photo shoot with nothing on but my wet towel was a bit risqué." His whispered words sent a shiver of anticipation down her spine. "But a deal's a deal."

"Oh, yeah. A deal's a deal." She gasped as he slipped to his knees and pulled the chair around to face him. And as his hot, strong tongue ran from her naked breast to her navel and he pressed her thighs apart, Lee Running Elk ran her fingers through his shower-wet hair and prepared to be deeply satisfied...again.

The blinking of her screen made her laugh as the reply popped up.

Cam: O.M.G.

Momma Mia!

Enjoy that man, girl! And welcome to the ranks!

Cam

## About the Author

Fran Lee began writing romance novels at the age of 14. Life intruded on a budding writing career—namely, paying the bills, raising a family and the usual run-of-the-mill things that leave a writer no time to pursue a career as frivolous as authoring romance books. Or so everyone told her. But she never gave up on her childhood dreams of writing.

Other things caught her fancy over the years—horses, eBay, martial arts, not necessarily in that order. Over the years, her childish dreams were set on the back burner over and over again. But the things that caught her fancy blossomed into self-confidence—she achieved her black belt in her chosen martial art, spent a fortune on eBay and had the great pleasure of owning a number of wonderful equine friends.

Now she concentrates on her various fancies by collecting horse statues and figurines, teaching karate to kids, and spending time dragging out those old romance novels and bringing them up to snuff for the 21st century. The dream has come true—and it was well worth the wait.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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