



Sweet Lesbian Twist

By Christina Stoke

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Chapter One

Ex-marine lieutenant, Andie McCade, downshifted her reconditioned 1949 military Jeep into a rolling stop at the entrance to her late uncle's two hundred acre ranch, fifty miles south of Bend, Oregon. "Maverick" was the name her uncle had officially called his Oregon spread and as the dust settled in front of Andie's antiglare military-issued sunglasses her eyes narrowed as she looked up at the new pine marquee. "Bright Water?" What the hell did that mean?

Her gaze swept over the high plains in front of her dotted in places with aspen and towering pine, with the rest of the scenery was painted with short scrub grass as far as the eye could see. She could just barely see the white ranch house at the end of the two-mile road leading up to it.

"I must be losing my mind," she muttered, squinting hard through her sunglasses at the eastside of the house. Looking at what appeared from this distance to be a line of pink flags flapping in the constant high plains wind. What bothered her was the fact that her uncle had passed away over a year ago without leaving a wife or children so that now her new inheritance the "Maverick Bar S Ranch" should be deserted.

It was a testament to where she had recently been and who she was that made Andie automatically reach for her nine-millimeter pistol packed in the back of the Jeep. Halfway there she checked her automatic response with a barely perceived tremor, before she grabbed her high-powered binoculars instead. She leaned her spine into the tough vinyl seat as she took a deep breath and tilted her face up to the early afternoon sun. *How could she forget?*

Still, it happened in blind moments, bizarre seconds of misplaced reality that the doctors had described as perfectly normal under the circumstances. That little tidbit of wisdom coming after a four-month hospital stay, which finally evolved into a permanent medical discharge from her ten-year military career. There were literally pieces of her that might never be the same again and she wondered once more how she could live with that?

They had removed the pieces of Serb shrapnel that caught her in the back of her left thigh. Through two surgeries the bone, muscle, and even a major vein were repaired to what the doctors had stated would be basically normal. However the small piece of Serb shell casing that had ripped into her left labia, now that was another story entirely. Maybe—

maybe not, they couldn't or wouldn't say what the odds were on whether she would ever be able to have stimulation during sex again.

"Hell." Andie tunneled her fingers through the auburn curls growing out from what use to be a near buzz-cut. She just had to be patient somehow. She had not risked ten years of her life for her country to have this end up happening to her now. Determined to put the constant worry aside, Andie lifted the binoculars to her eyes to study the ranch house that she had inherited.

She had been surprised when the letter from her uncle, who she'd never been close to, arrived at her hospital bed after a year delay in finding her. He must have written it days before his death from cancer and it stated that Andie would be his only heir. The unexpected inheritance was a blessing at a time when luck had been kicking her in the butt a lot. To have a place to come home too, a place to start over. She'd never been a rancher before, however she could learn.

Perhaps the delayed letter was now the reason she could see such clear evidence of habitation at the ranch house? The reason for the letter's delay was some mixup in military paperwork that had stated she was dead and not merely recuperating from her wounds. Perhaps there was an estate lawyer involved here, one that had rented out the property when no one had arrived for such a lengthy period of time to stake their claim.

"There is definitely a woman living there."

Andie muttered as she adjusted the scope of her binoculars to zoom in on the sight of some very skimpy pink lingerie. All of it hung from a clothesline. A lacy teddy . . . two pairs of panties . . . one bra—all in pink, and as Andie swept further down the line she found her pink flags. Five of them in all, and they were all . . . pink sheets? Whoever this lady was, it appeared that she had a consuming pink fetish, Andie mused sweeping her enhanced gaze over the white ranch house.

No evidence of kids, toys, or swings. Just a really sweet older model red Mustang convertible parked in the drive, which was a highly impractical vehicle for this high plain's country. There was a barbeque with some lawn furniture set up on the westside of the ranch house and that was about all she could see from this distance.

Andie set the binoculars down on the Jeep seat beside her and reached into the pocket of her denim shirt for a toothpick to chew on. *What the hell was she going to do now?* She did not have the name of the lawyer concerning the estate, or any in the nearest small town of Pine Grove for that matter. It would surprise her if she knew or was remembered by anyone around here. She'd only spent a couple of summers here when she was a kid so it was unlikely that anyone would remember her. Probably the only lawyers to be had around were fifty miles away in Bend, Andie thought as her gaze kept sweeping east and then west. It seemed to her that she should see some cattle. Her uncle had always raised a large herd and some of those cattle should be in and around the barn and corrals.

Hell, she hoped some estate lawyer had not sold her herd because that was what all her future plans revolved around. The irritation of this thought spurred her on. There was only one way to answer all of her questions, Andie thought grimly, popping the Jeep's gear into first as she headed slowly down the drive.

Chapter Two

Evangeline pulled the last pink towel out of the washing machine and plopped it into the wicker basket. Darn, who would have thought one brand-new pink nightie could cause so much pink. She would have to admit after this that laundry was just not her specialty—and now she would have to cope with all this pink. She swiped at the loosely tied blonde ponytail on top of her head, sweeping it from her eyes as she straightened her back. Maybe she could use the color pink as inspiration in one of the new stories that she was writing? Then, she continued to muse on the subject as she walked out the back screen door to hang up the last batch of laundry on the clothesline.

“Maybe I should give my sexy and mysterious Natalie, a woman lover with a pink fetish . . . hmm?”

It was then, Evie heard the chugging sound of an engine and it startled her as she looked up quickly. *Calm down Evie! This is the middle of no place Oregon. Not San Francisco and that is a dark-haired woman, not a red head in that old military Jeep.* Still, not many people came down her driveway that she did not recognize and actually not many people came down it at all. The fact was, she could not stop being nervous that this didn’t have something to do with Janet after what she’d been through. Had Janet found her? Was this a detective or some new deranged partner of Janet’s horrible schemes?

Evie dropped her laundry basket and edged closer toward the house which was still a long way off, while she watched a statuesquely-built woman, get out of the old military Jeep. Evie could not see the woman’s eyes as she approached because of her dark sunglasses. But the woman’s breasts beneath the open edges of her denim jacket and white scooped-necked tee shirt, hinted at warmly tanned skin, while stretching against the material with firmness and the tantalizing roundness of perfection.

“Ma’am, I did not mean to frighten you. My name is, Andie McCade.” The woman spoke in a soft burr, stopping her pacing advance on the other side of Evie’s hip-high picket fence, so Evie stopped her retreat on her side.

Evie thought there was a regulated aura about the woman with her inflexible stance and her very short curly auburn hair. A military presence? This thought made Evie relax a little. Janet would never have anything to do with a woman in the military or more correctly a woman in the military would never have anything to do with Janet.

I need to stop this! She will never find me, Evie silently chided herself as she shielded her eyes from the sun with one hand and gazed admiringly up at the tall, Miss Andie McCade.

“Are you lost, Miss McCade?” Evie asked, while watching Andie McCade take off her sunglasses in a polite gesture to reveal deep chocolate-brown eyes, with an attractive face that held no girlish soft edges. Evie didn’t realize it but she had stepped backward another pace, as she said, “My, um—family and I haven’t been in this area long enough, so I wouldn’t be any help to you for directions.” Evie was hoping her lie about having a family would make this Miss McCade think about relatives roaming somewhere near by and not the sad fact that she was here all alone.

“I am not lost, ma’am.” Miss McCade’s voice was low and sonorous, and the sound of it rippled slowly up Evie’s spine. “I am Jacob Brennan’s niece. The man that owned this ranch before he passed away in June of last year.”

“Jacob Brennan’s *niece*?” Evie exclaimed dropping the hand that shielded her eyes. “B-But, I thought-.”

“You thought what, Miss-?” Andie asked, gazing down slightly at the petite blonde standing on her bare tiptoes and looking about ready to run at any startled moment. The lady with the pink lingerie and D size cup, Andie guessed—was pretty. Although, she was trying to hide her generous bust by wearing a sleeveless tent-shaped dress that fell to the middle of her shapely calves. But the plain’s winds were defeating the shapeless white linen by molding its material around every voluptuous bump and grind curve that Miss Pink owned. This lady was curvaceous and eye-turning and only petite by her standards because she was tall. Miss Pink wore no makeup and did not need any with her cute freckles and blinding sapphire blue eyes.

“P-Pennyflower,” Miss Pink stuttered at her.

“Miss Pennyflower,” Andie repeated slowly.

It was much too proper a name for this sexy package, Andie thought at the same time she caught the fact that Miss Pink had neglected to put any Mrs. in front of her last name. Which made Andie wonder about this family of hers? Mom, dad, kids, . . . a husband, or a woman lover?

“I thought you were, um—*dead*,” Miss Pink gushed defensively.

Andie’s smile was slow and easier than it had been in years. Her, Miss Pink looked about ready to scoot away so Andie tried a more relaxed conversational stance and stuffed her hands into the back pockets of her jeans. It was becoming more obvious by each hesitant step backward that the lovely Miss Pink took that she was here alone. But the moment Andie’s hands hit the back pockets of her jeans, Miss Pennyflower’s royal blue eyes skittered to Andie’s chest where her jacket spread open wider because of her stance.

Hell, it had been a long time since Andie had caught any woman admiring her breasts, and the knowledge that they were both similarly

attracted, sideswiped Andie. Miss Pink was either bisexual or like Andie's own exclusive flavor of all woman lover. The latter, Andie preferred, as she felt her interest rising higher.

"I am not dead, Miss Pennyflower," Andie said slowly. "There was some mixup with my paper work though. So I can understand how you could have made that mistake."

"*But* this just can't be!" Miss Pink exclaimed suddenly. "I *paid* for this ranch. I—I mortgaged the land and I made a down payment!"

Everything about the situation changed for Andie in that moment with those exclaimed words as she watched Miss Pennyflower's—what the hell was her first name anyway—as she watched her dainty chin firm and her incredible blue eyes sparkle angrily. And further, Miss Pennyflower's entire claim, its wording and its full meaning, sunk into Andie's mind. Courteous was courteous and Andie did not go around frightening beautiful women—but hell, this was her entire future at stake here.

So maybe she cussed a little bit under her breath—and possibly she took a step forward—but not even over the fence. However, the next thing Andie knew Miss Pennyflower was off like a fleet bottomed doe. And what a bottom it was, Andie thought as Andie arrived at the back screen door just as it slammed in her face.

"Don't you *dare* come into my house!" Miss Pennyflower exclaimed from the other side of the flimsy screen door, which she tugged on with both hands trying to keep Andie from pulling it open from the other side.

"My house," Andie snapped, popping the screen door out of Miss Pennyflower's hands, which caused Miss Pennyflower to stumble backwards into the short hallway.

—Then, Andie's foot was nearly over the threshold when she realized what she was doing—! Nevertheless, it was at that moment that Miss Pennyflower hit Andie's last nerve.

"Possession is nine tenths of the law!" Miss Pennyflower exclaimed in a feminine squeal, just as Andie's boot continued on its journey over the threshold—and Miss Pennyflower turned to flee. "I'm calling the sheriff to arrest you! Don't you dare come any further—*don't you dare!*"

Evie did not wait to see what the taller and more physical fit Andie McCade was going to do. She ran! Until she came to her bedroom where she locked herself in and dialed 911 on her phone. The entire time expecting her door to break open from Andie McCade's boot kicking it. Which did not happen as she tried to calmly explain her circumstances to the 911 operator, and her need for a sheriff immediately. Only it was calmly explained back to her that with county cuts and without the threat of a gun being involved that it could take one to two hours before a sheriff arrived. Evie thought for one second about lying about a weapon, but in the end she couldn't lie. The operator told her they were treating

this as a domestic episode and Evie did not argue the stupidity of that! She just decided to explain her case to the sheriff when he showed up.

The second she hung up the phone she heard *her* voice on the other side of her bedroom door. "I heard you call the sheriff, Miss Pennyflower, and I'm glad to wait for him. If possession is nine tenths of your law, ma'am, then I'm going into the kitchen to make myself some coffee and look over this paper I have here that states this entire ranch is mine!"

"*Oh* you bully," Evie muttered at the door as she heard Miss McCade's boots hit the hardwood floor, walking away down the hallway. Why had she blurted out that stupid nine tenths of the law defense, Evie asked herself? Because she was afraid. She had sunk every penny she had and then some to buy this ranch, and the plain fact was she had no where else to go.

So Evie fumed for nearly a half an hour going nuts thinking Miss McCade might be rifling through her things. That was until she could not stand it any longer and she grabbed her deed on the property and stormed out of the bedroom. Halfway down the hallway she thought better of it and began to tiptoe, while listening to hear where Miss McCade might be.

Evie found Andie McCade exactly where she said she would be sitting at the kitchen table. Evie peeked around the corner and she knew that Andie McCade, without turning her head from looking out the back window, knew that Evie was there. Evie scooted through the doorway and quickly put the breakfast bar between herself and where Andie sat with her ankle propped on one leg and her arms crossed over her perfect breasts. Andie McCade was about the most appealing woman that Evie had ever laid eyes on, but she was not going to let that affect her.

Anxiously, Evie laid her deed down on the cream-colored tile of the breakfast bar top and she tapped it with her finger stepping back quickly. "There is *my* deed, Miss McCade."

"It is not that I disbelieve you, Miss Pennyflower," Andie said, turning her head slowly to look at Evie with her intense brown colored eyes. "I just believe that there has been an unfortunate mistake made because of the misconception about my death."

"*B-But*, I paid money," Evie challenged. "I paid twenty-five thousand dollars for a down payment alone."

"And that, ma'am, is the part I do not understand," Andie replied with a slow drawl. "Just who did you pay this money too?"

Evie stepped up to the breakfast bar and clutched the edge. "Why Mr. Brennan's estate lawyer, a Mr. Lucas Snow."

Evie watched Andie McCade shake her head slowly as a dreadful knot built in Evie's stomach. "But for whom, Miss Pennyflower? Who was the money from the sale of this ranch for if all of Jacob's relations were considered dead?"

Oh no! "Why it must have been for the state. I mean surely it was?" Evie responded anxiously.

“Frankly, ma’am, I have never heard of such a thing. If an honest lawyer thought this estate was abandoned, it would have gone to the state of course. But then, the state would have auctioned it.” Andie paused meaningfully before she asked, “You did read your contract didn’t you?”

Oh dear! Evie had been so upset at the time trying to get away from Janet—who was a fan of her writing, but had turned out to be crazed. Evie had been trying to get away from Janet and find a place where Janet would not find her. The signing of the contracts had been right after Janet had attacked her . . . trying and halfway succeeding in raping her!

“Y-You are trying to convince me that I was swindled, aren’t you, Miss McCade?” Evie asked with an accusing tone. “Why that’s-that’s greedy *and* low down!”

Miss McCade’s classical shaped jaw firmed to unyielding as her eyes narrowed. “And you’re not greedy?” she asked lowly.

“I most certainly am not. I paid decent money for this property and I will *never* give it up!” Evie exclaimed righteously.

“And, *that-*,” Miss McCade uttered, as she stood, pushing her fists on top of her jean-clad hips, while Evie backed into the sink. “-Is going to be a problem because I’m not *ever* going to give up my rightful inheritance either!”

Chapter Three

Several hours later Andie angrily tossed her duffle bag on the cot in the small apartment built in the back of the barn. *Damn that woman.* Miss Pennyflower had sold *her*, rightfully inherited cattle, using only a handshake between herself and a rancher named Barnes, and if Andie didn't get both their hands unshaken real fast she was going to lose her herd! How that had happened Andie would never know because this damn place was hers to begin with and *not* Miss Pennyflower's!

The sheriff had come and gone saying that with the paperwork they had both shown him, he did not have any legal recourse to kick either of them off the property. He'd also advised them that the rest was going to take lawyers and a judge. Then, he'd taken Andie aside and said while he agreed that Andie had a right to stay on the land, he thought it would look better for Andie if she didn't try to push any issues of staying in the house with Miss Pennyflower. The sheriff had stated, it would hardly be right, and Andie always considering herself fairly courteous had agreed. Of course that was before Andie had gotten around to ask about her livestock, and now that she thought about it, looking out of the apartments open doorway into the stables—where the hell, were all the horses?

"Christ almighty, I've got to get rid of that woman."

Hell, Andie thought, she would come up with some way to get Miss Pennyflower's money back to her, even if she had to send her part of the profits from the ranch until the day she died. But she was not—absolutely *not* going to give up her dream. It was the only thing she had left.

Andie grabbed her duffel bag ignoring the pain in her groin and thigh as she headed out of the stables and back toward the ranch house. There were more than two ways to mount any effective offense, and she had just stopped being courteous.

Andie strode straight into the kitchen having found the backdoor still unlocked—damn fool woman—only to stop dead in her tracks at the sight that met her gaze. It was Evangeline—Andie had finally learned Miss Pink's first name—bent over one of the lowest kitchen drawers by the stove. The only problem with this was—and Andie wasn't quite sure her lesbian gaze thought it was any problem—Evangeline was dressed only in a skimpy see-through pink nightie and a pair of *brief* thong panties. Evangeline's ass was gorgeous! It was womanly ripe and contoured in creamy pink-tinted skin—and that thong. Jesus, it hugged the crease of Evangeline's sweet butt like a wet kiss.

Miss Pennyflower must have finally heard Andie's entrance, because suddenly she squealed, turning around to palm her "double" D sized breasts—Andie had been way off about that size. Evangeline clutched them ineffectually with both of her hands trying to cover them. Way too large and pert for that.

"What are you doing here?" Evangeline exclaimed.

Andie eyes narrowed, this is exactly what she needed to do. Intimide her. "Going to bed," Andie drawled. "Want to come?" Andie used the heavy inflection on the last word suggestively.

"Are you insane?" Evangeline hissed, stumbling back into the corner of the kitchen counters.

"Not looking at you I'm not," Andie said over her grimace of deliberately frightening Evangeline. Yet, Andie had to do it, and if anything came of it, any judge would just love to hear about Andie's condition—or sexual lack of. So she was safe. But, she certainly was never going to tell Evangeline that. This was going to be her ace in the hole. Finally good for something.

Evie tried to catch her breath, thinking that Andie McCade was so stunningly imposing, and here Evie was practically nude! Evie had been intending to lose herself in her erotic story writing. It was her way to escape looming—and she did mean five foot nine inches of looming problems. And, Evie always wore sexy lingerie when she was writing, but now—!

"A-Are you going to rape me or something?" Evie squeaked fearfully, scooting along the edge of the counter—but she was trapped!

"Hell," Miss McCade muttered, looking down at Evie attempting to cover her breasts. "Will it get rid of you, baby doll?" Andie asked with a very suggestive murmur, while her gaze deliberately lowered to Evie's barely covered crotch.

Instinctively, Evie jerked her hand between her thighs to cover what her skimpy panties didn't. Andie McCade chuckled, making Evie's skin jump and shiver. "Oh you-you, pervert!" Evie cried. "It will get you landed into *jail* for years! That's what it will get you!"

Andie McCade's shoulders jerked as if Evie had physically slapped her, and Evie felt a withering sense of satisfaction as Andie stepped closer and Evie inched her bottom up on the counter top with no place else to go. Had she pushed Andie too far? Even though Evie taunted Andie, she had sensed that Andie would never-. Or was she wrong?

Andie's head dropped down until they were eye level, not far because Evie was perching bare-cheeked on the counter top. "I am going to my bedroom if you change your mind." Andie's voice was low and smokey, and Evie shivered as she watched Andie turn around. It was then, Evie finally realized what Andie meant to do and all her caution flew out the window.

"But you *can't*. You can't stay here, Andie McCade!" Evie cried breathlessly, starting to follow her.

“If you follow me, little girl, I will think you are asking for it,” Andie challenged over her shoulder.

Evie prudently stopped in the kitchen doorway and watched Andie McCade stalking down her hallway to pick the bedroom right next to hers! When there were two perfectly good bedrooms across the hall. Evie bit her bottom lip to keep from saying anything and watched anxiously as Andie went inside and shut the door. When Evie thought it was safe she tiptoed past Andie’s door and scooted into her bedroom, locking the door firmly behind her. Quickly, she went to find a robe, but the only ones she owned were lacy silk ones and that would never do. But, she had to go back out to the living room and get her erotic writing before *Andie* prowled around and found it!

Andie lay on the bed with her hands behind her head, in what she assumed was her uncle’s old bedroom. She had messed up, she thought in frustration. She had fallen back on her misplaced sense of honor concerning women. However, no matter how much she wanted Miss Pennyflower gone . . . and she did, she still could not go so far as to make Evie believe that she could rape her . . . or would. No, she needed something else, she was an intelligent woman and she should be able to conjure a way to make Evie uncomfortable. Uncomfortable enough to leave here willingly—or sort of.

Damn though, Andie pondered, Evie was one fine-looking woman. Probably about twenty-five to her own twenty-nine. Andie could dream about coming home every night to Evie’s voluptuous little figure dressed up in those sexy undies. Incredibly, Andie even felt some sexual heat tightening her belly just remembering Evie’s big gorgeous breasts sheathed in only see-through pink, and Evie’s plump little naked butt. But the arousal went no further. *Where Andie dared it to go*. There was no hot blood pumping into her clit, swelling and making it throb, damn it. *Hell*, what she wouldn’t give just to—!

Moments later, and angrier than she had been two minutes earlier, Andie was surprised to find Evie poking around a desktop in the living-room that she was about to stalk through on her way to the kitchen. Andie was hungry and hoping to find a beer. But in the face of Evie’s ill prudence, which was being within Andie’s reach, and with Andie’s mood properly foul, Andie stopped and decided in an instance what was going to be the cornerstone of her attack on Evie’s “uncomfortable” quota.

“In the military, Miss Pennyflower, the stronger is the master and the weaker obey or they are punished,” Andie announced loudly.

Evie exclaimed in surprise whirling around to face her. Evie was wearing a white tent dress again with a horrified expression on her lovely face. She was a woman caught, cornered, and soon to be tamed Andie thought with an unexpected satisfaction lifting her chest.

“*Oh*, you bully, what could you possibly mean by that? This is *my* home!” Evie exclaimed, darting to the left in an attempt to escape Andie’s steady advance. “*Oh*—don’t you touch me—don’t you dare

touch me!” Evie squealed as Andie caught her around the waist, whirling them both around, until Andie ended up sitting on the couch with Evie squealing—bottoms up across her lap. *Yes*, Andie thought victoriously.

“You’re insane! Let me go!” Evie shrieked.

Andie did not waste time explaining, because Evie was a mess of churning elbows and flaying thighs. So Andie’s first hard smack across Evie’s butt was a trifle off-center, in the uncomfortable quota. But, boy what a thrill.

“*Oh-Oh!* I don’t believe this!” Evie blurted furiously. Nevertheless, Evie was shocked enough that her legs stilled in their struggle and Andie was able to clamp her leg over Evie’s, to hold them nearly immobile. Evie immediately realized her mistake and began slapping at the parts of Andie that she could reach, which wasn’t much as Andie began to spank Evie in earnest.

Thwap! Thwap! Thwap!

“*Oh* this is so childish!” Evie cried, and then she began to try and pinch Andie.

“Ouch,” Andie grumbled. “Hell, stop that!”

Evie had gotten a good pinch into her bad thigh before Andie had caught both of Evie’s wrists and clamped them together behind Evie’s back. Evie was good and caught now, and her siren’s rump was squirming beneath Andie’s gaze.

“Oh, you-you-you, brute! You, bully! You, pervert!” Evie screamed.

Thwap! Thwap! Thwap! Thwap!

“*Oh hh!*”

Damn, Andie cursed silently, the material was bunching up around Evie’s wriggling ass, and Andie could not even feel her own palm burning. She sure as hell wasn’t affecting Evie much, but her dignity.

“If you think, *Miss Brute*, that this little episode is going to convince me to leave, you are mistaken!”

Andie gritted her teeth to the grinding point, and then she used her free hand to start hauling up Evie’s dress.

“*What* are you doing?”

Hell. Andie’s gaze filled with Evie’s bare ass. Evie still had the lustful little thong on! Andie lifted her hand with anticipation for some bare cheek slaps to Evie’s sassy rump. With Evie’s buttocks bare like this it was going to sting much more and Andie schooled her strength not to hurt Evie more than a nice, red ass spanking. Andie wanted Evie to feel the burn and stinging, but more important was the position and domination. *Slap! Slap! Slap!*

“*Oh hh!*”

Christ, Evie’s buttocks were lusty turned up in a raised arc over Andie’s lap, and each schooled slap Andie applied to them jiggled the plump cheeks individually, turning Evie’s ivory flesh into a stained pink color. The squirming of Evie’s ass beneath Andie’s nose was nothing less

than sinful—and the strip of satin wedged in the deep crack of Evie’s butt was criminal. Andie veered her aim directly for it. *Slap!Slap! Slap!Slap!*

“*Oh hh! Ow!*” Evie cried as the stinging of Andie’s firm hand slapping across her bottom reverberated to all her senses. The chief one being humiliation and embarrassment over the exposure of her naked hiney to Andie’s gaze. Helplessly, Evie tried to roll her rear end to the left to avoid the inevitable. *Slap!Slap! “Ow!”* Evie cried, that didn’t work so she tried rolling her buttocks to the right. *Slap!Slap! “Ow! Ow!” Darn!* Andie was centered right on the crease of her butt no matter where she rolled—and Andie’s hand was wide! “*Miss McCade, pleass-!*”

Smack! “Ouch!” Evie cried, mortified that she’d been about to beg Andie to stop spanking her, and she *shouldn’t*, wouldn’t do that-! *Smack! “Ouch!”*

Maybe? *Smaack! Smaack!* “*Ouch don’t!*” Evie cried, there was a time and place for everything Evie decided as Andie began to really spank the tender under curves of her buttocks with sharp stinging slaps. “Please stop!” Evie begged her shamelessly.

“What?” Andie uttered, stopping to shake her hand and to gaze down at Evie’s rosy and pink-tinted buttocks flexing with a quiver over her thigh.

“It hurts, Andie. *P-Please* stop.”

“I will stop when you agree to call the man and get my damn steers back.”

“T-That’s all you want?” Evie asked in a rough voice trying to turn her head to look back at Andie. Evie’s irises were a bruised purple color with her unshed tears.

“Yes that is all I want this time,” Andie replied laying her hand on the curves of Evie’s warm bottom. Not spanking this time just still.

“Oh,” Evie gasped softly and Andie thought Evie’s voice suddenly sounded husky. Hell, Evie’s satin bottom felt incredible and Andie actually tensed to hold back the impulse to squeeze one of Evie’s pudding-filled buttock cheeks beneath her palm.

“I would, Andie. I s-suppose that it’s only fair. B-But it doesn’t mean I’m leaving here, because I am not.”

Hell, Andie lost the battle with her hand and she stroked one cheek of Evie’s flushed little ass in a gentle circular motion. “We will see about that later,” Andie muttered.

“Oh,” Evie sighed again in a breathy gasp.

“Right now you are going to tell Mr. Barnes that the deal is off and you want those steers back.” Reluctantly, Andie gave up the rounded curves of Evie’s bottom as she began to slowly let Evie up, and then she helped Evie to stand. Hell, Evie was so pretty with her flushed cheeks and her luminous blue eyes. Evie was definitely wary, not quite sure how to behave and Andie wondered if Evie knew that she was rubbing her behind as she peeked at Andie hesitantly.

“That really hurt,” Evie finally said in wonder.

“Yeah,” Andie agreed.

“Well, I better get the number,” Evie murmured scooting away.

Evie wasn’t quite sure what to think. Her tongue was bursting with recriminations and justification, except she kept her mouth tightly clamped shut for fear of what Andie would do-. Shoot, that *really* stung! Maybe it was her shock or surprise, but Andie McCade’s hand sure stung her bottom. Yet, the most ironic thing about this was that Evie wrote about this stuff. She had three published spanking stories and she’d never been spanked in her life. Not, until now Evie thought, bringing Mr. Barnes phone number back into the livingroom.

Evie had to stand over Andie because Andie was on the side of the couch where the phone was, and Andie did not seem inclined to move. Evie *really* couldn’t help but notice the perfect roundness of Andie’s breasts or the way Andie’s nipples poked hard at her scooped-neck tee shirt.

“Umm, Mr. Barnes, please.” Evie stubbed her toe around in the carpet between Andie’s boots. “Yes hello, Mr. Barnes, this is Evangeline Pennyflower” “Oh yes, I see you got all the-.” “—*But* you see, Mr. Barnes—Oh, there is more on the eastside?” “But you see that is—and it will cost *that* much!” “But you never said a thing-!” “*Now* just a minute, Mr. Barnes-!”

“Evie, give me the phone.”

Evie’s hand shot outward, glad to place the receiver into Andie’s palm. Phew! This ranching might just be like the laundry, Evie thought pessimistically, while she watched Andie palming the receiver.

“What’s wrong?” Andie asked sternly, with her serious brown eyes focused entirely on Evie.

Evie decided that it felt very good to dump this on someone else’s shapely shoulders. Because it was a whopper and Andie wasn’t going to like it! *And*, it would be very good if Andie were mad at someone else beside her.

“Evie?” Andie grasped Evie’s hand and Evie felt that Andie’s palm was warm and very solid.

“Andie, Mr. Barnes said that I have to *pay* for moving those steers and he never said anything about that before.” Evie said.

“Did you approach him about selling the steers?” Andie asked her quietly.

“No, Andie, he said that Mr. Snow sent him. And Mr. Snow called and said that I needed to sell them and put the money down on the money that I owe for the land.”

Evie looked so earnest, Andie thought as she pulled Evie down to sit beside her. Hell, Andie would like to get her hands on this slick Mr. Snow. Yet, if her guess was right Mr. Snow was long gone and Evangeline Pennyflower had absolutely no head for business. Andie wondered briefly how Evie made her money, twenty-five thousand dollars was not spare change. It was probably family money, Andie thought as she

steeled herself for her conversation with Mr. Barnes. She was going to get her steers back!

Evie listened to Andie arguing with Mr. Barnes for twenty minutes before luckily, she was able to make her escape. Thinking it would be best to let Andie McCade cool off and wait to find out what happened in the morning.

Evie prudently locked her bedroom door and went straight to her dressing mirror to look at her sore bottom. Dropping her dress, Evie wiggled gingerly out of her thong panties so she could turn around and view her bottom in the mirror. Her buttocks were really red especially along the bottom curves!

“Red apple—um, no—rosy red.”

Evie liked to describe things in color for inspirations on her creative writing and always before this she’d used her complete imagination, but now she had experienced the *real* thing! And if her guess was right about Andie McCade’s determination, she was going to feel Andie’s firm hand spanking her bottom again. It was then Evie realized with surprise that her nipples were puckered and her pussy, which she liked to think of creatively as her juicy peach, was wet!

She was aroused. It was just like when she was writing at times and she had to stop to-to-. “*Uoo*,” she whispered breathlessly.

Then, Evie immediately moved to the bed feeling the cool air touch her naked skin as she pulled back the old fashion quilt on her bed and plopped one of her sturdier pillows in the center of the mattress. She kept lots of different size pillows on her large bed and she completely forgot the light in her increasing arousal as she lay down with her belly over the pillow and her bottom hiked upward.

Evie immediately felt her jettison nipples scrap the linen sheets and she moaned, laying her head to one side. Slowly, she spread her knee’s wider—and wider, digging her hand under her belly, until she could touch herself.

“*Uoo. Ooo.*” Her body was so hot and her peach was so wet as she rubbed her clitoris and undulated her bottom feeling the exposure of her position and unable to think of anything else but Andie’s firm hand smacking her bare buttocks.

“*Oohmm!*”

Chapter Four

“Ah- Ah- God!”

Chloe felt the hot cream burst into her mouth and she swallowed around Nicolette’s hot pussy stretching her lips.

Andie’s fingers twitched on the piece of typing paper she held. What the hell was this, she wondered lowering her gaze to read more?

Chloe thought somewhere in the back of her mind that she should be appalled. But she wasn’t! Crazily, she was excited and she could not stop thinking about Countess Nicolette putting her mouth to Chloe’s sex the night before.

Nicolette was still shuddering, when Chloe pulled her lips away from Nicolette’s pussy and looked up at Nicolette’s sculptured cheeks and her glazed black eyes. But, just as quickly Nicolette’s gaze turned feral. “I want to watch you masturbate, slave,” Nicolette commanded thickly.

Slave? Andie blinked, and then she hunched over the typing paper again. Damn, was Evangeline Pennyflower writing this stuff?

Chloe gasped in shock and maybe-maybe some excitement? She could not deny that there were times when she touched herself at night beneath the bed covers. But to have a woman watch her do this! To have Nicolette watch her! She was horribly embarrassed and confused in her feelings except she had gone so far already. She had gone so low or to such new heights, she could not comprehend. But Nicolette allowed her no hesitations nor will of her own as she pressured her onto her back, and then she stretched on her side at an angle to her.

“Bend your legs and spread your knees.”

Nicolette would see everything! Everything! Chloe did as Nicolette commanded her, but with her eyes closed and her body trembling.

“Your cunt is ripe . . . and wet,” Nicolette whispered sinuously.

Chloe moaned helpless in anguish, and a strange compelling excitement. Then, Nicolette’s hands were on her thighs pulling her across the mattress, until her bottom hit Nicolette’s breasts. Oh! Nicolette lifted one of her calves up over her shoulder.

“Put your fingers in your pussy.”

“Nicolette, p-please,” Chole pleaded.

“You want your child,” Nicolette hissed in accusation. “Prove it to me,” she finished in a whispered snap.

Nicolette owned her, Chloe thought desperately as graphic visions of all the ways Nicolette might use her skittered through her mind. And there was nothing she could do to stop Nicolette. There was no way for her to say no. Yet the most terrible feeling was that she was not sure that she wanted to. She had never felt so sexually charged as when Nicolette commanded her. She had never known that she could be a sexual creature.

Arching her body, Chloe dipped her fingers into her sex, finding the place of her secret pleasure. Feeling her own moisture and heat. Touching the tender folds of flesh, then finding the elusive bead, over which she began to rub slowly.

She whimpered in need when Nicolette kissed her inner thigh and kneaded her buttocks, pulling the quivering cheeks open and closed with each massage. Compelling her beyond need into hot passion she moved her fingers faster in the tissues of her sex chasing the bead of flesh that was growing bigger and tighter.

“I own you,” Nicolette murmured, splitting Chloe’s buttock cheeks and digging her fingers into Chloe’s flesh.

“Yes,” Chloe mewled senseless, jerking her hips up higher at each spike of pleasure her fingers rubbed over her.

“Look at me,” Nicolette commanded and Chloe did, seeing the dark passion in Nicolette’s black irises. Nicolette’s gaze lowered to watch Chloe touching herself.

“Nicolette,” Chloe panted, circling her fingers harder, spreading herself open wider with her arching hips, while Nicolette’s hands cupped her behind.

“You like this,” Nicolette accused huskily.

“Yes-yes,” Chloe cried mindless, and then in surprise when one of Nicolette’s fingers entered her-.

“Entered her what, damn it?” Andie asked hotly, although she could guess!

Andie spent the next few minutes searching to see if there was any more of this story, but there wasn’t. However, there were other stories on Evie’s desk. Two appeared finished and she picked up one called enticingly “Spanking Missy.” Hell, she was hot and bothered, Andie thought squeezing the inside of her thigh, through her jeans, thinking her pussy just might be a little bit engaged. It didn’t feel quite as dry as usual. Either way, Andie was going to read another one of these stories, right now, in bed, naked!

When, Andie got to her room though, right before she turned on the light, she heard a muffled thump on one side of the house. Her entire body stilled with instant tension. Instead of turning on the light she dropped Evie’s story on the dresser and turned quietly back to the

hallway. Her instincts were sharp and her guts were tight. There was someone outside in the dark. She went to the front door deciding to come around the side of the house.

Unfortunately for her it was a moonless night and she did not know the lay of the land surrounding the ranch house. She would make up for that first thing in the morning, she admonished herself just as she accidentally kicked a bucket in the dark with her boot. The clattering sound pierced the moonless night and she stilled. Her only hope now was to listen, however after several minutes she heard no sign of escape and assumed if there had been someone out here they were long gone by now. Still, she continued to check around the perimeter of the house and especially the area where she thought the intruder would have been—and that would be between her and Evie's bedrooms.

A moment later Andie was stunned at the sight that met her eyes through Evie's open window into Evie's lit bedroom. Miss Evangeline Pennyflower was masturbating! Evie was completely nude on her bed like an exquisite sensual siren. Ohman-ohman. If Evie spread her shapely legs any wider *or* pushed her sweet ass any higher she would be chugging! As it was, Evie's entire voluptuous body undulated as she moaned in sexy ohs and hmms, while her fingers smeared circles in her coral-pink and very wet pussy.

Damn, Andie had a great view of everything Evie owned from behind with Evie's face turned sideways into the mattress. Suddenly, Evie's awe-inspiring butt came up higher, just like she was begging for-.

"Ohm! Ohm! God-God! Oh-ohhhhh!"

Hell! Andie nearly fell to her knees, she could even see Evie's tight coral-pink vagina spasm. Andie rubbed her crotch instinctively and incredibly she felt throbbing. Hell, a woman would have to be in her grave not to get some reaction out of this. Even Evie's dainty little toes were pointed! Then, Evie collapsed slowly over her pillow with a satisfied sigh and stretched out sinuously.

Andie tried to gather her thoughts. Nope. Then, she tried to pull together her resolve. Nope. Hell, she *shouldn't* pass this up. This had "uncomfortable" written all over it. She really needed to use this to up Evie's uncomfortable quota. Call out something through her open window. Make some suggestive remarks and embarrass the hell out of Evie. Only Andie couldn't. It was just too special—too precious—and it was hers. So in the end, Andie just watched Evie fall asleep cuddling naked and beautiful on top of her bed. And, when Andie was positive Evie was asleep, she hoisted herself quietly into Evie's bedroom through the window where she turned to close and latch the window. No way was she going to leave that baby open. Andie even drew the curtains closed and turned out the light before she locked Evie's door and left quietly. Let Evie wonder about the light and curtain, Andie thought with the first real smile she'd had in a long time.

Chapter Five

Early the next morning Evie stumbled sleepily down the hallway to the bathroom. It was too early to be up, her groggy mind informed her, and she was going to pee, and then go back to bed for at least another good hour. Her hand was on the doorknob to the bathroom door as she yawned and yawned again, while opening the door—and then she screamed!

It was Andie. Completely, utterly, and totally naked from Andie's shoulders down to Andie's big toes! And, Andie was dripping wet with a towel over her head.

"Jesus H. Christ!" Andie exclaimed as Andie blindly grabbed Evie, because of the towel over Andie's head, Evie supposed, and Andie pulled Evie up against her sopping wet-curvy-torso! Evie squealed as any righteous woman would do, because besides Andie's lean sculptured femininity . . . Evie was nude also! *OhmyGod*, how could Evie have forgotten Andie was here?

"Are you alright, Evie? Is someone after you?" Andie exclaimed, as Andie turned and fumbled to slam the door shut.

Someone after her-someone after her? Only five foot nine feet of hot female flesh plastered against her! The towel over Andie's head slipped down to her shoulders as Andie growled—literally growled. "Answer me, Evie!"

Evie panted as Andie jostled her and Evie could feel the tips of her nipples crinkle up tight, then poke the leanly muscled flesh of Andie's upper rib cage beneath the mounded shape of her perfectly formed breasts. No sag there. *Oh dear god*, this woman was built! "I—I," Evie sputtered.

"Hell, you're *naked*," Andie hissed suddenly, releasing Evie as though Evie's flesh burned her hands, which did not surprise Evie one bit because it felt that way. Evie stumbled and her back met the closed door as she tried to cover her breasts with one arm, while she used her other hand to cup the red curls between her thighs. She was stupefied—stupid—speechless, and her eyes were still glued to every rounded, but athletic inch of Andie's supple body. *Oh dear!* Seeing Evie's gaze plastered all over her, Evie watched as Andie blushed. Then, Andie turned belatedly and covered a little bit of her towel over h-her completely shaved mound, until Evie's view was of Andie's compactly curve buttocks. *Oh double dear!*

“Evie, you do not have to throw yourself at me like this. You could just ask,” Andie snapped, looking over her shoulder.

What? What?! “Oh you-you, arrogant, conceited—bully,” Evie sputtered with a squeal, clutching everything she owned even tighter. “I had to pee! And-and this is *my* bathroom!”

Andie whipped around to face her still holding the towel strategically over her mound, as her beautiful breasts with their nipples rucked tightly, heaved in a spectacular presentation. “Do you always tiptoe through the house *naked?*”

“Oh!” Evie screeched. “What I do in my own house, Andie McCade, is *my* business!”

“Well hell, lady, run around naked for all I care! I’ve already *seen* all of you.”

“Oh you-you,” Evie sputtered, and then perhaps she screamed a bit. “Turn around! Turn around *right* now!” Evie decided she must have looked hysterical or suicidal because Andie’s eyes widened, and then she did turn around. Evie didn’t wait as she grabbed the doorknob behind her and bolted from the room screaming. “I want you out of my house! I want you out of my house now! *I’m* calling the sheriff!”

“Go ahead,” Andie challenged, stalking barefoot behind Evie as Evie scampered down the hallway. “It won’t do you any good,” Andie said loudly. “Remember what the sheriff *just* said!”

“Oh-,” Evie exclaimed in frustration, slamming and locking her bedroom door.

“That’s right, hide in your bedroom,” Andie shouted from the other side of the door. “But just let me tell you something, Miss Evangeline Pennyflower! As soon as you *do* come out of there I am going to tan your bottom red for threatening me. Why don’t you just tell the sheriff that?”

Evie fumed inside her bedroom for nearly a half an hour daring herself to pick up the phone. But, she just couldn’t. Because she realized that it wouldn’t do her a bit of good. Just like Andie McCade knew it wouldn’t! The sheriff would laugh at her. “Spanking,” he’d say, and then it would be all over the county. He would tell it to people she didn’t even know and who didn’t know her. But they would know her then and just imagine what they would think.

Oh! But they had never had their bottom spanked by an athletically superior military woman—had they? Even more tragic was the fact that she didn’t own a decent pair of jeans to put on in the hopes that Andie might not pull them down. Just dresses that’s all she had! She only had two choices here and she knew it. One was to leave—and she was *never* going to do that, and the other was to take her spanking. Just like Andie McCade intended, because Andie was trying to run her off. But that just wasn’t going to work—it just wasn’t!

Well, Evie would just go out there and face Andie not giving Andie the satisfaction of knowing it hurt. She would *not* yowl or protest. *Hmm*. No wait—maybe? Maybe, she would even act as if she enjoyed it.

“Yes! That’s it,” Evie exclaimed. “Just like one of my books.” Evie stood, encouraged now and marched over to her closet to dress according to her new scheme. “Two can play at this game, Andie McCade,” she announced bravely as she tugged open the door.

Andie sat at the kitchen table brooding over her morning cup of *tea*. There was no coffee, no meat, and no sugar to be found anywhere in Miss Pennyflower’s kitchen. She had the sinking feeling that Evie was some type of new age vegetarian. That left Andie with nothing more substantial to eat, than the one egg she’d found in the refrigerator and a couple of slices of some chalky tasting full grain bread.

“I’m ready, Andie,” Evie’s voice gone sultry, suddenly said behind Andie.

Andie turned her gaze slowly trying to hide her surprise at Evie showing up before dark—to nearly toppling her chair over, when she took in what Evie was wearing.

It was some kind of sex kitten outfit and Evie had the figure to do it justice. Evie wore a skimpy pink halter top with no bra beneath, showing her dimpled belly button and bare midriff with a frilly little mini skirt and her blonde hair tied on top of her head in a loose ponytail. Then, Evie *wiggled* all the way over to Andie and promptly bent over the kitchen table right under Andie’s nose. The skirt Evie wore was too short for these acrobatic’s, and Evie’s twin butt cheeks popped out for Andie’s gaze looking smooth, satiny, and ripe. Hell, Evie was wearing another thong. This one sported a dainty white strip that kissed deeply into the crack of Evie’s plum-shaped ass.

“I’m ready, sugar,” Evie purred, running one of her hands lovingly over her pink powderpuff bottom in a blatantly sexual way.

“Shit,” Andie cursed under her breath as she stumbled up and backward a step. What the hell was going on here? Andie nearly wished that she’d had a chance to read that spanking fiction of Evie’s. Maybe that would give her a clue. Because it looked as though Evie wanted her to spank her in some kind of sexual way!

Now just a damn minute. Andie frowned down at Evie, who was bottoms up, across the kitchen table. Evie was blushing and her eyes were clenched tightly, she was so embarrassed. Well hell. Evie was making herself do this, trying to fool Andie into thinking it turned her on—like unfortunately it did Andie!

Andie grinned. “I’m using my belt this time.”

Evie’s eyes popped open, and Evie stuttered after a few moments. “*Uoo*, I can hardly wait.” Then, Evie wiggled her bottom at Andie, while her fingers turned white gripping the edge of the table.

Andie kept a serious look on her face as she made a big show of removing her slim leather belt from the loops of her jeans. She even snapped it a couple of times nice and loud as Evie’s rump squirmed and

Evie looked up at Andie over her shoulder trying to hide the dread in her deep blue eyes. Andie bent the belt in half with her hand around the two loose ends, while her free hand reached for the top of Evie's thong panties.

"Andie, please," Evie suddenly pleaded with her head hung down.

"You can always leave, Miss Pennyflower," Andie said callously. Incredibly feeling a feathery ache in her sex.

"Never! You, bully," Evie hissed still not looking at her. "Just get this over with," she finished tightly.

"My pleasure," Andie murmured, watching the crack of Evie's cute ass clench tightly as she pulled the thong down over Evie's hips and to the back hollow of her knees. The position and the view of Evie's naked vulnerability were the most carnal Andie had ever experienced in her life. She cautioned herself to curb her natural strength, she wanted to sting Evie's bottom, make it rosy-pink like a good old-fashioned little girl spanking, but she had no intentions of crossing any lines into beating. Still, she wanted Evie squirming and a few tears would not hurt.

Smack! "Oh hh!"

Andie watched mesmerized as the twin rumps of Evie's pudding-filled ass cheeks drew inward dramatically with the slap of her belt. She could tell Evie was going to be very vocal about this just like any little girl would be in the attempt to make their punishment lighter.

Smack! "Ow, Andie!"

Andie ignored Evie's theatrical cry, knowing the belt stung, but not as badly as Evie was howling. Instead, Andie watched Evie's feminine buttocks lurch inward, then upward as she swung the belt again through the air toward the sensuous crack of Evie's squirming ass.

Smack! "Oh hh!"

Now, Andie saw two pink lines of punishment beginning to stain Evie's pillowed rump cheeks as Evie danced around on her toes, while holding her upper body flat and tense across the table. Man-oh-man, punishing a woman's butt was intoxicating

Smack! "Ouch! Andie!"

With a precise aim bent completely toward the lustful, Andie slapped her belt across the tender under curves of Evie's dancing ass. She watched the belt cupped underneath both of Evie's buttocks lifting Evie into high-stepping prancing! The eye-catching sight of Evie's jiggling feminine ass was riveting.

Smack! "Ow—OW!" Now Evie's luscious ass cringed with a dramatic clenching motion tightening along the tender crack! **Smack!** "Oooooo!" The belt hooked around both of Evie's buttocks, corralling her opulent flesh for a split-second with snapping force! **Smack!** "Ooooplease!" Evie's rosy ass cheeks danced upward, wriggling with another *tight* pucker that was ungodly lustful.

Smack! "Ooooplease!" Evie screeched as she pushed upward off the table and Andie caught both of Evie's flinching buttock cheeks again!

Smack! “*Nooo* more!” Evie begged with a dry sob, covering her hands over the bright pink marks on her punished bottom as she made an attempt to get away. But, Andie had Evie cornered in the breakfast nook. There were tears in Evie’s eyes as Andie turned to face her, while Evie backed against the window with her panties down around her knees. “Isn’t that enough, Andie?” Evie pleaded.

Hell, Andie wished-. Andie wished like hell she could kiss Evie. Evie was just so damn sexy. This spanking was just so damn sexy. “Maybe,” Andie muttered as she stepped closer and Evie scrunched against the window tightly. “If-,” Andie muttered.

“If what, Andie?” Evie whispered. “If what?”

Andie was close now, only a hand’s space from Evie, and Evie had to tilt her head back to look up at her. Andie really loved Evie’s freckles. “If three things,” Andie said.

“Three,” Evie breathed, licking her rosebud lips with the tip of her tongue. She seemed more breathless by the minute and not from the spanking.

“First,” Andie began slowly. “You will promise not to threaten me with the sheriff again.” Andie brought the belt upward slowly and let the loop trace Evie’s delicate collarbone.

“Alright, Andie. I realize it would not do me any good, if I did. So, I promise.”

Feisty to the end, Andie thought as she slowly traced the belt loop down through Evie’s cleavage. Evie quivered. “Secondly, you will come into town with me so that I can do some shopping. I’m not leaving you here to get into more trouble.”

“I—I can do that.” Evie barely whispered, just lightly lifting her breasts up to Andie. But, Andie caught the motion.

“And thirdly.” Andie rubbed the belt down Evie’s bare midriff . . . down-down. “You’ll kiss me.”

“Mmm.” Evie’s eyelids had fluttered shut as Andie’s belt loop stroked beneath Evie’s short frilly pink skirt. Right down into the V between Evie’s thighs that was bare because of her panties still hanging off her knees. Andie got the distinct impression that Evie had not really heard her last request. *Evie was just so sensual—so easily stimulated.*

“I said, kiss me.” Andie dropped her lips within a hair’s breath of Evie’s.

“Mmm, Andie, if you say so,” Evie murmured. Definitely a bit senseless, Andie thought as Andie felt Evie doing little undulations against the loop of the belt.

Well hell, Andie thought, she was never one to let prime opportunities pass her by and Evie was so sweet and ripe, she wanted to taste her. She was not sure what she could do with it, but damn even though her clit wasn’t up to shape didn’t mean the rest of her couldn’t react like a live wire touched to an ungrounded circuit.

“Oh-mmm,” Evie purred as Andie’s lips slanted over hers. Evie was hot all right, as hot as a Fourth of July firecracker, Andie thought, delving her tongue deeply as she dropped the belt and pulled one of her arms around the back of Evie’s waist.

Ohgod-god, Andie McCade could kiss and kiss, Evie thought winding her arms around Andie’s neck. Evie drew her body up against the tall length of Andie just as Andie’s tongue smoothed heaven over hers.

“Mmm-mm,” Evie purred, wiggling in closer to Andie as their tongues dipped and parried. Evie felt mindless and aroused beyond her imagination, and then suddenly she was lifted and found herself sitting in Andie’s lap. Their lips never stopped devouring each other as Evie twisted her mouth over Andie’s lips, kissing her back heatedly, barely feeling her sore bare bottom against Andie’s jeans.

Ring! Ring!

Abruptly, they both stilled as the phone kept ringing and Evie realized, as her mind tried to clear, that she felt one of Andie’s hands between her thighs! Along with one of Andie’s fingers. Evie felt it teasing the damp crease of her pussy, and Evie realized that her panties were still down around her ankles. Ohmygod.

Evie pushed away from Andie at the same moment Andie lifted Evie to stand, while Andie muttered, “I’d better get that.”

It took Evie only a few befuddled moments of getting her panties pulled up to realize that Andie was answering *her* phone. Evie was just about to snap at Andie when she saw the furious look in Andie’s deep brown eyes.

“It’s your *new* lawyer,” Andie uttered, nearly throwing the phone at Evie as she turned and stalked out of the kitchen.

Chapter Six

Andie was glad to see that Evie had changed back into a blue tent dress to go into town. She could just envision the response if Evie had wiggled into town wearing that sex doll outfit that she'd had on earlier. Andie did not mind having a private view of all of Evie's curves displayed, nonetheless she was old fashioned enough not to appreciate any other women or men getting their eyes full. It was a damn possessive thought, and Andie knew it was. The only problem was she shouldn't be anywhere near possessive about Evie. This-was-not-good.

"Let's take my Mustang," Evie announced, walking toward the red convertible right before Andie grasped her wrist and tugged her toward the Jeep.

"We're taking the Jeep," Andie said.

"But why?" Evie exclaimed, trying unsuccessfully to dig in her heels.

"That Mustang is a damned foolish car to have out in this country. That's why," Andie said glaring down at Evie. "Now get into my Jeep."

Evie huffed and her blue eyes glittered, sizing up Andie's resolve, right before Evie climbed into the passenger seat of the Jeep and Andie closed her door. "There is nothing wrong with my car," Evie puffed defiantly as Andie walked around to get into the driver's side.

"Think of it as a compromise to save your already sore bottom," Andie quipped, enjoying Evie's huff of indignation and the way she scooted as far from Andie as she could get. "Lock the door," Andie said, thinking Evie could fall out if she hugged the door any closer.

The first rut that Andie purposely drove over bounced Evie back to the middle of the seat, and the second one had Evie clutching at Andie's arm for balance.

"This is terrible!" Evie exclaimed.

Andie hit another rut, grinning when Evie practically strangled her upper arm, while Evie's double D sized breasts bounced heavily against her. "You get use to it," Andie offered insincerely. Evie was just too much fun to tease.

"You are doing this on purpose," Evie accused just as the Jeep tires hit the blacktop highway and their bumpy ride smoothed out.

"Yeah," Andie agreed, completely unrepentant, but surprised a moment later when Evie laughed, and then continued to hold Andie's upper arm.

"You won't mind if I hold onto you then, just incase you become more mischievous?" Evie asked smiling up at Andie.

“No, ma’am,” Andie muttered. Damn, Evie was gorgeous when she smiled and laughed like that. Like she was sharing it intimately with just Andie. Andie relaxed a bit and smiled herself as they took off for the nearest town of Pine Grove about fifteen miles away.

Then suddenly,—**POP!**

Evie screamed!

Andie cursed violently, trying to fight the steering wheel with all her strength as the Jeep began to spin out of control after blowing a rear tire. They’d been doing fifty-five miles per hour at the time.

“Hold on Evie!” Andie shouted as the Jeep skidded onto the gravel shoulder of the highway and Andie knew by the tilting of the Jeep that the Jeep was going to flip! Worse yet the Jeep did not have seat belts. In a split second filled with pure instinct Andie launched herself at Evie and her momentum carried them both out of the higher side of the tilting Jeep.

“*Andie!*” Evie screamed, as Andie turned their bodies to make sure that her body took the brunt of the fall, with Evie on top of her. “*Andieeee—!*”

Evie could not believe it. Andie had acted like some kind of commando. She’d saved their lives from being crushed beneath the Jeep when it had tilted on its side. Andie had taken the entire impact when they fell onto the grass at the edge of a pasture. And, *now!*

“Andie, *please* wake up,” Evie pleaded, brushing dirt and grass from the curly waves of Andie’s short chestnut colored hair, and then Evie smoothed her fingertips over the sleek contours of Andie’s face. Andie was so deathly still and Evie checked her as best as she could for any evidence of blood. Evie didn’t find any but could not help thinking about internal bleeding or broken bones. “I need to get help,” Evie whispered caressing Andie’s cheek anxiously.

It was hot—the damned Iraq desert—even at night because she was so close to the sand—crawling on her belly. She could feel them—And, Sargent Shue was dead from a single shot five minutes earlier. They knew she was here. Her stealth cover was blown. She could smell the sweat of one of them nearly on top of her—!

“A-Andie,” Evie choked as Andie’s athletic strength forced through Andie’s forearm, clamped over Evie’s throat and the back of Evie’s neck—*tightening* until Evie could not breathe! One second Andie had been unconscious as Evie leaned over her and the next second Andie had grabbed her in this death hold. Evie had seen this hold in movies before where men snapped other men’s necks. Oh God! Evie clawed at Andie’s breasts as the muscles in Andie’s forearms tensed and Evie knew Andie was going to snap her neck! The tensing movement pulled Evie over Andie’s chest, until Evie’s face was inches from Andie’s. Andie’s brown eyes were dazed with a frightening and lethal glaze as Evie’s own vision began blacking out, while her small fists feebly pounded on Andie’s shoulders.

“My god!” Andie suddenly hissed.

Evie choked and coughed, sputtering as Andie released the lethal hold to her neck and she fell flaccidly upon Andie's chest. "Oh-god-baby! Are you alright?" Evie found Andie now leaning over her as Evie tried to swipe at the tears in her eyes. "Jesus, I never meant to hurt you," Andie expelled harshly. "I never meant too."

Evie could feel Andie shaking as Evie put her arms around Andie and held on. "I'm ok," Evie whispered hoarsely. "It's alright, Andie."

Andie's entire frame was shaking in Evie's arms as Andie's hands sketched jerky caresses along Evie's spine from where Andie supported her up off the ground. "I thought I was somewhere else," Andie uttered. "I thought I was back in the desert. Jesus, they said I could have flashbacks, but not this."

So, Andie had been to war, Evie thought. Andie had been to dangerous places and it had not been nice and neat, but it had scarred Andie. Evie tried to find her voice, but it hurt and was scratchy. "You saved my life," Evie whispered.

It was then Andie looked down at her, and Andie's beautiful brown eyes were so haunted. Andie caressed Evie's cheek, her temple, and carefully examined Evie's throat with slightly roughened fingertips. "The Jeeps tire should never have blown like that. Those tires are new," Andie muttered.

Evie's hands ended on either side of Andie's tight waist and Evie petted upward feeling the heat and strength of Andie beneath her tee shirt. "New tires," Evie whispered, trying to smile.

"I know the Jeep looks old, but I've been over every inch of it *and* put new tires on it."

Andie looked so serious, but Andie wasn't shaking as much now. "Are you hurt, Andie? You took the entire fall."

Andie looked grim as she pulled Evie to a sitting position, while keeping her arm around Evie. "No, I'm alright," Andie said, watching Evie closely, as Andie brushed some grass and dirt from Evie's dress. "How about you?" Andie asked slowly as her hand squeezed Evie's waist.

Andie nearly killed her, Evie thought and she should not brush it off. Evie knew she could use this—Andie was vulnerable. All Evie would have to do is exclaim that she was terrified of Andie. Make a big deal about it. Andie would leave the ranch—Evie knew Andie would. Evie remembered how Andie spanked her with her belt this morning. How much it stung. How much, inexplicably it had turned Evie on. Evie remembered Andie's body shaking in her arms just now. She was a fool, but-. "I'm alright, Andie. But, I promise I will never try to wake you up again without at least a ten-foot stick in my hand to poke you with." Evie tried to smile. "You stopped, Andie, and that's all that matters."

Andie looked grim and wary, but nodded her head, and then said, "Let's see about the Jeep."

Chapter Seven

Evie could not believe it but Andie used only her military-fit build to push the Jeep back over onto all four of its tires. Such a tangible view of Andie's trim fitness made Evie shiver and realize how truly gentle Andie was with her. Andie was silent and grimmer than Evie had ever seen her as Andie went about changing the tire. It was morning and a sunny one. Soon Andie's denim jacket was set aside as she worked leaving only her white sleeveless tee shirt. Andie's skin was darker than Evie's, a light bisque color as though tanned beneath a hot sun. The desert maybe? The Gulf War?

Evie turned from watching the incredible flex and draw of Andie's sculptured muscles as she worked. She'd never seen a woman built with more suppleness. Evie wondered if Andie had been in the Gulf War, as she looked down the asphalt highway? Would Andie tell her if she asked? They were not exactly friends and the lawyer that Evie had contacted that morning had said that Evie barely had any legal leg to stand on. Evie did not like that lawyer's voice, or his advice. She would call another one.

"Do you have any hired hands at the ranch, Evie?"

Evie turned to look at Andie. Andie was just coming to a stand brushing her hands together. The gaze in Andie's brown eyes was serious. "I—ah." Evie tried to clear her thoughts. "No," she managed. What was wrong with her? Maybe the wreck affected her more than she thought.

"So, no other people work around the ranch at all?"

Evie shook her head firmly. "No, Andie, just me." She did not want to know what Andie was thinking, Evie thought watching Andie put away the jack. Andie had said the tire could not have blown on its own.

"What were you going to do with it? The ranch?" Andie asked as she came walking toward Evie with a mesmerizing slow swing in her hips.

"What I *am* going to do with the ranch," Evie stated with emphasis. "Is to plant organic vegetables." Evie thought Andie would laugh at her, but Andie's attractive face merely looked thoughtful.

"But you don't need two hundred acres to grow organic vegetables. What were you going to do with the rest of it?"

Ohno. Evie flinched she was so startled. How could she have forgotten? “I—um.” Evie thought furiously. “Well—I . . . thought-.” Evie paused, looking down the road still trying to come up with a plausible lie. “Wildlife!” Evie suddenly blurted, turning back to Andie. “Refuge,” Evie added belatedly, narrowing her eyebrows in what she hoped was a serious manner.

Erotic books. Organic vegetables. And now a wildlife refuge. Well hell, Andie thought—why the hell not. She could believe just about anything anymore, she decided. But of course not when Evie was avoiding her gaze because she was trying to lie about something. Andie just couldn’t figure out which part though. Andie knew the erotic writing was true. That left either the vegetables or the refuge? Still, Andie had something much more important to consider at the moment. Someone had been at the ranch house outside Evie’s bedroom last night. Andie had found the boot prints this morning and now someone had tampered with the tire on her Jeep, but the tire was blown too badly to prove anything. Yet, Andie knew it—and it was deadly force that had been used against her. Someone had known that she was at the ranch within moments of her arrival—and they didn’t like it. That meant someone was watching the ranch house.

“Well aren’t you going to laugh at me?” Evie asked, shifting Andie’s thoughts back to the moment. “I mean organic vegetables and a wildlife refuge aren’t as macho as ranching cannibalized ‘beef’ cattle.”

Andie nearly grinned. Evie seemed to get a mite irritable when she was trying to lie. But, she had confirmed the answer to one of her questions, Andie thought as she cupped Evie’s elbow steering her without words toward the Jeep. “So you are a vegetarian?”

“I most certainly am. And there is nothing wrong with that,” Evie replied primly as Andie helped her into the passenger seat.

“That’s what I was afraid of,” Andie muttered, walking around to the driver’s side of the Jeep.

“And just what does that mean?” Evie questioned in a righteous sounding voice.

After that they had a rousing fifteen-mile discussion of the merits of vegetables as opposed to good old-fashioned beef, while Andie continued to drive them into town. Andie actually enjoyed the banter between them. Evie had a quick and intelligent mind, it was just her commonsense that was a bit skewed. When, Andie pulled into the parking lot of the small town grocery store called McDee’s, Andie noted there was a hardware store across the street.

Pine Grove was a small one gas station town trying to be quaint to catch the eye of any occasional tourist it could lure. Tourists on their way to the mountains for skiing or over to the Snake river in the summer for camping. The town had a café, the feed store, and several ‘antique’ shops. Which she would guess sold things more like garage sale items. There were also two clothing boutiques, the gas station, and on the

outskirts of town, one small motel. Pine Grove was just a dot on the map for the several hundred ranchers around its perimeter.

Andie parked the Jeep shutting off the ignition as she turned to Evie. “I have to go to the hardware store first,” she began, but Evie interrupted her.

“Oh that’s fine. I need to do some shopping of my own,” Evie said with a vague wave of her hand.

Andie bit back her immediate questions of where and why as Evie blithely stepped from the Jeep. Andie decided grimly, that she was reacting entirely too possessively about Evie. Besides, whoever was causing problems seemed to have targeted her.

“Let’s meet back here in an hour,” Evie finished giving Andie a questioning look.

Hell, Andie wanted to ask Evie where she was going. Evie looked nervous for some reason. But, she just muttered, “Fine.”

Evie forced herself to give Andie a breezy smile as she turned away from Andie wishing that Andie would get going so she could sneak off to the clothing boutiques. That was where Evie intended to buy at least three pairs of jeans. Evie realized that it probably wouldn’t help, but it could make Andie pause about pulling down her jeans to spank her again. It was worth a try. And, Evie was certain that the chances of her bottom being paddled again were very high because, unfortunately she already knew of one big—huge major mistake that she’d made about the ranch. The problem with this mistake was that she had truly forgotten to tell Andie and that was the second thing she needed to do quickly. She needed to try and call Mr. Carroll and see if there was any hope of “un-shaking” their hands on the deal that she’d made with him. Darn, and this Friday she was supposed to sign the papers at the bank. That was only two days from now!

Evie glanced over her shoulder to see Andie still standing by her Jeep watching her with deep brown eyes. Evie fumed a moment, then realized of course that Andie would see her new jeans when they met again in an hour, because she fully intended to wear their stiffer weave home. So she needed to stop acting like she was some kind of spy on a covert mission or something.

“Mmm,” Evie murmured, suddenly spiraling off, thinking that maybe she should make her writing character Angel, with the pink fetish, a spy also? That would certainly interest Angel’s love interest, sexy Natalie. Evie’s hand closed on the doorknob to La Bell’s boutique, as she glanced at the display window.

“Fire engine red,” Evie murmured to explain the color of the beautiful sweater displayed in the front window. She liked red, yet never dared to wear it with her reddish hair. But of course now that she had dyed her hair blonde, perhaps she could?

There were several customers in La Bell’s already, housewives, she thought as she went to see if she could find the red sweater in her size.

This was sometimes a bit of a problem because she was so busty. But not for La Bell's, they appeared to cater to fuller figure women and she soon had her red sweater and two different styles of jeans to try on. If everything fit, she would just wear it out of the store, she decided, and then she really needed to find a pay phone and call Mr. Carroll.

Evie stopped inside the entrance to the small dressing area. It consisted of a short corridor with four dressing alcoves. Two on each side, which curtains covered and all the curtains were closed. It seemed too quiet for anyone to be back here though.

Evie listened for another minute, then said, "Excuse me-excuse me."

No answer. Well, Evie thought that the least people could do, were open the curtains when they left. She could see that anyone leaving would have to turn around just to close the curtains. It made it seem stranger that they would all be shut like this. Ignoring the strangeness, Evie picked the first stall and hung up her selections on the small hook that they provided. The mirror was full length and she plucked her blue dress up over her head, kicking off her sandals in the small space. Then, just as she reached for the red sweater the lights blinked out. That's when she heard a door close and the dressing room became pitch black!

Evie sucked in a startled breath. She could barely see her hands as she dropped the red sweater and fumbled in the dark trying to find her blue dress. All she could think was that the sales people did not remember she was back here. Maybe, they were going to lunch or something-?

Click-Click

Evie straightened at once with her dress clutched in front of her wishing desperately to see. *What was that noise?* Was someone back here with her? Should she call out? She held her breath, listening. If someone was back here with her that didn't seem good did it? Then, she heard a rustling sound and she backed into the mirror. Someone was in here with her.

"I'll scream," Evie exclaimed loudly to the blackness in front of her.

Someone chuckled in the pitch blackness. It was a low, deep menacing sound! If it was a man or a woman Evie could not tell, and then she heard the curtain in front of her suddenly jerk open. Evie screamed, barely focusing on a dark figure, that was taller than her petite height, and then Evie heard heavy boots running toward the back of the dressing room.

Running away from her, thank god!

Chapter Eight

“Evie!” Andie caught Evie as Evie plowed into her. Andie’s arms automatically went around Evie as they rocked in the doorway to the dressing room.

“There was someone here!” Evie exclaimed, as Andie kept hold of her, while Andie reached over to flip up the light switch.

“Is everything alright?” The sales lady’s voice asked behind them.

Andie shielded Evie’s barely dressed state with her body while she quickly studied the scene in the dressing room. “The light back here just went out and my friend got a little scared.” That explained Evie’s scream, Andie thought. “Could you give us a minute?” Andie finished over her shoulder.

“Of course, ma’am. I will have someone come and check the breakers and electricity immediately,” the sales lady said as she moved away.

“There was someone *here*,” Evie whispered with a frightened hiss into Andie’s shoulder.

“I believe you,” Andie answered in her slow manner as Andie noted the door in the very back of the dressing room was cracked open. “Were you going to try that on?” Andie asked Evie as she held Evie closely.

Evie’s head turned against Andie’s shoulder to look back. “No! Oh god that wasn’t here before,” Evie puffed in a frightened whisper.

Andie hadn’t thought that Evie meant to try it on. It was a trashy bondage outfit with a thick studded black collar and bands of leather, which Andie assumed was supposed to be strategically placed on a woman’s body. There were also six-inch spiked high-heels, and Evie was shaking badly in her arms. “Alright, Evie, let’s get you out of here.”

“Yes,” Evie pounced with a gush as she stepped back to look down at the dress clutched in front of her, then back up at Andie. It seemed ridiculous to Andie, because she had seen every inch of Evie in their short relationship together, places that Evie didn’t even know about—and Andie really needed to keep working Evie’s uncomfortable factor. But Evie was clearly shaken, and-. Hell. Andie turned her back. “Now tell me exactly what happened, Evie,” Andie muttered.

Evie told her while she finished dressing and went to retrieve her purse and sandals. Andie didn’t like the sound of it—not one bit. The low chuckle of the assailant angered Andie and the fact that some pervert had, had Evie trapped barely dressed in the darkness—made her furious. “Evie, I want you to go out front and wait with the sales lady, while I check out the back door to this place.”

“Uh-huh,” Evie mumbled distractedly as she fumbled with her purse.

Andie stepped closer to Evie and knuckled Evie’s chin, lifting Evie’s gaze up to hers. Evie’s irises were the color of black-tinted sapphires. “Did you hear the story I told the sales lady?” Andie watched Evie blink slowly. Evie was dumb with shock.

“Um—yes,” Evie murmured.

“Good,” Andie said, rubbing the side of Evie’s delicate chin with her thumb. “Stick to that story if anyone asks and go wait for me.”

“Alright,” Evie answered, turning away.

Andie thought it showed how rattled Evie was because she didn’t argue, and then she obeyed without questions. Andie checked the label on the bondage outfit and the high heels. Of course they weren’t from La Bell’s. She made a mental note of the sizes and names on both, and then she went to check the back doorway. Someone had jimmied the lock with a screwdriver she would guess. Carefully, she walked out the door. She didn’t expect the pervert to still be around, but caution was her instinct.

At the back of the building was a gravel alley. She looked both ways with her gaze searching the backs of the other stores down the line. Nothing—nowhere to hide really. She stepped out onto the gravel and looked back at La Bell’s checking the roof for possible escape routes. The roof was too angled and the next roof beside it was too far for a reasonable escape. Andie turned back to look at the gravel and noticed something behind the next building. As she walked over to examine it, she decided that it looked like the skid mark of one tire. A motorcycle? She crouched down ignoring the tightness in her injured thigh and touched a fresh oil spot. A motorcycle with an oil leak had been here recently. The oil was still fresh and had not seeped into the gravel yet.

Andie stood and then headed back into the rear of La Bell’s debating what to do. She had a footprint, a sound at the ranch, a blown tire, and now someone possibly terrorizing Evie in La Bell’s dressing room. The last could have been mischief or burglary except for the bondage outfit. Yet none of it was really enough to call the county sheriffs with, and Pine Grove did not have a local cop. Andie hooked the hanger with the bondage outfit on her finger as she passed through and made her way to the cashiers counter.

Evie was standing beside the cash register still looking pale, but she held a La Bell’s shopping bag, so Andie assumed that Evie had bought something from the store. Before the sales lady could question her, Andie laid the bondage outfit across the counter in front of her. “I found this in the dressing room and the back door has been jimmied open. Maybe the light wasn’t faulty after all.”

The clerk looked startled, and then shocked, when she really looked at the black leather outfit laying across her counter. “M-Ma’am,” she stuttered uncertainly.

“You don’t sell this type of thing here do you?” Andie asked slowly.

“Oh no, of course not,” she exclaimed. “I cannot imagine how that got here. I will need to call the owner immediately.”

“You do that,” Andie said. Then, Andie left her name and the ranch’s phone number for the owner to call, before she walked Evie out of the shop.

“Andie, what do you think happened?” Evie asked as they stopped outside the store.

“I don’t know, Evie, there seemed to be some fairly strange things going on here. You and I are going to have to sit down and talk about this when we get back to the ranch. But right now I need to get my groceries.”

Evie looked worried “Alright, Andie, but I will go with you ok?”

“Sure thing.” Andie gave Evie a leisurely grin. “Maybe I can persuade you about the finer qualities of a thick beef steak.”

Evie’s cute nose crinkled, as she sniffed. “I doubt it.”

But at least, Andie figured that Evie didn’t look quite so afraid, now she looked like she might wish to argue with her.

It was Janet. It had to be, Evie thought as she wandered behind Andie in the McDee’s grocery store. She really should pick up a few things, but she couldn’t think straight. Janet had found her or someone working for Janet had. Even after everything she’d done to hide herself, changing her name, her hair color, and even her location, but Janet had still found her! That meant that there was no place she could hide—even if she had the money to do it with. She might not have been convinced at all that it was Janet except for that bondage outfit. Then the sales lady had confirmed the outfit was not from La Bell’s. Of course it hadn’t been, but Evie had been foolishly hoping.

“Does the grill work?” Andie asked.

Evie stared at Andie stupidly. “Um-yes,” Evie answered vaguely, and then she watched Andie pile several thick steaks into her grocery cart.

Money. God, Evie thought if she just had some money maybe she could try to hide again. What choice did she have? Evie looked at Andie’s back as she followed Andie through the frozen food section. She only knew of one way to get the money she needed, Evie thought miserably. But she vowed to herself—she *swore* that she would sign the ranch back over to Andie. Even though it would be double mortgaged when Evie was through!

Forty-five minutes later, Evie saw the black Bronco parked at the ranch house as soon as they turned off the highway onto the road leading up to the house. Oh no! Andie had seen it too.

“I wonder who that is?” Andie questioned, glancing at Evie quickly.

Evie knew who it was, it was Mr. Carroll from the bank and she *couldn’t* let Andie find out about the sale of the land! “It looks like a neighbor rancher of ours,” Evie said hastily, forcing a brightness into her voice. “Mr. Carroll, I think—*Oh*,” Evie gushed. “-And, he can talk-and talk. He can drive a person nuts. You better just let me talk to him and get

rid of him.” Andie didn’t even look at her and Evie frowned. Was she that bad a lair?

Andie studied Mr. Carroll as she pulled up to the ranch house. Andie could feel that her nerves were on the edge to be so suspicious, the man was obviously a prosperous rancher. Mr. Carroll stood by a new Bronco, he was an older man wearing a new broad-rimmed cowboy hat and jeans. Andie glanced at Evie again. Why was Evie lying to her? Andie watched Evie hurriedly exit the Jeep, before Andie had barely rolled it to a stop. Something was definitely up, and Andie decided it was time to meet one of her fellow ranchers.

Chapter Nine

“You, underhanded low down dealing, witch!” Andie yelled.

“*Oh*, God-oh-God,” Evie huffed as she scrambled through the barn desperately looking for a quick place to hide. Andie had ruined everything with Mr. Carroll. The entire land deal had been shot down and now Andie was after her with her belt pulled loose from her jeans and her temper in a furious state.

“Was that the *scam* all along?” Andie shouted.

Andie sounded close. Too close, Evie thought as she scooted around some bales of hay in the corner to hide. This was ridiculous—juvenile to be running and hiding—and she felt her heart pounding anxiously.

“Double mortgage the land and high tail it out of town,” Andie accused loudly. “One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars is a pretty good investment for twenty-five thousand, Evangeline!”

“It wasn’t like that!” Evie cried stupidly, then she slapped her hands over her mouth in horror that she so foolishly blurted that out loud, when she was trying to hide from—!

“Damn it, Evangeline! I just *stopped* being nice!”

“When were you *ever* nice?” Evie cried at Andie as she backed into the barn wall watching Andie stalk furiously toward her. Andie found her and Andie was enraged! “No matter what you say, Andie McCade, this is *my* ranch to do whatever I want with,” Evie cried senselessly.

Oh god. Andie’s crisp-angled feminine features drew back so fiercely Evie knew Andie might hit her as Evie cried out twisting her body to press her face into the barn wall away from Andie.

Thud-! Evie screamed as Andie’s fist hit the plank right next to her cheek and she jumped at the same time. But she couldn’t move or escape because Andie held her against the wall with her body pressed along her spine.

“I want you *gone* from here, Miss Pennyflower,” Andie hissed lowly into Evie’s ear, pressing her big, tall, fit, and stronger body into Evie, until Evie gasped, clutching her fingers at the boards before her. “*And*,” Andie continued relentlessly. “I am going to do everything legally and illegally that I can do to accomplish that!”

“*I’ll leave!*” Evie cried suddenly, breaking out with a sob. “I *have* to leave,” she finished, covering her face with her hands. It was too much. All too much!

“*What* did you say?” Andie hissed in astonishment.

Evie felt Andie's tall body moving, unpinning her from the barn wall. "*That's* what y-you wanted, isn't it?" Evie sobbed, twisting around to face Andie. "Well I'm leaving!"

Evie didn't wait as she strode past Andie who looked dumbstruck. Evie couldn't stop crying as she ran toward the ranch house thinking a bit hysterically that she would pack and leave immediately before Andie could threaten her anymore—or Janet could capture her!

"Evie, wait a minute!" Andie grasped Evie's shoulders from behind just as Evie was through the back doorway and halfway down the short hall to the kitchen.

"No," Evie cried, twisting away from Andie and stumbling through the entrance to the kitchen, where Andie put her forearm around Evie's waist to steady her from falling. Evie was just about to scream at Andie when through her blurry vision she focused on the kitchen around her. "Oh my god, Andie," Evie uttered, suddenly terrified. The entire kitchen had been ransacked—everything broken—even the things from the freezer had been strewn out on the floor. Evie hiccuped in the middle of a sob that she was trying to stop, wondering blankly if they'd been robbed.

"Get behind me now," Andie muttered, releasing Evie's waist and shoving her behind her. "You should stay here-," Andie began.

"-No," Evie hissed, grabbing the back waistband of Andie's jeans.

"Alright," Andie answered quickly, reaching a hand behind her to squeeze Evie's hand. "But stay right there behind me, baby, ok?"

"Yes, Andie," Evie replied, putting her other hand to the side of Andie's waist as Andie moved forward.

Evie crouched when Andie crouched. Evie twisted when Andie twisted. But they found no one there, thank god, except more devastation, until they came to the last room left to check—Evie's bedroom. "I'm sure I left the door open," Evie whispered to Andie. Andie turned slightly grasping Evie's wrist and pulling her to the side of the closed door. Andie had gotten a pistol from her room and now held it gripped in her hand pointed toward the ceiling.

"Stay here," Andie whispered and when Evie opened her mouth to argue with her, Andie mouthed in a barely audible, "Please."

Evie looked at Andie's intense brown eyes and then at the gun, reluctantly nodding her head. She did not want Andie to open that door. She didn't want either of them to go in there, she wanted them both to back out of here now and call the sheriff. But that wasn't Andie's calling. She was a soldier—Evie could see that clearly. She thought Andie must be very good at it.

Evie watched Andie move to the opposite side of the doorway with her spine hugging the wall as she reached down with her free hand to slowly test the doorknob. Evie held her breath half expecting a torrent of machine gunfire to explode like in the movies. She was definitely losing it, Evie thought as Andie slammed open the door and followed its sudden opening inside posed in a crouch. Evie plastered herself against the wall

waiting for the gunfire, praying that Andie wouldn't get hurt or find anyone still in there. After what seemed an eternity, but had to be only minutes she heard Andie saying, "It's all clear, Evie, but stay-."

Evie moved into the room immediately clasping her hands over her mouth to keep from screaming as Andie's last word echoed. "-There."

Someone had destroyed her room of course, she had expected that, but what she saw was more personal. "Is *that* blood?" Evie exclaimed, and Andie came forward grabbing Evie into her embrace as Evie whimpered. Andie cradled the back of Evie's head with her forearm pulling Evie more solidly into her embrace.

"It's just red paint," Andie said tightly.

Evie moaned burying her face into Andie's shoulder after seeing her lingerie spread across the room. All of it was torn and some, especially her panties it seemed were smeared with blood red paint. "Oh god, it's *Janet*," Evie whispered wildly. "She's found me! She's coming after me again!"

"Who's Janet?" Andie muttered, but Andie knew Evie's wits were nearly at their crumbling point as Evie sobbed into her shoulder. Andie caught Evie around the waist with her forearm and held her upright guiding her from the room. The entire time Andie moved them from the room, she was thinking that whoever this fucking Janet was, Janet had just made a *big* mistake, because Andie was not going to stand for anyone terrorizing her woman!

Andie had reason to remember her explosive and immutable thoughts about Evie two hours later after the sheriff left and Andie had the fuller picture to deal with. Especially, when Evie looking miserable and lost sitting next to her at the kitchen table, mumbled. "I should leave."

Andie leaned back in her chair looking at Evie. Evie looked like hell with a red nose and tangled blonde hair. The problem with that or perhaps the solution was—Evie looking like hell was gorgeous to Andie. "*You* are not going anywhere," Andie stated in a clipped no-nonsense tone.

Evie looked up at Andie in surprise with a wobbly bottom lip and Andie had the distinct impression that Evie had just caught herself from throwing her arms around Andie in another weepy display. "I don't know what to say," Evie murmured.

"That's just it, baby doll, you are wrung out. I'll bet you can barely put together a complete sentence right now. Neither of us has eaten all day—and if you think I'm cleaning up this mess by myself—well, think again, honey." Andie kept her expression bland as Evie looked at her with a slightly dazed look that she'd had all afternoon.

"I could fix us something to eat and clean up in here," Evie finally said.

It was all Andie could do not to smile. Andie did not want to argue with Evie and had been certain Evie wasn't up to it. "Great," Andie

smiled and Evie graced her with another wobbly smile. “But don’t do too much in here, Evie. Just enough to get a meal in us. We will really tackle it tomorrow after we’ve had some rest, alright.”

“Alright, Andie,” Evie answered getting up slowly. “Are grilled cheese sandwiches and some soup ok?”

Andie hid her grimace thinking about those big juicy steaks she’d bought earlier, which would be ruined by now still sitting outside in her Jeep, as she smiled and said, “Great.”

Andie kept an eye on Evie in the kitchen making sure Evie didn’t do too much as she straightened up the living room a little bit. Andie lifted the couch back on its legs, the coffee table, and two end tables. The lamps were broken but the phone was in one piece so she set it on the table beside the couch. That’s when Andie turned looking at the desk area and she realized that all of Evie’s story papers weren’t just strewn around, they were torn to pieces.

“Damn,” Andie muttered. They were ruined—all of that work, and if Evie saw this right now Evie could possibly collapse. As it was, Evie was holding on by a thread. Evie should have a computer for her writing, Andie thought as she hurriedly began snagging pieces of paper and putting them into the desk drawers. Andie never had anyone stalk her of course, but this was sick.

When Andie first listened to Evie telling the sheriff about Janet, and how Janet had stalked her when she lived in San Francisco, Andie had been a little surprised. The woman with a woman thing was confirmed. But, the woman stalking a woman thing seemed bazaar. Even the sheriff seeing how distraught Evie was hadn’t made her elaborate all that much by saying he would call for the papers on her case from San Francisco. Andie wondered if they could have been lovers? That bondage gear and Evie’s lingerie all ripped apart and smeared with red paint certainly smacked of intimate crimes. Crimes of a jealous lover? Yet, Andie had a hard time believing it.

All Evie had said in a mumble to the sheriff was that Janet had started out as a fan of her writing, but later it had turned ugly. She’d told the sheriff she was sure this was Janet stalking her again, although they had no evidence. There were certainly a lot of unanswered questions, but Andie wasn’t going to push Evie now—that could wait. She could protect Evie well enough now with what she did know.

“Andie, it’s ready,” Evie called to her from the kitchen. “Do you want to eat in there or at the kitchen table?”

Andie immediately thought it was better to keep Evie out of the livingroom for a while so she went to join Evie in the kitchen. They ate in silence and Andie was glad to see Evie eat a whole sandwich plus a bowl of soup. Evie had made her two grilled cheese sandwiches conscious of her extra exercise regiment. Andie had to admit it wasn’t a bad meal, reminding her of being a kid eating grilled cheese sandwiches and tomato soup with her best friend.

“I can make some more,” Evie offered, still looking fragile and pale.

“No, I’m full,” Andie answered, getting up to pick up their dishes. “Why don’t you take a bath and get ready for some sleep.” Andie walked the dishes over to the sink. “Stay out of your room, you can find a tee shirt or sweatshirt in my things to wear and sleep in my room. I will take the couch.”

“Andie, I don’t know what to say. I-.”

Andie turned toward her. “Not tonight, Evie, alright. We will get through all this in the morning after we’ve both gotten some sleep.”

Evie brushed some strands of her tangled hair back from her face and dipped her eyelashes. “T-Thank you,” she whispered, leaving suspiciously quick as though she were near to tears again.

“It’s alright,” Andie murmured to the empty room. “I’m not going to let anything happen to you, baby doll.”

Chapter Ten

Evie slept the sleep of exhaustion for three hours, but then woke up sleeping in Andie's bed with one of Andie's blue military sweatshirts on. Andie's scent was all around her on the pillows and sheets, a clean fresh scent that reminded Evie of the scents of citrus and pine mixed. Evie sighed knowing that she would never get back to sleep, knowing also that her life was a complete and utter mess.

Evie tossed and turned for another thirty minutes before she decided to get a drink of water and maybe just peek at Andie. Evie thought that just seeing Andie for a moment would help make her feel better. Andie was being so kind to her considering how mad Andie had been over the land deal, but Evie promised herself not to think about any of that now as Andie had convinced her. She would deal with it tomorrow and right now she just wanted to see Andie for a minute, perhaps reassure herself that Andie was there and she wasn't alone here with Janet lurking about, god knew where.

Evie was barefoot and she'd left the door ajar, so she didn't think she'd made much noise when she tiptoed into the livingroom, seeing at once that Andie did not fit on the couch very well. One of Andie's graceful feet was hanging over the armrest and the other was dangled over the edge of the couch. Andie wore a highly cropped tee shirt leaving her tight and perfectly sloped midriff bare with only a beige blanket crumpled around her hips, making Evie wonder what she might be wearing lower—if anything?

"Is something wrong, Evie?"

Evie sucked in a startled breath, while her gaze refocused from Andie's curving body to her face. Andie had one arm bent at the elbow and tucked behind her head. Evie stared at Andie's shadowed gaze with only Andie's irises glinting in the darkness "No," Evie finally gushed on an exhaling of breath, as her fingertips twisted the front of the sweatshirt that she wore.

"Couldn't sleep?" Andie asked, raising her body to a sitting position. "You know that I will keep you safe don't you?"

Evie looked uncertainly into Andie's dark eyes, as Evie wondered, what she was really doing here? Yet, she knew the answer deep down inside herself, didn't she? "No, I—yes, I," she stuttered.

"Come here, Evie." Andie held out her hand. "You're shivering standing there."

Evie didn't need any more encouragement. She might try to hide things outwardly at times, but she could not lie to herself. She wanted to be in Andie's arms with Andie holding her tightly.

Andie scooped Evie in next to her and Evie clung to her. Warm and soft, Andie thought, and she realized that she would give anything to be able to make love to Evie. It was unique because she'd been so damn mad at Evie today. Hell, Evie had tried to sell her land and hadn't apologized for it. Evie was as stubborn and as mouthy as she was at times. Yet, ever since Andie had proclaimed in her hidden thoughts to herself that Evie was hers—well hell, she'd wanted it more than anything.

"Andie, will you spank me?"

—*Jesus*, Andie couldn't be more surprised. She was literally speechless as Evie scooted around to kneel on her knees, and all in one motion Evie peeled off the sweatshirt she was wearing. The word naked did not do justice to Evie's voluptuous nudity as Evie bent over Andie's lap catching her elbows on the armrest on the other side.

"I've been a very naughty girl, Andie," Evie purred throatily as Andie sat there like a fool, while Evie undulated her nude body toward the armrest and back—right under Andie's nose. The smooth bareness of Evie's back, the delicate hollow of Evie's spine flaring to the curving white lushness of her pillowed buttocks. Andie had never seen or felt anything as erotic, and her instincts heightened clearing her momentary numbness.

Andie understood what Evie wanted, remembering how she had secretly watched as Evie touched herself after the first time she had spanked Evie. Then felt how wet Evie was on her fingertips after the second time she'd swung her belt across Evie's sweet behind. It turned Evie on to be spanked—perhaps despite herself. Definitely despite herself, because it turned Andie on too. As much as she could be turned on now, and at this moment that was plenty in her mind. Andie worried about what Evie expected though. Definitely hot sex, Andie thought. Hell, she wasn't going to let that stop her. She would lick Evie's sexy little pink cunt off so many times that Evie would not even notice that Andie had not climaxed. And, if Evie did notice, Andie decided she could try faking a climax as good as the next.

"I've been really bad, Andie," Evie murmured huskily.

Andie felt every inch of Evie enticing her as Evie arched her sloping spine, pressing upward on her elbows to clench her peaches-and-cream rounded buttocks. Then, Evie lifted her calves pointing her toes. She was posing for her, Andie thought excitedly, as her hand raised and swooped forward.

Smack!

"Uooo!" Andie's sudden move surprised Evie and she jerked her flinching buttocks away, lifting upward to brace herself on her hands with her arms locked. That left her a perfect target as Andie slapped her unyielding hand across the naked curves of her butt, again. *Smack!*

Smack! “Oo more, Andie,” Evie yelped, and then Andie suddenly reached out and clasped a free hand around one of Evie’s breasts. Andie squeezed the firm melon-sized mound in her hand, and more hot arousal twirled right into Evie’s pussy.

Smack-Smack-Smack!

“Ow—Ooo!” Evie felt Andie catching at her distended nipple, pressing it between her forefinger and thumb, and then Andie plucked at it. *Smack! Smack! Smack!* “Ow—god! Oho mm!” Evie immediately thrust her breasts forward as her ass stung sharply and both her buttock cheeks squirmed beneath Andie’s slapping hand. Andie plucked her fat nipple harder, pulling it forward with a twang as Andie swatted her bare butt some more. “Oh god, Andie,” Evie cried passionately. *Smack! Smack! Smack!* “Ouu-Ouu-Owww!” *Smack! Smack!*

The force of Andie’s spanking hand pushed Evie to dangle over the armrest with each smack against her naked ass, making her whimper sharply as Andie continued to twist her nipple tips, while swatting bright red spots on her flinching buttocks.

“It’s so sore!” Evie squealed—and Andie smacked her defenseless ass again. “Oww!” Evie yelped. “That’s enough—enough!”

Smack! “It’s enough-,” Andie uttered.

Smack! “-When, I-,” Andie continued.

Smack! “-Say it is!” Andie finished. *Smack-Smack-Smaack!*

“Ow, Andie, please!” Evie begged with a squeal as she tried to reach one hand around behind her to cover her vulnerable bottom, to defend the custard flesh of her ass as it flinched every time Andie’s palm continually landed with a crack.

Andie listened to Evie’s plea’s even as she swatted Evie’s hand away. Then, Andie plied the sides of Evie’s bare and cowering rump a half a dozen more times for good measure, before she stopped, leaving Evie gasping limply over her lap and the armrest. -And, Andie’s pussy was throbbing! God, Andie could feel it in her skimpy boxer shorts. It wasn’t lifeless! Heaven help her, she craved deeply to let Evie touch her clit, stroking it, to see what would happen. It was akin to a pain inside her as she fought with it. She couldn’t live with herself if Evie clitty played her and nothing happened. *And* then, if Evie discovered-

No. Andie fought her yearning with other actions. Instead, spreading her long fingers on either side of the sultry crease of Evie’s buttocks. Then, she stroked downward with her middle finger slipping between the clinging lips of Evie’s wetly aroused cunt. *Heaven.* “You’re turned on,” Andie murmured, as Evie gasped her pleasure.

“Yes,” Evie whispered on a breathless hiss. “Please don’t spank me anymore,” she begged.

“We’ll see,” Andie muttered, probing her finger deeper between the hotly swollen and sopping wet pillows of Evie’s cunt lips, as Evie mewled in a low sound of pleasure. “Here, Evie?”

“Oh yes, Andie. Touch me there, please. Oh-oh hh. Yes, yes!”

The tender bulb of flesh that Evie begged Andie to play with was engorged with hot blood and straining as Andie rubbed the flat of her middle finger over the throbbing tissue. With a heated smile, Andie watched Evie bending further over the armrest, hanging Evie's breasts over the edge and Evie's buttocks arched upward with the pressure of Andie's finger rubbing hard circles in Evie's hot little cunt. So turned on, Andie bent her head and kissed the feverishly spanked flesh of Evie's ass.

"*Oh mm yes!*" Evie cried, gyrating sensuously over Andie's finger as Evie's knees spread and her buttocks rose higher into Andie's mouth. Christ, Evie was a pistol! And the erotic mood completely swamped Andie as she began to swat Evie's buttocks with one hand, while rubbing hard circles over Evie's taut and pulsating clit with her finger.

"Ow!" Evie jerked over Andie's finger, squealing. *Smack! Smack! Smack!* "Ow-oh, Andie," Evie yelped, wiggling her ass like a sultry tease begging for more as Andie spanked Evie and ravaged Evie's dripping twat at the same time.

"*Ouu-god! God! Andie,*" Evie mewled. Andie could feel Evie's shudders as Evie climaxed over her fingers. Evie's thighs quivered against Andie's wrist as Evie's clit pulsed with four hard beats and Andie's fingertips became drenched with Evie's release.

Andie's blood thundered in reaction, and suddenly Andie toppled Evie over onto her back with a swipe of her forearm. Instantly, Andie came down between Evie's legs, until she had her tongue buried in Evie's still quivering cunt, while she lapped up Evie's climaxing cunt juices. The clinging essence tasted of light sweet musk and pure erotic woman, making Andie moan. "*Eoo,*" Evie squealed, tugging on the hair on the top of Andie's head, while Evie's thighs spread open along her shoulders. Evie's heels settled on Andie's back as Andie lapped her tongue deep into Evie's oven-baked and musky sweet pussy and Evie cried out arching into Andie's face. *Yes!* Evie was wild and hot—salty with lubrication from her first climax as Andie tongued Evie's shuddering cunt, and then Andie poked her tongue into Evie's snug vagina.

"*A-God-Andie! Ooh—uooo,*" Evie squealed passionately, riding Andie's face, until Andie's chin was brushing the sweet crack of Evie's ass. Andie grabbed Evie's large breasts into her hands as she poked Evie's vagina again with her tongue. In and out—in and out. "*Ooo, baby-baby!*" Evie cried, humping her hips and digging her fingers into Andie's scalp.

Damn, Andie wanted to shout! She'd never had a woman react this way with her before. Evie was so aroused, so passionate and wild, Andie was swept away with Evie. Evie made Andie feel like the greatest lover god ever created. And then, when Evie climaxed again, Evie arched beneath Andie with her head thrown back and the bottom of her bare feet pressing hard against Andie's back. Andie could feel Evie's orgasm on her cheeks, on her tongue, in her mouth as Evie convulsed and kept

jerking in tense spasms. “*Oh-Oh hh-Oh hh hh*,” Evie moaned with deep straining sounds.

Andie continued to soothe Evie’s breasts with gentler hands palming them in circles as she rode the end of Evie’s climax through with her tongue laid deep in the folds of Evie’s cunt. Then suddenly, Evie went limp beneath her with a puff of air and Andie realized in astonishment that Evie fainted. The little death. Incredible! Andie McCade had gotten a woman off enough to experience the little death.

Andie wiped her mouth on her forearm with mind-bending satisfaction and came up over Evie, scooting Evie’s body until she was beside her and Andie wrapped Evie in her arms. Hell, Andie thought, she should have been spanking women years ago, but she was glad it was with Evie . . . only Evie. Andie wondered if she could live off just this, if her clit never climaxed again. *Hell*, yes she could. It wouldn’t be nearly as mind boggling and intoxicating as a good thorough orgasm of her own, but it could just keep her sane. -Only it wasn’t fair to Evie, to any woman, but Evie was so passionate and sensual. She deserved the whole package.

“Hell,” Andie hissed lowly . . . painfully. Evie felt like heaven, peace, and love in her arms. Evie was so softly round and naked. Andie just curled around her protectively. Maybe she shouldn’t have done what she’d done tonight, but she wasn’t going to let herself regret it. The possessive qualities that made her the more dominate woman in any relationship wouldn’t allow her.

Andie’s agitated thoughts did not allow her to fall asleep for a long while, and then as they trained her when danger could be near, she slept lightly. Yet, she slept better having Evie right there beside her, where she knew she could protect Evie instantly if the need arose. Evie was a restless sleeper and unconsciously in her sleep Andie adjusted to Evie’s wiggling, lifting an arm or leg out of the way until Evie was comfortable again. So even though Andie was sleeping, lightly—warily, it must have taken her a little while to realize-.

“*Evie*,” Andie choked, coming awake and realizing that she felt Evie’s hands between her thighs—and more! Evie’s soft tongue was wetting the lips of Andie’s cunt! Hell! Shit! Evie’s tongue swirled between the slit, from the top to bottom, dripping moisture and heat, and Andie’s hands clenched into fists entwined in Evie’s silky blonde hair. *How could she tell Evie?*

Evie’s tongue lapped with slow up and down motions, while Evie’s mouth sucked on the limp nub of Andie’s clit with short suction smacks. *Jesus*, any woman would be going wild by now, Andie thought in horror! Her entire body shuddered, and then abruptly she heaved up off the couch—careless of Evie who yelped as she got dumped on the floor.

“*I can’t*,” Andie snapped, leaning forward to grab Evie’s upper arms and bodily pull Evie to stand before her, as she hissed angrily at Evie, “I’ve been injured. *I’m clitty impotent*.” Evie responded with a gasp as Andie rudely dropped Evie to the floor again, and then Andie grabbed

her military sweat pants from the floor beside the couch. “I’m going for a walk, Evie. Put your clothes back on and *go* to bed,” Andie uttered caustically.

“*But*, Andie,” Evie exclaimed softly, finally having found her voice. However it was too late, because Andie was already gone.

Evie grabbed Andie’s sweatshirt and clutched it to her chest as she slumped onto the couch in stunned disbelief. Clitty impotent? Andie was *too-too* female to be impotent! Or frigid or repressed or-? Wasn’t she?

“Oh, you’re being *stupid*,” Evie exclaimed. Andie had *said* injured. Anyone could be impotent if they’d been injured. Suddenly, Evie felt alarmed—as though she wanted to claw over every inch of Andie’s body and see how badly they had hurt her. Nameless they’s that had wrought physical, and what must be painful injuries on Andie’s body. -And her mind.

Evie remembered now seeing Andie limp once or twice, yet she’d never thought to ask. And she remembered clearly when Andie had her strangled in that death hold during Andie’s waking nightmare. “Oh god,” Evie sighed with a painfully tight throat. “What did they do to you, Andie?”

It hurt. She hurt so badly for Andie that tears scalded her eyes as she slowly pushed herself up off the couch and pulled the sweatshirt on. Impotent! Evie was numb—maybe heartbroken and definitely confused as she wandered back to Andie’s bedroom.

Then, as she lay on the bed awhile with Andie’s lingering scent around her, she wondered if Andie could feel anything at all. “Of course she can, you ninny,” Evie chided herself.

Injury did not mean that it had taken Andie’s feelings away. A woman had never made love to Evie the way that Andie had taken her tonight. It was not that she had a lot of experience either, except in her imagination. But she knew that what happened tonight was special—very rare and very special. It was more than the lovemaking, it was the passion and the trust that simmered between them. There was no other woman that she could have been as abandoned with. There was no other woman that got her as crazy, as angry, or as furious either.

A small laugh escaped Evie then. -Oh yes, and she certainly made Andie angry enough. People said passion and anger were strongly intertwined and oh god, Andie was passionate. Andie had wrung so many feelings out of her with her fingers and her mouth. The thought of never having Andie touch her again nearly made Evie cry. She couldn’t let that happen. Somehow, she couldn’t ever let that happen.

Chapter Eleven

When Evie woke in the morning she realized that she'd slept longer than she'd intended to. After a quick shower she ended up putting on some of the clothes that she'd bought at La Bell's. So she came into the kitchen wearing the red sweater, blue jeans with their stylish baggy waistline, and bare feet to find Andie working on the lock on the backdoor. Evie assumed Andie was fixing it because it had been broken in the break in.

"Good morning, Andie," Evie said brightly stopping a few paces from Andie to peer down at what Andie was doing.

"Evangeline," Andie muttered glancing up at her and then back down to the lock.

Evangeline? So formal, Evie thought. So that was how Andie was going to play it—all cool and formal as though nothing had happened. Evie had wondered what Andie would do—well, Evie just was not going to let Andie get away with this! So then, before Andie knew what she was about, Evie swooped right into the middle of Andie's work winding her arms around Andie's neck and Evie started kissing her!

Oh mm, even surprised, Andie kissed like heaven. Andie's lips were parted in surprise so Evie took advantage and dipped her tongue into Andie's warm mouth. Wow! She basically tackled Andie so Andie had no choice but to put her arms around her waist as the back of Andie's shoulders hit the doorframe. Andie might have been intending to set Evie away, when Andie dropped the screwdriver and clasped Evie's bare waist in the space between Evie's sweater and baggy topped jeans. Only instead, Andie's tongue got engaged with hers!

When Evie finally came up for air, it took a lot of determination through her breathlessly aroused passion to be the one to speak first. "Oh, sugar, I've never felt like you made me feel last night when you made love to me." Evie's voice was husky and all but purring as she clung to Andie.

The look on Andie's face was nearly comical it was so complex and changing. Andie was astounded, perplexed, wary, and maybe starting to become irritated at her own confusion. Evie decided instantly that she had shook Andie up enough—for the moment, and she reluctantly disengaged herself from pressing intimately into Andie. Evie took two steps backward and smiled up at Andie.

“Evie, did you hear *what* I said last night?” Andie asked her slowly.

Evie really liked the way Andie’s lips were swollen slightly from her kissing. “Mmm,” Evie murmured distractedly, then clearing her thoughts from Andie’s lips she said, “Yes, sugar, I heard all of it.” Evie swung around, and then she *swung* her hips as she walked back into the kitchen. “Do you want something to eat, sugar?” Evie asked throwing Andie a sultry look over her shoulder.

“Damn it, Evie, this is not a joke,” Andie muttered stalking inside and slamming the backdoor.

Evie turned to face her. “Did that kiss feel like I was joking, Andie?” Evie asked her seriously. Andie scowled at her. Evie stepped up to Andie and lifted her hand to lightly stroke the side of Andie’s breast, beneath the black tee shirt Andie wore. Andie’s nipples instantly tented the fabric with tension. “I’m not joking, Andie. I want to talk about it. -I mean do you think it’s permanent or-?”

Ring! Ring!

Andie grasped Evie’s hand and held it still on the side of her breast as she reached to grab the phone. Andie’s brown eyes were charged with intensity as she held Evie’s gaze and spoke into the receiver. “Bright Water Ranch.”

“That was just a warning, military *grunt*,” rasped a heavy voice in Andie’s ear. “*Stay away* from my angel or you will be sorry!”

“*Yeah*, when hell freezes over,” Andie snapped into the receiver just as she heard a click on the other end. Andie slammed the receiver down and looked at Evie. “Who calls you, angel?”

Evie’s eyes widened with instant fear. “Janet,” Evie whispered, then Evie asked more strongly, “Was that *her* on the phone?”

“This is really starting to tick me off,” Andie muttered as she pulled Evie into her embrace. Evie was shaking. “It was a woman trying to disguise her voice by speaking in a low hiss. She warned me to stay away from her angel.”

“No one has ever called me angel, but her. She started w-when-,” Evie stuttered to a halt.

“Started when, Evie? We need to talk about this. You need to tell me everything,” Andie said.

“I need to leave! I *need* to get out of here,” Evie exclaimed, pushing away from Andie.

“Oh no,” Andie cursed and she grabbed Evie by the waist from behind, pulling her back against her and holding her there with her forearm, before Evie had gone two steps. “That’s why you were going through with the sale of the land wasn’t it? Because you don’t have any money to leave.”

“I will *sell* something,” Evie exclaimed wriggling against Andie’s forearm. “I will sell my Mustang and buy a bus ticket!” Evie puffed an exasperated breath pushing against her forearm, before she huffed. “I thought you wanted me gone!”

“Hell, you are the most irritating woman I’ve ever met,” Andie muttered, and then she exclaimed harshly, “But you are *mine*.”

Evie went still with her spine stiffening against Andie’s breasts. “What did you say?”

Andie dipped her head and nuzzled the curve of Evie’s neck, then kissed the smooth soft skin there. “What, no sugar this time, honey buns?” Andie teased and Evie began to wiggle against her again. “Ok, sweetheart, but you will admit that we have a lot to talk about. And, I want to help you, Evie, I really want to help.”

“I don’t want you hurt,” Evie whispered.

Andie turned Evie around and lifted Evie up to sit on the counter so that they were eye level, as she exclaimed, “*That’s* what you are worried about?”

Evie’s royal blue eyes sparked with defiance, and Andie knew that she loved Evie much better defiant than afraid. “Yes,” Evie said with emphasis. “But myself also,” she finished in a mumble.

“But before you go haring off, will you at least sit and talk to me?” Andie asked gently. Evie was about as skittish as a colt. “Besides, sweetheart, you are not getting out of here before you help me clean up this mess, and-.” Evie started to say something, but Andie clamped her hand over Evie’s mouth. “One more day won’t make that much difference, and I promise if after we talk, and you still want to go, I will help you. -But, I will help you do it in the safest way.”

Evie’s blue eyes were wary and considering over Andie’s hand, and then with quicksilver emotion that was all Evie, she broke her mouth away from Andie’s hand and launched her arms around Andie’s neck for a tight embrace. “Oh, Andie,” Evie whispered fiercely. And, Andie figured that was the best non-answer she’d ever gotten.

Chapter Twelve

Andie yawned as she flopped onto her newly made bed. She and Evie had cleaned the kitchen and livingroom and now each of them were working separately on their bedrooms. For a while they were both studiously ignoring the problem of Janet and whether Evie would be leaving. It was as though they had a silent agreement to catch their breaths. But for some reason she was feeling unusually drained, Andie thought glancing at the sheaf of papers in her hand. It was Evie's story called "Spanking Missy" and Andie thought she would just read it quickly before giving it back to Evie. It would surprise Evie to find this one intact after discovering all of her other stories had been torn to pieces. Maybe Evie would smile, Andie thought yawning again, besides a little rest would not kill her. So Andie began to read.

Missy couldn't believe that her boss Diana Payne was going to spank her, as in over Diana's knees with Missy's own dress hiked up and only her shivering Italian silk panties as a barrier. It was undignified, humiliating, and Diana used a straight wooden ruler off her desk that stung!

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

Oooo, it burned! Diana caught the underside of her wincing buttocks and Missy tried not to squirm, biting back her gasps. She would not give Diana the satisfaction to know how much she had hurt and shamed her! She would take her licks silently—remaining mute when Diana was finished, and then go back about her work. She would—

Whack! Whack! Whaaac— !

"Ow!" Missy cried involuntarily. Diana was really switching her behind! This was no childhood spanking scene. Missy gripped Diana's slender stocking clad ankles, the only thing Missy had to anchor herself to as she felt Diana raise her arm for another blow!

"Having problems with the newest member of our team already, Diana?" drawled a feminine voice to their right.

Missy nearly died of embarrassment, realizing that her barely clad bottom was in full view of Diana's co-commander of the project, Stephanie Riley. Missy made one fruitless attempt to get up, but Diana held her

easily with her forearm across the small of Missy's back. Oh she wanted to scream, and she refused to look up at Stephanie.

"Damn, Evie, you can write," Andie murmured stifling another yawn as she rolled onto her stomach on the bed and turned to the next page of Evie's story. She continued to read.

"It seems, Miss Newman, believes she may flout our rules," Diana said heavily. "She went unescorted to the site last night."

"Jesus, don't you know how dangerous that is?" Stephanie asked with anger inflicting her voice.

Missy remained stubbornly mute, struggling with a host of emotions at being in such a submissive position in front of these two attractive women. Maybe she had been wrong to go exploring, but this punishment was Gothic!

"It appears our newest member has a stubborn streak, Steph," Diana muttered. "One we cannot afford to allow to continue."

Oh—Missy could not help it! "You speak as if you both were some sort of Gods here!" Missy gasped angrily.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Oww—ooo, stop! Stop!" Missy choked painfully. She didn't know what she'd do if Diana kept striking burning stings across her behind. She might cry! "P-Please," Missy begged Diana in shameless defeat.

"It is not enough yet," Stephanie said. "She needs to be completely subdued."

"No, please," Missy pleaded in a barely audible voice. Then incredibly she felt one of their hands on the back of her panties. "You can't!" Missy gasped as she tried to bring her hands around to stop the downward pull of silk. But one of them caught her wrists as the other pulled her panties down very slowly to her knees. "No," she whispered helplessly.

"Jesus, we've been on this island for two years, Diana. Do you know how long it's been since we've seen another woman out here?" Stephanie muttered.

Oh mercy what did that mean, Missy wondered? She knew this island that the institute was studying was very isolated but-but!

"She is the only technical photographer we could convince to come out here and you know that, Steph," Diana said.

"Umm," Stephanie answered, sounding distracted.

"And," Diana continued, "Missy realizes that her entire MBA rides on finishing this project. So in a manner of speaking she is as stuck as we are. Even if the boat was coming back any sooner than six months."

"No, you are right," Stephanie said, clearing her throat. "I just became sidetracked for a moment. Let's spank her bottom until she can't

sit comfortably for a week, and then maybe she will accept our rules here as law."

"I do!" Missy gasped. They already subjugated and humiliated her what could more groveling hurt? And she didn't-didn't want Diana to smack her naked bottom any more. Oh god!

"I vote for more paddling, Missy baby," Andie murmured in anticipation as she unconsciously ground her hips on the bed a few times—then realized what she was doing! Humping like a dog—but! Andie rolled over onto her back and grabbed her warm cunt. Damn if there wasn't life there. She was semi-wet, even as tired as she was, all from reading about spanking a woman's behind. It was incredible—it was blessedly encouraging. If only she could stop yawning and see how far this was going to go. With determination she rubbed her heavy eyelids and began reading again.

Diana and Stephanie looked down at Missy Newman's naked buttocks already stained red on both firmly rounded cheeks from previous wacks of the ruler. It wasn't enough and both women knew it. It was too dangerous on this remote island and they had a responsibility to keep every man and now this one woman alive on their team. No one could flout the rules. Even the men took lashes across their backs if necessary. It had happened once in the two years since they'd already been here, but that man was gone now. Moreover, they both knew how much they needed Missy's technical photography skills. With her work completed they could all leave the island in six months—without it, who knew?

Both women had discussed the possibility of enforcing the rules on a woman, when they realized that Missy was coming and there was no one else they could get. This is what they decided and they would go as far as it took. Yet neither woman consciously realized what a turn on it would be to bare a beautiful woman like Missy's ass. To spank her softly curved naked buttocks or to have her in such a blatantly sexual and submissive pose. Yet that is what they needed. They needed Missy to be submissive or perhaps a better word was obedient. And she did seem sweet-natured—impulsive perhaps, but pliable. She just had to understand without any doubt that she could not be impulsive here.

"I'm truly sorry, Missy, but this is for your own good," Diana said quietly.

"No, please, Diana!"

"Sorry, sweetheart, but Diana is right," Stephanie said.

"Oh no," Missy whispered helplessly.

Smack! Smack! *"Ow! Diana!"*

Smack! Smack! Smack! *"P-Please, Diana!"*

Smaack! *"Oww!"*

Smaack! *"Ooww!"*

Smaaack! *"Oooo!"*

Stephanie took the ruler from Diana, listening to Missy's sobs as she generously plied the ruler down Missy's pale and wincing thighs. Missy's white skin burned red with each swat as her flesh jumped and flinched, while she whimpered helplessly. Missy wasn't taking the spanking well at all and Steph was glad. Steph sincerely hoped they would not have to do this again.

Chapter Thirteen

“Andie!”

Coming out of her silent reading with a jerk, Andie heard the small scream from Evie’s bedroom on the other side of the wall as though from a great distance or through cotton stuffed ears. Andie threw aside the sheaf of papers she’d been reading, or she thought she did, but her hand seemed to be moving in slow motion. She should have been standing by now, rushing from the room, but everything seemed to be moving in slow motion through the hazy focus of her eyes. She’d been drugged! It came to Andie in seconds, or long minutes, she couldn’t be sure as she groped along the bed trying to swing her feet over the edge to get up.

Then, Andie heard Evie scream her name again! Andie fought the insidious lethargy with all her willpower, shaking her head roughly as she felt the adrenalin of fear for Evie pumped through her. It was enough, she was strong of mind and body. She might move slower, but she would move!

When Andie opened her bedroom door, she heard Evie scream once more. “Andie!”

“That bitch won’t help you! I crumbled enough sleeping pills into the orange juice jug when I trashed this place to put down a horse.”

The voice was a woman’s voice, but it was deep and harsh, Andie thought. Their voices were coming from Evie’s bedroom where the door was opened. Was this Janet? The voice sounded again.

“It just shows how much I know you, Evie. I knew you wouldn’t drink the juice. Just apple and grape juice, isn’t that right, angel?”

“Get out of here! Get out of here right now, Janet, or I will call the sheriff!” Evie screamed. Then there was a scuffling sound. “No, you don’t!” Janet yelled.

“Let me go!” Evie screamed.

She had to be careful, Andie thought, savagely resisting the urge to rush into the room at the sound of Evie’s terror. Her mind wasn’t working right and she needed to realize that nothing Janet had done so far showed that she would fatally harm Evie. There were some things nearly as bad, but Andie told herself insistently that she had a little time to plan her next moves. She needed it. Janet would know that she could not be at her best. That was why Andie did not consider bringing her pistol into play. Andie could not take the chance that her drugged senses might get Evie accidentally shot.

No, she needed to think-*think!* But it was hard with her mind skipping and missing on the adrenalin peaks running through her body. Yet, Andie finally remembered Evie's window, and if she knew Evie it was open. From there Andie could see inside undetected and perhaps get into Evie's bedroom with a lot of surprise on her side. So on her way through the kitchen, Andie picked up a five-pound bag of potatoes and quietly made her way out the back door.

"*Put it on!*" Janet hissed.

"*No!*" Evie cried, looking at the hideous bondage outfit laying on the bed quilt as the tall redheaded Janet waved a long-bladed knife through the air from the other side of her bed.

"If you *don't*, angel-," Janet uttered viscously. " -I will take this knife and slice pieces from your unconscious lover in the next room!"

"No," Evie whispered in a low terrified moan. She knew Janet would do it. Evie knew what this crazed woman was capable of! Slowly, Evie reached for the scanty black leather outfit. "You have to promise not to hurt her. You have to promise me!"

Janet hissed an outraged breath with her shocking red lipstick outlining the cruel slant of her voluptuous lips. "I'll show you, little girl, how much better a real woman is than that lean military bitch. *How* could you let her touch you?"

"I *don't* know!" Evie cried in her fear, clutching the outfit to her chest. Nothing seemed more important than appeasing Janet and keeping her and that awful knife away from Andie!

Janet seemed surprised, and then pleased at Evie's fearful outburst and Janet's demeanor changed to cajoling. "It's alright, angel," Janet soothed. "I know how lonely a pretty little girl like you can get. How lonely and scared. How others can just take advantage of you and all of your steamy passions."

In her fear Evie could only nod her head frantically glad to keep Janet talking and not doing anything worse.

"But you just put that hot little outfit on, angel baby, and I will show you all that you are missing. I watched that military bitch spanking you through the window, doll—and I can do it better, baby. I can make you squirm and make your cute little ass so red. We will play out some of the scenes from your best stories."

"*Oh*, god no," Evie whispered hoarsely, unable to stop her exclamation.

Janet's green eyes narrowed as she slapped the flat surface of the knife against the black leather of her biker pants. Janet was a beautiful woman, but with some uncomprehensible hard edge of near maleness in her. Perhaps it was the masculine cut of her red hair or the way she carried her tall body that made Evie feel like she was facing a dominating aggressor.

"You *just* put that outfit on now! *Or* I'll-," Janet hissed turning toward the open bedroom doorway.

“No, I will!” Evie exclaimed as she turned toward the window, and with her back to Janet, she quickly began undressing. The outfit was similar to the one that had been hanging in the dressing room at La Bell’s. This one had a inch wide leather strap that went across her breasts covering only her nipples and it hooked in back. The scanty top had another strip of leather that attached to the band across her breasts and came over her shoulders and around her neck like a skimpy halter top. The bottom was a pair of black leather chaps that belted around her waist, but left her sex in front and her bottom in back exposed. Evie tried to leave her pink lace panties on as she put on the six inch stiletto high heels.

“Take your panties off too, angel,” Janet ordered harshly behind her. “I’m going to whip your bare ass—just like you like it. I brought a special whip!”

“Oh god, please,” Evie whispered beneath her breath with her whole body shaking as she agonizingly pulled her panties down. She thought desperately about the window to the side of where she was standing. The glass was shut but she thought she may be able to open it and jump out of it before Janet could catch her. Only that would leave Andie completely vulnerable in the next bedroom. Evie was so afraid that it ran in tremors along her skin as Janet ordered her to turn around. But just before Evie turned, Evie glimpsed an incredible sight through the window. *Potatoes?*

Crash!

“-Get down, Evie!” Andie yelled. But, Andie was already through the broken window and rolling across the bed to tackle Janet.

“What the *hell!*” Janet screeched, ending on a loud woof of air as Andie plowed into her.

Janet was a big woman and in good physical shape as she twisted away from Andie’s attempt to tackle her waist and bring her down to the ground. Andie roared an awful battle cry as Janet hit the wall and Andie plowed into her, it scared Janet enough to make her turn and scramble through the doorway. The knife Janet carried clattered at Andie’s feet as Andie kicked it under the bed and grabbed the door slamming it shut.

Janet must have realized quickly what had happened because she immediately began to screech on the other side of the door. “*God damn you open that door! I’ll kill you!*”

The pounding and scraping on the door sounded like Janet was attacking it with her boots and fists. Andie knew that they only had a few moments before Janet realized through her fury that they could escape through the window. Andie turned to Evie who was backed against the wall clutching her hands between her thighs as tears streamed down her cheeks.

“Andie,” Evie whispered, shaking and terrified.

Damn it, Andie thought she couldn’t comfort Evie—there was no time at all. Andie gritted her teeth against the continuing pain in her thigh

and she jumped across the bed to grab Evie, as she uttered, “We have to get out of here *now*, Evie.”

Andie did not wait for any answer as she swung Evie through the window and Evie nearly toppled over on the six-inch spiked heels she was wearing as Andie jumped out of the window behind her. Andie grunted at the pain shooting into her groin, but she ignored it. Still aware of Janet pounding on the door behind her, Andie grabbed Evie and lifted her up over her shoulder making Evie squeal.

“I’m sorry, darlin’,” Andie hissed as an apology for Evie’s ignoble position, then Andie limped into a stiff legged sprint toward her Jeep. She would have to take a chance that Janet had not tampered with the Jeep because she did not have Evie’s Mustang keys. Andie’s hand landed on Evie’s bare bottom to hold Evie over her shoulder as Evie’s fingers dug at the waistband of her jeans from behind to balance her precarious perch. Andie saw Janet’s Harley motorcycle out of the corner of her vision as she dropped Evie onto the passenger seat of her Jeep. Andie did not waste time going around the Jeep to the driver’s side, she just swung in over Evie, and yelled tightly, “Hold on tight, darlin’. We’re going to ram Janet’s Harley.”

Damn! Andie wished she had a moment to appreciate the sight of Evie and what Evie was wearing. Andie caught glimpses of the red curls between Evie’s thighs, and Evie’s big breasts roped in tightly against a band of black leather as Andie started the engine and backed the Jeep up with skidding tires. Andie was backing straight for the Harley when she saw Janet at the back doorway of the ranch house.

Andie immediately locked her arm straight across Evie’s midriff, and yelled, “Hold on, baby!”

Thump! Crunch! Scraaaaaap!

“*Oh hh!*” Evie squealed at the impact.

Andie kept right on going, bumping and thudding with a high whine of twisting metal as she drove her Jeep over the top of the Harley now spilled on its side. Andie’s Jeep came off the other side with a crunch and she gunned it, because Janet was running up to Andie’s side of the Jeep.

“*You, maggot! You, military dick!*” Janet screeched.

Oh man, her ears were burning, Andie thought as she made sure gravel spit up onto Janet’s face, when she drove the Jeep away from Janet, while she yelled, “*Best woman wins!*” Janet’s enraged screech was high-pitched behind them as Andie gunned the Jeep down the driveway.

When Andie reached the end of the long driveway right before the highway, Evie nearly climbed into her lap yelling, “*Stop, Andie, please!*”

Andie pulled the Jeep over behind the fence beside the marquee. The highway was still a hundred feet beyond. She had not intended to enter the highway, she had other plans. Janet was not going to get away with this—or get away with terrorizing them any further. But she needed Evie in a safe position. Although, it seemed Evie had pressing problems of her

own, Andie thought catching a glimpse of Evie's scarlet stained cheeks before Evie buried her face in Andie's neck. Evie's plush anatomy was nearly strangling Andie's right biceps.

"I *can't* go into p-public dressed like this, Andie," Evie exclaimed, in a muffled mumble into Andie's neck at the same time Andie's hand, attached to her forearm nestled in the small of Evie's back, and settled over one of Evie's cream-filled and entirely naked buttocks. Andie squeezed that plump feminine cheek into her hand, and Evie puffed an acknowledging breath, clutching Andie tightly. "I'll just *die* if anyone *sees* me like this," Evie moaned.

It took a lot of willpower to hold back Andie's imminent chuckle that was half relief at having Evie safe, but also more just bone-deep appreciation for what made Evie so special to her.

Still, Andie couldn't help but-. "Sweetheart, you have to swear your most sacred oath on something and I will gladly give you my tee-shirt, because I have a workout bra underneath."

"What, Andie?" Evie asked nuzzling her neck.

Andie tunneled her fingers through Evie's windblown blonde hair at the side of Evie's face, as she said. "You've got to promise me you will let me stand behind you and watch you walk away wearing *nothing* but those chaps, honey buns."

"*Honey buns*," Evie exclaimed in feminine outrage. But it lost some of its vigor being blasted into Andie's throat. And, Andie willingly ignored it, because Evie was nearly strangling her with Evie's whole body shaking as—god help her—Andie rubbed Evie's bare little butt with her hand.

"Later," Andie murmured trying to sooth Evie a bit because as much as she really wanted to expand this moment, Andie knew she had to get moving. So with a lot of reluctance, born of relief and the tangible presence of a beautiful half naked woman in her arms, Andie reached for the mike on her CB radio. But as Andie called for assistance though, god help her, she really couldn't help but notice the enticing red curls between Evie's thighs. Hell, Evie was a redhead. A true bonafide redhead. It had been too dark last night to judge this revelation.

Chapter Fourteen

When Andie returned to the ranch house, she came through the back entrance silently. She'd already checked for signs of Janet outside, and now as her back hugged the hallway wall she could hear Janet further in the house. Janet wasn't in the kitchen and Andie thought it sounded like Janet was in the livingroom, then Andie heard Janet yell angrily.

"God damn it, Evie, *where* did you put those Mustang keys!"

Crash!

Andie tensed, it sounded as though Janet had swiped the entire desktop onto the floor. She had to be careful, Janet could have picked up another knife out of the kitchen. Andie remained silent and considered her options carefully. She knew if she went in there it might turn into a brawl and she could get hurt, but more likely she could seriously hurt Janet.

On the other hand, Andie thought, she could just stay hidden making sure Janet didn't leave before the police came. Andie continued to listen to Janet muttering as Janet searched the room. It sounded like Janet was pulling the desk drawers open.

"Found'em!"

Shit! Andie immediately retreated on silent feet into the kitchen. She could make her stand here or—quickly Andie retreated further down the short hallway to the rear screen door. She'd just made it through, when she caught a glimpse of Janet coming in her direction. Quickly, Andie sprinted with a stiff legged limp toward the Mustang. She preferred working out in open, better than in the confines of the house.

Andie had just popped the hood on the Mustang when Janet came out the back of the ranch house. Janet had not seen her yet. Janet's gaze was turned in the direction she and Evie had escaped in the Jeep. Andie lifted the hood on the Mustang slowly.

Squeak!

Janet's head jerked, then she turned her vivid green eyes on Andie. Janet was a striking woman. She was a tall redhead, decked out in tightfitting black leathers that showed off her statuesque curves in stark relief. Janet was beautiful, except for the vicious and hateful look on her face. Andie smiled slowly at Janet and grabbed the starter wires giving them all a yank. Janet screeched in outrage and started after Andie at a full run. "You can't have her, you limp clit G.I. Jane!" Janet screamed.

Andie did not stick around, but headed for the old barn. She just didn't relish a toss and tumble, with Janet the Amazon, but she could see that Janet wasn't carrying a weapon.

W-rrr! W-rrr! W-rrr! W-rrr!

The sirens screeched overhead as Evie leaned forward from the backseat of the sheriff's car. "There she is!" Evie yelled. "That's Janet!" Evie saw Andie then, running with a stiff legged limp, just before Andie disappeared behind the old barn, which left Janet out in the open. Alone. Evie watched Janet stop running after Andie, with a furious look on her face as the three sheriff's cars surrounded Janet blocking any escape she might attempt.

"Stay here!" the sheriff ordered Evie as he exited the vehicle with his rifle drawn. Evie could hear the sheriffs yelling at Janet to put her hands above her head and turn around slowly. Finally, Janet complied and Evie turned her gaze to look for Andie. Evie saw Andie by the side of the barn. Andie was holding a fist full of wires and looking seriously grim.

"You're *clitty impotent*, you ex-military scum!" Janet yelled viciously, glaring at Andie as one of the sheriff's roughly grabbed Janet's wrists to handcuff her. "She can't even *climax*!" Janet continued yelling as they pushed her toward one of the sheriff's cars. "I've seen her medical release! G.I. Jane, wanna-be lover-babe, has a *limp* clit!"

"Shut up," the sheriff ordered Janet as he wrested her into the back seat of a brown Bronco.

When Evie turned her gaze back to Andie, Andie was gone. Evie leaned forward hastily intending to get out of the sheriff's car, but then she remembered what she was wearing. Andie must have gone around the side of the barn out of view, Evie thought anxiously.

Andie figured the sheriff could find her if he needed her. Then, Andie angrily tossed the Mustang's starter wires against the inside wall of the barn, following that action to slouch against that same old weathered wood. Hell, it was one thing living with it, but hearing it out loud like that was like a punch in the gut. But damn it to hell, it was the truth and she'd better start realizing it and quit playing games that she had no hope to finish.

Thirty minutes later the sheriff found Andie and offered her a ride back to her Jeep stating that Miss Pennyflower had scooted inside to get dressed and Janet would be going to jail for a long time. Andie accepted the sheriff's offer of a ride. Luckily, Andie missed seeing Evie as they drove to her Jeep, where they shook hands and parted. Andie watched the sheriff leave as she sat in her Jeep, and then she looked back up the road at the ranch house. She couldn't go back there. She shouldn't. It was all out in the open now and neither of them could hide from it.

Andie turned the ignition on the Jeep as she took one last look at the ranch house. Evie would be waiting for her ready to thank her for saving her. Evie would be full of kisses and hugs, probably leaning heavily toward more heated embraces. -And, that was the problem of Andie's

own making, and she admitted freely, if not angrily. Andie popped the clutch into first and headed for the highway. She wasn't sure where she was going, *and* she wasn't a drinking woman—but maybe it was time to start.

Chapter Fifteen

The hardest part, Evie reflected that evening around midnight, had been finding a ride into town because Andie's trail had not been hard to follow. And the reason it wasn't difficult to find out where Andie had gone and what Andie had been doing, had Evie silently fuming. Alright—she was just plain angry. First Andie hadn't said a word. Then, Andie had just left! Evie didn't know where Andie had gone—or if Andie was coming back. Luckily, Andie hadn't gone any further than Pine Grove. But then, what really made Evie steamed was the fact that it was Friday night, and any one of the patrons of Frank's Tavern could tell you about the tall attractive brunette who'd been in the tavern earlier. All night at that!

Yet what was really making Evie seethe was the description of the two buxom blondes with which Andie was reported to have stumbled out of the tavern. It was anyone's guess who the women were, just two passers-by going through town. Now, Evie stood in front of the town's six room motel, beside Andie's Jeep just glaring at the door that she *knew* Andie had to be behind. At least they had gone to the motel, Evie thought furiously so she could find Andie and—!

Evie didn't know what she would do, but if Andie was in there with *two* blondes she was going to be livid—and hurt. Evie decided that she wasn't even going to knock. She and Andie had a history together. She had a right, didn't she? Besides, Evie was too scared and angry to think clearly about being right or wrong at the moment. She didn't know what she would have done if they had locked the door, but it sprang open at her shove. They had not even latched it.

"*Oh my*" Evie exclaimed taking in the sight that filled her gaze as she looked into the small motel room. It was Andie, or more precisely it was Andie's very naked ass. Andie was sprawled on a king-size bed with her jeans strangely still on and hanging down around the top of her boots, which were also strangely still on. Andie's skimpy boxer shorts were blue satin. Wow! They were hooked on Andie's knees as she lay on her side leaving Evie with a spectacular view of Andie's smooth curving buttocks. Andie appeared to be asleep—nearly unconscious, and unless the two buxom blondes were in the shower—Andie could be alone.

"Andie," Evie whispered uncertainly, peeking into every corner of the small room to verify that Andie was as alone as she appeared to be. Then, Evie inched her way into the room noticing that the entire room

smelled like whiskey. “Andie,” Evie hissed again in a low whisper, but Andie didn’t move at all.

Evie scooted further into the room to peek into the bathroom and she saw that it was empty. The whiskey fumes were stronger as she passed Andie and Evie concluded that Andie wasn’t injured at all. Andie was just passed out drunk! The details of what must have happened worked slowly through Evie’s thoughts as she returned to the door and shut it. Evie would be willing to bet that Andie’s money and wallet were gone. It appeared that they had duped and robbed Andie in her obviously drunken state, and now-?

“A kind person would wake her up,” Evie muttered as she circled Andie slowly, while eyeing Andie’s rounded ass. Only Evie wasn’t feeling kind, she was still very angry. How could Andie leave her like that? How could Andie pick up *two* blondes? It did nothing for Evie’s sense of justice that Andie could have been robbed, then left virtually defenseless so that anyone like herself, maybe could-?

“Oh, I couldn’t,” Evie exclaimed, noticing the creaminess of the skin on the curves of Andie’s flanks. Those twin globes looked very tender along the under curves, Evie contemplated. And, the way Andie was sprawled on her side, arched the small of Andie’s back making her buttocks appear rounder than normal. Evie just happened to notice Andie’s belt hanging in the waistband of Andie’s jeans gaping around her boot tops, and before Evie knew it she was pulling it free. *Oh boy*, Evie thought righteously remembering this belt doubled over smacking her hiney.

“Mmm,” Evie murmured folding the belt over and running its looped end in tentative circles over Andie’s bowed ass.

Evie peeked around the front of Andie and finally took a good look at Andie’s completely shaved and bare honey pot “No,” Evie muttered against that creative description in her mind for Andie’s sex. “Pink cleft muffin?” *Mmm*, Evie gazed down mesmerized. “A slit of feminine splendor.” Oh yes, she liked that better or-. “Rosy . . . wet . . . sex lips of-,” Evie looked down again. “-Love,” she drawled emphasizing reality. “Oh, Andie, you have cute dimple too!”

It was a dainty pink colored kiss of flesh right above Andie’s bare slit. Goodness gracious, if Andie ever did get aroused, Evie imagined the exposed lips of Andie’s pussy puffing outward in rosy splendor. Caught in her fantasy reality mode, Evie wasn’t really aware of how industriously she’d been using the doubled over belt to fondle Andie’s anatomy. But, Andie moaned suddenly, startling the heck out of Evie and Evie realized that she cradled the belt loop beneath Andie’s cute little pink slit. Evie looked down at Andie’s obviously dampening pussy lips, then up at the dark shadow of Andie’s fluttering eyelashes. Andie mumbled again. Evie stepped closer with the looped belt pressing deeper-.

“Mmouth, Lacy—try mmouth,” Andie mumbled.

“*Oh!*” Evie expelled sharply. “You! You! You! Andie, you!” Evie stuttered in outrage as her hand acting as though entranced with a will of its own, swung forward. The looped over belt sailed through the air toward the softly muscular globes of Andie’s buttocks. **Smack!**

“*Wh—what,*” Andie grunted with her bare rump muscles flexing inward, then relaxing to their normal lean curving globes.

Evie thought Andie sounded like a woman who had been shook on the shoulders to wake up, but didn’t want to, not like a woman whom she had just smacked on the rump with a sturdy leather belt. Darn! She would just have to try harder to get Andie’s attention.

“I’ll *show* you Lacy,” Evie hissed angrily, and then louder for Andie’s benefit. “Come on, honey buns, this will be fun!”

“L-Lacy,” Andie mumbled.

“*Oh-*,” Evie exhaled sharply. The nerve-! *The* gall-! The hurt! **Smack!** “Ouch!”

That’s it, Evie thought, Andie was beginning to stir. **Smack!**

“Damn it,” Andie mumbled with her head turning sluggishly on the bed.

Smack! Smack!

“Ouch, woman! What are you doing-?”

Smack! Smack!

“*There*, isn’t this *fun*, Andie?” Evie exclaimed as Andie made a groggy looking attempt to evade the sting of the belt by trying clumsily to draw her knees upward. The new position gave Evie even better access to Andie’s naked butt! **Smack! Smack!**

“Ouch! What? *Ouch!* What in the hell? *Ouch!*”

Evie could see that Andie was really coming out of her stupor now as Andie rolled up on her knees, leaving Evie a split second of stellar access to Andie’s bent over, subservient buttocks. **Smack! Smack!**

“OUCH!” Andie kept rolling her body, finding herself in the air for a split second before she hit the floor. Her confused mind telling her that she’d just fallen off a bed. “Is someone *spanking* me?” she gasped hoarsely, trying to bring her bewildered senses into focus. “With *a* belt?”

“Maybe you want to call out for, *Lacy*, again?”

“Evie?” Andie looked over her shoulder. “Shit.” It was Evie. Evie in all her glory and spitting mad by the look on Evie’s face.

“You asked for her *mouth*, Andie!” Andie blinked at Evie in what Andie figured must look like a red-eyed owl imitation. “Her mouth, Andie!” Evie stamped her small foot. “What is wrong with *my* mouth?” Evie started to really fume swinging the belt back and forth in front of Andie. “And you had to go find *another* person’s mouth?” Evie’s chin pointed and her eyes narrowed as she glared down at Andie. “*Lacy’s* mouth,” Evie hissed.

Ah oh. The trouble was that Andie had absolutely no idea what Evie was ranting about. But hell, it didn’t sound good—not good at all. Something about another woman’s mouth. Lacy? Who the hell was

Lacy? Shit, if she could just remember what she'd been doing, but it was all a kaleidoscope blur, and-

Smack!

"Ouch! Damn it, Evie! What the hell!"

Smack! "Ouch!" *Jesus*, that time Evie smacked the under curve of her bare butt as she ignominiously rolled around in the small space between the bed and the wall try to evade-. **Smack!** "Ow!" Shit! Her skimpy boxer shorts were twisted around her knees and her jeans were tangled around her ankles. **Smack! Smack!**

"Shit," Andie grunted tightly, trying to keep from yelping like a-

Smack! Smack! "Ah! Hell! Evie!"

"You've been *very* naughty, Andie!" Evie exclaimed as she swung the belt forward in an arc to-. **Smack!**

"*Agh!*" Ah hell! Resigned, Andie pulled her upper torso up over the edge of the bed and positioned her bare ass right at Evie. "*There!*" Andie exclaimed. "*-Have* at it, baby doll. Take-." **Smack!** "*All,*" she grunted. **Smack!** "Your aggressions-." **Smack!** "Owwout on me!" **Smack! Smack!**

Jesus. Andie squirmed her butt and clenched her teeth. This stung! **Smack!** "Agh!" Andie looked over her shoulder to see if Evie was wearing down any. Nope. **Smack!** Andie winced hard as the belt flayed across her buttocks. She'd never in her life been in such a submissive, yet extraordinarily sexual position. Sexual? **Smack! Smack! Ouch**, Andie managed not to make a sound as she clenched her ass cheeks tightly. Yeah sexual! As in arousing, stimulating . . . horny as hell. **Smack! Smack!** Damn, she was aroused, wet, and her clit was *throbbing!*

Chapter Sixteen

“Evie, I’m sorry!” Andie pleaded suddenly, pushing up on her arms to look over her shoulder at Evie.

“Sorry?” Evie questioned breathlessly, with a surprised look on her face, as she finally held the belt still in her hand. “You’re sorry,” Evie murmured again hopefully.

“Yeah,” Andie muttered, pushing off the bed to stand, then tottering her body around to face Evie. Her jeans and boxer shorts inhibited a graceful turning. “Really sorry, baby.” Hell, Andie didn’t know what she was sorry about, but if what Evie was saying was true, it sounded bad enough to warrant an apology from her. Besides, she was as hot as a live wire at the moment and she would get down on her knees to grovel if she had to, not to waste this opportunity.

Evie’s sapphire blue irises caught Andie’s obviously aroused gaze, then slid down to Andie’s bare cunt, which was noticeably rosy and damp, and then Evie did a cute double take, as she whispered, “Andie?”

“Yeah,” Andie smiled slowly . . . heatedly, and bit proudly.

“Because I spanked you?” Evie asked in wonderment.

Oh no. “Ah. Well now. I don’t think, baby, that is the total reason for-,” Andie stuttered.

“It is!” Evie exclaimed interrupting her as Evie tossed the belt on the bed and sidled closer to Andie. “You’ve become horny, because I spanked your bottom.”

“*Oh no,*” Andie grouched, grabbing Evie around the waist as she toppled them both backward onto the bed.

Evie squealed excitedly at the surprise. “Did to!” Evie challenged.

Hell, who was Andie to argue with a swollen and throbbing clit and a cute voluptuous babe in her arms. So Andie hedged. “Maybe because *you* were the one doing it?”

“Oh, Andie.” Evie planted herself on top of Andie’s chest, breasts pressed to breasts, and she kissed Andie’s chin with an adoring look, only then Evie’s gaze turned abruptly wary. “Andie, did you-?” Evie used Andie’s shoulders as a surface to push off, locking her arms straight as she looked down at Andie. “Did you let this Lacy-? I mean h-her mouth or-.”

“*No,*” Andie expelled emphatically, as she pushed the crook of Evie’s arms and collapsed Evie onto her breasts again. She *would* remember that! “I think she just rolled me—pulled my jeans down after I passed out. I’m guessing my wallet is gone.”

“It is,” Evie chirped happily resting her small chin on the mound of one of Andie’s breasts as Andie felt Evie’s hand sneaking down over her belly. Evie’s exploring fingers tested the indented hollow of Andie’s abdomen and Andie sucked in a tight breath feeling little shocks bounce in her clit with anticipation.

“Andie, you have such a cute dimple,” Evie stage-whispered with a sexy come-hither smile, while Andie stopped breathing for two full seconds feeling Evie’s hand trailing lower. Evie’s soft palm slowly closed over the bare mound of Andie’s cunt and Andie’s breath expelled from her lungs in a rush of pleasure.

“*Evie*,” Andie groaned sharply with a suspicious burning sensation beneath her now clenched eyelids as her hips bowed upward following Evie’s fingers pressing against her pulsating clit. “*It’s you*,” Andie gasped as Evie circled the tense kernel with her fingers once . . . twice . . . three times. “*Oh*, baby, yes,” Andie moaned.

“Andie, you are so hot . . . oh, sugar, you are so wet for me,” Evie whispered as she flicked the tip of her finger over the sensitive taut tissue.

“*Jesus*,” Andie hissed with her thighs quivering as small tremors ran through her. There was a raw burning sensation coming as if from deep in the base of her clitoris that nearly made her wince, but at the same moment intense pleasure overrode any discomfort, and then-.

“*-Oh*, Andie,” Evie gushed approvingly as Evie stroked her first finger along the lower crease of Andie’s pussy lips and she found the drops of Andie’s arousal there. Evie’s finger smeared the clinging substance on her finger and she trailed it back up to Andie’s clitty, soaking the reddened kernel with it. Then, she drug her finger back downward through the tender crease of Andie’s pussy lips and she circled the wet entrance of Andie’s vagina.

“*Ah-*,” Andie choked inarticulately, bucking her hips to two of Evie’s fingers pumped hotly inside of her. Andie was enthralled, consumed, and her entire body could do nothing more than concentrate on her own fierce arousal. There were no thoughts of Evie’s pleasure, of touching Evie, only of her own clit and sheath and the building pangs of pleasure—and how long it had been since she’d felt this way. Andie didn’t care that her jeans were still slouching around her boots or that Evie had taken Andie’s wrists with her free hand and now held them above Andie’s head in a submissive stance, while Evie plunged her fingers deep into Andie’s vagina. “*Baby*,” Andie hissed, jerking her hips and flexing her wrists against Evie’s hand as her head arched backward straining the tendons in her neck. Andie was barely aware that Evie was crouched over her now, until Andie first felt the tip of Evie’s hot tongue lick over one of her hardened nipples. “*Ohman*,” Andie groaned tightly as her body shuddered in response.

“You’re so hot and wet, sugar, —so sexy for me,” Evie murmured huskily as Evie hungrily licked around the circumference of one of Andie’s penny-sized nipples before flicking her tongue over the aroused spike in the middle. Making Andie groan again. This was for Andie . . . all for Andie. Evie was totally concentrated on her woman and loving her like she’d never been loved on before. Evie thrust her fingers faster inside Andie’s searing vagina as Andie’s legs bent upward and spread wide. Evie made sure her thumb pressed hard onto Andie’s clitty with each of her deep finger fucks of Andie’s clenching pussy sheath.

“*Mmm*, sugar, you taste so good,” Evie murmured, as she tongued Andie’s other nipple before sliding her tongue down to the lean, creamy concave of Andie’s belly. Andie hissed when Evie plunged her tongue into Andie’s navel and Andie’s hips strutted upward like live things. But, Evie held Andie down, putting more pressure on Andie’s wrists. Evie held Andie’s pussy captive like an anchor to keep Andie in place as she thrust her tongue in and out of Andie’s navel as though she were the man mounting Andie.

“*A-. Christ. A-*,” Andie moaned, grinding her pussy against the curl of Evie’s fingers as fast as Evie ravaged her navel. Evie thought perhaps she would never see Andie lose as much control as she was in this moment, while Evie held Andie down by her wrists, and by fingering fucking Andie’s pussy.

Evie moved downward to lick the tip of Andie’s striving clitty with her tongue. “*A-Jesus.*”

“Let me love you, sugar,” Evie murmured around her tongues motion as she liberally laved Andie’s quaking honey pot, feeling all the smooth contours, the tender crease, and the thrusting ridge of pleasure at the very top. “*Oh yes*, sugar,” Evie whispered as Andie groaned and the swelling of Andie’s clitty twitched beneath her tongue. “I’m going to take you in my mouth, sugar. Both your hot pussy lips and suck.”

“*Oh God*, Evie,” Andie rasped. “*A-!*”

Evie took Andie’s pussy into her mouth slowly closing her moist lips around the hot juicy cleft as she took more of Andie deeper into her mouth. Andie’s hips rose to meet her with an intimate thrust that Evie willing accepted as she filled her mouth with Andie’s hot pussy—then she began to suck.

“*Baby*,” Andie groaned, bucking beneath the exquisite pleasure of Evie’s mouth sucking her cunt deeply. She could barely breathe, she couldn’t think at all except for the searing heat in her cunt that was burning beneath the rapturous drawing of Evie’s lips. “*Oh baby, baby*,” Andie babbled in passionate moans of pleasure as she began to rock her hips in rhythm with Evie’s rapidly sucking mouth. If she was pushing Evie too far, or too deep, she was too far gone to care as she should. Yet, Evie took all of her wild humps into her mouth, more than Andie thought possible as Evie’s tongue took up thrusts into Andie’s seething cunt hole. “*Christ*,” Andie groaned, fisting her hands above her head as her nude

body began to shudder. She was going to come! *Christ*, she was going to come!

Suddenly, Evie loosened her mouth from around Andie's cunt, until Evie had only Andie's clit-head in her hot mouth. Then, Evie began to draw with quick hard fast jerks.

Just the clit-head, faster and faster, as Evie finger-fucked Andie deeply.

"*Evie!*" Andie exclaimed, feeling her eminent climax. Andie's thighs spread open wider, while her hips strained upward as she lost her breath and her belly clenched. Just then her climax shot free, burning all the way down to her core, before the pleasure exploded behind it. A pleasure so fierce that she could barely breathe as it racked her body with hard pulsations, and her cunt in deep shudders!

Andie fainted! Evie looked down at Andie and Evie still couldn't believe it. The little death? Then, Evie grinned. Of course she should not take all the credit, Andie still had to be moderately inebriated and Evie might not mention that to Andie later when she bragged to Andie about her accomplishments. *And, oh boy*, was she going to brag to Andie and rub it in, because she loved Andie so much. Oops, she probably ought not tell Andie about that for a little while, Evie thought as she scooted around on the bed and pulled Andie's boots off one at a time, then Andie's jeans. Andie didn't move an inch, so Evie guessed Andie had gone into a deeper sleep.

Evie covered Andie, then she searched Andie's jean pockets for the keys to Andie's Jeep. It seemed Andie was going to have to find a ride home to the ranch and it was nothing less than Andie deserved, Evie decided as she shut and locked the motel room door behind her.

Because, Evie had a sudden overwhelming passion to write and a good writer *never* ignored those intensely creative urges, so she just had to get to the ranch quickly and find her paper and pencils.

Chapter Seventeen

That next morning Evie read out loud to herself . . .

Angel watched mesmerized as the five leather strips on the end of the riding quirt she held snapped sharply across Jewel's creamy buttocks. Jewel's knees bent with the impact as her buttock cheeks tensed inwardly to pose like twin supple pillows. Jewel's breath hissed through her gritted teeth, and from Angel's viewpoint at the side of Jewel's nude body, Angel saw Jewel's bare pussy was drenched.

She knew that hot pussy pie, she had felt it deep inside her mouth sucking her senseless-. As senseless as she intended to make Jewel now, Angel thought as she drew her hand back for another lash. "Tell me, Jewel," Angel commanded huskily.

Jewel turned her hot amber colored eyes on Angel. "Whip me harder, pink angel." Jewel's ruby-tipped bare breasts swayed as she worked her wrists against the bonds holding her arms above her head. "Spank me," Jewel begged, lowering her thick brown eyelashes against the exotic curve of her cheekbones.

Sssss—the quirt sung as it whipped through the air—slap! Jewel's knees wobbled as Angel watched her lush fanny clench tightly. Then when the flayed end of the quirt fell away from the lashing, Angel saw the pink welts painting lines across the crease of Jewel's naked ass.

"Yes, pink angel," Jewel moaned, and then she begged, "Again."

"You've been bad, Jewel. You've been so bad I'm going to make your bare bottom pay," Angel said watching Jewel's slow grin right before Jewel winced because Angel lashed her defenseless ass again.

Evie paused in her reading and the dusting of fine hair on her flanks raised as though someone had brushed a feather over her exposed buttocks. *Andie was there, behind her.* Evie smiled and continued to read out loud, poking the eraser of her pencil on the point of her chin.

"When Jewel lifted her gaze to Angel again, Jewel's amber eyes were molten-. Mm," Evie paused lifting her pencil to cross out the word molten.

"Were heated with lust?" Andie offered in a husky voice behind Evie.

Evie flipped her long blonde hair over her shoulder to fall down her naked back, turning her head to peek at Andie. “Excellent,” Evie murmured with a second or two of a searing gaze of her own, before she turned back to add Andie’s words, and then she continued to read out loud.

Jewel’s gaze slid down over Angel’s naked breasts. Full firm breasts as white as ivory with cherry colored areolas and tautly aroused tips. Jewel’s gaze lowered to Angel’s bare midriff and the creamy dimple of her belly button showing over the worn brown leather of Jewel’s confiscated chaps. The only thing that Jewel’s pink angel was wearing. A tear drop of aroused essence hung on the rosy lips of Jewel’s pussy as she sucked in a tight breath. “Again,” Jewel expelled.

“Oo,” Evie puffed, coming to an immediate stop in her narration, because Andie’s warm hand was playing over her bare behind. “Do y-you-,” Evie cleared her throat trying to concentrate. “-Do you think Jewel should ask Angel to whip her again?”

“Is Angel wearing Jewel’s chaps and nothing else?” Andie asked.

“Um huh,” Evie nodded.

“Well then, baby, I think Jewel will let her pink angel do anything to her she wants.”

Evie giggled, setting her papers down, turning from her stomach onto her back on the couch to look up at Andie. “You think so, mm?” Evie asked watching Andie’s gaze travel over her nakedness. Evie was wearing nothing but Andie’s black leather chaps.

“Oh yeah,” Andie muttered with a roughened voice, while her gaze rested on the red curls shaved into a heart shape between Evie’s thighs.

“So you think this plot might work in my story? With a woman spanking her woman?”

“Sometimes, baby. Sure thing. But right now you *owe* me,” Andie said lifting her gaze to Evie eyes. “A walk, darling, in nothing but those chaps. A prance maybe if I’m lucky and I use my belt right on your sweet behind. Right now it’s time for me to be masterful.” Andie paused, giving Evie a slow grin. “And later we will switch.”

“Later?” Evie asked giggling.

“Oh yes,” Andie answered. “And, I changed my mind about the belt, we need a ruler—a wooden one. I read something about that somewhere. And, baby, it turned me on.”

“It did?” Evie asked, suddenly a little bit more excited. “Did you really like it, Andie?”

“I loved it, Evie, and later I’m going to tell you how much, but right now I’m going to get that ruler and take you over my knee. Then, I’m going to make you walk around so I can see your gorgeous red ass.”

“Oh, Andie.”

“Yeah, baby doll,” Andie answered, bending suddenly to grab Evie around the waist. In one second flat Andie had Evie hauled up over her shoulder as Andie stalked toward the bedrooms. “I know I saw a wooden ruler in my uncle’s dresser,” Andie muttered.

Evie laughed excitedly, thinking that there was no time like the present to start their intimate games. So she-. “Oh you, bully! Put me down!” Evie exclaimed, wiggling and squirming over Andie’s shoulder. Instantly, Evie received a sharp slap on her hiney from Andie’s hand making Evie yelp at the sting, and then fight harder. By the time Andie had reached the bedroom and found the ruler Andie had swatted Evie’s wriggling butt a dozen good times, before Andie tossed Evie onto the bed and came down after Evie.

Evie playfully fought Andie, until Andie had Evie belly down over her thighs, and then Andie raised her knees pushing Evie’s butt upward into a thoroughly submissive position. Evie kicked her legs and wriggled her butt energetically, barely able to hold her upper body level with her elbows pushed into the mattress. “No, no!” Evie cried. “Don’t whip me, please!” But it was an act and Andie knew it, because Evie really wanted her bottom paddled so she struggled more, enjoying the feeling of Andie imprisoning her. Andie grabbed the back waist strap of the chaps Evie was wearing and Andie pulled upward arching Evie’s fanny even more submissively as Evie’s elbows gave way and-.

Wack! “Oo!” Evie exclaimed, the ruler really stung her bare butt. *Wack! “Ooo!”* Evie instantly felt that this was more than Andie’s belt or Andie’s palm, and Evie was completely helpless to stop Andie as Andie laid the ruler sharply across her buttocks four more times, while Evie yelped and squirmed. Evie gripped the bed quilt into her fists as Andie paddled her hiney three more times.

“O!O!” Evie cried.

Evie knew begging Andie would not stop Andie. Evie could only take the spanking, but then something began happening as it had before. She was becoming aroused, and the more Andie swatted her bare buttocks the heavier her arousal grew. Suddenly, Andie released the back strap of the chaps, but as Evie’s hips lowered Andie wacked her vulnerable bottom again with the ruler. Evie yelped at the fierce sting, as Andie ordered, “Get up, honey buns, its time for you to walk for me.”

With the ruler as impetus, Evie scrambled quickly off Andie’s lap, yet Andie caught her bare rump with another wack making Evie squeal as she tried to cover her backside with her hands. Finally, Evie was standing in front of Andie with her palms rubbing her sore bottom, but Andie’s gaze was solely for the swatch of red curls between Evie’s thighs meticulously trimmed into the shape of a heart.

“I love red hair,” Andie muttered, then Andie lifted her gaze slowly over Evie’s bare midriff, her naked breasts, her lips, and then Andie’s gaze reached Evie’s eyes. The coffee brown color of Andie’s irises, were heated with appreciation for what she was seeing, and then Andie

grinned, while slowly falling back on her elbows tapping the ruler in one hand on the bed.

“And now that walk, honey buns, slow and easy with lots of swing, baby.”

Evie blushed, surprising even herself. She’d never been in a more sexually-charged moment. Andie wanted her to exhibit herself. A real show of her naked behind wearing only the chaps. It was beyond anything Evie ever imagined doing in real life, yet she knew Andie would swat her bottom if she didn’t do it. That tease of domination thrilled Evie and she could feel the liquid heat in her sex as she turned slowly around for Andie, while arching the small of her back, and then plumping out her behind.

“Damn, woman, you’ve got one gorgeous ass,” Andie expelled behind her. “And it’s striped with my punishment marks—now let’s see you wiggle it for me.”

Evie sucked in a tight excited breath, while peeking over her shoulder at Andie. “Wiggle your ass for me,” Andie ordered again, while tapping the ruler on the bed for emphasis.

Some part of Evie relished this and another part of her was reluctant, but most of her was so aroused that-. Evie bent over and began wiggling her hiney at Andie.

“*More*,” Andie uttered behind her and Evie loved the deepness of Andie’s voice gone husky. Evie knew Andie could see everything. -How wet Evie was for her as Evie sensuously undulated her bottom with all her imagination. Andie groaned deeply as Evie separated her thighs using her hands to fondle the curves of her buttocks, then Evie straightened, arching her back and lifting her hair up over the top of her head. Slowly, Evie began to walk with lots of hip swinging motion, while Andie uttered a deep helpless sound behind her.

Evie loved that sound from low in Andie’s throat and she sought more swinging around to face Andie with her arms high above her head, holding up the long tendrils of her hair. Andie’s gaze went immediately to Evie’s large breasts lifted high with the pink nipples in their centers puckered to fat spikes. The dark intent in Andie’s brown eyes sent goose bumps shivering over Evie’s belly and lower as Evie glided toward Andie rolling her hips aggressively. Andie’s gaze immediately dropped to Evie’s sex and the red curls glistening in the morning sunlight filtering through the bedroom window.

“Have you ever had a lap dance, sugar?” Evie asked with a suggestive purr.

“No, ma’am,” Andie rasped, watching Evie slowly widen her legs as she moved closer to the edge of the bed, then Evie corralled Andie’s knees between her thighs. Wetness saturated Andie’s cunt as Evie undulated her body in a languid ripple from Evie’s naked breasts to Evie’s fiery red-topped pussy. Andie nearly expired on the spot as she used every ounce of her willpower to keep from grabbing Evie.

Evie wasn't done yet, Andie shouted silently to her adamant cunt. Andie wasn't going to miss this no matter how much her cunt wanted to be lord and mistress of this moment. So Andie gulped a couple quick breaths trying to steady herself. But then, Evie rolled her hips like a Burlesque dancer and Evie bent over brushing her breasts all over the front of Andie's tee shirt, rubbing them over Andie's straining breasts beneath.

"*Baby*," Andie hissed, desperately wishing she had a hundred-dollar bill between her teeth. But then, Evie undulated her hip's lower smearing her hot pussy lips over the mound of Andie's cunt beneath her jeans, and Andie knew it had to be a thousand-dollar bill at least. Andie could feel the dampness of Evie's arousal wetting the outline of her cunt and she knew she was a goner.

Evie squealed as Andie suddenly tumbled Evie over onto her back in the middle of the bed, and then Andie rolled, coming up over Evie to straddle Evie's hips with her knees. Andie ignored the twinge in her thigh protesting this position as she grasped Evie's wrists and pulled them above Evie's head holding them down. The motion arched Evie's spine, raising Evie's hips and belly to her like a feast as Andie lowered her head and lazily licked Evie's belly button. Evie moaned, an invitation, as Andie tasted the rest of Evie's warm belly, then she moved to the heavy curves under Evie's breasts.

"You taste like warm candy," Andie murmured, licking her tongue through the deep valley between Evie's thrusting breasts as Evie's wrists fought Andie's hand hold and Evie's hips squirmed between Andie's knees. Evie was as hot as molten lava and when their lips met it was nothing nice and easy, but hot and feverish. They tongued each other aggressively as Andie held Evie's twisting wrists and she humped her cunt against the damp curls on Evie's writhing pussy.

"*Please, Andie*," Evie gasped around Andie's probing tongue. *She had her baby hot all right*, Andie thought nearly deliriously herself as she finally let go of Evie's wrists. Andie felt Evie wildly clutch her tee shirt, pulling and tugging as Evie heaved it up over her shoulders and off Andie's arms to land in a pile around Andie's neck. Their lips never stopped attacking each other as Evie's fingers groped hurriedly at Andie's belt buckle, then tugging open the snap on Andie's jeans, and pulling the zipper down quickly. An instant later, Evie was pushing Andie's jeans and short boxers combined down over Andie's ass, until she exposed Andie's cunt.

"I can't wait, Andie," Evie exclaimed with a passion-rough voice.

They both stopped with their lips parted in heavy breathing barely inches from each other as they stared into each other's eyes. The passion was fiercely biting at each of them and Andie knew they both needed the fulfillment right now—this instant—but the position was awkward. Hell, she'd never get her jeans off for this in time, so she used her athletic build lifting Evie by the waist as she sat back.

“Put your legs around me, baby,” Andie hissed with a passion-strained voice of her own as she lowered Evie’s body over her lap, while capturing Evie’s lips again turbulently. When Evie’s bare breasts smashed against her breasts, she groaned. It felt as though Evie’s puckered nipples were branding her. Evie clutched her arms around her, flattening their breasts together. Skin on skin. *Ohman*, Evie was soft and voluptuous. Then, Andie’s pubic bone, protruding in a mound above her slit, pressed onto the splayed lips of Evie’s sopping pussy.

Evie mewled low and excited in her throat as more of Evie’s arousal drenched Andie’s mound. Andie had never felt anything like it, it was like warm syrup oozing through the lips of her cunt as she ground her mound against Evie’s pussy. Evie mewled, digging her fingernails into Andie’s shoulder as Evie’s neck seemed to lose its strength and her head fell back.

“*Please.*” Evie turned sideways trying to get closer, with more grinding pressure. Andie hastily shucked her leg up and down trying to get one side of her jeans off. She managed through some miracle, and then she swept her free leg beneath Evie’s leg, until they were forked over each other and able to crush their wet cunts together fully. The sticky lips twisted as they humped and ground their pussys.

“*Oh god, Andie.*”

Andie prayed too, it felt so good. The only part of Evie she could reach very well was Evie’s plush ass, and she groped it, watching the play of intense emotion cross Evie’s face. Sweat beaded Evie’s brow as her lips reddened with passionate pants and hot sexy moans. Their clits plunged against each others making slurping sounds as Andie skimmed her fingers over the crack of Evie’s ass. Andie knew she’d been insensitive to Evie’s feelings and needs last night when Evie had taken Andie’s cunt so loving and wild. But this morning Andie was determined to make up for it. This was just the beginning of their life together and Andie was going to give Evie ecstasy this time—both of them together.

Andie gritted her teeth against her own fierce passion watching Evie’s breasts heave as a little bead of sweat trickled through Evie’s ample cleavage. Andie circled her finger prodding Evie’s anus. Evie lashed out with a cry of pleasure and Andie did it again, in and out, while Evie gasped, swinging her long hair over top of Andie’s boot with her neck arched backward. Hell, Evie was the most beautiful thing Andie had ever seen, and in her abandon Evie was completely and utterly hers. Andie did it again, little fucking in and outs of Evie’s hot anus, to Evie’s full-bodied shutters—it was time. Andie did it faster, grating their cunts together. Faster! “*Andie!*”

Oh god she was coming—and Evie had never felt anything like it as Andie stroked her finger deep into her behind, filling her completely. Even the walls of Evie’s vagina convulsed wildly, while Andie held her pinned with their pussies smashed together, while her pussy climaxed, and her buttocks clenched in pleasure around the incredibly tight fullness

of Andie's finger deep her ass. It was unbelievable and she could not catch her breath.

The little death. Andie gritted her teeth with a tight grin. All these lasts moments of self denial had been worth the tremendous effort it took her to concentrate on Evie, while holding back her own climax to do so. Andie caught Evie's languid body, laying Evie back. Andie quickly wriggled out of her boots and jeans, taking a small brown package out of the back pocket of her jeans, before she set them aside. She opened the package taking out a fat pink colored dildo. It had all the grooves, impressions, and head of a real cock in iridescent pink. Andie licked and sucked on the dildo wetting it thoroughly, while she thought that the color was inspirational for her pink baby. Evie was just waking, when Andie finished, ending with Andie's knees between Evie's knees and Evie's legs spread widely. Andie crouched over Evie, while slowly inserting the pink cock in Evie's climaxed-soaked vagina, until Andie could stroke the cock into Evie slowly.

"Andie," Evie murmured pouting her lips up at Andie like a kiss as Evie knees rose slightly and her hips began to move with cock's slow fucking motions. "What are you doing to me?" Evie asked in a little breathless murmur.

"Just getting started," Andie uttered rolling the dildo and making Evie moan—and then Evie moaned again as Andie kept up the rolling motion, while Andie quickened her speed. Evie clawed at Andie's forearms, while lifting her legs and bending them toward her armpits as her feet bobbed high and she displayed her rosy wet pussy. Andie pushed faster seeing the clutch and draw of Evie's inner muscles around the fat dildo. The cool leather of the chap's Evie wore slid against Andie's outer thighs as Andie fucked the dildo deeper and faster into Evie's wetly sucking cunt.

Hell, she had to be touching Evie's womb, Andie thought as she intensely concentrated on every tingle and ripple of pleasure that washed over Evie's body. And, she pumped harder starting to completely lose the battle with her control. But she wanted more, so she slowed, nearly coming to a stop, leaning her head down to kiss Evie's swollen mouth, as she murmured, "I want you from behind, baby. Will you get up on your hands and knees for me?"

"Yes," Evie moaned mindless around Andie's kisses. Evie was hers. Completely. And, Andie helped Evie up, helped Evie turn around for her. Evie's pose was carnal, thrilling, and submissive as Andie came up on her knees, behind Evie's widely spread buttocks. Instinctively, Andie knew that Evie would like this position best of all after having seen her naked and playing with herself on her bed that first night. And, Andie was right as she took Evie's cunt hard and fast from behind, with the plunging dildo, no longer able to hold anything back as she bucked it into Evie rapidly.

The marks were still on Evie's buttocks for Andie to see as Evie went down on her elbows offering herself up to Andie completely. It was the best, and Evie was with Andie all the way, screaming Andie's name as she climaxed again.

Andie fell onto her back, panting lightly with her cunt on fire. Damn, she could live on this the rest of her life, she'd never been so hot. She just loved letting her cunt throb. It pulsed like a live thing beating through her body. But, a second later she felt a finger on her cunt lips and her hips instantly rolled upward. She squinted through her eyes, then she felt Evie's hair trailing up her belly as the finger drug through her cunt lips.

"Oh hh," Andie groaned, digging her heels into the mattress as her hips humped upwards, and Evie's mouth latched onto one of her pert nipples.

"You want the dildo," Evie asked, then biting her nipple tip lightly.

"Ah, Christ," Andie gushed. "No, Christ, I cannot wait, finger fuck me. I am going to explode!" Andie's belly moan of pleasure curled her body inward as Evie plunged three fingers deep into her vagina. Evie undulated those fingers, knowing exactly where Andie's g-spot was and rasping it on the outward drag of her fingers, which swiftly returned in a solid thrust. Andie grasp Evie's head as Evie sucked Andie's nipple hard and tight.

Andie's moans were harsh and rapid as her body built to a climax with stellar speed. It was the deep inner teeming of a vagina orgasm as the sloppy suction of Evie's fingers fucking her filled the air, while her hips bucked.

The pleasure snapped inside her, multiplying to atomic proportions, as her mouth opened to scream in bliss. But, Evie's mouth was there sucking over her lips, and swallowing her frantic cries as her body shuddered like a live wire repeatedly getting shocks of electricity.

The exploding sex left them both gasping, until Evie fell on top of Andie. She landed with their breasts sliding together as Andie held her close. Andie could feel the stormy fluttering of Evie's heartbeat so close to her own, as she finally gasped out, "I love you, baby."

"Oh, Andie," Evie exclaimed. "I love you too."

And, Andie knew that was the best answer she'd ever gotten. However, a few moments later she heard Evie murmuring still breathless. "Sugar, I think you are going to make me into one excellent writer."

Andie grinned wolfishly.

No, Andie thought maybe that should be lecherously not wolfishly, it was more creative.

The End

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