



**A Cowboy's Touch**  
~K. Lyn~  
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**Introduction:**

Following a heated argument with her boyfriend, Shannon is on her way home when her car begins to swerve from the beating rain. Forced to turn off onto a country road that quickly turns to mud, Shannon soon finds herself in a ditch surrounded by rising water. A loud tapping on Shannon's car window brings her face to face with an unlikely rescuer.

**A Cowboy's Touch:**

Shannon heard her car begin to sputter and she begged it to keep going.

“Come on, baby. You can do it.”

When her car began to swerve to the left, Shannon knew she had to turn off of the main road. It was raining hard as she turned onto the rough country road. Not knowing if the road would turn to mud, she drove faster. She had no idea where she was, but she couldn't be too far from where her aunt and uncle lived. The rain beat down harder and then Shannon could feel it slamming against her car windows. Then she realized that this road did turn to mud when it rained.

Shannon no longer knew if she were in the road or the ditch, and then her car spun around and came to a complete stop at the bottom of the deep ditch.

“Crap,” she said.

There was no way she was getting out of here without help. She had been in such a hurry to leave her boyfriend's house that she had forgotten her cell phone. He had been drinking again and when he drank, he became mean. Shannon looked in the rearview mirror at the bruise underneath her right eye.

“That is definitely going to show.”

She quickly put some powder on her face underneath her eye, but it only seemed to make it worse.

“I'll worry about that later. I have to get out of here somehow.”

Shannon looked around, but could see nothing other than the pouring rain. Shannon had turned to retrieve something from her purse when the loud tapping on her car window scared the crap out of her. She turned and quickly locked her door.

“Who are you?” she demanded.

“Let me in, Shannon. It's Dan.”

What a relief. Danny could pull her out of the ditch. Shannon unlocked her car door, and Dan climbed in beside her.

“What the hell are you doing out here?”

Thinking up a quick lie, Shannon said, “I got lost, and my car started having problems.”

“How in the hell could you get lost out here? You know the folks live down this road, and you know that I don’t live very far from them.”

“I know, but my car stalled, and it’s raining.”

“Look at me, Shannon.”

Shannon slowly looked up into Dan’s eyes. She knew she couldn’t hide her black eye from him. He gently wiped the powder from Shannon’s face with his thumb.

“Oww.”

“Whose masterpiece is that?”

Pretending that she had no idea what Dan was referring to, Shannon looked in the mirror.

“Oh, I don’t know. I guess I must have hit my head when my car hit the ditch.”

“Do I look like a fool, Shannon? Do I have stupid written across my face? You got that black eye from him. What’s it going to take, Shannon? Does he have to kill you before you leave him?”

Shannon looked down, ashamed. “No,” she mumbled.

“Come on. I’ll take you to my place. Can’t get your car out tonight, anyway. And if we don’t get going soon, we’ll be sleeping in your car tonight.”

Shannon slid over to the edge of the car seat while Dan was opening the door to his truck.

“Shannon, what are waiting for?”

“It’s too far across.”

“Oh, you big baby.” Dan picked Shannon up into his arms and swung her around and into his truck.

“My Prince,” she remarked.

“You wish.”

The tires spun several times before Dan was able to drive his truck out of the big ditch.

“Damn, we’ll be lucky if the bridge doesn’t wash out soon.”

“You mean the one by your folks’ house?”

Dan didn’t answer Shannon. He could barely see the road in front of him.

“Can you even see where you are?” she demanded.

“Don’t bother me right now, Shannon, and no, I can’t see shit.”

Shannon stuck her tongue out at Dan.

“I saw that,” he said.

The old truck swerved, and Shannon shrieked and grabbed onto Dan’s arm. He tried to steady the old truck, but Shannon’s hold was getting tighter and tighter. Once they were headed up the hill, Dan glanced at Shannon.

“Can I have my blood back?”

“Oh, sorry.”

“Damn, girl, I think you left permanent dents in my arm.”

“It’s drier up here,” she said.

“No shit, kid. We’re going uphill and water flows downhill.”

Shannon rolled her eyes at the man she had known forever. Lately, however, he had begun to look different to her.

“Quiet for once, are we?” he asked.

“No, just trying not to throw up from your crazy driving.”

When they reached the corner that would take them to Dan’s house, he turned the wheel sharply to the right. Shannon fell onto her side, her cute butt sticking up in the air. Dan nearly reached out to grab it when he realized that he couldn’t. Shit, what is wrong with me?

Shannon crawled back onto the seat of the truck.

“You trying to kill me?”

“Now what would be the fun in that? I wouldn’t have anyone to tease if I killed you.”

They had just made it to the back door of Dan's old farmhouse when the truck swerved and hit the back step.

"Whoa," he said, as he braced himself. He threw his arm across Shannon's chest to keep her from hitting the dashboard.

"I think you just flattened my boobs."

"You mean those mosquito bites on your chest?"

"Hey, I got nice boobs."

Ignoring her, Dan opened the door of his truck to the pouring down rain.

"Hurry, Shannon. You know how fast the water rises around here."

Dan grabbed Shannon by the arm, pulling her body across the seat of the truck.

"Hold onto me and don't let go," he screamed.

The two of them stood on the back step, the rain coming down so fast and hard that they could no longer hear or see each other. Shannon tried to sweep the wet hair from her eyes, but Dan grabbed her arm.

"Do not let go of me, Shannon," he yelled.

Dan knew that a woman of Shannon's slight build could be swept away and into the river within seconds.

When Dan could finally get the door to his house unlocked, he reached behind him and held onto Shannon's arm and led her into his house. He pulled the door closed behind them and shook the water from his hair.

"Hey, you're not a dog."

He looked at Shannon and laughed. She looked even younger with her shoulder length blonde-brown hair completely drenched, the water dripping off the ends.

"It's not funny," she demanded.

"I don't know, Shannon. You may be right. Your rain drenched blouse makes it look like you may have a little more than just a couple of mosquito bites on your chest."

"Danny!"

Shannon crossed her arms over her chest. Her blouse clung to her body and it looked as though she wasn't even wearing a bra.

"I think I'll take a shower. Back in awhile."

"Hey, what about me?" Shannon whined.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Shannon. Would you like to take a shower with me?"

"Very funny, Danny. Do you have any dry clothes that might fit me?"

"Sure, kid, come on."

Shannon had never seen Dan's bedroom until now and she was far from impressed.

"This is pathetic. It looks like a pig lives here."

Dan stripped off his shirt, and Shannon couldn't help but stare, though she tried not to be obvious. She had always thought that Danny was sexy, but she had never expected the two of them to be together like this. His facial hair was sexy, but it went on and on, down to his chest, never stopping as it covered his body. Shannon immediately looked up again when she realized that the black hair did not stop at the top of Dan's jeans. Thankful that Dan was paying no attention to her, Shannon stopped herself from blushing with a smart remark.

"So, is it even remotely possible that you might have something at least a little bit clean in here for me?"

"Whatever you can find, Shannon."

Shannon turned to the bureau where shirts were stuffed half in and half out and began digging through them. This guy is a pig. Hope these are clean.

"Danny, that's disgusting," she shouted. She could hear him peeing in the attached bathroom. "You could at least close the door."

All button down shirts, Shannon found one that didn't look too bad and pulled it on over her wet clothes. "It's huge on me. Oh, well," she said. It didn't look that bad, even though it went all the way to her knees.

"Be right back," she heard Dan say, as he left the room.

Shannon stripped off her wet clothes and put on Dan's oversized shirt. Then she thought for a moment. Danny isn't back yet, and the shower is running for no one. She

threw the shirt on the bed and hurried to grab a quick shower before Dan came back. The warm water felt good after the cold rain.

“Oh, this feels so good.”

Shannon let the warm water beat down upon her naked body. She slid her hands along her flat stomach, her slender hips, and her firm breasts. She leaned her head back and let the stream of warm water hit her neck. She leaned over and shook her hair, letting the clean water rinse the rain water away.

When Shannon heard the door to the shower slide open, she lifted her head, and shrieked.

“Shit, girl,” Dan shouted, and quickly slid the door shut.

“Dan, why did you do that?”

“Damn, Shannon, I started that shower for me.”

“Bring me my shirt,” she demanded.

“You mean my shirt?”

“Fine, your shirt.”

Dan put his jeans back on while Shannon dried herself and put on the shirt.

“What was that about?” she demanded.

Not looking at her, Dan smarted back, “It was my shower.”

Shannon just stood there as Dan took over the shower. She had never seen him naked before, and he had never seen her. Now that was all she could see as she stared at the wall. She smelled the collar of his shirt that was now on her body. She breathed in deeply. She couldn’t seem to stop herself. She loved the scent that was uniquely Dan’s.

As Dan ran the bar of soap over his hair covered body, he closed his eyes and he saw her, Shannon, naked in his shower, the water forming sparkling droplets on her body as if to outline her beauty. Her breasts were perfect, her nipples hard, and Dan thought of those nipples inside his mouth. He couldn’t stop thinking of Shannon as he lathered his hardening cock. He shook the water through his hair, trying to shake the memory of Shannon’s naked form from his mind. He finished his shower, hoping for his erection to go down. He wanted to jack off, but he didn’t want Shannon to hear his unmistakable moans of pleasure.

He grabbed a pair of thick sweat pants and tried to hide his oversized bulge.

“All yours,” he said, noticing Shannon standing at the door of his bedroom.

“Oh, I’m fine,” she lied.

She had gotten the dirty water off of her, but she definitely was not fine.

“I’ll get the sofa bed ready for you,” Dan offered, hoping to change the course of his thoughts.

“There you go, nice and toasty, kid.” He winked at her and patted the pile of blankets.

“Thanks,” she mumbled.

Shannon lay on the sofa in her panties and Dan’s shirt, and Dan lay in his bed, naked. Both stared at the ceiling, images of the other streaming through their minds like a slideshow. Shannon could hear the beating rain and it sounded like the entire house could come crashing down at any moment. The wind made an eerie sound at the front door of Dan’s old farmhouse. Shannon pulled the covers up and over her head, hoping to block out the noise. A loud gust of wind made her sit bolt upright.

Shannon pulled the covers around her and walked quietly into Dan’s room. He was sound asleep, lying on his back, the covers pulled to his waist. He was naked from the waist up, but that was no big deal. He was just a hairy guy, a very hairy guy. For a moment, Shannon tried to picture him waxed, totally hairless, and she stifled a giggle. He wouldn’t be Danny without his hair.

Shannon knew that Dan was sound asleep because of his soft snoring, and she hated to wake him. Nothing would ever happen between the two of them, sexually that is, so maybe she could just sleep on the edge of his bed. She could sneak out to the sofa bed in the morning before Dan woke up.

Shannon laid the covers that had been around her body on the floor, and quietly slipped underneath the bed covers and lay on her side at the edge of Dan’s bed. She glanced at him and he was still sleeping. Good, he didn’t hear a thing, she thought, and snuggled down into the blankets. Shannon tried to sleep but the sound of Dan’s snoring and the wind howling kept her awake. When had Danny started snoring like an old man, anyway? Once the wind had died down a little, Shannon felt her body relax and she fell asleep.

The loud crash outside the bedroom window did not awaken the exhausted Shannon, but Dan was wide awake. He sat up and the hand that had been on his chest slid down to his erection.

“What the fuck? Shannon?”

Dan lifted Shannon's hand and rolled her onto her back.

"What's wrong?" she asked, looking around frantically.

Dan tried to cover his naked lower half.

"Shannon, what are you doing in my bed?"

"I was scared and I was just going to stay on the very edge. I must have slid."

Dan stared at Shannon. She looked so innocent lying beside him, but this was Shannon.

Another loud crash outside the bedroom window caused Shannon to sit up and throw her arms around Dan. It was dark in the room as Dan hurried to cover the mushroom head of his cock that refused to be ignored. He didn't remove Shannon's arms from around him, but he did move them up a little higher on his body.

"Are we going to die, Danny?"

"What? No, Shannon. It's just a storm."

Dan realized then that remaining calm was necessary to keep this sweet young woman from losing it. He lay back down and folded his hand around the small soft hand of Shannon as it lay upon his chest.

"It's okay, Shannon," he said, his head turned toward her. In the darkness, Shannon's eyes seemed even bigger than they were as she searched his face for reassurance.

Dan turned onto his side, pushing his knees out a little so that Shannon would not feel his erect penis. Shannon moved closer to him and snuggled into his chest hair.

"Shannon, you're shaking."

Dan pulled Shannon to him and held her shaking body. He moved his arms up and down along her back, and little by little she began to relax. She smelled good to Dan, and Dan's breath on her back made Shannon's body tingle. Her face was mashed against Dan's hairy chest and with every breath she took Shannon became a little more intoxicated by the very essence of this man. Did she want him? Could she want him? He didn't want her, did he? Shannon heard the soft snoring begin again, and she felt Dan's leg straighten. Then she couldn't believe what she felt pushing against her with only the blanket between them. He was hard. She was sure of it. Did he sleep naked? It certainly felt like it to Shannon.

Shannon lightly touched the curly black chest hair with the tip of one finger. It was soft and there certainly was a lot of it. She lightly made a zigzag pattern in the hair with her finger and then she made circles of various sizes as she moved her finger in the lines of the hair. With each stroke she just barely touched the skin buried deep beneath the thick hair. It was strangely erotic, touching Dan this way. Lost in her own erotic world, Shannon continued making circles in Dan's chest hair. It was not until Shannon's ultra light touch found Dan's hard nipple that the snoring stopped. Shannon moved her finger in slow circles around the edge of Dan's nipple. He had wide nipples for a man and Shannon thought they were very manly. She felt a tightening sensation deep inside her vagina, and she began to feel things that surprised her. She wanted to run her tongue across the nipple and feel its hardness. She wanted to smooth the hair away with her tongue and only her tongue. Then she would have the entire nipple to taste and to pull with her lips into her mouth where the saliva was beginning to pool at the thought.

Dan stirred, but he did not wake up. He turned onto his back and held Shannon's hand over his nipple. Shannon heard him moan softly. He bent his legs and moved Shannon's hand down and beneath the covers, resting it firmly around his erection. Shannon slid her hand along the shaft of his hard penis. Not bad, she thought. Not bad at all. She heard Dan mumble something as he folded her hand over his balls and squeezed. "Oh, that's it, baby," he mumbled. Shannon looked at him. He can't possibly know that it's me, can he? Before he woke up, Shannon had to know what the nipple felt like inside her mouth, the nipple she had found so manly.

Shannon leaned over Dan's chest, her hair sweeping across his chest, and slid her tongue across the nipple that was begging for her. Her lips formed the perfect mold over the manly nipple. Shannon nipped at it and swiped her tongue across it again and again, and then, Dan woke up.

Not yet fully awake and not yet recognizing the long blonde hair draped in front of him, Dan played with the blonde waves.

"Mmm," he moaned. "Oh, that's good."

Dan moved his hand along the womanly figure. His hand had rested on the small firm butt when he realized that it was his own shirt that he was touching. He quickly pulled back, nearly ripping the nipple off of his own chest.

Shannon refused to let go of Dan's erection, keeping her hand firmly around the thick shaft.

"Uh, Shannon?"

Shannon looked at Dan, and he could see the desire in her eyes, just as he could feel his own desire.

"Please don't push me away, Danny," Shannon begged.

“But Shannon, we can’t.”

“Danny, he kicked me out tonight, after he hit me. I feel unwanted. I have always been unwanted.”

Dan stroked the long blonde hair, but he didn’t remove Shannon’s hand from his cock.

“You were wanted, Shannon.”

“No, I was adopted. I found the papers.”

“I know, Shannon. I know.”

“Make love to me, Danny, tonight.”

Dan was quickly losing the argument in his mind about why this was wrong. Shannon was so young, would she regret this later in life? I should know better, but she is so beautiful, and I am a man, flesh and blood. Who could resist her? We were raised as cousins, yet there was no blood between us. But did that make it right? Did it make it less wrong somehow?

Shannon’s eyes were pleading. She leaned up and kissed his lips. Dan lay back down. With one hand Shannon unbuttoned the shirt that had been loaned to her, and she pressed her breasts against the softness of Dan’s chest hair.

Dan looked into Shannon’s eyes, the eyes that said, “I’ve been hurt, so please don’t hurt me.”

Dan was sure that his eyes showed either fear or confusion, maybe both, but when Shannon’s soft lips met his again he closed his eyes and let it happen. Dan’s head was thinking that this woman on top of him was the first baby he had ever held, but his body was now begging this woman to fuck him. He put his arms around her and slid them underneath the shirt that he had loaned her.

Shannon’s hands were in the hair on Dan’s face as she kissed him sweetly yet with the passion of a woman. He couldn’t stop himself as he slid his hand downward and onto Shannon’s cute little butt. It was perfect, the perfect size for his hand, the perfect wiggle when she walked, and when his fingers neared her crack he didn’t know if he should go any further.

Resting his hand on one of Shannon’s beautiful butt cheeks, Dan concentrated on Shannon’s lips that were kissing him with more desire than any other lips had kissed him. Then he realized that he was kissing her just as passionately as she was kissing him. Shannon stopped kissing Dan just long enough to take off the shirt. She was not shy

about claiming Dan's body for her own, spreading her body over his. Her arms lay on Dan's arms, her fingers folded between his fingers, and her legs spread across Dan's very hard cock.

Shannon slid down just far enough to feel the head of Dan's cock at the very wet entrance to where her womanly desires were now barely hidden.

"Oh, Shannon," he moaned, as he closed his eyes. There was no turning back now. Dan wanted the girl he had watched grow into a woman.

Shannon laid her head on Dan's shoulder and stroked his face. "I love your furry face," she whispered.

"Hmmm," was all that Dan could say.

Shannon could feel the head of Dan's cock as it flinched at the very edge of her wetness. It was as if his cock wanted desperately to either be taken or released, but it was now held captive. It felt good to Shannon right where it was, but soon her body would be begging for all of Dan's hardness. She waited, running her fingers around and across Dan's nipples, as her own desire grew.

Dan slid his hand upward along Shannon's back and across her arm. He took her soft young hand into his and lifted it to his lips.

"Shannon," he said.

She looked up at him, her head still resting on his shoulder.

"What are we doing, Shannon?"

Shannon kissed the side of his neck and spread her legs over Dan's cock. He gasped as he felt the tightness of Shannon's vagina surround his penis.

Stopping when her wetness had consumed half of Dan's cock, Shannon answered Dan's question.

"We're doing what we should have done a long time ago, and what we have always wanted to do."

Dan closed his eyes. His mind had ceased to think. The only part of his body that was of any use to him right now was the thickness that was filling Shannon.

Shannon slowly took in Dan's entire manhood until she felt the black hair of his pubes on her butt cheeks.

"Oh, Shannon," he moaned.

Shannon watched as Dan's pleasure clearly registered on his face. She wanted to please him. She wanted to make him feel the way no other woman had.

Shannon planted her hands firmly on Dan's chest, her fingertips on his nipples, as she slowly moved upward along Dan's cock. When only the head was held within her vagina, Shannon squeezed just enough to tease.

Dan gasped, and plunged his cock full force into Shannon. He held young Shannon's hips as he thrust upward, raising his butt off the bed to force his hardness into Shannon as deeply as he could. He was in all the way, but it was not enough. He wanted this woman more than he knew.

Years of hard work on the farm had given Dan more than enough upper body strength to easily take control of Shannon's slight body. He flipped her over as easily as he would a pancake, and he plunged his cock into her.

"Danny!"

Dan lifted Shannon's legs and placed her feet behind his back.

"Wrap your legs around me, Shannon," he commanded.

Shannon dutifully wrapped her legs around Dan's waist. This new side of Dan was strangely erotic, his commands sensual, and his long hard thrusts were bringing her steadily to climax.

Dan pulled Shannon's body to him as he thrust his thick cock into her. "Shannon," he moaned louder with each new thrust.

Shannon could not speak. She could barely breathe. This is the man she was meant to be with. She was certain of it.

Any thoughts that being with Shannon was somehow wrong were long gone from Dan's head. This felt too good to be anything but right.

Shannon allowed her body to go completely limp as she gave all control to Danny. He could do with her body anything he pleased.

"Shannon," he said again.

Shannon had never thought her name sexy, but when Danny said her name she became a little wetter. She could feel it. That had never happened with her boyfriend.

Dan was panting and moaning. "Oh, Shannon, do I need to...?"

Shannon quickly grabbed Dan's upper arms and tightened her hold on him with her legs. "Fill me, Danny."

Dan looked into the beautiful eyes of Shannon and released her hands from his arms. He held her breasts in his hands and kissed her mouth, and then it happened.

"Oh, Shannon," he moaned, and Shannon could feel the seed of the man she loved filling her, making her feel like a real woman.

Dan lay over Shannon's sweet young body, his heart beating double time, not believing what had just happened between the two of them.

Shannon slowly laid her legs back down on the bed, apart, opening herself to Dan and welcoming her new love to remain where he belonged.

"Shannon," he said.

She waited, and then answered, "Yes?"

"I should not have let this happen," he confessed.

Shannon stroked the back of Dan's head, her fingers tangling in his hair.

"How could you resist me? I'm like candy."

Dan kissed Shannon's cheek and held her face in his hands.

"I guess you are, kid."

Dan kissed Shannon's nose and then he lay back down. He held her tightly just as she held him, neither willing to deny the unmistakable connection between them.

The steady snoring from the man on top of her was like a lullaby as it lulled Shannon to sleep.

**~K. Lyn~**

