

Catching Her Cowboy Daddy

By

Rayanna Jamison

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Published by Blushing Books®,
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ABCD Graphics and Design
977 Seminole Trail #233
Charlottesville, VA 22901
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EBook ISBN: 978-1-68259-891-7
Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

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Chapter One

Francesca Upton hated everything about her yearly trek back to her hometown for Thanksgiving. Even in Late November, it was still very warm, and extremely humid. She hated the people and the way she felt they were all judging her. The prodigal daughter returning home for her yearly allowance check. Masonville, Texas, about fifty miles southwest of San Antonio, was your typical small ranching town. There were only two types of people in Masonville: rednecks and yuppies. Ranch workers and ranch owners. Neither group liked her much, even though her parents definitely fell on the yuppie side of things, owning the largest ranch in all of Texas.

“It’s only four days,” she reminded herself with a huff, pulling her backpack across one shoulder as she strolled down the airport terminal, and towards the gate where her father would be meeting her. Four days every year, she came back here and once again became Francesca, for the sake of appearances, and for the sake of getting to live her own life the other 361 days of the year.

She curled her hair, put on pretty dresses, smiled pretty, ate things like prime rib, caviar and pate and went along with whatever story her parents were currently telling people about her, which was always something ridiculous and pretentious that couldn’t be farther from the truth. But the truth, that Francesca was living a happy carefree life on the West Coast, doing things she loved, like painting, teaching, playing guitar and riding horses. But this truth was not enough for her cold, uppity parents who believed she should be married to a surgeon, or a lawyer, making babies for the nannies to raise and spending her days on the phone, coordinating fundraisers, and spending her husband’s money.

All of those things sounded like hell to Francesca. She despised her parents and everything they stood for, and why shouldn’t she? Eighteen years of living in their house, and she barely knew them. She had basically been raised by Martha, her parents’ housekeeper. She had spent far more time with Martha, and her parents’ other hired help than she ever had with them. Even then, they only remembered her existence when they needed her to play the role of perfect daughter while they entertained.

Basically, nothing had changed. A quick glance at the worn leather watch on her wrist told her that more than an hour had passed since her flight had come in. Her father had forgotten to pick her up, even for her required command performance. Typical. She didn’t bother checking her cell phone. She already knew it was dead.

There were options. She wasn’t stranded. She could have dug some quarters out of her wallet, and found a payphone, or found an outlet to plug her phone into long enough to make a call, but odds were no one would answer anyway.

Pissed as hell, she made a snap decision. She would walk. Sure, it was a forty-five-minute drive, but she was a fast walker, and besides her backpack, she had brought no luggage. If she started now, she would make it before evening.

“Mayor, Mayor!” Recognizing the high-pitched squeal of Aubrey Tate, Finn winced, faked a smile, and turned. Being mayor had its perks, but all of a sudden being considered an eligible

bachelor by women who had spent decades treating him like the scum on their shoe wasn't one of them.

"Ms. Tate." He addressed her coolly, tipping his hat in greeting. Aubrey, who had the sense and tact of a two-year old, moved quickly, intertwining her arm with his, and batting her eyelashes as if her life depended on it.

"Mayor Tucker, I was hoping a gentleman of your ilk would take pity on a visiting friend, and be my plus one to a dinner at the Tavishes this evening."

"I'm sorry, Aubrey. I already have plans." Finn moved quickly, disentangling himself from her grasp. He did already have plans, but if he hadn't he would have made some. This was the part of the job he hated. Schmoozing with the likes of Aubrey Tate and the Tavishes. People whom he had known his whole life, but who hadn't paid any attention to him until he was named mayor. Because putting mayor in front of his name apparently changed everything, and that's exactly what was wrong with this town. It was one of the things he had hoped to change, but days like today made him wonder if it was all for naught.

He turned abruptly and headed towards his truck before Aubrey could grab him again. She was one of those girls who wasn't used to hearing the word no. He had had about enough "mayoral duties" for the day, and he just wanted to go home, take a hot shower, crack open a cold beer, and turn on a ball game, but he hadn't been lying when he told Aubrey that he had plans.

Most people in Masonville would consider dining with the Uptons to be about an even keel to dining with the Tavishes, but Finn knew better. Sure, Joseph Upton and his wife Priscilla were pretentious as all get out but, of all the people kissing his ass now that he was mayor, the Uptons had actually been the ones to help him get there and they were the ones who had known him the best and longest.

He had basically grown up on their ranch. Finn had lived in a guest house with his Aunt Martha, later working in their fields as a teenager, and during business school, taking over Joseph's book-keeping for him after his long time accountant died. Joseph was highly superstitious and loyal, and he didn't trust just anyone. The fact that he had trusted Finn back when the rest of the town was still looking down their noses at him meant a lot.

So, he would make it to dinner, and he would forego a shower and a beer in favor of a trip to the liquor store twenty miles outside town for a bottle of Joseph's favorite scotch, and while he was there, he would pick up a bouquet of lilies for Priscilla. Idly, he wondered if their daughter Francesca would be coming home this year, as she usually did. Knowing her, she wouldn't show up until the last possible minute, meaning she wouldn't even roll into town before Thanksgiving day. Francesca had put this town behind her six years ago, and never looked back. Honestly, Finn had always been surprised she even made it back for Thanksgiving once a year. She and her parents had never had the best relationship. His Aunt Martha had pretty much raised her too. If they hadn't had such an age difference between them, they would have grown up together, the southern belle and the lowly farmhand he had once been. But there was a good six years between them, and by the time Francesca had been old enough to notice him, he had graduated from the local community college and was working in her father's office, when he wasn't out in the fields tending to the crops or looking after their horses.

Finn's thoughts kept him company on the short trip to the liquor store. He had almost made it there when he spotted her. Francesca Upton in the flesh. He would have recognized her anywhere, even in that get-up. The prodigal daughter looked more like she belonged in the trailer park on the other side of town; walking down the highway in Daisy Dukes, a cut-off black tank that showed off a ring sparkling in her belly-button, and to top off the get-up, red cowboy boots.

She was walking along the edge of the road, with a ratty knapsack slung over her shoulder, looking as if she didn't have a care in the world, with her arm extended out to her side, and her thumb pointed towards the sky.

Hitchhiking? Oh hell, no!

Finn was half tempted to drive on by like everyone else, and pretend he didn't see her, but he knew Joseph would have his head if he found out, and Joseph *would* find out. Slowly easing off the gas, Finn pulled off to the side of the road.

"Get in the truck!"

It was completely obvious from Francesca's face that she hadn't recognized him yet, but it didn't stop her from dropping her arm to her side, and striding towards him with purpose and without fear.

Finn rolled down the passenger side window. Francesca walked over and leaned in with a salacious smile, which faded once she recognized him. "Oh. It's you."

"Damn right it's me, and you're lucky it is. Now get in the truck before you get picked up by some entitled pervert with more in mind than giving you a ride."

"Go to hell, Finley," she spat out, using his given name, as she pounded her open palm on the door of his truck before turning and stomping off in the opposite direction.

Finn was pretty sure he was already there. He couldn't just take off in the opposite direction and leave Joe's little girl to her own devices. This close to Masonville, odds were she would probably be safe, but it wasn't a chance Finn was willing to take. He was going to get her into his vehicle by whatever means necessary. Swearing under his breath, he jumped out of the truck and took off after her.

She was fast, but he was faster. It only took a minute for Finn to close the distance between them, and slow her down with a hand wrapped around the strap of her backpack.

"Why are you out here hitchhiking anyway?"

Francesca's eyes blazed as she whirled around to face him.

"To see if someone would pick me up."

"Very funny, smartass. Why wouldn't you get a ride with Joe?"

Her face fell, but she quickly recovered. If he had blinked, he would have missed the break in her cool facade.

"Because, father of the year that he is, he forgot to pick me up."

"Oh." Joe had had a few spells of forgetfulness lately, but Finn hadn't thought it was anything to worry about. Maybe he was wrong.

"Well, I'm about to head out to the ranch now, after I make a few quick stops. Get in the truck, and I'll have you home soon enough." He made the mistake of releasing her, forgetting for a moment just how stubborn she could be. As soon as she was free of his grasp, she took off running again.

"Damn it, Francesca!" he hollered as he took up chase.

"I'd rather walk!"

"Well, you're walking really fast in the wrong direction!"

That slowed her. He could almost see the wheels turning in her head. Continue running as she got farther and farther from her destination, or turn, and run right towards him. In the instant that she paused, he was able to catch up with her, grabbing her upper arm this time, and putting his face close to hers, speaking low and slow.

“Little girl,” he growled, “I really do not have time for these ridiculous games. You were looking for a ride, and I offered one. Now get in the truck, before I bend you over and whoop your butt right here in front of God and anybody who happens to pass by.”

Francesca’s face flamed as she glared at him defiantly. “Get a grip, Finley. You aren’t my father.”

He had to laugh. “We both know Joe never laid a hand on you. If he had, maybe you wouldn’t be such a stubborn spoiled brat. Maybe when someone tried to offer you help in the form of a ride, to keep you from being raped or worse, you would have the good manners to say thank you and get in the damn truck without making them chase you all over tarnation.”

She was quicker than him for just a minute, but it was long enough to wrench her arm free from his grasp and draw it back, but not fast enough to actually slap him. He caught her hand right before it made contact with his cheek, and in one swift move, he had it pinned behind her back once more. It took only a few steps to reach the bumper of his truck, and sit down on it, with Francesca still in his grip. She had been compliant until that point, but once he sat, and she realized what he was meaning to do, she took to fighting with all her might.

She was a hellcat, but that was no surprise to Finn. One leg came up and tucked over the top of hers, and when her free hand flew back to fight him, he grabbed it and pinned it with the other one.

“You can thrash around all you want, sweetheart, and you can holler and hoot to the heavens, but rest assured, you are not getting up until I give you the spanking you sorely deserve.”

“Finley Silas Tucker! You unhand me right this minute! Who the hell do you think you are? Just wait till my daddy hears about this!”

Finn just chuckled in response. She was screaming fit to beat Jesus, but they were on a deserted stretch of Texas backroad, and despite his earlier threats there was no one around to hear her.

Bracing his foot against the bumper, he tilted her forward so he would have a better aim, and examined his target. Sweet Jesus, at this angle, those Daisy Dukes left nothing for the imagination, and left her sit spots perfectly bared for her spanking. He let out a low whistle. Lord, but he had wanted to do this for a long time.

Sending a quick prayer up that Joe would forgive him for this, he raised his hand and brought it down across her bare crease with a satisfying crack.

“AAAAHHHHH!”

The first swat nearly knocked the wind out of her. She hadn’t really believed that Finn actually meant to spank her. Sure, he had been threatening for years, but that was just Finn. Old-fashioned and chauvinistic, but, she had thought, mostly all talk.

She had been wrong. His hand fell again, on her left side this time, right on the crease below her cheeks, and she cursed her decision to wear short shorts this morning.

His hand, flat and hard, fell twice more, and to her chagrin, her breath caught in a sob, and the fight left her. “Finnnn, stop. Please, stop... I’ll get in the truck now, I promise!”

He didn’t stop. “Damn right you will.” His tone was hard and no-nonsense, with a swat between each word for good measure. “But, now you’ll take your spanking first, and you sure as hell won’t enjoy the ride.”

“Finn, please!” She begged him to stop knowing full well that her cries would fall upon deaf ears, and Finn wouldn’t stop until he was good and ready.

“Not on your life, sweetheart. You and I both know this has been a long time coming. I have no intention of stopping before you’ve learned this lesson and a few others.”

Francesca bit back a whimper. That certainly didn’t sound good. Begging didn’t seem like it was going to yield any results, so she chose instead to take her spanking stoically, so as to not give him any more satisfaction. With that decision made, she had no choice but to listen to the lecture Finn was imparting while he continued to roast her backside.

“You need to stop acting like a spoiled, entitled teenager. You are a grown ass woman, and it’s time you started acting like one. I’m going to be around a lot this weekend, and if I see you pulling any of your usual crap, I won’t hesitate for a second to pull you back over my knee for a nice little reminder of how you should be acting. Do you understand me, young lady?”

The sarcastic answer was on the tip of her tongue. She wanted to tell him to make up his mind. Was she a grown ass woman or a young lady? He seemed to be waiting for a response, and she had no doubt that wasn’t the sort of response that would get her on the road any faster, so she bit her tongue and opted for a contrite sounding. “Yes, Finn.”

“Yes, sir,” he corrected. “Any time you’re over my knee getting your bottom roasted, you will address me properly.”

Okay, that one she couldn’t let go. Sir? Now he expected her to call him sir? He would be lucky if she didn’t call the cops the minute she got to her parents’ house and have him arrested.

“Don’t push your luck, Finley,” she growled, glaring at him over her shoulder. “I don’t know who the hell you think you are, but I *am not* calling you *sir*. And furthermore, I don’t know where you’re getting this next time crap, because you can bet your balls there won’t ever be a next time.”

The bastard had the audacity to laugh. Hard. And then he had the audacity to punctuate his laughter with a fresh set of spansks, this time to the part of her bottom that was covered by denim, thank goodness. “Francesca, sweetheart, I know you. There will be a next time. And, darling, any battle you decide to wage while you’re over my knee, I assure you, you will not win. One little word from you, and we can be about done here, but if you want to keep being stubborn, that’s fine too. I don’t have anywhere else more important to be.”

“Go to hell,” she growled, bracing herself for the onslaught she knew would follow. Finn resumed spanking with renewed vigor, and Francesca fought back tears. His hand had to be smarting by now. Lord knew her ass was on fire, but Finn just kept whaling away on her tender, hot flesh. It was impossible at this point for her to remain quiet, or stoic, and she knew her tears were probably soaking Finn’s leg even through the thick denim of his Levi’s.

It was probably only a minute or two before Finn spoke, giving her a chance to redeem herself. “So, what’s it going to be, Francesca? Are you going to properly agree to start behaving more like a grown woman and less like a spoiled brat, or should I keep going?”

He paused for just a moment, and Francesca caught her breath. “I’ll behave, sir,” she choked on the sir, mumbling it into his thigh. Finn wasn’t about to let her get away with it.

His hand rested on her flaming hot crease, and she actually felt the breeze of air, when he drew his arm back and poised it for action. “What was that?”

She wasn’t sure what was worse, the pain in her ass or the fact that she was actually going to have to call him sir if she ever wanted him to stop spanking her like a naughty child. Drawing a shaky but fortifying breath, she raised her head off his lap. “I’m sorry, *sir*.”

“And?”

And? Now there was a freaking *and*? Francesca racked her brain to come up with some idea of what Finn was expecting of her. “I’ll try to remember to act like a grown ass woman from now on?”

“Exactly!” His hand met bare flesh in one last torturous swat, and the next thing she knew, her hands and legs were free, and Finn was lifting her into his arms, running his hands through her hair, and wiping her tears.

Every sensible thought in her brain was telling her to push away from him, to give him a piece of her mind, and to get to the house and never speak to him again. Her body betrayed her and she snuggled into his comforting embrace, melting at his whispered words of affirmation.

“Francesca, darling, you did so good. You really are a good girl, honey. It’s only that no one ever told you that, or expected much from you. I should have told you that, and I should have done this a long time ago.”

His words were utterly ridiculous, but even more ridiculous was the effect they were having on her heart, and other parts of her body. Being treated like a little girl was making her feel more like a woman than she ever had before. What in the actual fuck? She must be over-tired, dehydrated, delusional or something, because as it stood, she was this close to jumping Finley Tucker’s bones.

Then Finn did something she wasn’t expecting. He reached down and grabbed her bottom, his large hands resting atop the well-reddened creases. And holy hell, it hurt like the dickens, but instead of making her want to push him to the ground and kick him for good measure, the pain flowered, and surged, sending sharp pangs of arousal to her pussy. She groaned and pressed hard against him. And then, God help her, she kissed him. She, Francesca Carolina Upton, kissed Finley Silas Tucker square on the lips. And she would have kept on kissing him too except that Finn froze up. His hands left her bottom, and she was soon planted firmly on the ground in front of him.

“All right then. Get in the truck please, Francesca. Let’s get you home.”