

Sweet Sunsets Chapter II

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Rain pelted the roof of the barn with vengeance. Somewhere out there, the moon was high in the sky. Thunder rumbled in the distance as lightening threatened the tall trees. The wind whistled and howled violently against the walls. This has been one of the worst storms I can remember. I remember well because that was the night I became a father. My wife, Vesi, had been going through labor most of the afternoon. The farmer's wife was acting as midwife to my beloved. She wouldn't let me in the house, so I stayed in the barn with Desperado and Jhori. Jhori will be expecting in a couple of months. Desperado will be a father too I thought that night as I worried myself sick that night hearing my wife howl in agony. It was ripping my heart into pieces small enough to pass through the eye of a needle one by one. I was startled out of my misery as the farmer's wife, Madrid, came into the barn with tears in her eyes. What I heard next shattered my very soul. "Bret, child, come be with your wife, she is leaving this world. The little baby girl lives, but your Vesi is dying from something I know not of. I've done everything I can and know of." I was out of that barn before Madrid finished her last sentence. It all happened so fast. I was beside my lover's side, and she was holding a tiny baby girl. Vesi had a haze in her eyes, and was barely breathing. I shook with fear. "Vesi, please don't die, please don't..." I pleaded with tears pouring down my face and onto my hands holding hers. "Bret, it's okay. We have a baby girl. Name her for me?" she whispered. "I don't know, I don't know!" I shouted, but she didn't flinch away. "Please?" she begged. "Okay. Sydney. Sydney Jhori Armstrong. She will have your life in her," I cried. And with that, Vesi Jhori Armstrong passed into the void holding her baby girl... *** It has been seventeen years since that fateful night. I remember it as if it was last night. The pain is just as great now as it was then, but I survive only because of our beautiful daughter. If it wasn't for her, I'd die of a broken heart. My daughter is the spitting image of her mother, except she has my blue eyes. Her hair is a dark golden brown that shines like the red sunset in the rays of light. It is long and wavy, but she keeps it in a long braid most of the time to keep it from getting tangles. Her skin is a cream colored tan that glows in the firelight when she sits in her rocking chair holding her rabbit I got for her. She named it Furry, because it is so soft. Sydney has always been smart and cunning. We have been the best of friends since her mother died. Sydney is also shy. She doesn't like to meet new people and shies away from boys and men. She knows they ogle at her, and she knows she can't help it, so she tends to stay away from the ranch. Two months, one week, and four days after my baby girls' birth, my mare, Jhori, gave birth to her own foal. I didn't name the little thing; I wanted to wait until Sydney was old enough to speak a name for him herself. She ended

up naming the young horse Wolfie, because that day I told her about wolves and how they are dangerous, yet pretty animals. Ever since Sydney was old enough to walk, she wanted to ride Wolfie. It has been 17 years since they were born, and my mare passed away about a year ago from old age. She was 28 years old. She had a good life. Ol' Desperado still lives, he is only 21 years old. He is still strong and arrogant as ever. Sydney loves him too, but she rides Wolfie every chance she gets. Wolfi's color turned out very different from that of his parents. He turned out to be a golden tan with a jet black nose, mane, tail, and the bottom of his legs. He was a magnificent animal. Sydney prided herself in knowing she had the best stallion in the district. She was asked how much she would sell him for all the time, and each time she would simply say with a smile, "I am sorry to disappoint you folks, but Wolfie here is not for sale, and never will be." The people would often turn around and walk away with smiles on their faces knowing that that was one happy girl. Although others would be too stupid to understand and beg her and grovel at her feet, once I had to pull a well to do looking man off of her legs because he wouldn't leave at her protests. I am a very protective father. Nobody talks to my daughter without my consent, and if he does, they soon find out how protective I am. All the ranch hands that I still work with, and even the new ones that the farmer has acquired over the years actually know me well enough and Sydney by now, they act as her body guards more often than not. She is able to joke around with them and she helps them on occasion. She is a tough girl. I won't let her work like her mother did though, I simply won't allow it. I want to find a good man to take care of her, just like I did for her mother. *** "I wonder..." I was thinking as I rode Wolfie through the country side not far from the lands of the ranch and the hay fields. There was a small brook nearby with a tall tree that shaded me from the baking sunlight. I often would bring a book and ride Wolfie to this very spot of seclusion just to be alone. It was a beautiful spot. The only other person who knew about it was my father. He knows all of my hiding spots, but never bothers me at them unless it is important enough for him to do so. He knows I value my space. I was wondering what a kiss would be like. I have never been kissed. Father has never let a boy anywhere near me without knowing him inside and out first. All of the guys who he has crossed paths with though has either ended badly, or the boy walking away with his tail between his legs. I know my father well enough that I trust in his judgment completely to understand I wouldn't want "that" boy. My father told me that my mother died right after giving birth to me, and to this day he cries himself to sleep in his room next to mine every night. I do my best to cheer him up and be his friend and companion. Sometimes I think that is all that keeps him here with me. I think about my mother often. Father also told me I look just like her, except I have his eyes. I know I have his eyes; they are the same bright, icy blue every day. I imagine my mother was beautiful, because in all reality, I know I am too. I'm not being vain, it is simply the truth. Father loved her more than life itself, and if it wasn't for me, I don't know what would have happened. Even though I have been with my father all of these years, I still long for a more intimate relationship, I feel lonely deep down inside and I feel as if there is something missing. I often find myself falling asleep to fantasies of my first kiss, and of arms holding me. But no one is ever good enough for me Father says. He says he wants nothing less than someone perfect for me. I never argue with him knowing he loves me and has my best interests at heart. After the sun started to descend below the tops of the

trees, I rode Wolfie like the wind back home. I loved to feel the freedom when I ride Wolfie like this. When I rounded the bend of the last thicket of trees behind my home, I heard angered voices and slowed to a stop and was quiet as I listened to the voices in front of my house, but I could not see who was there. Probably my father, but someone else was there. "...can't just walk up and ask me something like that!" my father said with a raised voice. It seemed to me he was quite angry. "When will you ever let someone court her, Bret?" The voice was familiar, young, and somewhat deep, and was persistent it seemed. "I don't want no poor boy like you touching my daughter! That's the end of it!" I heard my father deliver the ultimatum with vehemence. It scared me a little bit because he has never talked to me in that tone of voice before, and I've never heard him yell at someone in front of me before. Then I remembered he doesn't know I'm listening. "I ain't no poor boy, Mr. Armstrong. I work for a living. I dream of Sydney every night wishing I could be the one to take care of her. I may not have all the money in the world, but I have a home. I want her to be a part of my life." The voice sounded solemn now. "I only want to make her happy. I watch her closely and I just see it in her eyes. Those beautiful eyes, they are empty most of the time. I want to fill them up. I want to be her man." I heard those words very clearly, and I heard my heart race. I was searching my head for a memory of that voice. Ahh! I know who it is! His name is Tam. Tamerson Brooks. Everyone calls him Tam. He is one of the ranch hands that works with my father every day. He breaks horses just like my father has all his life. I often found myself daydreaming about Tam. I just loved the way he worked the horses with surety and confidence. He was very muscles, like Father. His dark blonde hair curled around his ears and the base of his neck very delicately. The sweat I often saw on his brow and neck seemed to make me feel a little dizzy. I don't know why. I often try to look into his eyes, but find that I can't because I'm afraid he will catch me looking at him. I know they are a dark color though, but I don't know what color exactly. "Tam, son, I guess you're right." I couldn't believe my ears. "I've turned down every boy and man asking for even a short time to talk with her. None of them however, has stood up to me to fight for what they want. They usually run with their tails between their legs. But Tam, I have to hand it to you, you are strong willed. Sydney is probably out riding Wolfie. Next time you see her, don't betray my trust. I'd hate to have to kill ya." And with that I felt that Tam smiled. I just knew he did. Then I realized I was smiling too. I quickly frowned and put a crease in my forehead and rode to the front of the house riding Wolfie like a very important person. "Sydney! How long were you there?" my father asked with a hint of anger in his voice. "Long enough," I said. I looked from Tam to my father. "Hi, Miss Sydney. How are you today?" Tam quietly asked. He seemed a little bit sheepish in front of me, not quite the man I had heard only moments before. I softly smiled at him and looked him in the eyes. "I'm perfectly fine, Tam. How about you?" I asked softly. "Well, Miss, I uh, I'm great. Well, Mr. Armstrong, I must get home. I have a few projects to do," he tipped his head towards my father and then looked at me. "Miss Sydney, I'll see ya around, I hope. It sure was nice seeing you." He smiled and walked to his horse out by the flower box that had flowers in it I planted. Father made the flower box for mom. Tam got on his dark brown mountain horse and slowly walked down the driveway and out of view. *** I can't believe her father actually says it's alright for me to speak to Sydney! This is unbelievable! I was in awe that her father consented to let me court her. Why was I

different than all the others? Bret is a smart man. Everyone turns to him for advice all the time. He is almost a legend in these parts. His daughter adores him. I can see why. I rode home slowly and in silence that evening as thoughts of Sydney whirled in my head. I dreamed of her that night, and was just amazed at how beautiful she is, both on the outside and inside. All I wanted to do was make her the happiest woman on this earth. *** “Hi Tam!” I said as I walked into the stable at the ranch. It was a few days later after I found my father and Tam talking in front of my house. “Oh, Hi Sydney! How is it that a fine young woman like yourself finds her way into a stable with someone like me in it?” he chuckled. “Oh, I thought I’d come by and visit.” I said with a hint of excitement to my voice. I took the saddle off of Wolfie and hung it on the gate of his stall. He whinnied for a treat, so I gave him one and he quieted down. I turned around and Tam was just standing there. He was looking at me, but not in a lustful way I noticed. He seemed content just to look at me. Father often told me he was content just to watch my mother sleeping, especially while she was pregnant with me. Father said he loved nothing more than to see my mother’s heart satisfied. “Tam?” I said. He looked away for just a second then looked me back in the eyes. “Yes?” I didn’t say anything as the empty hole in my soul yearned to walk up to him. I let myself and next thing I knew I found myself breathing hard only inches from his chest. I was looking up into his eyes. “Your eyes are dark green. I never noticed that before,” I softly whispered. My mother’s eyes were dark hazel. I understood now how Father could be lost in her eyes like I am now lost in Tam’s. Tam just smiled and I felt his arms wrap around my shoulders and I was pulled against him. My body was vibrating with electricity and love. Euphoria erupted from the pit of my stomach and made me gasp as his grip tightened around me. My arms slid around him and as my hands latched onto each other behind him, his lips touched mine softly. My eyes closed and his head tilted and his whole mouth was on mine. I almost had to break it off to breathe, I had never been kissed before, and it was out of this world. I never knew something could feel this good. Tam’s hands came up to cup my face. He held me there against him gently as our tongues explored each other’s mouths. All of the sudden, he pulled away with a distant look in his eyes, as if he was suddenly focused on something entirely different. “Sydney, I just remembered something I have to do, and I have to do it now. I’m sorry. I’ll be back in a while,” he said and bolted out of the stable. I was dumb founded as I stood there. It was as if my electric current was suddenly shut off. I felt tears run down my face as I realized Tam must not love me after all. *** I had just finished for the day and was over by the water trough wiping the dust off of my face as Tam came running up and out of breath. “Whoa, whoa! There son, what seems to be the problem?” I asked calmly. “I’m sorry Bret. I just realized something, and I have something to ask you,” he said gasping for air. “Well, okay, ask anything. I may have an answer,” I replied. Tam’s eyes seemed to be a bit watery as he started to explain. “Mr. Armstrong, you know I respect you above all others here on this ranch, and I love your daughter with all my heart.” Tears began rolling down his face. “Sir, I would make your daughter the happiest woman on this earth, if you let me have her hand in marriage,” he almost cried to me. His eyes were full of love. I thought about it, and realized I was the same way with Sydney’s mother. How could I deny him what he loves most? I know he will take care of her, and she will be near if she ever needs anything. I was decided. “Tam, I grant you the permission of asking my daughters hand in

marriage. You better have a ring for her though,” I stated with a stern voice. “Oh, Sir, I have my mother’s engagement ring. When she died, my father gave it to me to give to the woman I decide I want to marry. Here it is.” He pulled out a little black velvet box and opened up for me to see. I saw sitting in that little black box was a gold band with a beautiful diamond sitting between four diamonds, two on each side. I nodded my approval and he said thank you and bolted off again. I’m assuming to propose to my daughter. I smiled to myself, knowing she was going to be one happy woman. *** I had just put Wolfi’s saddle back on with tears pouring down my face and was about to get back on him when I heard someone running towards the stable. I was so hurt; I didn’t turn to look as I gathered the reins in my hand and jumped up into the saddle. When I looked forward, I saw Tam standing in front of me and Wolfie with tears in his eyes. I didn’t know what to think as I sat there looking regal before this humble man with a tiny box in his hands. “Miss Sydney?” he cried. “I have watched you develop into a very beautiful young woman and I see the beauty you have on the inside too.” He got down on one knee and produced an open black box in his hands and said, “Would you, Miss Sydney Jhori Armstrong, take my hand in marriage?” His eyes pleaded and yearned. My tears started to fall anew as I didn’t expect this. While I faltered and didn’t say anything, he took it the wrong way and his eyes fell and his hands started to fall. “Tam!” I said. He looked up with hope in his eyes. “Tamerson Brooks, I’ll take your hand in marriage,” I cried softly. He jumped up with glee and took the ring out of the tiny box as I produced my left hand for him to lavish with his ring. Both of our faces were decorated with smiles of happiness as we went to tell everyone we were engaged. Most everyone on the ranch was astonished beyond belief and looked towards my father in askance; all he did was smile and shrug. This all puzzled everyone beyond belief but they all just started talking at once planning the wedding already. I didn’t know what to think, and I just went along with everything they thought of, this was my family, and I wanted to make them happy. *** Watching my wife to be walk down the aisle in the little white church took my breath away. She was wearing a white dress with lace and ribbons. The dress hugged her beautiful body and showed all of her curves just so perfectly. My heart ached to get her away from all these people in to the comfort of our own home so I could make love to her for the first time. We have not had more than a few kisses since I proposed to her. We both yearn for each other’s touch in places no one else ever has on both of us. Today is a glorious day. The guests began to sing a traditional song of love in French as the love of my life walked down the aisle towards me; a beautiful smile adorned her sweet face... We kissed and became husband and wife, and the joy I felt could match nothing else I’ve ever felt, nor could anything else match the pain I had in my groin. It was all I could do to hide my erection from everyone else, much less my new wife. I think she just smiled with a wink at me! She knew! *** I couldn’t help but notice the redness in Tam’s handsome face as I looked down at his pants. There was a nice big tent there he was trying so very hard to hide. I just smiled and winked at him making him blush all the more. I looked at my father as we almost ran down the aisle to get out the door and my father smiled at me and winked a knowing smile of approval. I couldn’t wait to have my new husband all to myself. I almost cried with joy. *** Sydney and I rode in a horse drawn carriage to our home not far away and I got out and opened her door. I helped her down and she stood there looking at my home. My home

was a couple acres on the other side of her father's land. Ever since I had proposed, after work I came home and labored many hours to clean up the place and plant flower seeds for her so that they would be in full bloom when she came to her new home. She just stood there and smiled. I saw tears fall from her eyes with joy. I took her in my arms and picked her up, her legs over one arm and her shoulders under the other. I kicked my slightly ajar door open fully to let us gain entrance. Before I left I knew I'd want to carry my wife through the threshold so I cunningly didn't latch the door so I wouldn't break the jam. I felt my wife softly sob deep in her lungs as she looked around my home. It wasn't the first time she had been in here, with her father of course, but this was the first time she was seeing my, I mean our home as my wife. I set her down and she turned towards me, longing in her eyes. I couldn't wait to get her out of that dress. I would be careful of course not to rip the precious material, and I would hang it up delicately in my recently remodeled closet made to fit all of her clothes too. I kissed Sydney deeply; not being rough, but not being gentle either. Apparently she felt the same way and her hands were trying to get my clothes off of me as I unsnapped the clasps of her beautiful dress down the middle of her back. By the time we were both undressed and her hair taken down, I realized I was the luckiest man on this planet to have the pleasure of being the husband to such a beautiful creature. She had the body of a goddess, and deserved to be treated as such. Her hourglass figure rolled from very nice pert breasts that fit perfectly in the grasp of my hands to a slender waist with a flat tummy with a sensual belly button to soft and smooth hips that swayed with her long hair when she walked. This was so unreal to me, I felt like I was living in a dream. I realized it was no dream with her teeth bit into the flesh of my skin, sending a shock of electricity straight to my groin. My cock jumped and had been hard ever since I saw her walk down that aisle as my fiancé, but now my cock throbbed as she was now my wife. *** My body shook with excitement, and maybe a tinge of fear. I didn't know what to expect, but something drove me on, drove me to want his clothes off as soon as we got in the door. I wanted him and I wouldn't wait one more minute. Once our clothes were off, he picked me up like he had when he brought me into the house, our eyes locked together, he set me gently on his bed and he laid over me, kissing my neck and sucking slightly. His hands roamed all over me, but not touching my womanly mound between my legs. I wanted him to so bad! He just wouldn't touch it. It drove me wild and my hips bucked with each pass he made with his rough fingers. I felt a new sensation when his mouth encompassed my right nipple. His right hand was lightly twisting and flicking my other nipple, making it stand straight up into the air. I was breathing loudly, on the verge of screaming into Tam's shoulder as my fingers entwined themselves in his sandy colored hair. The fading sunlight was streaming in the window. A sweet song bird was chirping away a musical tune to accompany my moans of lust and love. It was beautiful harmony. Tam was grunting and breathing just as hard as me as his hands began to roam every closer to my pussy. What I wasn't expecting was for him to suddenly thrust two fingers into me all of the sudden, it resulted in a high pitched squeak from my delicate lips as I felt my juices slide onto his hand as he thrust his fingers in and out of me. My body reacted by thrusting my hips in time with his thrusts as his fingers made love to me. All the while his other hand was still fondling my breasts while he laid sweet kisses on my stomach sending euphoria up my spine. I arched my back as I felt my first climax. The

room was spinning and I couldn't see anything clearly so I just closed my eyes as my hands instinctively pushed his head towards where his hand was. He didn't need prodding more than just a second... for his tongue landed on my clit and made me feel like my pelvis was going to shred in half, but it felt so good, I never wanted it to stop. He licked me and sucked as his hands held my breasts, squeezing them, caressing them. All I could do was lay there with my back arched as I felt my juices seep out of me continuously. He gladly licked it all up and was begging for more. Right before my climax, he quit licking me and came up and kissed me passionately. I could taste myself on his lips and it made my inner muscles spasm and I came again. I seemed to be making a big mess on his quilt, but he didn't seem to notice. *** Oh, Lord in Heaven, You are the most graceful one there is in this wretched world! I prayed as I felt my wife below me. It was pure ecstasy to feel her come again and again and all because of me. Her head was turning from side to side from all the sensations I was giving her. I was getting my own from her also, and she didn't even know it! I began to slowly suck on her smooth neck as my hard eight and a half inches poised before her love mound. I pressed the head of it on her clit and she whimpered. I slid my cock head down her slit, and knowing she was a virgin, I thought she wouldn't even notice if I broke her hymen suddenly, so I drove home. She screamed out, but in pleasure and not in pain. Her eyes looked into the distance as her hands wrapped around me, pulling me to her, wanting more. I thrust in and out of her almost relentlessly as she begged for more. I didn't want to hurt her so I went up a few notches, and stayed there, keeping the pace persistent as she whimpered below me. She was about to climax again so I didn't slow down. I was feeling the familiar tightening in my balls also. Sydney screamed loudly as her hands clenched on the quilt under her and her back arched as I felt her sweet nectar coat my cock and make swishing noises between us as my balls slapped up against her with every thrust. Just at that moment, I tensed and kept thrusting as my cock pulsed inside her feeling her tight walls contract on me. I suddenly stopped mid thrust and arched my own back and a deep growl coming from deep in my throat as I came inside Sydney. After I finished shooting shot after shot of white hot semen in her I rolled to her side and pulled her to me. I pulled up a blanket from the foot of the bed to cover my beloved; she was starting to shiver from the cold of being covered in sweat. She shook with the aftershocks of our lovemaking. "Sydney, I love you. I always will," I cooed into her hair as I held her to me. "I love you too, Tam," and with that, my beautiful wife fell asleep in my arms as we spent our first night wrapped in each other's arms.