

Beautiful Trance Publishing

Riding
for the
Bang

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Published by
Beautiful Trouble Publishing, LLC
PO Box 61
Colfax, NC 27235
www.beautifultroublepublishing.com

Cover Art: Marteeeka Karland
<http://www.marteeekakarland.com/>
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Proofreader: Novellette Whyte
<http://proofreadernovellette.blogspot.com/>
Formatter: Savannah J. Frierson <http://sjfbooks.com/editing/>
E-book Conversion: Jim & Zetta <http://www.jimandzetta.com>
ISBN: 978-1-936271-65-8 (e-book)

To my mother who no longer is with me, but
resonates deep within my soul and strengthens
me. To Paula Chapman-Fain, whom constantly
sits on my shoulder and encourages me to push
through and REPRESENT!

Special thanks to Dr. M.M Mattison for
inspiring me and being the catalyst for my
beating heart.

—Taza

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This work of erotica contains adult language and sexually explicit scenes, which are smoking hot. This book is intended only for adults, as it is defined by the laws of the country in which the purchase is made. Keep this book out of the hands of under-aged readers.

Chapter One

How it started...earlier that day

While Daphne held on for dear life, the bull she rode twisted and turned his body as he tried to buck her off. Finally, Stynger gave one last good, hard buck and accomplished his goal. Knowing a fall was imminent, Daphne tensed as her five-foot-ten-inch, two-hundred-and-twenty-pound frame was propelled into the air. Sailing fifteen feet through the air, she slammed into the ground in a heap of indignity. That toss literally knocked the wind out of her...and some of her hubris. She came by her pride honestly. Being born into a family who bred, trained and sold horses and bulls for a living, Daphne had grown up riding. Of course, sitting a horse was a far cry from sitting on the back of a bull.

“Damn you,” Daphne yelled at the bull, who paid no attention to the curses she slung at him.

In an attempt to stop the ringing in her ears, she shook her head. Noticing a shadow coming toward her, Daphne raised her head and looked up at the figure that approached. Though the bright sun obscured her vision and her ears were still ringing, she had no problem identifying the deep voice. She heard

it every night in her dreams. That voice belonged to Travis Armstrong, owner of the hottest saloon and steakhouse in town. He'd been attempting to win her heart for months now. "Here," he said now, "let me help you up."

Letting him do just that, Daphne gazed into his hazel eyes. Her heart began pounding wildly, and her sex throbbed as he picked her up in his arms.

Located in the Gulf Coast region, Ranch de Davenport had been part of Texas history for the last century. Sprawled over ten thousand acres, the ranch had some of the most captivating views not just in the town of Zoomberi, but in all of Texas.

Ranch de Davenport wasn't just a piece of land; Davenport Ranch was the legacy of all Davenports. Though it had been profitable for a long while, it was Daphne's father Devon who'd transformed the ranch from its meager beginnings to what it was today. A firm believer of not putting all of one's eggs in one basket, he'd invested in oil and real estate back when the getting was good. Then he'd poured his earnings into the ranch. He hadn't done it alone; her mother had been right there with him. Knowing how to

stretch a dime and having a good head for business, Darcy made every dollar seem like ten.

True partners, her parents had made sure their sons and daughter were involved with the day-to-day operations of the ranch. The commitment of the entire Davenport clan was what had kept the ranch going after their father's heart attack. Well, that and her father's guidance. Her father didn't know how to be sick, and though weak, he orchestrated the daily operations of the ranch from the bedside phone. Since he was expected to make a full recovery, her mother let him "orchestrate," although she put her foot down at the amount of time he was allowed to spend doing so.

With the help of the entire Davenport clan and fellow ranching friends, Ranch de Davenport not only maintained its level of superiority—it exceeded it.

While her father was going to be her father regardless of circumstance, Daphne was going to be the daredevil that she was. That was why she talked her brothers, Dakarai and Dayjohn, into letting her try her hand at bull riding. Knowing she'd attempt it despite what they said, they'd given her one of their tamest bulls along with a whole lot of advice and let her go at it. Of course, being her brothers, they hadn't let her go at it alone. They'd had a whole posse of

rifle-toting ranch hands on tap just in case the bull got out of hand.

“Better we’re down one bull than to lose our only sister,” her brother had said.

She appreciated their concern, though her body, still protesting her experiment on Stynger, didn’t appreciate the results. Feeling every ache from her fall, she couldn’t say that she blamed her body. Rolling her sore shoulders, she stepped off the elevator and walked to her father’s hospital room later that afternoon.

After getting told off real good and promising not to do anything so damned foolish again, Daphne left the hospital room with a lot of hugs from her daddy, a swat on her behind from her mother and a question mark as to what sort of adventure she was going to get into today.

Hopping into her GMC Yukon Denali, she opened the moon roof and all the windows so she could feel the wind blowing through her hair. She turned the radio to her favorite station and caught the tail end of an announcement about an all-girl Bucking Bull Competition at Pickett’s Saloon and Steakhouse.

Intrigued by what sounded like a whole lot of fun, she listened to the announcer describe the rules...and she got excited. Consisting of five scored rounds, it was just like real bull riding, but without the raging bull and the bone-jarring impact. Her body liked the idea of an adventure, and her mind liked the idea of the prize money. First place was one thousand dollars; second place was eight hundred dollars; third place was five hundred dollars; and fourth place was two hundred fifty dollars. While she'd like to win, even if she came in fourth, she'd still have enough money to get some kicking new shoes. Yeah, she had a good job at the ranch, a trust fund and wealthy parents, but she'd always earned her own money. That was the Davenport way.

Located in the heart of Zoomberi, Pickett's was a known hot spot for tourists and locals alike for its relaxed atmosphere, local entertainment, and unique menu. The restaurant cut and processed its own exotic slabs of beef grilled on a mesquite wood fire, and healthy portions were served by cowgirls in the tiniest uniforms imaginable. It was a good venue with good people, which was why it was always crowded.

Daphne was as familiar with the saloon as she was with the owner. A good-looking man, Travis Armstrong was another reason the saloon was always full. Clean-shaven, six feet four inches tall, and two

hundred sixty-five pounds of solid muscle, Travis looked more like a football player than a restaurant owner. His standard outfit of tight-fitting shirts, custom-fitted jeans and boots showcased his physique. His dark skin highlighted his white perfect smile...and it was always directed at her. He had piercing hazel eyes that could seduce you into submission. No man had a right to look so good.

Still contemplating the upcoming contest, Daphne turned into the ranch's driveway—and realized she was hungry and exhausted. Though their chef was making something that smelled all kinds of delicious, she couldn't wait until dinner. Her face must've shown that, because a moment later, Evonna was pushing a plate of Indian cuisine at her while shooin' her into the dining room. After satisfying her hunger, she went upstairs and showered before lying down for a short nap. Between her several daily visits to see her dad and her full list of chores on the ranch, she was running on empty.

She dreamt about a crowd of people in cowboy attire snapping photos, yelling and screaming while chanting her name: "Daphne! Daphne! Daphne!" And considering the badass customized cowgirl outfit she had on in the dream, she couldn't blame them. Pink and tan, the bra was riddled with rhinestones matching the diamond piercing she wore in her navel.

The leather around the pink chaps saved them from being too girly and matched the leather in her Stetson. And then there were the boots. Her custom-made Timmy Screw's cowboy boots set things off. And just when she thought her dream couldn't get any better, a news reporter placed a microphone in her face and asked, "How does it feel to be the winner of the Bucking Bull competition?"

Chapter Two

The ringing of the phone woke Daphne, but before she could even attempt to answer it, someone else finally did it for her. Looking at the clock, she grimaced when she realized it was eight p.m. If she wanted to register for the competition, she had to kick it in high gear, being that registration closed in an hour. Dashing across town to Pickett's, she parked none too straight and hightailed it to the entrance. She made it to the door with twenty minutes to spare.

A crowd of people milled around the entrance, waiting for tables to become empty. More people waited inside the doors.

"You gotta get here early to be served, or you'll be standing in this long line forever just to eat," a familiar voice said.

"Hey, Skip. I'm not here to eat tonight. I'm here to register for the Bucking Bull competition."

"Good luck to you then, Daphne," he said.

"Yeah, good luck to you," his girlfriend Kelly added.

"Thank you. Why don't y'all come in with me? You might be able to sneak ahead of the line," she joked.

"Maybe next time," he said.

Smiling, she weaved her way through the crowd and talked to Deja, the hostess. "I'm here to register for the Bucking Bull contest."

"End of the bar," Deja said.

Thanking her, she made her way over to the area Deja indicated.

"You here to register for the contest?" Lily Mae asked.

"Sure am."

"You always were a daredevil, Daphne. Come on over here, I'll be glad to help you."

Daphne stepped over and provided the required information. Ten minutes later, Lily Mae handed her a large white sticker with the number six-nine-zero, and she was officially registered.

Walking through the saloon, Daphne was surprised when Skip and Kelly, who'd finally gotten a table, waved her over.

"So you did it?"

"Yep."

"Congratulations," another man seated with them said. "Riding on a bucking bull gives an adrenaline rush like no other."

"I had a little taste of that this morning at the ranch. It was a whole lot more getting thrown in the dirt than adrenaline rush, though." She laughed.

Laughing with her, Skip invited her to sit down. “There’s room for one more. Grab a seat and celebrate much softer landings.”

Deciding to take Skip up on his offer, she did indeed grab a seat. The place was noisier than usual even for a Friday evening. Everyone seemed to be enjoying the new additions to the recently renovated and expanded saloon. The old Pickett’s was cool; the new Pickett’s was ten thousand square feet of good time. People were line dancing. Sports fans viewed basketball games on the many large-screen plasmas scattered throughout the place. The hungry indulged in thick steaks, spicy fries and cold pitchers of beer.

There were also a good number of people lined up for a go on Pickett’s main attraction: the mechanical bull. Along with the plasmas and enlarged dance floor, the bull was among the many new additions Travis had made when he’d renovated Pickett’s. From the long lines that were always present, it was obviously popular with the customers and profitable for the saloon.

Covered with cowhide, the nearly six foot high, thirteen hundred pound mechanical bull reminded her of Stynger. Familiar with mechanical bulls, she knew that Travis hadn’t skimped on this one. It didn’t have *some* of the frills; it had *all* of them. The one she was interested in was the eighteen-by-eighteen foot air

mattress with three-foot-high walls that had a lot more give than dirt.

Since this was the beast she'd have to ride to victory in order to claim the grand prize, Daphne watched as rider after rider was tossed to the mat. Crowds cheered when another brave soul got on the bull, and aahhed when he or she was thrown off. Kelly was among them. After a few moments of watching and studying others, Daphne was ready to climb upon the bucking maniac. She strutted up to the line with confidence and to the cheers of her friends.

When it was her turn, Daphne waved to the crowd before jumping on. Once on, she gripped the braided rope, raised her left arm in the air, and waited for the ride to begin. The operator hit the switch, and Daphne was jerked so hard she was immediately tossed off onto the air mattress. Skip and Kelly quickly ran to her aid, but Travis beat them and helped her to her feet.

"Are you okay, Daphne?"

"I'm okay. The only thing that's bruised is my ego."

"Can I get you anything?"

"Maybe some extra padding," she said.

"From where I'm standing, you've got plenty of padding. You need me to call a doc?" he asked before she had time to get flustered from his words.

“Nope, I just need you to wish me luck.”

“Why do I need to wish you luck?” he asked warily.

“Because I’m a real cowgirl, and real cowgirls always get back on when they fall.”

She did get back on...and on...and on...and on before finally calling it a night. Thanking Skip and Kelly for their company, she waited for Travis to walk her out to her vehicle like he always did when she left after dark.

“I haven’t seen you in here in a while, and when you do come, you spend half the night on the mat.” He laughed.

“Yeah, well, that bull is addictive.”

“Well, so am I,” he said as he opened her door for her.

Daphne sucked in a breath. Travis had been after her for months, but so far, she hadn’t taken the bait. It wasn’t that anything was wrong with Travis; it was that she didn’t feel like being his flavor of the month. Travis pulled her to him and planted a soft kiss upon her forehead. Daphne’s knees went weak when she inhaled his scent. Not wanting to get caught up in the moment, she pulled away.

“Thanks,” she said as she hopped in her vehicle. Closing the door behind her, Travis took her hand

through the open window and stroked it before telling her good night.

Driving back to the ranch, Daphne couldn't help thinking about how good he smelled, his smile, his muscles, his everything. Shaking her head, she decided she wouldn't allow herself to have any wild thoughts about him. But no sooner had she said it then she knew it was a pointless decision. While her lips said one thing, her body wasn't listening. She went to bed that night thinking about Travis.

Chapter Three

Saturday morning, Daphne's cell phone rang.

"Good morning, sunshine."

She came immediately awake upon hearing her father's voice. "What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing, dear. I just need you to make sure things are getting done in my absence," he said moments before spitting out a long list of tasks to be completed.

Mentally comparing her father's list to the one in her head, she was pleased that they matched. Ready to move on, she wasn't all that surprised when her father got onto a new topic.

"I understand you're competing in the Bucking Bull competition."

"Yes, Father."

"Get out there and practice, then. You're a Davenport, and I taught you how to take a challenge by the horns. And to help you with that, I got you something. It'll be there some time this morning."

Expecting a lecture on safety rather than a pep talk, Daphne was surprised. She was also intrigued. Devon Davenport didn't do anything by halves, and that included "surprises."

"Okay, see you later. Love you, baby girl."

“Love you more, Dad.”

Excited about the surprise, Daphne jumped out of bed and readied herself for the day’s chores. A fast and methodical worker, she was done shortly after one p.m. All she had to do was wait for their shipment of hay. Since it would be a few hours before it arrived, she decided to go out and inspect the “surprise” waiting for her in the barn. She’d seen the delivery trucks and the buff delivery guys leave earlier in the afternoon, but work came before play, so she’d finished up first. After catching a breather, she headed toward the barn and gasped when she saw the mechanical bull that was set up. Her father was the best. Not wasting any time, she jumped up on the mechanical bull she was naming after the real bull who’d put her in the dirt: Stynger.

One of the ranch hands helped Daphne get on before fiddling with the spin and buck settings and pressing the start button. Moments later, the mechanical bull was wildly bucking. Daphne slid her hand onto the deluxe leather handhold and held on as tight as possible. The stable manager Rudolfo held the stopwatch and concentrated on her movements. Though she was getting a feel for it, she was tossed off after only four seconds. She was glad for the air mattress. Though she was a bit winded, none of her

bones rattled when she landed. Climbing back on, she nodded her head for them to start the bull again.

Daphne didn't notice the time slip by; she just kept getting back on the bull. Finally, she was up to five and a half seconds. It wasn't eight seconds, but it was a lot better than the two seconds she was averaging last night at Pickett's. At least that was what she thought as she lay on the mattress, exhausted from a hard day of chores and a solid hour of getting tossed on the mat. Closing her eyes, she imagined quenching her thirst with a cold drink. When she felt a cold bottle pressed into her hand, her eyes flew open—and she looked directly into Travis' eyes.

"Let me help you up," he said a moment before he reached down and scooped her up off the ground.

"Thank you," she said, shivering from his touch.

"You're always welcome, Daphne," he said before apologizing for coming uninvited. Aware of her father's absence, he'd stopped by to make sure the Davenport women didn't need anything. He was thoughtful like that.

"What about the Davenport men?" she teased.

"They're men; they can take care of themselves," he said.

He was old school and didn't apologize for it. She liked that; still, she had to tease him a little bit. "You don't think I can take care of myself?" she asked.

“Doesn’t matter if you can; when you’re in my presence, you’re going to be looked after.”

Wow.

Before she could formulate a good comeback, he switched topics. “You’re going to break something if you don’t start bracing your falls.”

“I’m doing the best I can,” she gasped out between deep breaths.

“But you can do better,” Travis said as he gently nudged her back in the direction of the bull.

Never one to back down from a challenge, she finished her water and climbed back onto the beast. She rode for what seemed like hours as Travis taught her a better grip technique, improved form, and how to brace herself. The last time she hit the mattress, Rudolfo called out a time over six seconds. *Yessss.*

“Not bad, Ms. Daphne,” Rudolfo said. “We’ll make a bull rider out of you yet.” He patted her on that back.

“Thank you,” she beamed.

Looking down at her watch, she realized the hay should’ve arrived by now. As much as she wanted to get back on that bull, work came first.

“Thanks for all of your help, Rudolfo, but duty calls,” she said as she hugged him before making her way to the stables.

The hay had indeed arrived, but it was near the shed instead of at the front of the stables. Knowing there was no use in complaining, she simply pulled on her gloves and began moving the stacks.

Though she didn't ask, Travis was right beside her, helping her complete her task. She didn't have to turn around to know he was watching her ass. He always watched her. But instead of making her nervous, it made her feel invincible.

She didn't know how long they'd been working when he walked over and took the bales from her. "I'll finish this up. You look beat; go and have a sit."

Daphne was about to argue, but the look on his face said not to bother. Rolling her eyes, she thanked him and did just that. She was beat, and there was no need to cut off her nose just to spite her face.

She took a seat on the top plank of the wooden pen and got a visual treat. Travis had removed his white shirt, exposing a very sculpted physique. Daphne was awestruck looking at the play of muscles that accompanied his movements. And she didn't just notice his physique—she noticed everything about him, including the bead of sweat that rolled down his back, drenching the top of his jeans. Seeing the way his jeans hugged his tight, round, muscular ass, she couldn't help but envy those jeans. Her envy didn't

stop there; she even envied the sun that caressed his ebony skin.

Travis was a work of art. A strong man, he moved that hay like it was feathers. Knowing he had to be hot, Daphne went to the small fridge they kept in the stables and retrieved a couple of bottles of cold water for him.

The closer she got to him, the more intensely her body reacted. Her nipples got hard, her sex became wet, and her breathing grew shallow. When Travis turned to take the bottled water, a few drops of sweat rolled down his neck and onto his chest. For the first time, she noticed his nipple rings. No telling how long she might've stared if Travis hadn't diverted her attention by speaking.

"Meet me later," he said in his smooth, velvet voice.

Daphne just stared at him, speechless.

Her silence didn't deter Travis, however. "That way you can practice riding something just as powerful as what you'll actually be competing on."

And before she could find her tongue, he reached down and kissed her. Then he left.

As much as she was tempted to meet Travis over the following days, she opted not to. Instead, she relied upon the direction of Rudolfo, practicing on Stynger for the rest of the afternoon.

Chapter Four

As Rudolfo and Daphne concluded practice, a beat-up 1970s blue Ford F-150 came barreling down the driveway with a trail of dust following in its wake. The truck came to an abrupt halt, and moments later a short, round Hispanic male emerged.

“Hola. ¿Cómo está? Yo Gustavo Esperanza. Estoy buscando Señorita Daphne Davenport,” he said.

Daphne smiled at the exotic pronunciation of her name. Being sure to mind her manners, she addressed him formally. *“Hola, Don Gustavo, me llamo Daphne. What can I do for you?”*

Don Gustavo seemed a bit taken aback by her use of the honorific title “don,” and by her Spanish dialect, but he recovered quickly. “I hear you are to be in the Bucking Bull competition.”

“Si eso correcto.”

“I am a tailor from Houston. What are you wearing to the competition?” he asked.

“I haven’t thought about it. I guess a casual, heavily starched shirt, jeans, boots, and a cowboy hat,” she said offhandedly.

“No, ma’am. You have to make a statement with what you’re wearing. I am a friend of Travis’, and I

would be honored if you would allow me to make something for you.”

Daphne was surprised, but she agreed with Don Gustavo about making a statement. If she was going to win, she needed to look good; in the event she didn't win, she still needed to look good. Being that Travis had sent him, she knew Gustavo was good people.

“I'd be honored if you'd do that for me,” she said before inviting him into the kitchen for some refreshments.

Grabbing his portfolio, he came in. After they shared a light meal, he took her measurements. By the time he left, she was as excited about the outfit as she was about the competition itself.

Sipping on a glass of strawberry lemonade, Daphne pondered recent events. She certainly hadn't expected a new outfit, and she definitely hadn't expected Travis to send over one of the best Western tailors to make one for her. The man was really getting to her.

Chapter Five

Three weeks later

Three weeks had never passed so quickly. In between work, practice, and seeing to her father, it seemed the time had simply evaporated. She didn't realize how much time had gone by until Don Gustavo delivered her outfit on the eve of the Bucking Bull Competition. He handed her the hat box and garment bag like he was handing over a baby.

"I'm not bragging, but I must say it's beautiful like you. You will really make a statement. Please take, and good luck!"

"Thanks, Don Gustavo," she said as she took the box. "One moment, please."

Going to her bedroom, she set the box and garment bag down. She thought about opening the bag and box and trying on her outfit, but she resisted the urge, as she wanted to be surprised. Grabbing her checkbook, she made her way back downstairs so she could pay him.

"How much do I owe you?" she asked.

"*Nada*. It is already taken care of," he said with a smile.

"Who?" she asked.

“Buenas noches, Señorita Daphne,” he said instead of answering her question.

Excited, she retired early in preparation for tomorrow’s big event. She fell asleep dreaming of her outfit. And also dreaming of Travis.

The next morning, Daphne watched a little television in an effort to calm down. Her attempts at peace and calmness were unsuccessful, however, due to her excitement. She busied herself with a book and a good lounge in the hot tub before making a visit to the hairdresser, then coming home for a nap. Finally, the day merged into evening, and it was time to put on her outfit.

Opening the garment bag, she gasped. Nestled in the silk-lined bag was the outfit from her dreams—literally. Instead of pink and tan, it was a combination of pink and lavender. Gorgeous in her dream, it was even more stunning in reality. Don Gustavo had done his thing! As luck would have it, she had a thong in her lingerie drawer that matched perfectly. And because he’d asked her to show him the boots she planned to wear that night, the leather on her outfit matched the leather on her Timmy Screws cowboy boots.

Emitting a “hell yeah,” Daphne dressed carefully. Stepping into her boots, she walked to the full-length mirror and smiled. Lifting her hat from the

box, she put on the Stetson, being sure to arrange her hair just so and that was all she wrote. She took a moment to admire the form-fitting fit of her outfit. She looked like a champion. Finally, turning out the light, she grabbed her keys and headed for the competition.

Chapter Six

Daphne received a phone call from her parents en route to Pickett's.

"We're just calling to wish you good luck and to tell you how proud we are of you. Do the best you can and know that we love you!" they said.

"What time is it in Hawaii?" Daphne asked. She couldn't believe her parents had called to give her encouragement when her father was supposed to be recuperating. Well, yeah, she could. They were loving parents.

As Daphne drove across town, she enjoyed the sight of the stars. Zoomberi was beautiful country. And while it might not be anywhere near as big as the Houston area, its location near a college meant that it attracted its fair share of people. And it being Saturday night, she was experiencing more traffic than usual. It seemed that the traffic on the streets followed the lights in the sky. Daphne trailed the traffic all the way to Pickett's and parked in the area reserved for contestants.

She was ushered inside by security and escorted to an area cordoned off for contestants. The crowd was large, and the media presence was out in full force. A voice over the PA system announced the 2010

Bucking Bull Competition was officially underway before going over the rules. The competition consisted of ten cowgirls and five rounds, with two eliminations per round. Riders would be scored on a scale of one to ten per ride.

Daphne sailed through the first three rounds with a combined score of thirty-five. Kelly, Skip, Rudolfo, Gustavo and Travis filled the air with their cheers, although Travis did his cheering from the corner. Though she only caught glimpses of his eyes, she saw the heat in them. He was definitely interested in her.

With the speed of the bull being kicked into high gear and the competition tiring, the fourth round was definitely harder, and riders weren't staying on nearly as long. When it was her turn, she held on tight and did her best to ride with the bull. Her body swayed and jerked with the bull's movement. Still, like the other contestants, eventually she was thrown off. She'd held on for a little over six seconds before losing her grip, which was good enough to score a forty. However, the cowgirl before her scored forty-two and the two after her scored forty-seven and forty-five respectively, which eliminated Daphne and the rider before her from advancing to the final round. Disappointed, but nevertheless having had a good time, she joined her friends and cheered on the rest of

the competition. “Come on, cowgirls! Show ’em how it’s done.”

It’d been a good night, Daphne thought as she exited her SUV. Though it was late, she was still jazzed from the night’s events. She decided to go to the stables and check the horses. Watching the horses was therapeutic and relaxing for her. And tonight, she needed to relax—not because she was disappointed with her showing, but because she’d finally realized just how much Travis got to her. That man was all that.

Caught up in observing the horses, she didn’t realize the object of her thoughts was present and busy admiring her until he started talking.

“You were the most beautiful woman in there tonight,” he said.

Turning, Daphne caught her breath. Travis was leaning against the barn door, looking like the quintessential cowboy with stonewashed jeans, scuffed boots, and a Stetson. He was also looking like his normal fine self with that two-sizes-too-small t-shirt and that familiar air of confidence.

“Thank you,” she said.

“Then again, you’re always the most beautiful woman there,” he added as he tossed the piece of hay he’d been chewing onto the ground.

“What are you doing here?” she asked. “I didn’t hear you walk up.”

“You didn’t hear me because you’re focused on admiring your horses and thinking about what you should’ve done better, being that you’re a perfectionist.”

She continued looking at the horses, even though she wanted to do nothing more than spend the night looking at him. Acting as if Travis wasn’t present, she said nothing. He knew a lot about her, and that unnerved her some...and thrilled her.

Obviously, her ignoring him didn’t faze Travis one bit. It only made her more desirable to him. He walked up behind her, placed his hands on her waist, and pulled her into him. She immediately felt his erection. “You know you can’t enter the competition again.”

“Why not?” she asked indignantly.

“It wouldn’t be fair if my woman won.”

“Since I’m not your woman, that shouldn’t be a problem.”

“You’ve always been my woman, Daphne.”

She would’ve argued more, but he felt too good to waste time arguing over. Even if she’d had something to say, he’d already started speaking. “Relax; allow yourself to be loved. Why won’t you allow me to love you?”

Daphne tried to pull away, but he gripped her tighter. Saying nothing, Travis walked over to the stairs that led to an enclosed area. He set her down and climbed up first...and invited her to follow.

Chapter Seven

Daphne waited while Travis lit the lanterns. When he did, she gasped at the scene before her. Travis had cleaned out the loft and transformed the area into a romantic spot. Lanterns were spread about, lighting the venue perfectly. Spread on the hay were two white comforters covered with rose pedals. A bottle of champagne chilled on ice. Under their plastic-wrap blanket, fresh strawberries, sliced cheese and crackers were arranged perfectly on a bed of ice. Daphne stood in amazement. No man had ever done anything like this for her. No man not related to her had done half the things Travis had done for her over the years.

Still speechless, she watched as he removed his boots and socks. He looked directly into her eyes as he slipped off his shirt, revealing his smooth chest and rock-hard abs. Still gazing deep into her eyes, he walked over and drew her into his arms. Then he licked her lips. Pulling back, Daphne mimicked his actions before he pulled her closer and took back control.

Travis slowly massaged and squeezed her breasts while kissing her deeper. Rubbing the small of her back, he worked his way upward to the clasp of her

bra. He hugged her in closer to unfasten her bra. Slowly pulling the straps down her arms, he tossed the bra away from him as if it somehow offended him.

“Hey, I like this outfit,” she protested.

“I liked it too, which is why I’m going to have Gustavo make two others in different colors.”

The admission drew a gasp from her. “You’d do that for me?” she questioned.

“For you...and only ever you,” he said.

Already missing his closeness, she stepped nearer and rubbed her breasts against his chest, even as she dropped her hand to his waistband.

He helped her remove his jeans. Standing back, he confidently stroked his dick before she invited herself to do the same.

“Take off the rest, Daphne.”

Stepping back, Daphne quickly removed her boots and chaps. Squaring her shoulders, she stood before him in only her thong. Travis eyed her with appreciation...just like he did no matter what she was wearing.

Lying on the comforter, he continued stroking his dick. Daphne followed him down to the comforter, where she straddled him and continued their kiss. Travis hugged her to him as they kissed. Pulling back, he leaned down and sucked her nipples until she moaned out his name. “Travis.”

“Daphne,” he whispered her name even as he reached between them and rubbed her clit through the delicate material of her thong. He moved the thong aside to expose her pussy, becoming more aggressive with his fingers. It felt good, but she wanted more. She wanted it all.

“Take it off, Travis,” she demanded.

He yanked, and her thong came off in his hand, freeing her.

Before she could make a move, Travis laid her on her back and crawled between her legs. Spreading her legs wide, he reached down and flicked his tongue back and forth across her clit, sending shockwaves throughout her body. From the way he stroked her with his tongue, it was clear he knew his way around a pussy. Being nobody’s fool, she didn’t even think about complaining. She simply closed her eyes and focused on the pleasure he was giving her. After working her up with fast flicks of his tongue across her clit, he slowed down and pleased her with slow, deliberate licks.

Travis teased her until she couldn’t stand it anymore. Grabbing the back of his head, she began grinding on his face in an effort to fall into the orgasm she was so close to.

“Please, Travis,” she begged.

He responded by rubbing her clit as he thrust his tongue in and out of her pussy. The combination of his tongue and fingers caused her to reach her peak. Screaming out his name, she came to the sound of his laughter.

Travis stroked her as she recovered from her orgasm. It took her a few minutes, but she soon regained her strength, and when she did, she slowly slithered down his body. Slapping his hand away from his dick, she stroked him with her hand a moment before she circled the head and licked her way down his shaft. Then she gave the same attention to the underside of his shaft, licking her way back up before sucking him into her mouth. Taking her time, she relaxed her jaw and drew him in deeper. Travis growled out her name before tangling his hand in her hair and thrusting his lower body in and out of her mouth at a rhythmic pace. Instead of being turned off by his display of dominance, she was turned on by his need. Travis had never hidden his strength or his desire for her, nor had he slacked in his respect for her.

“Daphne,” he rasped again even as he pulled her up.

Reluctantly, she crawled up his hard body before sliding down his dick. She moaned from the initial shock of him stretching her but continued her journey.

Arching her back, she recalled her form for riding a bull and used it to ride him. Travis tightly held her waist and bucked up and down like the mechanical bull. Her hips gyrated slowly, then faster.

Travis slapped her ass, and she gripped him tighter with her inner muscles. It didn't take long for their body movements to become synchronized.

Pulling her tighter against him, he arched his own back, penetrating her deeper. Daphne moaned in ecstasy as he thrust in and out of her until he pushed her to orgasm.

"Baby, I'm getting ready to come!" she screamed.

Instead of slowing down, Travis increased his thrusts. He didn't just work her up with his body; he worked her up with his eyes. Never had he looked so intense...or so beautiful.

"Travis," she moaned.

"Who is it that gives you pleasure?" he asked.

"You," she responded.

"Damn right," he said with passion. "I. AM. YOUR. MAN!"

"Yes," she admitted. "Yes, yes, yes."

"AND YOU. ARE. MY. WOMAN!"

His words pushed Daphne to the brink of the orgasm his body had been promising.

Pulling him up for a kiss, she made her own decree. "I AM YOUR WOMAN! AND YOU ARE MY

MAN!” she said right before she exploded from pleasure.

Daphne felt her orgasm everywhere in her body. From the look on his face, Travis felt it too.

Moments after the first shockwaves of her own orgasm began, he came as well, releasing inside of her. Daphne couldn't speak, the pleasure was so great. All she could do was hold on. *Damn, now that was a ride worth first place*, she thought as she felt him pull one of the comforters over her before wrapping her in his arms.

****Taza****

Taza

Taza is in the process of finding her way in life, and her style within the writing arena. Originally from Southern California, she has stopped in Arkansas for a brief minute. Arkansas has allowed her to learn how to live with less and make lemonade out of the lemons she's been dealt. She's learned that if she changes how she looks at things, the things she looks at will change. She's blessed beyond words, giving thanks to the one above daily.

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