



## **Branded for Daniel**

~K. Lyn~

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### **Introduction:**

Mandy has been a lifesaver to Daniel for many years, helping him out on the farm and keeping the weight of the world from killing him. The man who has worked hard for years fears that he is being used by his own family as a pawn for their personal gain. When Mandy discovers secrets that Daniel has kept carefully hidden for years, she fears not only for his safety but for her own safety as well.

### **Branded for Daniel:**

Dan cursed as he spun out of his parents' driveway in the truck given to him by his cousin. The husband of Dan's cousin had died suddenly, and he and Dan had been

close friends for years. But tonight had been one of those nights, the kind of night that Dan had endured for years. Dan's sister, who claimed to be a free spirit, going where the wind blew her, had come begging for money from her parents once again. Since her divorce, Dan's sister had refused to grow up and assume responsibility for herself and her two children. Although she had been married to a good man, the wayward Jill had bought into the crap she had watched all day long on television about being her own woman and how she could do it all and still have time to spare.

"Well, she got what she wanted. Time to grow up, Jill."

Dan worked hard during the day as an attorney in the city, and at nights and on the weekends he farmed with his dad. So, every time that Jill managed to play the "pity card" with their parents, Dan was also supporting his sister in her unwillingness to work, if not directly.

"If I farm with Dad, and if Dad's cash flow comes from said farm, then I am supporting my sister and her two bratty kids."

Dan parked his truck by the barn and began brushing his favorite horse.

"It's not my job to raise those kids," he shouted. "Someday I hope to have my own family."

The more sensible sibling and also the elder of the two, Dan was still single. After watching his sister make a huge mess of her life, Dan was not willing to settle for someone simply because he was getting older. When he thought about his sister marrying at age nineteen and divorcing before she celebrated her thirtieth birthday, Dan felt sick. She hadn't given her kids a second thought and she never would, not Jill.

"Sugar, you are going to have the shiniest coat of all the horses in the county," he said to his beloved mare.

Dan loved his horse, Sugar, and whenever he had a heated argument with his sister, he would brush the beautiful horse. Sugar had been Dan's horse since she was a colt and he thought that if anyone understood him, Sugar did.

It was late and Dan sat in the dark in his rambling old farmhouse which was about a ten minute drive from where his parents lived, and nursed a glass of whiskey.

"I work myself to death, and Jill gets to wander through life aimlessly. Way to go, Jill."

Dan was on his way to bed when the phone rang. "Shit, Jill, didn't you get enough?" he asked himself.

Dan picked up the phone and answered with a none too pleasant, "What!"

"Uh, Dan?"

"Yes."

"Hi, it's Mandy."

"Hey, little girl, what's up?"

“I’ll be home for the weekend and Mom said you might need some help.”

Mandy was a lifesaver to Dan. She worked part-time, went to college, and still offered to help on the weekends. Jill needed to take a lesson from this woman half her age.

“I could use some help, Mandy. I’ll be in the field, so just do what you want. With harvest, I haven’t had time to do anything.”

“Okay, I’ll be there Saturday.”

Dan had just opened the back door of what he liked to call his country estate when Mandy pulled into the driveway. She hopped out of her little red convertible with the exuberance of a woman barely out of her teens.

“Hi, Dan.”

“How are you, Mandy?”

Mandy could always put Dan into a better mood with her never ending cheerfulness.

“I’m fine, but you don’t look so good.” Mandy’s concern clearly registered on her youthful face.

“Don’t worry about me, Mandy. I’m okay.”

Mandy smiled, hoping to make Dan feel better. She went on into the house and watched as Dan’s truck peeled out, leaving behind it a cloud of dust as it turned onto the country road. Mandy knew how hard Dan worked, and how hard his sister did not. Mandy hated Jill, the bitchy thirty-something woman who thought the world owed her a living. Jill was jealous of everyone, including Mandy. Jill thought that Mandy had it made working part-time and going to college, and not being saddled with two children. As Mandy began to tackle the sink full of dirty dishes, she cursed Jill’s laziness. “She had those kids and she should raise them. She will do anything to keep the kids from seeing their own father, yet she expects Dan and his parents to raise them for her.”

Mandy cleared off Dan’s kitchen table and laid out towels to place the clean dishes on. There were so many dishes with food caked on them. “This must be an entire week’s worth of dishes.”

The table was full of clean wet dishes and Mandy was putting a load of clothes into the washing machine when she heard Dan’s dog barking. “What is wrong with him?”

Mandy stepped out on the back step and called to the German Shepard. “Toby, what is it?” Then she saw Jill.

“Oh, no,” Mandy thought. “Dan said not to let Jill inside the house or on the property no matter what, but how can I keep her out?”

“Hi, Mandy.” Jill’s greeting was as fake as the woman herself.

“Oh, sure, she pretends to be nice when she wants something,” Mandy mumbled.

Mandy just stood there staring at Jill. Her two kids were in the back seat of the car jumping up and down.

“Your mom said you would be here. You don’t mind watching the kids today, do you, Mandy?”

“No way, Jill. I’m not a babysitter. Anyway, I probably won’t be here that long.”

“Come on, Mandy. I want to go to the craft show. Did you know that I do crafts now? I plan to start my own business.”

Mandy rolled her eyes. Jill was always dreaming big, but she had not once done anything worthwhile with her dreams.

“I’ll be back by noon, Mandy, I promise. Anyway, your mom said you would be here all day.”

Jill motioned for her kids to get out of the car, but Mandy put her hands on her hips and said a firm, “No, Jill. I will call Dan right now if you don’t leave. You know he does not want you here when he is gone.” Jill’s kids were starting to upset Sugar and the sweet horse began to kick, trying desperately to escape, and Mandy feared that the beautiful mare might run away.

Mandy quickly closed the door to the house and ran toward the beautiful horse. “You kids get away from there. Can’t you see that you are upsetting Sugar?” Mandy talked softly to the sweet horse and stroked her mane.

The horse calmed a little, and Mandy turned on her heel and screamed at Jill. “Get your kids and get out of here now.”

Jill smiled smugly and called her kids to the car. “Mom isn’t going to like this, Mandy. We had our entire day planned. Mom was looking forward to going with me to the craft show.”

As one last attempt to scare Mandy into changing her mind about keeping her two rowdy children, Jill added, “And your mother will hear about this, too, Mandy.”

“Your days should include your kids, don’t you think, Jill?” Mandy fired back.

“Like you would know anything about children. You are such a child, Mandy,” Jill smarted back.

Mandy went back inside the house and watched to make certain that Jill didn’t just leave her kids in the yard. That would be typical behavior for Jill. Mandy knew that Jill would carry through on her threat to tell her own mom as well as Mandy’s. “I’m just following Dan’s orders,” Mandy said proudly. Mandy wished she could call Dan, but she couldn’t upset him more than he already was. She would never do that to him. He had been pretty upset when he left the house this morning. Getting into the middle of a family matter was not Mandy’s idea of a good time.

The phone rang, just as Mandy had expected. “Hi, Mom. No, Jill cannot come in here. I’m working for Dan today, this is his house, and those were his orders. He

specifically said 'No Jill'. And, I'm not going to baby-sit. Dan does not want those kids in here when he's gone. No, Mom."

Mandy hated when her mom got like this. It was almost as if Mandy was the adult and her mother was the child.

"Honey, you can keep Jill's kids today, can't you?"

"Why don't you keep them, Mom? Jill wanted me to watch her kids while she went to some craft thing. She needs to take care of her own kids. She had them, not me."

"Oh, honey, now don't be that way."

"Goodbye, Mom," Mandy said, and hung up the phone.

Mandy locked the door to the house, and walked Sugar out to her favorite pasture. "You have a good day today. You didn't need that." Damned kids need to learn how to behave.

When Mandy returned to the house, she locked all the doors just for good measure as she went about her chores. Dan's house was filthy, but the poor guy didn't have any time to clean. Mandy began with the bathroom. "It's always the filthiest." Mandy began with scooping up the loose hairs from the bathroom counter, the bathroom sink, the bathroom floor, the bathroom everything. "This has got to be more than a week's worth of hair." Mandy put the comb and clippers and whatever else she could find into the drawer, and then she laughed when she pulled out the never ending stream of condoms. "Who needs this many condoms? Dan must be getting it on with more than one woman, or maybe these have been here for awhile and he hasn't been getting any from anyone." Mandy shook her head. "Not Dan. He's too gorgeous to not be getting laid, but when does he have the time?" Mandy shoved the condoms back into the drawer and finished cleaning the bathroom.

After cleaning the bathroom, Mandy went into Dan's bedroom and picked up the dirty clothes that were everywhere. She picked up one shirt, and a fifty dollar bill fell out of the pocket. "Damn, must be nice to be so careless with money." Mandy knew that Dan worked hard for his money, and she did not begrudge him anything. She thought for a minute, trying to decide where to hide the crisp greenback so that Jill wouldn't find it if she were here and also so that Mandy could remember where she had put it. She held the paper to her nose. Mandy loved the smell of money. She opened the drawer to the nightstand which was full of junk, and tucked it at the bottom. She had to pull out some of the papers to make the drawer shut again. "These are newspaper clippings, old newspaper clippings."

Mandy unfolded the clippings and read some of them. 'Mandy Lourdes graduates with honors.' 'Mandy Lourdes – Scholarship Recipient.' "Why does he have stuff on me?" Mandy found the write-up about Jill's wedding and she stifled a laugh. Dan had drawn a beard and mustache on his sister's picture. Then Mandy uncovered the clipping about her father's death. "I guess Dan really did like Dad." Mandy pulled out one more newspaper clipping. "What a reminder!" Mandy had been engaged a year ago for about two minutes. "Good thing that didn't happen. He just wasn't the right one." At the

bottom of the clipping, Dan had written, “Not the right one, Mandy.” “Why did Dan write that?”

Mandy found her senior picture close to the bottom of the drawer. “That seems like such a long time ago.” She turned it over and on the back of it Dan had scribbled, “Mandy Lourdes Wilkes.” Mandy was stunned. “Why would he write my name and add his last name? Isn’t that what we did as kids when we liked a boy?” Mandy suddenly placed her hand over her mouth. “Oh, my God!” She shoved the picture and the clippings back inside the drawer and ran out of Dan’s bedroom. “Is he thinking about me like that?”

Mandy ran through the kitchen and opened the back door to let the cool air hit her face. She sat on the back step and held her head in her hands. Mandy felt dizzy. Dan is cute, but... She didn’t want to think of it. “That’s what I get for snooping.”

Mandy felt dizzy when she stood up too quickly. She hurried inside the house to answer the phone. “Hello,” she whispered.

“Mandy, is that you?”

Mandy’s heart was beating double time as she listened to Dan’s booming voice. “Yes,” she answered.

“Hey, I’m trying to talk over the machine here. Just wanted to know if you had any trouble with Jill today.”

Not wanting to upset Dan, Mandy fibbed. “Everything is fine, Dan. I can stay until you get back.”

After a period of uneasy silence, Dan thanked Mandy, and then he went back to work. Mandy just stood there for the longest time, the phone in her hand. They were so in tune with each other, she and Dan. Mandy seemed to know what Dan needed to hear as well as what he needed in general, and maybe Dan had sensed that she had had a little bit of trouble today with Jill and needed some cheering up.

Mandy had put the last load of laundry in the drier when she decided to tackle the living room. A packrat, Dan never threw anything away. “There are magazines here that are over a year old.” Mandy blew the dust off the top of one stack and sneezed. She hated dusting, but things always looked and smelled better when she had finished.

Mandy had finished dusting the tables on either end of the sofa when she noticed a small book wedged between the wall and the back of the sofa. “He does not keep a diary, not this guy. I will be shocked if he does.” Mandy knew she shouldn’t look at the book that was obviously meant to be kept a secret, but she couldn’t help herself. She realized then that this book had been sitting behind the sofa for a long time. There was an imprint in the carpet where the book had been placed. The book was not nearly as dusty as the stack of magazines. “That means that Dan looks at this book often.”

Mandy slid the small book out and opened it up. It was definitely a diary, which was surprising enough, but what had been written on the pages was disturbing. There were dates, the first one being the date of Mandy’s birth. “This is weird.” The next date was the date of Mandy’s graduation from high school. Since then, every entry was about

Mandy's time spent cleaning Dan's house or riding horses with him. "Oh, what is going on?" Every entry began with something like, "Mandy was here today. I will talk to her today. Today I will tell her." Mandy thumbed through the pages. "Mandy and I rode horses today. Will talk to her tomorrow." Mandy read each entry. "What does he need to talk to me about? Should I ask him when he gets home?"

Then Mandy went to the very last entry. "I can't take Jill any longer. I just can't handle things." Mandy immediately felt fear spread throughout her body. "He isn't talking about dying, is he, as in taking his own life? Has his whining sister driven him to the edge?" Mandy had to find Dan. She had a pretty good idea where he was. She would have ridden Sugar, but Sugar was content in her pasture, and the beautiful mare was not a young horse any longer.

Mandy locked the house, and sped out of the driveway. Mandy's car began to swerve in the loose gravel, so she slowed to nearly a stop. In the distance Mandy saw what she was certain was Dan's combine. "Good, it's moving. He hasn't done anything rash yet, anyway." Mandy stopped, but then she immediately turned her car around. "What would I say to him? Oh, Dan, by the way, I was cleaning, and snooping, and I found your diary?"

Mandy drove back to Dan's house and waited for him to return. She brought Sugar back from the pasture and fed her, and then she looked for any kind of liquor that Dan might have stashed in his house somewhere. "That's odd. No beer. No booze. Nothing." Mandy knew there had to be something in the house. Tucked in the back of the laundry room Mandy found an unopened bottle of a very nice wine. "Hmm, Dan won't mind. After all, this is an emergency." Mandy had never tried warm wine, so she plopped a couple of ice cubes in the glass with it and it wasn't half bad. Mandy could almost forget that she was drinking liquor. "With the ice cubes, this could be cherry soda," she convinced herself. One glass was just what Mandy needed. "Ahhh," she said, wiping her mouth.

Mandy felt dirty after all the cleaning, so she took a quick shower in the cleaner than usual bathroom, and helped herself to a pair of Dan's clean jeans and a shirt. They were much too big for Mandy and she had to roll them up about twenty times, but they were comfortable. The crotch hung down to almost her knees, and she tied the shirt at her waist. "Not bad. I just might start a trend."

Mandy had done everything that was needed today as far as cleaning, but she had said that she would wait for Dan to return before she left, so she turned on the television and flipped through the channels. Then she remembered that out here in the boonies Dan had a total of four channels. No cable. No satellite. According to Dan, he had no time. Mandy finally decided on watching golf, but she wasn't really watching it. Mandy was thinking about the book behind the sofa.

Mandy glanced at the clock above the television. "I have about an hour before Dan will be back." She leaned over the end of the sofa and pulled out the forbidden black book. Instead of just thumbing through it, this time Mandy read every page. Dan had written just one entry on each page, and every entry was about her. "Why was he keeping track of my cleaning visits? I don't charge him." Some entries had some sort of

scribble or doodled picture underneath them, but they didn't mean anything to Mandy. Under the last few entries there were little hearts. "Since when did men draw hearts?" Then Mandy thought about what Dan had written on the back of her senior picture, her name with his last name added. Was Dan in love with her? No, he couldn't be. Mandy looked for more clues that the little black book might contain, but she found none. She closed the book and put it back in its place.

Mandy stared at the ceiling, her hands behind her head. She heard the back door open, and she sat up quickly. "Hi, Dan."

"Cute, Mandy, real cute."

"Hope you don't mind. I took a shower and didn't want to put my dirty clothes back on. You never know, I could be a trendsetter."

"Any trouble today, and remember, I can tell by your eyes if you're lying."

"Um, Jill did stop by," Mandy slowly admitted.

"And?"

Mandy could see the hurt in Dan's eyes, hurt that had been there for years, gradually accumulating over time. "She wanted me to watch her kids for the day."

"That bitch!" he shouted, and threw a shoe across the room, hitting the wall.

"I told Jill that I couldn't do it."

"Good," Dan told her.

Dan walked directly to the bedroom, stripping his clothes off as he went. Mandy heard the shower, and she finally exhaled. Her heart was pounding. She knew that Dan had a temper when it came to his sister, but Mandy had never seen it, until today. Mandy didn't know if she should stay or go, but she had to stay until Dan got out of the shower so that she could ask if it would be okay to wear his clothes home. She was tempted to put her own dirty clothes back on and get out of there as fast as she could. Instead, she sat there not knowing what to expect. She didn't dare ask Dan about his little black book, did she?

The water stopped, and Mandy could see Dan's naked silhouette and then she could see Dan. Did he forget that she was there? Mandy could see all of Dan from where she sat. She watched as he stuffed his abundant manhood into his shorts. Dan looked good. Mandy knew she shouldn't look, but she couldn't help it. Dan's body was solid, his muscles well toned, with just the right amount of hair in all the right places. Mandy watched as Dan pulled on a pair of jeans, zipping them up as he walked into the living room.

Not bothering to put on a shirt, Dan ignored Mandy until he had gone into the kitchen. Then he yelled back to her, "Want a drink, Mandy?"

Mandy hurried to the kitchen to admit her sin. "I opened the bottle of wine, Dan. I know I shouldn't have, but..." Then she stopped. What was she going to say, "I needed a drink after reading your little black book?"



“It wasn’t cold. Wasn’t it awful?” Dan asked.

“No, a couple of ice cubes helped.”

Opening the bottle, Dan’s eyes were fixed on Mandy. She was so young, and yet he knew that she was the one for him. He had known it for a long time. He poured two glasses of wine and reached for the ice cubes. “Two, is it?”

Mandy nodded.

“Come here, Mandy.”

Mandy followed Dan into the living room, not knowing what to expect, especially after reading his notes, or diary, or whatever he called it. Mandy sat at the opposite end of the sofa from Dan, as if leaving herself room to run if need be.

Dan drank nearly half a glass before setting it down. Then he laughed. Mandy wondered if the man had lost his mind. “Why so far away, kid?”

“I don’t know.”

Dan’s naked chest was looking better to Mandy every minute, and she kind of wished he would put a shirt on.

“How long was the bitch here?”

“Not very long.”

“How long was Sugar out?”

Mandy nearly snapped her neck as she turned to face Dan. How did he know? No one dares touch his baby, his Sugar. “Um, awhile, I guess.”

Before Mandy had a chance to escape, Dan was beside her, leaning over her and taking the drink from her hand. Dan’s chest was eye level to Mandy and closer to her than ever before. He didn’t move and neither did Mandy. Every time she exhaled, Mandy could see the hair on Dan’s chest move and she tried not to laugh. Mandy’s breath on his chest was nothing less than erotic to Dan.

“Did you think I wouldn’t notice something different about Sugar? I know everything about that horse.”

“I know,” Mandy gulped.

“Why did you take her out today, Mandy?”

Did he think I rode her all day? I’ve been working. “I didn’t ride her, Dan. She grazed for awhile. I thought she would be better off in the pasture.”

Dan made himself comfortable with his head on the arm of the sofa as he lay on Mandy’s lap. Mandy tucked her hands underneath her butt, not feeling free to rest them on Dan’s chest. Dan now looked at Mandy with his bedroom eyes. “Why would you think that Sugar would be better off in the pasture?”

“Uh, Jill’s kids were kind of bothering her.”

Mandy tried to squirm, but the weight of Dan's body was holding her down.

"Kind of, huh?" he asked.

Mandy felt like crying when she thought of Jill's kids kicking Sugar. She blinked a few times as she tried to erase the pictures from her mind. Dan studied Mandy's face. Was she about to cry? "What's wrong, kid?"

"Nothing," she whimpered. Mandy wiped the corners of her eyes.

"What were the kids doing to Sugar?"

"Dan, why are you doing this to me? You know I love that horse. They were kicking her. Now get off me."

Mandy pushed hard and Dan rolled onto the floor. Mandy ran into Dan's bedroom and pushed the door. It didn't close completely, but almost. Dan recovered from Mandy's sudden move and when he did, he noticed his black book sticking out from behind the sofa. "I never leave it in such a way that it can fall open. I always have it face down." He pulled the book out from behind the sofa and flipped through the pages. It didn't appear to have been changed, but he couldn't miss the light scent of Mandy's perfume as he closed it. He held the book to his nose. The front and back smelled like Mandy. Dan was both angry and embarrassed. "Shit, now she knows. You stupid fool, trying to act so cool and in charge, when all you are is a jerk in love with the sweet young woman who knows you better than you know yourself."

Dan decided to face this head on. He opened the door to his bedroom, the book in his hand. It was getting late and Dan knew that Mandy should be going home, but she looked so cute on his bed in his clothes that were much too big for her little body. She was lying on her side facing away from Dan.

Mandy waited for Dan to say or do something. She didn't dare look at him. Then she heard the unmistakable sound of jeans being unzipped. "Oh, my God," she thought. "Is he getting naked?" Mandy heard the buckle hit the floor and then she felt the bed shift as Dan got onto the bed and moved toward her until his body pressed against her.

Dan put his arm around Mandy and kissed her neck. He had decided that since she knew his thoughts, he needed to know hers. Mandy said nothing as Dan began to unbutton the shirt that she had borrowed. He started at the top and unbuttoned each button, but he left the shirt as it lay, not forcing it open. When he reached the bottom, he untied the loose knot and then he laid the shirt open. Mandy was not wearing a bra and Dan caressed her naked breasts as he waited for Mandy to push him away. When she offered no protest, he held her face in one hand, moved back, and forced her onto her back.

Mandy watched as Dan threw one leg over her as if to pin her down. He pulled her to him so that her breasts were forced to his chest. Mandy loved the feel of Dan's chest hair against her hardening nipples. She closed her eyes as if fighting the erotic feeling. She opened them when she felt the soft lips on hers. She closed her eyes and wrapped her arms around Dan, pressing her nipples into his chest. He kissed her fully, opening her mouth with his own, as he held her face so that she could not escape. Then

just as abruptly Dan pulled away, leaving Mandy's body aching for more. "Open your eyes," he ordered.

Mandy slowly opened her eyes.

"Which one was your favorite?" Dan asked.

"What?" Mandy was confused by the question.

Dan reached for the book and flashed it before Mandy's eyes. "Which entry did you like the best?" Dan waved the book in front of him. "Mmm, I have always liked this scent. Is it your favorite?"

"I, I guess so," Mandy frighteningly admitted.

"Did you really not know why I wanted you here so often?"

"No, Dan, I had no idea."

Dan studied Mandy's face. She was telling the truth. He could see it in her eyes. He was so accustomed to lies from his sister, his mother, his entire family, that he assumed everyone was using him or setting him up in some way. "I can see that, Mandy. You really didn't have any idea."

"No, I didn't," she repeated.

Dan threw the book across the room. It hit the door and fell to the floor.

"Why did you do that?" Mandy's eyes were big as she stared at the man she thought she knew.

"It's no secret, so why keep it? I don't need it, and I certainly don't need someone who does not want me." Dan turned onto his side, taking his leg off of Mandy, and attempted to get off the bed, but Mandy stopped him.

"Wait!" Mandy demanded. She scooted her body toward Dan, holding him and pressing her naked breasts to his back. He had one leg over the side of the bed when he stopped.

"We're finished here, Mandy."

Mandy used all the strength she had in her petite body to force Dan onto his back on the bed. Then she climbed on top of him, her naked breasts hovering over him. "You and I have just begun."

Dan stared at the usually quiet young woman. She looked like a lioness sizing up her prey. Mandy leaned down and looked Dan directly in the eyes. "Caress my breasts," she ordered.

Dan slowly took Mandy's breasts into his hands, and he watched as Mandy closed her eyes in sheer pleasure. Her nipples were hard and Dan rolled them between his fingers before he pulled them down to his mouth and one at a time he sucked and pulled the nipples with his lips, bathing them with his tongue.

Mandy lowered her crotch to Dan's and moved along Dan's hardness. Dan pushed Mandy back and forced the shirt off of her body. Then he ran the zipper down on his own jeans that Mandy had borrowed and pushed them down. She lifted up for him and he slid his hand between her open pussy lips.

"You're wet, Mandy."

"Yes," she said.

Dan's eyes said that he wanted her, and his heart told him that he could not live without her. Mandy wiggled out of the jeans and her naked form was eager for a lover. Mandy slid back until she was perched on Dan's thighs as she uncovered his hardness and molded it with her hands. As she held it, she slid her tongue from the base to the swollen and leaking head. Dan held Mandy's arms to steady himself against the intense pleasure. Mandy slid the tip of her tongue into the slit at the top of Dan's cock and then lifted the head into her mouth. Dan squeezed Mandy's arms tighter as Mandy continued.

Dan had to have Mandy, but he had to have her his way. He lifted her with his strong arms and flipped her onto her back. He held her down and ordered her to spread her legs.

"You are mine, Mandy, and only mine."

Mandy gasped as she felt the head of Dan's cock enter her. She pushed upward and the thickness of Dan's manhood forced its way into her.

"Uh," she gasped.

Dan watched as the fullness of his manhood entered the woman he wanted and the woman he needed. He looked at Mandy, her face radiant, her body perfectly in tune with his own. He had wanted Mandy for a long time, and Dan wanted their first time to last. He wanted it to last forever. He wanted to stay like this forever.

"Mandy," he whispered.

Mandy opened her eyes half way. "Mmm," she moaned. She moved with Dan as they made love with their bodies, their minds, and their souls. Dan and Mandy were meant for each other. Dan had known it for a long time, and Mandy had now realized what she had been denying. Mandy was in love with Dan.

Mandy's orgasm rocked her body just as Dan screamed her name. When Mandy heard her name screamed in ecstasy from the man she loved, her entire body seemed to spasm. Dan wrapped his arms around Mandy's waist and held her as if she would evaporate into thin air if he could not feel the warmth of Mandy's body pressed to his.

Dan lay on Mandy for as long as he dared. He needed to know what Mandy was thinking. He needed to know what Mandy was feeling. He looked up slowly and his eyes met those of sweet Mandy. She looked different to him now. Her eyes looked bigger than usual. Then he saw a lone tear stream down the side of her face. He held Mandy's face in his hands.

"What is it, Mandy? What's wrong?"

Mandy shook her head. “Nothing.”

Dan caught the tear with his thumb before it dropped to the bed. “Talk to me, Mandy.”

Another tear was wiped away as Mandy spoke the words that Dan had needed to hear.

“I love you,” Mandy said, and then the flood gates opened wide and the flow of tears became a gusher.

Dan buried Mandy’s face in his chest and promised her that everything would be okay. “We can work things out, Mandy. We will work things out. I have loved you for too long to let us die. I promise you that we will make it.” He kissed her cheek and whispered in her ear, “I promise us.”

When Mandy’s tears had ceased to fall, Dan continued to hold the sweet young woman as she slept underneath him wrapped in the warmth of their love.

~K. Lyn~

