Colorado Passion

By broberts

Published on Lush Stories on 05 Mar 2010

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A young woman and older man fall in love he helps her mature sexually and she helps him emotionally.

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COLORADO PASSION
By Bruce Roberts

CHAPTER ONE
Grabbing an axe and shovel from the barn I walked the two hundred yards through patches of ankle-deep snow. When it's this cold on the Colorado plains the snow forms a crust that cracks underfoot. The horses grazing on the exposed patch of grass heard the crunching of the snow, the creaking of the gate and looked in my direction and started drifting toward me. This is one of many aspect of ranch life that makes you feel like a cowboy in the 1800s even if it's 2006. Working in the cold is one of the necessities of ranch life that you dread. It's thirteen below zero and the wind rages out of the north and straight down the plains, or so it seems. After walking a short distance with a string of horses behind me I raised the ax and with a powerful swing and plunged it into the ice that had formed on the small pond. I was already cold to the bone and hadn't been outside for more than thirty minutes. As I drove the axe repeatedly into the pond the ice started to break up exposing water. I took the shovel and moved the broken ice pieces from the hole. I stood back as the horses approached and started to drink the water. They didn't play their usual dominance games or adhere to the usual "who eats or drinks" first hierarchy. This kind of cold demands herd cooperation. They took turns, three at a time, drinking from the hole. I had to move them back a number of times to remove the skin of ice that was reforming on the exposed hole.
As I watched them drink I felt a warm weight on my shoulder and a cloud of steam blocked by vision. Reggae, my horse, had come up and laid his head on my shoulder from behind and blew the cloud of steam from his nostrils. I rubbed him between the eyes with my gloved hand before he moved off to drink with the others. In the way of creatures that have formed a strong bond, we had reaffirmed our relationship in that brief moment. As I walked to the next pasture to open up the water for the mares I glanced back and saw Reggae watching me leave before walking slowly back to the open grass patches. I loved that horse and I knew he loved me. This was the way horses and man has bonded for the last 8,000 years. It useless to explain to non-horse people the depth of the bond, particularly

when you and the horse work together and have learned to trust and count on one another in dangerous situations. Dangerous situation for man and horse are not foreign to ranch life, they occur all too frequently. Sadness enveloped me as I wondered why I could not have that depth of relationship with a woman. I wanted it, and wanted it badly, but I seemed to be wired wrong for a lasting human relationship. I was thirty-five years old and my closest relationships were with my horse Reggae, a quarter horse gelding and my dog, Trixie . At least Trixie, my half-Weimaraner, half-Lab dog was a female, I thought with sarcasm. I had found her near the ranch. She was dirty and looked as if she had been on her own for sometime, living off rabbits and road kill. I took her home and we have been together ever since. Just as I was finished breaking through to clear water for the last of the three stud horses I saw Chester's truck approaching the barn. I waved and the truck headed for me.

"Good timing," I thought "show up when the work is done."

Chester's truck came skidding to a stop a few feet from me and I threw the tools in the truck bed and crawled inside the cab. My God, the warmth of the cab felt good, even if the heat burned your face a bit after the bitter cold. I didn't realize that I was that cold until my feet began to regain feeling.

"Nice of you to show up," I chided Chester.

"Hey man, I'm sorry, I over slept. I had a big night out with Kristin and got home real late, or real early. Depends on how you look at it," he said with an ear to ear grin that only a nineteen-year-old boy can have after being out with a real knockout.

"No biggie," I responded, "but your ass owes me big time," I laughed.

"No problem, I'll clean stalls, you drink coffee," he said.

"Deal," I said.

Chester began clearing the stalls belonging to the boarded horses. Many of the ranch's customers wanted their horses inside, especially in the winter, some in the summer too. We left our horses outside unless it got to -20 or below. I put on the coffee in the small barn office and went out to give Chester a hand. He was a good kid from Montrose, Colorado who had spent most of his short life on his family's ranch. He grinned when he saw me take the wheel barrow full of hay and manure and head for the barn door. I quickly walked a short distance and dumped it on the ground. We'll spread it in the pastures later when the weather turns. I returned to the barn and leaned on a stall door as Chester continued to clean stalls.

"So?" I asked. "How was the big date?"

"Oh, pretty good, I guess" he said, with a little question in his answer.

He told me about them going out for a simple dinner, going to the movies and then to her parents' house.

"Rob, you're my friend and can keep a secret, right?" Chester queried me.

"Yep, Chester, I can keep my mouth shut."

He started, "I'm not sure how to tell you about this so I'll just flat-out say it. Last night after Kristen and I had finished making love she told me she wanted to try new things, Rob I don't know what she wants or what she means."

“Well Chester, why don’t you just ask her when the time is right? You know, don’t be crude about it, but just ask her to give you some idea of what she‘d like to try.”
“I could never do that. I like her a lot but she wants to get real serious and I don’t. Besides, she’s got more money than God and I am a broke-ass cowboy making $800 a month. Hell man, her horse trailer is worth more than everything I have put together. Besides, she’s going off to college and I am going back to Montrose to help my grandpa on his ranch for a few months.”
“I’ll tell you one thing, Chester; women like her don’t drop out of the sky into your lap everyday like she did. We all know she’s in love with you. You are passing up a once in a lifetime opportunity.”
“I know, Rob. It’s just that I'm not ready to do any sort of settling down."
“I understand, Chester. I have dated some real wealthy women in the past and always felt a little odd myself. Half the time I felt like gigolo and the other half I felt like I was charity fuck,” I laughed.
"I think I’m calling it quits with her. I’ll just tell her we need to hold off on things 'til I get back in the fall.”
“Chester, if you are going to break up with her, just do it, don’t lie to her or lead her on. Cowboy up. Shit man, she deserves that. She has treated you way better than good."

CHAPTER TWO

Kristen was eighteen, a senior in high school, and by anyone's measure, a beautiful teenager. Her parents were loaded and Kristen had the best of everything. She was a cowgirl at heart and wanted to go to college where she could rodeo. She was a pretty good team roper and loved to Heel. She had a natural knack of catching the back two legs of a calf at the precise moment the Header drew a tight rope on the calf from the front. Her horse was an accomplished money-winning ropin' horse that augmented her abilities. Many people gave all the credit for her roping accomplishments to her horse and truth be told, he was a great and very expensive horse, but she did her part. For all of her money and good looks she was as unpretentious as she could be. She was sweet, warm and seemed to always have a smile on her face. She had bought her horse from us as had her mom and dad. They boarded with us and used our facility for practice as we usually had a supply of calves that we used for roping and team penning practice. I had gotten to know her from her presence at the ranch for roping practice. We first got to know one another when she came out to try team penning one evening. She and I paired up with a newcomer to the ranch to make our threesome.
"So what am I suppose to do?" she asked.
"You haven't done this before?"
"No," she said.
"Okay, here is my two-minute team penning clinic," I laughed. "There are thirty head of steers out there. They have a number from zero to nine. As we ride out and approach the herd, the judge will call out a number, like three. It's our job to cut all the steers with the number three out from the others and drive them down to that open pen and get them in it with out any of the other steers crossing the white line. Simple," I winked at her.
"I still don't know what you want me to do," she said.
"Well, for this first time, I'll go in and cut a cow out and drive him toward you. You pick him up and

drive him down to this end of the arena and hold him there."
"Okay."
"Don't worry, I'll be able to yell and give you directions."
"How do we know when we are done?"
"When all the right cows are in the pen and all the wrong cows are up there behind that line where they are now we're done. It's a timed event. The best time wins," I explained.
"What is a good time?" she asked.
"The serious folks can do it in under thirty seconds. We'll just worry about getting it done and we'll perfect it later on."
She did well and we teamed up a number of times after that. She always wanted me to give her guidance, which I was happy to do. We started going on trail rides together from time to time and got to know each other in the clean, clear air, riding along with a view of the front range of the Rockies, from Pike's Peak to Long's Peak. Seeing that view on an early winter morning, when the snow on the mountains turns a pinkish-purple with shades of violet, defies reality. Looking at it you can't believe that those colors really exist. Seeing them and knowing they do exist makes it real hard to not believe in God, whatever or whomever He may be. It was under these conditions that Kristen and I became friends. I think I may have been the first grown man that treated her like an equal.

CHAPTER THREE

Chester broke up with Kristen and headed back to Montrose. She was quiet and lacked her smile for a few weeks and spent more time than usual with her horse. I think it was Will Rogers or Ronald Reagan that said, "the best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse." I can attest to the profound truth of that statement and I am sure they included women in the meaning. She and I started talking more and more. At first we talked about the usually horsey things, about Chester and about her and her life. For all her wealth and beauty she was lost little girl. She didn't feel like she fit in at her suburban school. She was a little too cowgirl for that crowd. But she also confessed that she didn't feel like she fit in here at the ranch. She felt like we looked at her only as a customer, a kid and a wannabe. I did my best to explain that Chester just wasn't ready to settle down and that in the end she probably wasn't either. I told her that no one I had talked to ever felt that she didn't fit in here.
I looked her squarely in the eye and told her, "Kristen, some of the feelings you get that you don't fit in here at the ranch are just basic human nature. You are a very pretty young woman and we are a bunch of old rough–ass cowboys that secretly watch your every move, but we don't want to disrespect you. In truth everyone likes you a lot; we just don't know how to treat you all the time."
That brought a tiny tear to her eye and she asked, "and do you like me too, or am I just a spoiled little rich girl to you?"
"Come on sweetheart, you know we have had some long talks on our rides that went well beyond business. But yes, I like you a lot. I just wish I were fifteen years younger," I laughed.
At that she dropped the curry brush and gave me a hug.
"Thank you," she said, "and I am glad that you aren't fifteen years younger"
This was the closest we had ever been. Her scent was like breathing in a cloud of opium, euphoria

and dreaminess mixed with a sexual edge that was intense and animalistic. That moment haunted me. It colored my thoughts. I continued to see her now and then at the ranch, but it was back to business as usual. I couldn't get it out of my mind when I was home alone at night. I had a lot of conversations with myself, telling me that I was an idiot and to forget it, that this is nothing more than a young girl's innocent impulse. It meant nothing, and even if it did, she was off limits. Let me say that again Off Limits.

CHAPTER FOUR

It was now mid-June and it was time to take the mares and foals up to the high country to spend the summer getting fat on mountain grass and clean pure water. Joe, one of our stud horses, would go up with the mares to make more little horses and as an added degree of protection for the small heard of fifteen mares and seven foals. It is odd, the mares pretty much run the day-to-day operation of the herd, but Joe was ultimately in charge and exercised his dominance at will over the mares. It was when there was a challenge to the herd that the testosterone really flowed and came in handy. Joe would charge out at the odd stray dog or coyote that approached the herd, head high, mane and tail flying, nostrils flared and snorting clouds of moisture in the cool air. It was an impressive site and was usually enough to encourage the intruder to move on to easier game. We had to trailer the horses to a friend's ranch, corral all the horses, let them feed, water and rest in preparation for the next day's drive. We spent the night in log cabins that must have been one hundred years old, sleeping three to a cabin in bunk beds. The cabins were heated with wood-burning stoves. The stoves adhered to an ageless law and ran out of fuel at the coldest time of morning. There were five of us that could be considered 'hands' and six people who boarded horses with us that were along for the adventure. And there was Kristen. We were segregated by sex into our cabins. In the evening we built a large fire and we all chipped in, cooking hamburgers and hot dogs. The women, bless their hearts, had thought to bring things like buns and mustard along with other condiments and extras like potato salad and desserts. Lord knows if was left up to us guys we would have eaten but it would not have been pretty, merely functional.

After dinner was over and the clean-up done, we all sat around the fire in the crisp air. In mid-June in Colorado's High Country it can still get below freezing at night and reach into the 70s at midday. Fact is, if this hadn't been such a dry year we wouldn't have been going this early as there would still be deep snow pack in places.

I guess most people never get the chance to sit around a campfire with a bunch of cowboys. The owner of our ranch, Doug, and his son were old-time cowboys and believed in the old-time cowboy ways. Both had rodeoed and Remy the son had been a pretty fair bull rider until injury ended his career. The thing that was admirable about Remy and his father was that they were all-around cowboys. Both could run a ranch and do all the things that it entails.

As the fire crackled and faces glowed orange in the firelight, the stories started. The reason cowboys have stories is because cowboys have a life that includes a lot of day-to-day danger. Cowboys have experiences, all too frequently, that are worthy of story-telling. Oh sure, there is a little embellishment here and there, and the stories are retold often, but the basic story is most always true.

After listening to the jokin' and watchin' the spittin' for an hour or so people started to split up and head to their cabins. We were anticipating an 8:00 am start up the mountain, so that meant we had to be up and at 'em at about 6:30 in order to have breakfast, get to our horses and tack them up. Up at nine thousand feet the stars are like a million little holes in black velvet that is being held up to a back light. You can see the Milky Way as plain as you can see the sunrise on a clear day. I walked away from the fire down by the steam to get away from the light and have a better look at the sky before turning in for the night. I walked along the steam 'til I was out of sight of the camp. I stood looking into that great mystical abyss that is the mountain night sky. I heard the faint sound of footsteps approaching and turned to see Kristen making her way towards me. My heart stopped for three seconds before beginning to beat rapidly.

“Woo there old boy,” I said to myself.

“Howdy girl” I said in a familiar way.

“ Hi,” she replied, as she came and stood next to me. "What are you doing?" she asked.

“Just looking at the stars. They always make me feel small and unimportant, but there is also a comfort in them”

“They are really pretty and so bright,” she said looking up.

She shifted her stance so that she was close enough for me to feel the warmth radiating off her in the cool of the night. I didn’t move. I didn’t want to move, but I did. I leaned toward her so that there was the smallest of contact. The contact so small that it could be passed off as incidental. My mind was racing, telling me that she was just a kid looking for a friend, but my hormones were kicking in and logic was kicking out.

“We haven’t talked much lately,” she said. “I miss talking to you”

“I know,” I responded. “You know we get busy with this and that and time just slips by. I miss talking to you too."

“Really?” she asked.

“Yes really,” I laughed. “Have you heard from Chester?” I questioned.

“No, he wrote one letter and I have written to him three times and asked him to call. He hasn’t, so I'm pretty sure it’s really over.”

“You’ll do fine in the man department,” I said.

“I know,” she said. “I have been out on a number of dates, but the guys I know are such boys.”

“That will change when you get into college in the fall.”

“I doubt it," she answered, “but I am pretty-much over Chester. I liked him a lot, maybe even loved him, but I knew in my heart that we would never last. There were some issues between us.”

“Oh?” I asked. “What issues?”

"I can’t talk about it right now. Besides, I don’t want to talk about him.”

“That’s okay,” I said. “I just want you to know I'm a good listener and will listen if and when you are ready to talk.”

“I know,” she said, as I felt her shoulder make certain contact with mine. This contact was beyond accidental.

“I’m here if you need me."
"Could I get your number and call you at home where we could talk more freely?”
"Sure." I said. “I’ll write it down and give it to you tomorrow.”
“I’d like that a lot.”
With that I put my arm around her to give her a little hug. As soon as she felt my arm on her shoulder she turned into me and our lips were together. She was sweet, God she was sweet. Before I could regain my senses our mouths opened, our tongues met and I could feel her press into me seeking as much bodily contact as possible. Her firm breasts were pressed into my chest and her pelvis was thrust slightly forward to gain contact with my leg. The heat from her pussy burned through both our Wranglers to my leg as my hard cock pressed onto her hip. My hands caressed her back and sides briefly, glancing over the swell of her breast. I pulled away slowly.
“We can’t do this,” I said.
“I know,” she said. “That makes it even better,” and leaned into me again, her tongue forcibly entering my mouth before she abruptly turned and walked away.
“Don’t forget your number,” she said, as she evaporated into the dark.
This was a temptation I could not resist. I would not chase her, but if she pursued things, I was not going to turn her away. I looked forward to having a chance to talk to her in private. Maybe I could talk some sense into us. If she were twenty-five I would have no issue pursuing her, and fucking the little thing silly, but at eighteen? The other complication was that I truly liked her and felt, if not exactly fatherly toward her, at least brotherly. I doubt, seriously, that her father felt for her the way I did. If he did, he must live a tormented life. I also knew that my track record with women was dismal, and that definition is putting a happy face on it. I had dated many women in my time and had more than my share of relationships. I was even married at one time. I had done a lot of self-analysis and had come to the conclusion that I lacked the commitment gene. Some truly wonderful women had crossed my path and made themselves available to me emotionally and in all other ways. I had always wanted a relationship and would embark on that path with the greatest and purest of intentions. But something inside me drove them from me and me from them just as a true emotional connection developed. My friends laughingly laid it off to commitment phobia, and I jokingly agreed. Little did they know that my heart hung heavy with loneliness and that I had shed more than a few tears far in the quiet of the night. My tears were not only for myself. They were for the guilt I felt for the women who put their faith in me and found themselves cast off and alone. It was a private hell of my own making, in which I suffered alone. Many would look at my life and think that I had it made. My grandfather had left me enough money to live a comfortable although not lush life. It enabled me to do what I wanted to do and that was to be a cowboy. Most people didn't know that I owned a portion of the ranch as a silent partner. This is one reason I had the freedom to come and go pretty much as I pleased. I feared that Kristen would be hurt if she mistakenly thought that her and I could have a relationship. Even if we were to get past the age thing, I don't trust that we could get past my emotional isolation. I didn't want that. I was not going to break the heart of a nearly innocent eighteen-year-old. Little did I know at that time that my heart was at risk, too.

But then, the thought popped into my mind. "Aren't I the confident one?" Maybe she's just playing me and has no intention of going any further than a few phone calls and some not so innocent teasing. She could be nothing but a very tempting tease. But I doubted that, she did not present herself as a player at all, and I knew players. I had been run over by one myself and had the emotional scars to prove it. That would never happen again...never.

Reflecting on all of this I came to the decision that when we talked on the phone I would tell her that this, this... her and I ... wasn't going anywhere so let's just go back to being friends. That was my decision. it was firm and I was committed to it and content with it. I just didn't take into account a few small details.

CHAPTER FIVE

The ride up and down the mountain was exciting, beautiful and uneventful. The mares started up the hill with a lot of steam but that was soon burned off and the trip was a gorgeous ride to the high country. Kristen and I rode side by side exchanging small talk. She talked about her latest ropin' practice and an upcoming event in Steamboat Springs that she planned to attend. We talked a little about Steamboat and the beauty of the area. I had skied there many times and attend the rodeo there with Remy, when he was still buckin'. The Professional Bull Riders had an event there and Remy and I had driven up the day of his ride and stayed the night. We went to the local cowboy bar in town and I spent the night avoiding fist fights and watching the Buckle Bunnies chase Remy. Don't know all the details of the night, but Remy disappeared for an hour or so and came back with a shit-eating grin on his face and a little redhead on his arm. They both were all smiles and looked as if they had shared her makeup.

When we got back down the mountain we unsaddled the horses and let them eat and drink before we loaded them up into the two sixteen-foot horse trailers. It was 2:00 pm and we had a five hour drive back to Kiowa, then had to unload the horses and put the tack away. We could wait for morning to clean out the trailers. It was while we were trailering the horses that I gave Kristen my home and cell phone numbers on a scrap of paper. All she said did was flash that wonderful smile and thrust the paper in her back pocket.

"I would love to be that piece of paper," I thought.

We removed or chaps or chinks that were all dust-covered and sweaty. We all smelled like horses. The climb up the mountain wasn't easy and a number of horses, including mine, had lathered up. I have always liked the smell of horse sweat. It smells genuine, honest and real, not at all like the smell of copy machine toner. Six of us piled into Remy's F-350. Kristen rode with the other women in Diane's suburban. I breathed a sigh of relief. I didn't want her sitting next to me for five hours. I didn't want or need that temptation.

About 5 pm we pulled into a small mountain town. We needed fuel for both the vehicles and the passengers. There was a gas station with a restaurant attached, which suited us fine. After fueling up the pick-up we parked beside the Suburban that had just wheeled into the parking lot. Everyone headed for the cafe. I have to admit that once we cleared the vehicles we could have been walking out of 1890s Texas, just coming off the trail. As we approached the cafe there was a group of Harley

riders who had stopped to fuel, smoke and bullshit, much as we had. The Harley riders are usually the people getting looks from the public and it was with no small amount of pride that we were the ones commanding attention from everyone, including the riders and their women.
The next night I was relaxing at home, half watching and half playing with Trixie. My word that dog could be petted 24/7 and still want more. My phone rang and I had to work at not stepping on Trixie to get it. It was Kristen. We talked about the ride and a problem her horse had developed. Seems he was reluctant to take the bit all of a sudden. We agreed that we'd look him over the next day to see if there was a physical problem.
I decided to take the lead and began, "Kristen, you are a wonderful girl and I like you a lot, but we have to limit our relationship to being friends."
"I know the age thing bothers you, doesn't it?"
"Yes," I said. "A lot."
"Look Rob, all I am looking for is a friend and confidante. I'm not looking for a boyfriend. I am over Chester and I'm going away to school in the fall. I think I am going to a small school in Oklahoma that has a good junior rodeo program."
"That's great. I'm glad you found a school you want to attend. But maybe I read things wrong. I didn't think the kiss we shared was exactly a just-friends type of kiss."
"No," she laughed. "I don't think it was a friend kiss at all. Didn't you like it? I know some parts of you did."
”Naturally I enjoyed it, but that's the type of thing we have to avoid. At the risk of sounding patronizing, Me Man, You Woman, "and naturally I am going to respond to you like a man responds to a desirable woman."
"Rob, you have always been someone I felt safe with and knew I could trust," "and you can..."
I interrupted, "that trust is why I have to tell you we can't go down this road."
"Please let me finish," she said. “I’ve told you things that I haven't shared with my parents or my best girlfriend, like the time you had to pick Chester and I up because he got drunk and put his truck in the ditch. If my parents found out I was drinking and that Chester got too drunk to drive I'd still be grounded, and that was ten months ago. You were the only one I could call to help me out."
"Well." I said, "Chester and I had a spirited conversation about that the next day."
"And I know that Chester told you that he and I have fooled around."
"Well, Kristen, that is no secret and I am sure your parents either know or suspect."
"I also know that Chester told you some things about me," she said.
"I don't know what you are talking about."
"See," she said, "that's why I can trust you! I know Chester told you that I wanted to experiment. He told me that when we were breaking up. He was throwing that up to me like I was some kind of F'in freak."
"Look hon, you are at that age when it is natural to want to experiment. I'm sure a lot of your friends do."
"They do," she said, "but their boyfriends don't make them feel like pervs."

"Kristen, you know I like Chester a lot, so I have to be careful what I say. Chester is a ranch kid. He doesn't get on the computer and see all the things your friends see. He's a good kid, but he hasn't had the exposure to life you have."
"See," she said, with a choke of emotion in her voice, "that's why I can talk to you. You listen and don't judge me every time I say a word".
The emotion and desperation in her voice disarmed me. All she wanted was a sounding board and a confidante.
"Okay sweetie, we can be friends and you can talk to me about anything you want."
"Thank you," she whispered. "I know I have more stuff, more money than most girls my age but I am so alone, no one understands me."
While I knew that this feeling was pretty normal for a person her age, I thought better than to say it.
"I have my heart aches and losses in life too," I said.
"Maybe you can tell me about you sometime. I don’t really know a whole lot about you."
"Maybe we can have a coffee sometime and talk?"
"How about tomorrow evening?" she asked. "We could meet at that little coffee place on Highlands Ranch Boulevard."
I was in a dilemma. I wanted to be a help to her but I wanted to control the situation. Maybe coffee in a public place would be okay.
"Sure," I said. "What time works for you?"
"How about 7:30?" she asked.
"Great. I'll see you there at 7:30."
"Rob?"
"Yes?" I replied.
"Thank you. See you then."
As I sat the phone down I was flush with anticipation, and fear. What did I have to fear? Me, that was plenty to fear.

CHAPTER SIX

At 7 pm I was out of the house and on my way to the coffee shop. I did have time to get the dust and dirty off me. The hot shower felt good and refreshed me. I picked a table outside under a tree that the developer must have forgotten to cut down. It grew right next to the little coffee shop and shaded a number of tables from the late-day summer sun. I waited for Kristen to arrive before ordering a drink. I didn't have long to wait. Her Silverado 4X4 2500 wheeled into the parking lot and eased into a parking space thirty feet away from me. The cab door opened and as Kristen slid out of the truck her dress attempted to stay inside and I was awarded the sight of her long lightly-tanned leg to well above her knees. I forced my eyes up to meet hers and noticed that she had a devilish grin on her face. She looked directly at me, smoothed down her summer dress and walked towards me. She had that confidence of most young women when they discover the power of their sexuality. I rose to greet her and we exchanged the politest of hugs. After the usual pleasantries and getting our drinks we settled into our surroundings.

"I think this is the first time I have seen you in a dress or skirt of any kind."
She smiled and replied that it was little difficult to be ladylike riding a horse in a short skirt. I looked at her more closely and soaked her in. She was at an age that it was difficult to put your finger on. She could be twenty-five; then again she could be sixteen. Her sundress was a pale yellow and white that was cut to show off her cleavage without being vulgar. It dipped down to just the start of the swell of her breasts. It was a dress most women could wear to church, but she couldn't. It was just above her knees and as she sat with legs crossed, it rode up to mid-thigh. She complimented the dress with a pair of white sandals with three-inch heels. The sandals turned her feet into a sexual object and I don't have a foot fetish. Her makeup was lightly applied and the hot pink lipstick complimented her deep blue eyes and straw-colored hair which hung almost to her shoulders. Her toenails and fingernails were polished with nearly the same color pink as her lipstick. I did have clean Wranglers on and a clean Roper western shirt with my favorite Dan Post boots.
"You look great," I said.
"Thank you," she responded. "Is that a new shirt?"
"Yep, just got it last week at the country and western store."
"Thanks for meeting me. I really need someone to talk to and you are about the only one I really trust, especially with some stuff."
"Some stuff?" I asked.
"It's not easy to talk about, but Chester made me feel like a tramp when we broke up."
"How so?"
"He kept throwing up to me that I had asked him to try some different things, you know, sexually."
"Hon, I think that may have been a defense mechanism. He just didn't know how to handle that situation. He didn't know what you wanted and he was afraid to just come out and ask.'
"Why couldn't he just ask?"
"For the same reason you weren't specific when you asked him to try new things. It takes a lot of courage and maturity to talk about sexual matters."
"Yes, but Chester rode bulls for God's sake. This isn't that scary."
"Kristen, there are different kinds of courage we don't all have every type of courage."
"Why can you talk about it then?"
"Well, actually we haven't talked about anything," I laughed.
"Oh, guess you are right" she grinned. "When I asked him to try stuff, I wasn't sure what I'd like to do. I was hoping that he'd lead me."
"That's a pretty tall order for most nineteen-year-olds," I said.
"Well, at least you are not ridiculing me."
Then the slip that I was trying to avoid.
"If I were nineteen I would enjoy showing you stuff," I grinned.
. There it was. I had inadvertently opened the door and she walked right on in.
She looked me right in the eye and as flatly as if she were ordering a refill on the coffee said, "why don't you?"

Headline in Rocky Mountain News: "Man Swallows Tongue at Coffee Shop". I didn't stutter but I took a long time to formulate my answer.
"Kristen," I said, in a measured tone, "please understand that I am a man and that if you keep this up, one day I'll take you up on your offer."
"That is exactly what I want," she said. "Look Rob, I don't have any hopes that we will be together. I know that there is a pretty good age difference. I am going to college in two months all I want is to hang out with you. I promise I won't be clingy or needy. I just want a real friend that will treat me like a woman."
My fate was sealed at that moment.
"Okay," I said. "Let's get together now and then and also talk on the phone."
"That's great. I have to go meet a girlfriend. Can I call you tomorrow?" she asked.
"Sure. Call me after eight. I have some running around to do early in the evening."
A quick hug and she was gone. I had dodged a bullet so far.
“I'll just make it hard for us to be alone together.” I thought.

CHAPTER SEVEN

At eight the next evening I had showered and settled down for the evening. I popped the cork on a nice Blackstone Merlot and settled back to enjoy a good movie, or a good phone conversation, or both. At 8:15 I was settling into the idea that Kristen may have changed her mind and that was just fine with me. Trixie stirred and headed toward the front door just as the doorbell rang. I put down my wine and headed for the door. As I opened it, I was and wasn't surprised to see Kristen at the door.
"This is a surprise," I said.
"I hope it's a good one," she smiled.
"Come on in."
I guess two glasses of wine had mellowed me out enough that I wasn't apprehensive at inviting her in.

"Thanks," she said, and moved into the front room.
She looked around and said, "nice place, but I expected more of a western look."
I teasingly replied, "I am a man of varied tastes and many surprises," as I ushered her into the den.
Trixie demanded her share of attention from me and Kristen before I put her in the back yard.
"I thought we were going to talk on the phone."
"We were," she said, "but I'd rather talk in person. I can see your reactions and body language, which I can't see on the phone."
"Fair enough," I answered. "But don't you think you should have called and asked first?"
She broke into a grin and said, "why? So you could say no?"
We sat on the couch and I changed the channel to country music channel. She had on a pair of denim shorts. The shorts were far from Daisy Dukes, but never-the-less, showed off her wonderful legs and heart-shaped ass. She had on a modest tank top in white that certainly brought attention to her just-over-a-handful-sized breasts. Naturally, her white silken bra straps were showing, she wasn't a total foreigner to teenage fashion.

"Would you like something to drink? Diet Pepsi, juice, water?"
”Wine," she said. "I'll have what you are drinking."
The few brain cells I had left that were not clouded with wine warned me that, although she was over the age of consent in Colorado, she wasn't old enough to drink and if I gave her wine I could end up in jail. I poured her three-quarters of a glass and said as I handed it to her, "one glass, okay?"
"Sure," she said, as she took a sip. "Nice."
"Yes, I am fond of Merlot and I like this vinyard a lot.
"See," she said, "that is what is so surprising about you. I think that the only wine most of the guys at the ranch know about is MD 20/20 or something you get by the gallon."
"Well," I laughed, "I have been around a little more than most of them. I've had opportunities that they didn't."
I settled on to the couch a respectable two feet from her.
"What was it you wanted to talk about?" I queried.
"It's a little difficult to talk about," she said. "Maybe if you'll let me have another one or two glasses of wine it would be easier," she said, with that wicked little smile.
"Right!" I said, "and what would mom and dad say if you came home partially-loaded and smelling of wine?"
"Nothing," she said, looking over the glass of wine. "They are visiting my grandparents".
The Gods of Chance were speaking and I didn't have much of a say in the matter. I could sense the avenues of escape being closed off so thoroughly that one could almost hear the metal doors groan and slam shut.
"May I use the restroom?"
"Sure," I said, "It's the first door down the hall on the left."
She rose and made her way out of the room. I could not take my eyes off her ass. It was perfection. It was the model that all female asses should be based on. She returned in a few moments and sat down a bit closer to me than before. She half turned toward me, slipped off her burlap colored platform wedges and tucked one leg under the other, facing me. She took a large drink of wine and started speaking.
"Okay, this a little hard, but I'll just start. What I wanted Chester to do was anything. All he did was kiss me for three minutes, feel my boobs, rub me between the legs and then want to get it in. He wouldn't last all that long and I was totally frustrated. So what I wanted from him was just to pay attention to me."
"Well, dear, since Chester is gone I am not sure what there is to talk about."
"Well what about the next guy? What if the same thing happens? How do I handle it?"
I got up to buy myself some time. I made my way to the bottle of wine on the kitchen island and returned with it. I filled my glass and quite naturally and quite unintentionally, refilled her glass as well.
"Thanks," she laughed, her eyes sparkling with delight.
"I did that as a matter of habit. You shouldn't drink any more"
"Okay," she said. "I won't drink any more than the rest of this glass."

"Cute." I said.
"So back to my dilemma."
"You could guide him. Take his hands and show him what you want."
"That might work."
She took a large sip of wine and looked me in the eye. I think the wine was about to do some talking for her.
"Here is the problem," she said. "I want to be guided. I don't want to be the guide."
"I think it's pretty natural for the woman not to want to take the lead in things like this," I said.
"It's more than that," she answered. "I feel best, more turned on, and most comfortable when someone is telling me what to do."
"Oh? And when was the last time you had someone telling you what to do, sexually?"
"It happened last year at my aunt's wedding, smart ass. There were a bunch of us about the same age, sixteen to twenty. We had snuck in a bottle of whisky and were drinking it. My stomach was feeling a little upset so I went looking for the bathroom. The downstairs bathroom was being used so I went to the upstairs one. I splashed some water on my face and sat there for a minute and began to feel better. I left the bathroom and as I was going down the hall a boy that was hanging out with us, and had been flirting with me, was standing in the open door to one of the bedrooms. He told me to come in, that he wanted to show me something. I knew he just wanted to kiss me or fool around, but I didn't care. Maybe it was the whisky or maybe it was that he was cute but I went into the bedroom. He shut the door behind us and immediately began kissing me. I responded and we were Frenching pretty heavy and his hands were all over me. He felt my behind and my breasts, all outside my clothes. Then he grabbed my hand and put my hand on his cock. I tried to move my hand away but he held me so tight that it started to hurt. So I rubbed his cock for a minute. I tried to move away and he grabbed me around the waist and pulled me down on the bed. he was forcing his hand up under my skirt and I was struggling to stop him. He told me so stop fighting him and just let it happen. I was nearly crying as his hand moved up to my panties and he began to rub my pussy. I was frightened, but also very turned on. He commented on how wet I was, that I must like to be forced. We heard some noise in the hall and we left before we got caught. That night I lay in bed and the scene kept playing in my head. I would get turned and then began to feel guilty because that wasn't supposed to turn me on."
Throughout this conversation she had her legs curled up under her on the sofa. I did my best to not stare, but I couldn't help but notice that her denim shorts had pulled up tight and her pussy lips were outlined perfectly through her shorts. The conversation, her proximity and the wine all conspired to weaken my resolve.
"Kristen, you don't have anything to feel guilty about. There is a natural Yin and Yang to the universe and we are part of that. In general, males like to be dominant and females submissive. Of course there are varying degrees of each, but your reaction was perfectly normal."
She shook her head and bit her lower lip.
"I don't know if I am normal. What you don't understand is I really liked him ordering me around."

It was at this point that we were lost.
"Did you masturbate thinking about that situation?"
Her eyes widened. She shifted her weight around and bit her lip again.
"Well, did you?" I asked a little more forcefully.
"Yes," she said. "I did, and I feel guilty about that too."
"You are carrying around a lot of guilt for someone so young" I said, with a smile.
By this time my hard-on was threatening to force a hole right through my jeans.
"I know," she said with a little laugh.
I reached over and stroked her hair. It was like silk, fine and soft. She reached out and touched my cheek. I moved toward her and our lips meet in a blitz of desire and pent-up longing. My tongue found its way inside her mouth as my hand cupped the back of her head and I wrapped my fingers in her hair. A small soft moan escaped from her lips as I pulled her in to me. The knuckles of my other hand grazed the material encasing her breast. She moved her chest forward ever so slightly until my knuckles were making more direct contact with her hard, pointed nipple. I opened my hand and caressed her breast softly, pinching her nipple. I broke the kiss and started to kiss her neck and shoulders. My lips moved upward until my lips and tongue were lightly assaulting her ear. This brought a little louder moan from her and a slight catch in her voice, as if she didn't have command of her of speech, but could only emit animalistic sounds. I released her breast and moved my mouth over hers again.
"You can stop me now, but if we don't stop now, we won't stop at all."
Her voice shuttered. "I know."
With that I moved my hand down to her thigh. It was soft and smooth. I will never tire of the feeling of a woman's thighs. I moved my hand up and to the inside of her leg. I reached the place where they touched each other. This is one of the most magical moments for lovers. To feel her thighs part in invitation. As my hand slid up the inside, just before I was going to touch her, the heat and moisture radiated off her and she slid her hips forward ever so slightly, hastening my arrival to her wonderful wet soft pussy. My fingers traced up and down her jeans-covered lips and I could feel a spot of moisture that had soaked through her shorts. She shuttered as I caressed her and moaned a further invitation into my mouth. I broke our kiss and placed my hands on her shoulders moving her away from me. We gazed into each other's eyes, our lust rising by the minute. I lifted the bottom of her tank top and as I did she raised her arms as I slid it off her. She was wearing a white silk bra that was mostly to keep her nipples from showing than to give her any support. I reached behind her and unclasped her bra and removed it. Her breasts were peaches and cream. The little pink nipples hard and begging for attention. I covered her left breast with my mouth, licking and sucking her nipple to an even greater degree of attention. it was at that point that I stopped caressing her and gently brought her to her feet.
I lead her by the hand to my bedroom. As we stood next to my bed I unsnapped the top button of her shorts.
She moved to help me and I told her, "I'll do that."

I unzipped her shorts and tugged them down over her hips. I knelt down in front of her and lifted her feet, one after the other to completely remove her shorts. She stood in front of me wearing only her Victoria's Secret panties. Before rising I ran my finger under her panties and between her pussy lips. She again shuttered. She had soaked through her panties and the inside of her thigh glowed with moisture. I moved my mouth toward her pussy and sealed my lips against her panty-hidden mound and blew my hot breath over her. She grabbed the back of my head and tried to move against my mouth.

"Greedy little girl, aren't you?"

Before she could answer I stood and covered her mouth with mine. I slowly moved her back until her legs touched the edge of the bed and I laid her down. I stood and removed my shirt. She took instant notice of the tattoos and scars. Her eyes traveled over my body and paused at each scar, each tattoo, as if studying it. I dropped my pants and moved on top of her. I had my underwear on and she was still in her panties. I moved over her and ground my cock into her panty-covered mound. Like a couple of teenagers we ground into each other for what seemed like hours, but was only one to two minutes, I am sure. When I pushed up and off of her I noticed that my shorts were soaked with our juices. As I pulled on her panties to take them off she raised her ass off the bed to assist me. This is another special erotic communication between a man and woman. It is her giving up her final layer of protection. Now she is open and exposed to him, yours for the taking. I pulled her panties down her legs to reveal the most beautiful pussy I had ever seen. Her outer lips were large and swollen. She had only a dusting of pubic hair and it was so blond it was nearly transparent. Her inner lips glistened with moisture and barely peeked out from under the protection of her outer lips. I stood over her and ran my finger up and down her slit, my finger glistening with her wetness. I removed my briefs and lay down beside her, again running my finger over her ready and waiting pussy. My finger came away slick and coated in her juices. I put my finger in my mouth and sucked her vaginal secretion while staring her in the eyes.

"You taste wonderful," I said as I began to kiss my way over her breast and across her flat stomach and into her nearly non-existent pubic hair.

As I slid my tongue over her lips I felt her breath stuttering in excitement. I moved off the bed and knelt between her thighs and pulled her to the edge of the bed. I ran my tongue over her while moving my fingers and spread her lips open. Her hard clit was quite noticeable. I began licking her inner lips and grazing her clit. I moved downward and pushed my tongue into her opening then made my way back up near her clit. I pushed a finger inside her and was surprised she was so tight. She rocked her hips, trying to gain more contact with my fingers and tongue. I felt her begin to move toward climax a time or two and I would back off until the moment passed. I moved my moth and tongue over her clit and sucked it into my mouth and tickled it gently with my tongue. This again seemed to bring her close to orgasm. I moved a finger into her pussy and began to lick her toward climax. I rested the little finger on the hand that was in her pussy near her puckered little ass. I didn't move to penetrate. I merely let her know my finger was near. As she climbed toward orgasm her hips rocked against my fingers and I felt her move her hips so that my little finger made contact with her pink ass. I did not

enter her, although I could have. I merely let my finger rest against her while my tongue brought her to the edge. When she was just going over the edge I worked my finger deep into her pussy. The finger resting against her ass began to feel her involuntary contracts. As she dove into the well of pleasure she cried out in what could be pleasure or pain. She quaked a number of times before her body lost muscle control and she collapsed back against the bed in a near comatose state.
I moved up and laid on my side next to her. I slowly and softly stroked her head before moving my hand down the length of her body to cup her pussy with my hand. I merely applied a light pressure. I was pretty sure she'd be in that over-sensitive state. I smiled at her.
"Hi," I said.
"Hi," she responded, dreamily.
My lips move to hers and we kissed. This was the gentle kiss of deep emotion and satisfaction. I broke the kiss and looked down into her eyes, soaking in the moment, soaking in her. She reached up and pulled me into a deep kiss. I moved my leg over hers so that I was pressed up against her. My hard cock was burrowing into her upper thigh. Her breathing increased and she began to move against me. As I shifted to move over her, her thighs parted in invitation and my cock settled against her hot moist pussy. I began to move ever so slightly. My cock was rubbing along her slit and over her clit. I could feel her tilting her hips in an effort to have me inside her. After teasing her like this for seconds, or days, I don't know which. I raised my hips and reached down. I grabbed my hard cock and ran it up and down her pussy, catching her moisture and opening her inner lips to me. I nudged the head of my cock against her tight little hole and felt her make a minute adjustment so that the alignment was perfect. I slowly pressed into her. I felt the head of my cock push its way against her vaginal walls. I knew she wasn't a virgin, but she felt a lot like one. I eased forward, opening her and pushing the walls of her pussy open. Just before I had all of me inside her and felt the bottom of her, I felt her catch her breath as I pushed in a bit more, probing the depth of her. Now the catch turned to a slight whimper as I with drew then moved into her again, this time a little more forcefully. I started to pump myself in and out of her in a slow and demanding way. She was breathing faster and I could feel her hips moving, seeking me. When I was all the way inside her she moaned and seemed to move away from me, limiting my penetration.
"Am I hurting you?" I whispered in her ear.
"No, I just need a minute to get used to you."
I began moving in and out of her, avoiding the deepest penetration. Her hips began to move in a demanding, wanton way and I could tell she was climbing that great stairway to orgasm once again. I could feel the beginnings of my own climax but wanted to enjoy this moment more. I began to thrust into her forcefully, her hips moving to match my thrusts. I grabbed her hands by her wrists and held her arms over her head against the bed. I didn't squeeze her hard enough to cause her real pain, but hard enough so that she knew that she was held down. This action brought an audible whimper from her. I increased my pace. As I moved my cock in and out I would raise myself up a bit so that my cock rubbed her clit. I knew she was getting close.
Without stopping or slowing down, I commanded, "stop moving. Just lay there and let me fuck you."

She stopped moving instantly and I could feel her pussy twitch and clamp at my words. As she was about to reach the peak her whimpers and moans were such that I didn't know if I were hurting her or she was wrought with passion. At that point it made little difference to me. I was now forcing my cock into her as far as I could. I continued to pump against the bottom of her pussy and each penetration brought increased whimpering from her. I felt the walls of her pussy begin to contract around me and I also felt her hips move slightly.

"HOLD STILL," I commanded.

This was all she could take and she began to spasm around me. Just as her spasms were about to subside I moved my cock so that it was just at the entrance of her pussy. Her little pussy was still lightly convulsing. I moved ever so slowly in and out, taking the shallowest of strokes. My orgasm began to boil out of me. At the first throb of my cock I pushed into her as far as possible and rocked back and forth in the bottom of her as my cock expanded in length and girth and I pumped her full of my cum. I let her arms go and collapsed on top of her, supported by my elbows, my face nestled in her neck, her hair surrounding my face like a blond cloud.

We laid together, me on my back she on her side, her leg thrown over my hip. This is the afterglow that is so satisfying. We are naked, our legs are entwined, my soft cock is against her leg, her pussy full of the product of our lovemaking is pressed against my hip. We each have a slight sheen of sweat that, as it cools, marked the contact with your lover all that much warmer and desirable.

"Are you glad we did this?" I asked.

"Oh yes, absolutely yes, are you?"

"Yes," I stated, "and did you like everything that happened?"

"Yes," she said, with a smaller voice.

"No one ever went down on me before, that knew, well, knew what they were doing."

"My pleasure," I smiled. "From your reaction, I take it holding your arms and telling you what to do, or not do as the case may be, was okay too?"

"Better than okay. That was a new experience."

"Hold onto your hat, babe. I am going to rock your world," I said with a smiling glint in my eyes.

To emphasize the future to her, and perhaps more to myself, I told her, "I am going to say this once more and then I won't say it again. You and I are not going to work. If you get serious you will get hurt, there is no other possible outcome."

She looked at me and asked, "why? I mean, other couples are sixteen years apart?"

"Yes, that is true, but not at your age. If I were sixty and you were, what, forty-four, that is still a big spread but at that age both people are slowing down somewhat. Both are close to being on the same life path, both are settled into careers. But eighteen and thirty-four are in different worlds. You are going to college, to start a life. I am living my life, doing what I want to do and that is to cowboy."

Kristen called me after she got home that night. We talked a bit to affirm that we were happy with what had happened. A bit too late I asked her about birth control and she put me at ease by telling me she was on the pill and had been for some time. We talked for nearly an hour, mostly about nothing. It was our way of extending the glow.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Over the next week we talked frequently on the phone. We also exchanged quite a few e-mails. Sometimes she would call and leave a message on my cell simply to tell me she was thinking of me. We had begun to talk on the phone late into the night. We learned about each other and as our relationship developed two things became obvious to both of us. Two opposing facts of our relationship emerged, opposite of each other and undeniable. One was that we were falling in love and the other was that we were from different worlds. The problem with the age differences was not the number. It was the place in life, what the future holds and the aspirations of the people that made the difference. Kristen was ready to head to college to begin her adult life. She didn't know exactly what her destination was, but she was on the journey. I was content with my life on the ranch. I did like to travel a bit now and then, but in my mind I had pretty much arrived at my destination. She was seeking a mate to share her life. I was reconciling myself to a life alone. I wasn't going to hurt this girl. During one of our late night phone conversations, we slid into a conversation about the future. A topic we both avoided as much as a Baptist Preacher would avoid giving a sermon about blow techniques.

"Rob, I need to ask you something."

Usually when people begin this way, what you are about to be asked is going to require more than a two-word answer.

"Okay babe, what is it?"

"Where do you think our relationship will end up?"

I knew this was coming at some point, but I was hoping she would just drift away to college with a lot of promises about staying n touch. Nevertheless, the direction of the conversation was drawing a lump in my throat. Following my advice to Chester so many months ago, it was now time for me to Cowboy Up. I don't know about most guys, but I would rather face a pissed off stallion than a woman's emotions, especially when I was emotionally involved myself.

"Kristen, I hope you know how much I care about you..."

"Rob," she interrupted “I love you."

Well, there it was. She spoke what I had been feeling and trying to submerge.

"I know Kristen, I love you." After a long pause I continued, "you, we, are bound to get hurt. There is no way out and I have said all this to you before on different occasions."

"I know that. I know we aren't going to spend our lives together. I know that when I go away to college that will be the end of us, or nearly so."

She was certainly wise beyond her years. There was another long pause and tearful sounds on both ends of the phone lines.

"I think it might be best if we ended this here and now," I said.

She choked back a sob.

"Can we continue to see each other until I leave for school? I promise that once I leave we will consider this chapter closed."

The sobs were heavy now and I could picture the tears streaming down her face. I was having difficultly speaking, my throat was vice tight and tears were welling up in my eyes.

"Okay, but it would be easier to just bear the pain and rip the bandage off this thing, end it now and begin to heal."
"That might be the smart thing, but I am not ready to do that. I don't want to always do the smart thing," she said.
As we talked, our emotions calmed down. Maybe it was because we had reached an agreement, accepted terms, and had some sense of the future, even if our knowledge was only of the next thirty days. Perhaps this was what we had to do, live each day, enjoy each moment, cherish each second. In the tiny hours of the morning we hung up and were each left to deal with our own thoughts.
I arrived home from the ranch the next day, in the evening. I had not heard from Kristen all day long. I called, but got her voice mail. I left a short, sweet message and headed off to shower. Not too long afterwards I had dried off and dressed in jogging shorts and a t-shirt when my phone rang and Kristen was on the other end.
"Hi," she said. She seemed almost bubbly in contrast to our last conversation. "I want to come over. I only have a little time. I have to meet mom and dad for dinner.
"Sure," I said, and we hung up.
Fifteen minutes later there was knock on my door and Kristen let herself in as I was finishing unloading the dishwasher.
"Hi," I said, as I put away the last dish and turned to give her a hug.
She fell into my arms and pressed the length of her body against me. Grinding her pelvis into me, my cock became instantly hard. I broke the kiss and she joked that someone was happy to see her. There was something going on but I didn't know what. As we reached the den we fell into another passionate kiss, her tongue forcing its way into my mouth, her hand reaching between us to grasp my dick.
"Looks like I have a naughty girl on my hands."
She kissed my neck and continued to stroke me. I reached around and caught the edge of her skirt in the back and began to pull it up exposing her ass to my hands. I rubbed her, then slowly pushed my hand under her panties. My finger traced the crevice of her ass as I reached for her pussy from behind. She thrust her ass out towards me, causing my fingers to sink into her crack. My fingers grazed over her puckered ass. I paused just an instant and made a small circle with my finger, massaging her rosebud. She responded by pushing her ass into my hand harder as her breathing quivered.
"Please fuck me," was all she was able to say.
I turned her around and bent her over the arm of the couch. I lifted her skirt above her hips and started to pull down her panties to just above her knees. She reached her hand down to take them the rest of the way off.
"Stop," I commanded. "Leave them there. It's more nasty with your panties half on."
I dropped my running shorts brought my dick out and ran it the length of her, from her clit to the top of her ass. I pushed her shoulders down so she was flat on the cushion of the couch. This caused her ass to stick out and up like she was an offering in an ancient rite. I held her shoulders down with one

hand and continued to rub my cock over her crack. My cock was shinning with her wetness and my pre-cum. As I moved toward her pussy I stopped. The head of my cock was on her asshole and I pushed slightly. I could feel her shoulders move so I leaned into her shoulders harder. My cock began to penetrate her and I withdrew and moved down toward her pussy, thrusting into her gushing little hole fast and deep. She grunted as I assaulted her. I jack-hammered into her, fucking her as if I was trying to hurt her with my cock. This wasn't going to last long. I felt her breathing become labored and her pussy tighten and quake around me. I plunged into her and held my cock deep inside her as I pumped my cum into her. I could actually feel the cum filling her. I collapsed over her and we both paused to catch our breath. I withdrew my cock from her. It was coated with our combined juices. I wiped a large drop of our cum on my finger and rubbed my finger over her lips. She opened her mouth and sucked my finger dry. Her eyes said it all. Her eyes told me she was mine to command and that she wanted to be commanded. She stood and kissed me, tasting us on her lips.
"That was just what I wanted," she said as she moved to pull away from me.
"I have to get cleaned up and go" she said with a great deal of laughter in her voice.
"Stop," I said in a playful voice. "Pull your panties up."
"I can't. I am full of cum and have to clean up."
"Saying each word deliberately, slowly, I repeated, " PULL YOUR PANTIES UP NOW."
She looked at me and if a looks could say "I submit, but I am defiant," hers did.
She reached down and pulled her panties up
"Good," I said and pulled her to me.
I kissed her and ran my hands over her body. I reached under her skirt and felt the front of her panties. She was well beyond wet and as I moved to stick my finger into her. She pulled away with a laugh.
"Stop," she said. "I'm all messy."
I smiled and said, "you are having a difficult time following orders. Do you need a spanking?"
"NO!" she said. Even my dad never spanked me."
"See." I retorted. "that is probably the root of the problem. He should have."
"You wouldn't dare," she said, but she really meant was "I dare you."
"No time right now," I laughed. "Here are your instructions. Go to dinner with your parents. Don't you dare clean up. I want you to sit through dinner thinking about us. Call me when you get home and are ready for bed, but don't change or clean up."
She was a little dumb struck but finally said "okay" and threw her arms around me once more in a farewell kiss.
"Good girl," I said. "Call me when you get home. Enjoy dinner," and she was out the door.
She called about 11 pm
"Did you do what I told you to do?"
"Yes," she said in a small voice.
"Are you ready for bed?" I inquired.
"Yes"

"Good. Get in bed and we'll talk. I heard some rustling and assumed she was in bed.
"Okay," she said.
"I'm all snuggled in my bed"
"Is your little pussy all sticky?"
"Uh huh," she said.
"Did you clean yourself up?" I asked.
There was a short pause before she said, "I had to. I was overflowing and was afraid that it would run far enough down my leg for someone to see."
"I guess that is understandable. Reach down under your nightgown and feel yourself."
All I heard was a faint okay and the intake of breath.
"Rub your clit. Pretend it is my tongue and not your finger. I want you to make yourself cum while I listen.
Her breathing grew ragged and halting. I thought I could hear the bedclothes rustling rhythmically, then a loud gasp and a subdued moan.
"Did you finish?"
"Yes," she responded.
"Did it feel good?"
Another yes.
"Good girl. Talk to you tomorrow. I paused, "I love you."
"I LOVE YOU," she said, and hung up.
CHAPTER NINE
Christen had a Roping in Wyoming and I got busy with daily ranch life. She and I talked a lot and exchanged a large number of e-mails. We got together a few times at my house and once in the parking lot of the local supermarket. We had dinner twice and would spend as much time together as we could. Although our lust for one another was at a fever pitch, being together was most important. When she returned from Wyoming we would have only two weeks before she left for school and she would be tremendously busy preparing to move. We would both reaffirm our commitment to end this when she left for college. They were always bitter-sweet conversations. Our feelings for one another were strong and our love deep. We both knew that as much as we wanted to, we could never be together. She and I talked about my failure with women. She was very helpful and wise at getting me to realize that I wasn't a lost ship, that maybe I just hadn't found the right person and situation. She got me talking a lot about my childhood and family. She pointed out to me that I had not had a good foundation to build on in the relationship department. That may be a plausible reason for my detachment, but it is my responsibility to change things. I can't go back and create a different childhood.
We met for a simple meal at the Texas Road House. I had to meet with someone who was interested in selling us a couple of brood mares that had good blood line. Kristen was meeting a girlfriend who was leaving early for school in a different part of the country. I kissed her as we walked to her car and we stood, my hands on her hips, her hand on my shoulders.

"Hon, my parents are going out of town for the weekend and I want to spend the whole night with you on Saturday night."
"That sounds wonderful," I answered.
We had never spent more than a few hours together at a time.
"Fantastic," she said, eagerly. "I'll come over Saturday about five and I don't have to go home 'til Sunday evening"
"What about mom and dad calling or coming home early?"
"Got that covered. Just worry about resting up, old man. I am not planning on a lot of sleep."
"I'm your man, your old man," I said with a wink.
I planned a nice simple dinner for Saturday night. I thought better of Cowboy Chili and opted for some nice salmon steaks grilled with lemon and butter with string beans; cooked al dente, accompanied by a nice little savory rice recipe I got from a friend. I bought some fudge Brownies at Tony's market with a little Ben and Jerry's Phish Food ice cream for "after". At Tony's market I noted some great bouquets of fresh-cut flowers, so I bought two bunches. They were so fresh that one might think the greenhouse was in back of the market. Their perfume scented the air from ten feet away.
Conventional wisdom used to dictate, White with Fish. I'm glad the wine police have taken a new stance. I am not a white wine fan. I did make one concession to convention. I picked up two bottles of a nice Oregon Pinot Noir. A lighter red than Merlot.
Kristen called Friday afternoon and told me she'd be a little later than five that she'd be there at 8 pm.
"That works good. Gives me more time to slaughter the goat for dinner," I joked.
I had mixed emotions about the evening. I knew that our time together was nearing an end. Part of me wanted to spend the entire night merely laying naked with her, talking, laughing, being. We connected on a deeper than cellular level. It was as if our DNA recognized a matching code in one another, as if each of us had a complementary set of chromosomes that were driven to satisfy the chemical imperative to meet and mix. I wanted to hold her, love her, protect her, dominate her, serve her. I wanted to show her the world. I wanted to gain more intimate knowledge of her and her world. I wanted to explore with her. I wanted to explore her. For the first time in my life I wanted someone to bear my child, our child. The song Shameless by Garth came to mind. That seemed to explain a lot of my feelings.
You know it should be easy for a man who's strong
To say he's sorry or admit when he's wrong
I've never lost anything I've ever missed
But I've never been in love like this.
The other part of me was much more carnal. I lusted for her. She was like a wonderful drug that heightened every sense, magnified every touch and amplified every emotion. There was no part of her I did not want to feel, explore, possess, use for my pleasure, for her pleasure, for our pleasure. I wanted to use her. I wanted to drive her to the brink of insanity with pleasure. I wanted to tease her until she begged for release, educate her of all the pleasure a man and woman could share. I wanted to satisfy her to her core. I wanted to enslave her with my ability to cause her erotic pleasure. The

conflicting possibilities for the evening kept me at odds with myself. I compromised and found contentment in letting the evening find its own way. Sometimes I tended to over-analyze.
I did spend some time Saturday afternoon doing the prep for dinner. It always seems so much easier to cook if all the mundane things are out of the way. She arrived about 7:45 carrying an overnight bag and a small backpack. She looked wonderful, as always. She wore a simple mid-calf length tan skirt and a back blouse that was gossamer thin. It showed nearly every detail of the small, lacy black bra that encased her wonderful breasts. She didn't need a bra. She wasn't large and wasn't small. She was perfect. I will admit that the blouse and bra combination did create a very erotic image. Her perfume soaked into me through my pores and ignited my passion. We embraced and shared a kiss that held the promise of things to come.
"Sweetheart, I'll have dinner ready in about thirty minutes, if you are hungry. If not it's easy enough to wait. The goat's still bleeding out."
"Oh, gross," she laughed.
"Okay, forget the goat, how about salmon?" I asked.
"Perfect", she said. "Let’s wait a little bit, okay?"
"No problem," I said as I leaned against the counter.
She leaned into me, capturing one of my legs between hers and lightly moving her pussy against it.
"Are you trying to tell me something?" I smiled.
"Who me?" she teased.
"No, the person rubbing up against me."
"Oh! I guess that would be me," she said.
"Darling," I started. "I know that you're leaving."
She put her finger to my lips.
Shhhh. I don't want to talk about that. I just want to be with you and not worry about anything."
"Good idea," I said. "There is plenty of time to talk tomorrow."
"One more thing," she said.
"And that would be?" I responded.
"I want you to fuck me like the little slut I am."
"WOW!!! Where did that come from?" I asked, with more than a little surprise in my voice.
"I heard that in a movie once and always wanted to say it. You are only one I have ever trusted enough to say that to."
Through all this she had maintained the pressure on my leg with her pussy. I could feel the heat radiating through my pants.
"You know what they say, be careful..."
"I know," she said. "I know what I am asking for."
She looked deep into my eyes with a challenging sparkle in hers. I placed my hands on her shoulders and kissed her, sweetly, lightly, as I moved her back a step.
"How about a little wine before dinner?"
"Great" she said. So now it's okay if I drink?"

I looked her way and winked.
"The wine is medicinal. It is to help you let down your inhibitions," I said with a grin and a wink
"All I need to let down my inhibitions is you," she said, "but I'll take the wine anyway.
"Besides," I said, "you don't have to drive, nor do you have to face mom and dad this evening."
"So, what do I have to do?" she asked, with a naughty smile.
All I could muster was a wink.
We finished our wine and I started dinner. We ate in the dining room, a rare occurrence for me.
"Gosh, the flowers are really pretty," she said, bending over the table to inhale their bouquet.
As she bent over she looked back at me with a come-fuck-me look on her face. As she swayed her back a little more than necessary which cause her wonderful ass to jut out on display. It wasn't vulgar. It was provocative and highly sexual.
"She's really pushing it," I thought to myself with an evil grin.
"What do you think of them?" she asked.
"Oh, I love them. They smell good enough to eat, don't they?" I said.
"You wouldn't eat them, would you?" she teased.
I moved behind her and pressed my raising cock in between the firm soft globes of her ass. She wiggled against me in response. I held her by the hips and ground into her. This caused her to press harder against me, meeting my gyrations with her own. I released her hip with my right hand and snaked my hand up her back. I gathered a handful of her hair in my hand and pulled, causing her head to tilt back and her hips to wither against me. She moaned with desire.
"Better be careful," I warned, as I continued to pull her hair.
"I don't want to be careful," she moaned. "That is one of the last things I want."
Dinner was good. Our conversation wandered from ranching to horses to politics. We talked and joked about nearly everything, everything that is, except next week.
"Sweetie, I know you don't want to talk about the future. I want to ignore it too. It is almost as if ignoring it would make it go away, but it won't."
She started to stop me.
I interrupted. "No, please, honey, please let me say this and then I promise I won't bring it up again until..." I paused to think, "at least Monday. Okay?"
"Okay," she said quietly, in a voice that was resigned to hearing something unpleasant.
”I didn't mean to fall in love with you. I am glad I did. I know you love me and that touches me deep in my soul. If circumstances were different, we could continue and see where this leads, but they are not, and we will not. I know that once you leave a lot of tears are going to be shed. I even have started early a time or two. But know this; know this with all your being. Even if I knew all the pain that this relationship was going to bring us before we started I, I would not do anything differently. These months with you have opened my heart and my soul and for that I owe you more than I can ever repay you."
She sat silently for a moment, as if she were crafting her words.
As she gazed past my soul and into my very being, she said softly and with a quivering voice, "I love

you Rob. I was attracted to you from the first day we met. I know that this 'us' is about to end and that there is little we could do to prevent that. But, I want you to know that I doubt if any other man will reach into me, into my heart the way you have, and if that never happens, I will always know that I loved and was loved, that I found my soulmate, and I will be content with that."

We finished our meal in continued near-silence. We held hands, we spoke of nothings, we simply enjoyed breathing the same air.

After dinner we went into the den and started watching a movie on cable. We held hands, we kissed, we snuggled, we were overjoyed with the moment, these moments. I rested my hand high on her thigh, never tiring of the softness and erotic nature of this woman. I absentmindedly stroked the inside of the thigh, pushing her skirt high, exposing her legs to my view, nearly to her panties. She swung her legs up on the couch and laid them across my lap. Her wonderful ass up jutted up to my knees. She rested her head on a pillow and continued to watch the TV. I caressed the back of her legs, exposing more and more of her upper thighs. Her panty-covered pussy came into view, mostly hidden between her thighs. I raised the skirt over her hips. Her panties were black and as thin as a wisp of smoke. They served to make her ass even more beautiful, if that is possible. I stroked her panty-covered butt.

"I thought of not wearing any. I have never done that before, gone out with no panties"

"That is just fine my love. I enjoy taking them off you."

"Damn," I said between clenched teeth, "your cute little butt just begs to be spanked."

”Don’t you dare," her words said.

She wiggled her hips in invitation. I didn't say anything. I looked down at her ass and raised my right had and brought it down firmly on her right cheek. She only wiggled more. I gave her three more quick smacks. The last one brought an "oww" from her. I reached up and pulled her panties down just far enough to expose her slightly pink cheeks. I spanked her bare ass three more times in quick succession.

"OUCH," she said with a laugh, "that hurts."

"Oh, I haven't even started yet," I said.

Again, three more smacks to her butt which was now trying to avoid the smacks

"Ow, ow, ow. Okay stop!" she squealed.

"Not a chance," I said as I grabbed her right hand that had tried to shield her ass. I pinned it to her back.

"No, please, really," but she couldn't say it without giggling.

"I have a deal," I said. "I'll give you three more spanks and if your little pussy isn't wet, I'll stop."

"NO!" she said "no more."

"Why?" I asked. "Just three more and if you aren't wet, I'll stop."

"I can't agree to that," she said, wiggling in a fake attempt to free herself.

"Okay. Tell me why and I may reconsider."

"No, I won't tell," she said.

This brought four more quick spanks. Her ass was a bright, pretty red now.

"Okay, okay. I'll tell," she laughed.
"Well?" I asked.
"I can't agree to any more spanks under your conditions because I am already wet."
She tried to snake her way from my grasp but she knew that was a lost cause.
"Hold still," I said. "I just want to see if you are telling the truth."
She stopped struggling and I started to push my hand between her legs. She parted her legs to allow me access. I ran a finger under her panties and pulled them free from her swelling lips. She was soaked. The gusset of her panties was wet enough to wring out. I slipped a finger over her soaking lips.
"You are wet," I said. "I guess that the spanking wasn't all that awful."
"No comment," was all she said, pressing her pussy into my hand.
I stroked her slit up and down its entire length. I paused at her clit now and then to circle the little swelling bud. I removed my hand and landed four more hard spanks on her. I immediately returned to fingering her pussy. I sunk a finger into her soaking wet opening, dragging moisture with my fingers to her tight little ass. My fingers played with her back hole, threatening to penetrate her, but backing away time and again. I continued my pleasurable torment on her pussy and ass. She began to wiggle, reaching for my fingers with her body. At one point as I played with her wet, slick anus she arched back into my finger forcing the tip of my finger a tiny bit into her. She moaned and withered. Her ass moved against my finger as if she were testing the waters before plunging in.
I turned her over to face me. There was a small tear in her eye. Her dress was around her hips and her panties part way down her thighs. She was a picture of eroticism. I kissed her, forcing my tongue into her mouth. Her tongue met mine and caressed it as if it were a cock she was trying to arouse. As the kissed ended she buried her head and face in my shoulder.
"You are crying?" I asked. "I didn't mean to hurt you that much."
"It's not that," she said into my shoulder."
"What is it then?"
"I liked it a lot and when you were spanking me I felt myself just surrender to you deep inside not my mind, not just my heart, but all of me. I would do anything you wanted me to, anything, and that scares me."
With that she reached up and kissed me and her hand worked on the zipper of my pants. She worked it down halfway and I had to stretch out so she could get it down the rest of the way. she unbuttoned me and opened my pants, her hand reaching into my boxers, grasping me and freeing my cock of the confines of my pants. Her head moved toward my ridged hard on, her lips kissing the head and smearing the large drops of pre-cum around making me slick. Then she licked over my cock, the head, the sides. She moved her tongue over me firmly until she reached the sensitive under side. She held me in her hand and teased my glans with her tongue. She enveloped my cock with her mouth, taking me far into the back of her throat. I could feel her fighting the gag reflex. I grabbed her hair and guided her movements over my cock. I held her firmly enough that she knew she must follow my direction, but not hard enough to hurt her. She was making me start the rise to orgasm.

"Look at me," I said.
She looked up at me with my cock in her mouth, a vision that Venus would be hard pressed to top. Her soft eyes were written with love and surrender. I thrust into her mouth a number of times, reaching the back of her throat, but she refused to back off... I pulled her face to me and kissed her, tasting me on her mouth. We rose and I took her hand and guided her to the bedroom. She started to take off her skirt and I stopped her.
"Just take off your blouse. It is more fun to fuck a little slut like you with half her clothes on".
She unbuttoned her blouse, never moving her eyes from mine. She dropped her blouse to the floor and lay back on the bed. Her breasts seemed to want to escape from the frilly black bra. As I looked down at her she moved her hand up her leg, dragging the skirt up. Although still covered by her skirt it was obvious that her hand was covering her pussy. I lifted the skirt up to her hips and watched as her middle finger circle her clit.
"God, you are a nasty little thing," I said.
"Only for you and only as nasty as you want me to be," she said.
I moved between her legs and began licking her, running my tongue over her sensitive clit and pinching her inner lips with my finger tips.
The pinching brought on a new wave of moaning.
"You like that?" I asked, but it wasn't really a question. "You like a little pain with pleasure."
"I think so," she answered meekly. "I am not sure. If I do, does that mean I am a really slutty girl?"
"Yes, I think it does." I answered. "The kind of really slutty girl I love."
I moved up beside her and covered her breasts with kisses. I unsnapped her bra and slid it off her arms. Then I kissed, sucked and nibbled on her tits in earnest. My fingers sought her hard little clit again and I tormented her more, bringing her close to orgasm, then making her back off before starting again. She was stroking my manhood. We were both reaching a point of no return quickly. I turned her over so that she was laying face down on the bed. I stuffed a small pillow under her hips so that her beautiful position was thrust slightly upward. I climbed over her and began kissing her neck and shoulders. I eased my cock between her moist pussy lips and inserted myself into her. She exhaled and moved back into me as I entered her. Her hot silky walls clung to my cock as I moved inside her. I could feel a small spasm deep inside her and would hold still each time the spasms seemed as if they would take her over the edge. She was hungrily seeking deeper penetration and I was not giving it to her. I was teasing her, building her lust in order to enhance her orgasm. My cock and pubic area were soaking in our combined juices, as were hers. I withdrew and moved my cock back. I felt a quick intake of breath and felt her stiffen ever so slightly.
"Relax," I said soothingly as the head found her sweet tight ass.
I did feel her relax a little and I pushed forward, easing into her slightly. Another intake of breath from her.
"Move back into me," I told her.
A moment later I could feel her hips begin to inch back into me in small uncertain movements.
"That's a girl," I whispered to her. "Come on, take me."

I heard a whimper as she moved ever so slightly back.
"Just relax, sweetheart and tell me if I hurt you too much."
All she was able to do was shake her head yes. I withdrew and rubbed more of our slick wetness on my cock. I pushed into her with steady slow pressure. I heard whimpers and moans as she moved back to meet me. Small little hurt sounds were emitting from her as I pushed deeper into her.
"Oh God," she moaned, as I pushed past her sphincter, sliding all the way in.
I moved in and out slowly and felt her relax and accommodate me. She raised her ass into me again, challenging me so push in deeper. I began thrusting into her. She was pinned to the mattress beneath me. I could feel the twin globes of her ass pressed into my lower abdomen. I began to move with authority, pumping in and out of her. I withdrew my cock 'til only the head was inside her, teasing her, then pushing in deep. Her trusting became stronger. I felt her squeeze me. Her breathing became shallow and quick.
"Oh, yes! Fuck me, fuck me please, I'm cumming."
As she screamed this I moved the head of my cock back until it was nearly out of her. She was moving me in and out in little short strokes. It was then that I felt her ass clamp around my cock, her rectum spasming and clenching me. That was all I could bear and I trust deeply into her, forcing my cock into her to the base, the thickest part of me. I was pumping in and out as fast as my hips would move. I felt the orgasm begin to build. It seemed to take me right to the edge and then I hung there for what could have been hours, until Kristen rotated her ass and squeezed my cock as hard as she could. My cum climbed up my cock and seem to build up in the head before blasting out in hard quick pulses that bathed her insides. We collapsed on the bed together, covered in sweat and each other. We made love again that night, but this time it was sweet with longing and nearly sad, the passion coming more from our hearts than our hormones. We stayed awake into the night. We lay together naked, exhausted and deeply satisfied. Our talk was small and the words were of no consequence. We were communicating on a deeper level. We lay snuggled together, our bodies placed to maintain the most contact with each other. A warm glow of contentment settled over me. If I could just freeze this moment in time and live out my days in the physical and emotional embrace, I would be happy to my core and would have no need for any other worldly thing.

CHAPTER TEN

I woke at my usual 6 AM and found myself alone. I called out for Kristen but she did not answer. Her car was not in the driveway. I found a note in the bathroom.
It said, "I love you with all my being. I am sorry I had to leave; I didn't trust myself to ever go if I didn't go now. I am leaving for college early. I will be gone by Monday. Please don't call. I can't bear the pain. I will e-mail you when I am settled in at school. All My Love, All My Heart, All My Soul, Kristen."
I honored her request and didn't call her. My heart was in a turmoil. I knew this was coming. I knew that this was the only ending that was possible, I knew it all along, but that didn't ease the pain. I was lifeless. I threw myself into the ranch. One thing about ranch work is that there is no shortage of things that need to be fixed, feed, watered, cleaned or replaced. One weekend I trailered up Reggae, put Trixie in the cab and headed up to the high country for a little camping trip. They sensed my

melancholy. Reggae was slow and sure on the trail, but showed none of the spirit he usually had. We even ran across a small herd of cattle. Normally we would take that opportunity to work them a bit, maybe try and cut a calf away from its mom. This is an activity that always got Reggae's juices flowing. It was what he was bred for. Not this time. Reggae looked over the cattle and dropped his head in disinterest. Trixie loped along beside us and didn't even take off chasing squirrels or rabbits. She stayed close as if her very presence were vital. It was. Sitting around the campfire with Trixie laying across my lap and Reggae looking on, I reflected on my life during the last six months or so. The idea kept creeping into my conscious that I was, in fact, worse off than before. I had a taste of something that I didn't think I would ever experience, that I didn't know existed. And it was gone. I had no illusion that I would find that again. No, that kind of thing, as I told Chester, lands in your lap only once and if you don't grab it and hold onto it, it will not give you another chance.

The weeks turned into months. The winds turned out from the north and chilled the land. It was November and my heart was as cold as the northern air. I got up on the Saturday morning before Thanksgiving and sat down with a cup of coffee and gazed out the window at the brown leaves drifting across my vision like fragments of things lost. The phone rang.

”I...I...I can't do this," Kristen sobbed over the phone, her voice wracked with emotion. "I just can't." She hung up and the tears welled up in my eyes and streamed down my face. I buried my hands in my face and wept.

THE END

Bruce Roberts – October