
SUBMITTING TO THE CATTLEMAN

Cowboy Doms, Book Six

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Published by Blushing Books
An Imprint of
ABCD Graphics and Design, Inc.
A Virginia Corporation
977 Seminole Trail #233
Charlottesville, VA 22901

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EBook ISBN: 978-1-64563-146-0

Print ISBN: 978-1-64563-168-2

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Cover Art by ABCD Graphics & Design

This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
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advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

Chapter 1

The end of August

“**A**re you sure I can’t walk you out to your car?”

Leslie Collins smiled at her fellow teacher as the rest of their group said their goodbyes. Shaking her head, she wished she could return the interest in Alan Colwich’s hazel eyes, but where had wishing ever gotten her? “Thanks, Alan, but I’ve already ordered another drink. You go on and I’ll see you Monday.” She prayed he wouldn’t insist on staying until she was ready to leave the club. As much as she dreaded returning to her apartment to spend another night, and weekend alone, it would be worse if he asked her out again or she had to sit here for another hour making small talk while trying not to notice his ‘puppy dog’ looks.

Alan hesitated and Leslie held her breath until he nodded and stood. “If you’re sure then I’ll head out. See you Monday.” After dropping a tip on the table, he waved and she breathed a sigh of relief watching him wind his way through the tables in the dim interior.

A heavy weight of despair pressed against her chest. Doing

the right thing almost four years ago had cost her everything and left her future in limbo. She'd been coping with her distraught circumstances fairly well until recently. Her mind drifted to another club, one where she'd discovered a satisfying distraction that helped her get through the long, lonely days and even longer, lonelier nights, or so she'd thought. Tomorrow would mark the third Saturday she wouldn't make the thirty-minute drive from Billings to the private BDSM club, The Barn, and she missed what she'd found there.

"Thank you." Leslie smiled at the young waitress who delivered her gin and tonic, remembering her stint serving drinks as she'd worked her way through college.

Too bad her higher education hadn't offered a class on how to cope after testifying in a murder case where the defendant's father vowed retribution. Being in the wrong place at the wrong time sucked. She'd tried to keep from forming close friendships with her co-workers and the club members at The Barn, knowing a relationship of any kind could have no future and might even put someone else at risk if her identity in the witness protection program were discovered.

Keeping herself isolated had been the hardest part about accepting her fate when the threats against her had escalated to a drive by shooting at her house. She'd been enjoying a friendly visit from the older widower next door when he'd opened her front door just as several bullets pelted the front porch. He'd recovered from a shoulder wound, but the incident scared her enough to convince her to accept the offer of relocation.

Leslie sipped her drink as she gazed around the quiet bar, the low hum of conversation and faint music strains reaching her secluded corner table. With the exception of the lone, dark haired man with broad shoulders seated at the bar, everyone had someone to spend the Friday night with, maybe even the weekend or longer. God, she missed the nights at The Barn, the relief from the stress and despondency of her solitary life she

could attain by indulging in a long scene with an attentive Dom. The limited relationships with both the Masters and the other submissive members had been enough to sustain her since joining the private club three years ago, but that was before witnessing the blissful happiness of several members committing to the one person who could fulfill all their needs.

No, Leslie thought, taking another long drink, it was easier to stay away than return and spend an evening pretending she was happy for those who were free to enjoy everything life, and the right person had to offer. The Doms she'd scened with were good to her, but not one ever looked at her the way the newly committed Masters gazed at their wives. The hardest relationship to accept had been Nan's recent commitment to Master Dan, the two long-time members and friends having made that choice a week or two before she'd stopped attending. To make matters even worse, she couldn't risk a casual night of sex with a friend like Alan without getting his hopes up that it would lead to something more, and she refused to use him that way.

Leslie should have known by now wallowing in self-pity never helped. She took a moment to eye the man at the bar again, this time catching a glimpse of his rugged profile beneath the black Stetson, a straight nose and the sardonic curl of one side of his mouth as a young woman approached him. His reply to whatever come-on she whispered in his ear sent her trouncing off in a huff. Leslie wondered how low her spirits would have to sink before she approached a stranger with a needy proposition. Maybe, if one look stirred her juices the same as eying that man, she wouldn't mind the rash, desperate act so much. If nothing else, a night indulging in sex with a stranger would alleviate the loneliness for a short time, give her something else to think about.

By the time she downed two more drinks, stood to leave and the room spun around her, she realized she should have paid more attention to her alcohol intake. *I can do this as long as I go slow.* Since she wasn't about to call one of her co-workers to drive

her the few blocks back home, she forced herself to walk a straight path toward the door. She made it with only one stumble and as she breathed in the warm summer air, her woozy senses calmed a bit.

At least, Leslie thought her head had cleared enough to drive until she teetered through the well-lit parking lot in search of her car and rammed her hip into the bumper of a massive pickup truck. Swearing under her breath, she pushed away and wobbled toward the sidewalk she could follow straight to her apartment door. With her inebriated head bemoaning the return to her lonely apartment she never heard or saw the punk purse snatcher sneak up behind her until he tried pulling her bag from her grasp.

“Hey!” she cried out with a desperate tug to keep hold of her purse. “Leave me alone!” Tears welled as frustration over everything shook her.

The kid, who looked all of sixteen, took umbrage of Leslie daring to fight back and stunned her further with a back-handed swing that landed her on the concrete with a jarring thud and red-hot pain blossoming across her cheek. Reeling from both the dizzying fall and the blow, she had to blink several times and shake her head to make sense of the angry shout and large man now grappling with her assailant. Big men wearing cowboy hats, denim and boots were a dime a dozen in Montana, but no one had ever come to her rescue before. Her aching heart rolled over in appreciation even before he turned concerned eyes on her as the wily teenager broke from his hold, giving up her purse before taking off.

“Fucking kid,” he swore, squatting down in front of her. His rough voice sent tingles of awareness dancing down her spine, the intent look in his dark eyes reminding her of the observant gazes of the Doms at the club. He thumbed his hat back far enough for her to make out his rugged features and the dark shadow of his five o’clock beard in the meager amber glow of

the streetlight and realize he was the same man she had ogled in the bar. “You okay, sweetheart?”

“I, yes, I think so.” He helped Leslie up and the street whipped around her in staggering circles. “Whoa,” she gasped, grabbing onto his thick forearm, the muscles rippling under her hands as he wrapped his other arm around her waist.

“This is where too much alcohol will land you. Come on, I’ll drive you home.”

His firm, no-nonsense tone calmed Leslie’s racing heartbeat even if she didn’t care for his lecture any more than she wanted to spend another long night alone. God, it felt good to lean on someone for a change, not to mention the warm rush spreading through her body from his firm hold and take-charge manner. She must be either really drunk or really desperate for relief if a stranger’s kindness was tugging on her neglected needs as a sexual submissive.

“My car’s in the parking lot behind us and I live just a few blocks away.” Whether because of the scare she’d just experienced or from her self-pitying melancholy mood of late, she didn’t want him to walk away yet. If that made her a pathetic mess, she didn’t care and relief swept through her shaken body when he tightened his arm around her waist.

“I can’t let you drive in your condition.” He ran calloused fingertips over her puffy cheek, a light caress she felt clear to her toes. “You need something on this, and learning to duck wouldn’t hurt. I’ll give you two choices. Call a friend to come get you or let me take you home. We can return to the bar and let the bartender know where you’re going and with whom, to ease your mind. I’d say you need to report this, but the odds of finding that kid aren’t likely.”

Leslie didn’t hear much after he offered to see her home. Was it stupid to let a stranger know where she lived? Oh, yeah, but not as dumb as wishing he would stay and exert some of that commanding attitude in a different way. She craved a distraction

from her isolated life and the bleak future looming ahead of her, and spending more time with this panty-dampening stranger worked for her.

“I think,” she whispered, swaying closer to that rock-hard body, “I can trust someone who was nice enough to come to my rescue.”

He shook his head, his mouth turning down in a frown that drew a shiver. “We will go talk to the bartender and then I’ll drive you home. You’ve had too much to drink to make a rational decision.”

“How do you know how much I drank tonight?” she grumbled, stumbling alongside him as he steered her toward the bar.

“Because I saw you. You drank three drinks *after* I arrived and I’m guessing at least one before I spotted you in the corner with your friends. One of them should have stayed to see you home.”

The censure lacing his voice was unfair to Alan since he had offered to come back to her apartment, but she was too pleased he had noticed her to argue with him. He kept hold of her hand as they returned to the bar. Even in heels, Leslie’s head only came to those wide shoulders, his towering height making her appear shorter than five foot six. She always did prefer big men, like the Masters at the club. Her throat tightened as she thought of them again, and their recent commitments. Staying away these past weeks failed to put what was missing, and always would be, from her life out of her mind.

“Okay, let’s get you home.”

Leslie shook her head, trying to clear the fog as she watched him return his wallet to his back pocket after speaking with the bartender, figuring he’d shown proof of his identity.

“So, you two decided I was safe with you, is that it?” The breathless catch in her voice could have been attributed to the quick tug on her hand and the spinning room as he led her back outside, but she knew that wasn’t it. The submissive part of her psyche reveled in his take charge manner, just as she knew come

morning and sobriety she would likely regret her actions tonight.

“Since I already know you’re safe with me, I was hoping to ease your mind.” He looked at her as he opened the passenger door to the massive truck she had bumped into earlier. “But I can see the extra step I just took was unnecessary. You should be more cautious, sweetheart. Up you go.” Grasping her waist, he lifted her onto the seat, her hands gripping his shoulders to keep her balance, his warm breath now fanning her face.

“You just said I was safe with you,” she whispered, wishing he would use that tempting mouth to shut her up.

Instead, he tightened his hands and exasperation colored his tone as he drawled, “Turn around and give me your address.”

Leslie settled on the wide leather seat, leaned her head back and closed her eyes against her blurred vision, rattling off her address on a sigh.

RESPONSIBILITY. That word had been drilled into Kurt Wilcox’s head his entire life. It was why he found himself moving back to Montana after an eight-year absence and why an inebriated woman he didn’t know, sporting a bruised cheek was sitting in his truck. He didn’t like seeing her face swollen from a would-be mugger’s hit any more than he could sit back and do nothing when he’d spotted her leaving the bar in an obvious effort to hide her looped condition. At least taking the time to perform this good deed offered one benefit; it delayed his return to the family ranch and the father he was not looking forward to sparring with again. Eight years wasn’t long enough to put aside the hurtful accusations he’d finally tired of hearing and had walked away from.

Kurt slid his gaze toward the attractive blonde, glad her eyes were closed, hiding the shadows of desperation in their blue

depths. What self-respecting Master wasn't a sucker for a woman in distress and didn't want to see to her emotional and physical needs? Just because she tugged on his dominant urges didn't mean she would welcome his control or anything else though. Besides, he was seeing her safely home, not planning to stay for a one-night-stand, something he hadn't indulged in since college.

Pulling into the apartment complex just a few blocks from the bar, he cut the engine and nudged her shoulder, eager now to be on his way. No sense in adding complications to his return. There were already enough to overcome as it stood. "Wake up and tell me which apartment is yours."

She moaned, the throaty purr going straight to his cock as she stretched and arched her back. The soft blue dress cinched around the waist with a narrow belt pulled over the soft, round shape of her breasts, her nipples peaking as he watched. He whipped his eyes up to her face to see hers opening wide, the indefinable need reflected in the blue depths almost painful to see.

"Your apartment number," he reminded her in a gruff tone.

She looked around as if confused before nodding and pointing out the window. "That one, third from the end."

"I'll see you to your door." Kurt came around to the passenger side and lifted her down, stepping back before she could lean against him. Gripping her elbow, he gritted his teeth when she weaved alongside him as they strode up the sidewalk. He'd taken the time to stop at the bar to delay his long overdue return, but if the hour grew much later, that delay would extend until morning and give the old man one more thing to take him to task for.

But when she opened the door and then hesitated before entering to look up at him with a desolate expression, Kurt refused to leave until he ensured she would be all right, his father's expectations be damned.

"Will... will you come in? Please?"

The whispered plea tugged on his conscience even as he was tempted to lecture her about inviting strangers into her home. “Not a good idea, sweetheart, but yes, I will, just long enough to help you put something on your cheek.”

“I know, but sometimes doing the right thing isn’t always the best thing either.”

She turned her face away before he could gauge her meaning. Pressing a hand to her lower back, he nudged her inside, asking, “Are you in some kind of trouble?”

Flipping on a light switch, she shook her head, tossing her purse toward a chair where it bounced and fell to the floor. “No.” She kicked off her shoes and then stubbed her toe against an end table next to a small sofa. “*Ow*, shit!”

“Sit down before you bruise yourself again.” Grasping her shoulders, he pushed her onto the sofa with a scowl. “What’s your name?”

“Why?” The belligerence behind the suspicion etched on her face amused him.

“I have a newsflash for you. You won’t be any safer now that I’m here by withholding your first name.” Kurt saw the moment the lightbulb went off in her head.

“I guess you’re right. It’s Leslie.” She tried to smile and winced, reaching up to cradle her hand against her puffy cheek.

“I’m Kurt. Do you have an ice pack in the freezer?” He pivoted and took the four steps to the small refrigerator, noticing the sparseness of her living area extended into the compact kitchen.

“No, at least, I don’t think so.”

Leslie’s cute frown tickled him. As far as drunks go, she was pretty easy to tolerate and talk to. “Never mind, this bag of frozen peas will work just as good.” Returning to the sofa, he sat next to her and held the cold vegetable bag against the darkening bruise forming on her face. She flinched but still leaned into him,

her eyes conveying an open invitation he was having trouble ignoring the longer he stayed.

“You... you could, maybe take away the... the pain another way.” She pressed one pale hand against his denim-covered cock with a deep inhale, dropping her eyes to his lap.

Kurt clenched his jaw and gripped her delicate wrist, determined not to take advantage of her inebriated state. “You would be sorry come morning and a clearer head.” He tried to remove her hand, but she was stronger than her slender frame indicated. Not wanting to use force, he left her hand there for now and prayed for restraint.

“But not tonight, and that’s all I care about right now.” She squeezed his erection and whispered that damnable word again, this time with an aching catch in her voice that shredded his good intentions. “*Please.*”

LESLIE BLAMED the lucky members of The Barn and their recent commitments to their Doms for her uncharacteristic behavior and the lonely desperation plaguing her tonight. This man, Kurt, a virtual stranger, reminded her of those Masters she had trusted with her body, if not her secrets. His large body crowded her on the sofa, his intent looks, take charge manner and gentle hands stirred her arousal, making her pussy throb for more than her vibrator. With her head still in the fuzzy zone, the only coherent thought coming through clear enough to fully comprehend was the quiet emptiness of her apartment that was indicative of all that was missing in her life. If he left, she would have to face that reality yet again, and why do that tonight when tomorrow would come soon enough?

The thick bulge under her hand drew a ripple of longing, an ache for forgetfulness for a short time. The frozen peas had

numbed her cheek and she dropped the bag to reach behind his neck and try to pull his head down to meet her lips.

“Son-of-a-bitch, girl, your hand is like ice.” Kurt gripped her wrist and tugged her hand down and the other one away from his groin.

Shackling both wrists in one large hand, he held her hands down between them. Leslie’s heart pounded and her mouth went dry. This is where any sane woman would become alarmed, but she’d lost her sanity three and a half years ago when she testified against two spoiled, drugged-up teens and their father’s threats ended her life as she’d known it. For her, that controlling hold meant she didn’t have to think, didn’t have to make decisions or worry about doing or saying the wrong thing.

“What’s my name?”

A test of her cognizance, but an easy one. “Kurt. Now will you stay?” The tension in her shoulders eased as he nodded, and she didn’t let the reluctance on his face bother her.

“Yes, against my better judgment. I hope to God you don’t make me regret this tomorrow.”

This time it was he who cupped her nape, only she didn’t resist as he pulled her up and covered her mouth with his. With his other hand still holding her wrists as he tightened his hold on her neck, she was left with no choice but to open for his slow exploration and to revel in his mastery. A deep-throated moan slipped from her mouth into his as he stroked her tongue, teeth and gums, his lips moving on hers in a constant, sensuous glide. By the time he eased back, they were both breathing heavy and his eyes had softened with a warmth that curled her bare toes.

“You could tempt a saint with that mouth, sweetheart, and I’m no saint.” In a smooth move, Kurt brought her hands above her head as he pushed her back onto the couch.

Leslie’s breath stalled as he unbuttoned the row of tiny buttons that ran from the scooped neckline to her waist, his eyes

on her face as he spread the fabric open and flicked the front catch of her bra.

“Do you still want this?” he asked, cupping one breast and rubbing his thumb back and forth across the nipple.

“Yes, yes, *yes!*” Leslie arched up into his hand, heat spiraling down to her pussy as he plucked at the distended bud with tight pinches. And then he snagged her breath by sending his hat sailing to the floor and dipping his inky black head to her breast.

At the first touch of his lips wrapping around her nipple, she bucked under him; the first strong suction and she mewled, a pitiful sound of need.

“Like that, do you?” he murmured above the throbbing tip before rasping over it with his tongue.

Biting her lip, Leslie watched him shift to her other straining breast then slammed her eyes shut against the searing pleasure of his hot mouth. Thank God he didn’t demand an answer. She doubted she could form a coherent thought as he lavished much-needed attention on her nipples, moving back and forth to suckle, nip and lick until he’d turned both peaks into reddened, up-thrust, pulsing aches.

Breathing heavy, she gazed at his flushed, rugged face as he inched downward, those obsidian eyes on her as he once again asked, “Do you still want to continue?”

She clenched her hands in his grip and narrowed her eyes. “If you stop now, I can’t be responsible for what I might do.” And that wasn’t an idle threat. Whether it was this man she craved with such fiery intensity or her self-imposed celibacy that was responsible for her heightened arousal, she didn’t know, or care. All she wanted was the sweet oblivion of release to take her away from reality for a while.

“Good enough.” Kurt released her hands, rucked up her dress with one hand while fishing a condom from his pocket with the other.

“Let me,” she insisted when he took too long in lowering his

zipper over his impressive cock. Wrapping a hand around his hot length, she shuddered at the feel of throbbing veins against her palm and the sight of a few pearly drops seeping from his slit. He was thick and long, and she couldn't wait for the burn of his possession.

"Keep that up and this will be over before I get inside you," he growled as she slowly rolled the latex down his rigid cock and then scraped her nails over his large sac. Shoving her hand aside, he ripped off her panties and settled between her splayed legs, one hand slipping between their bodies.

Leslie cried out with his deep fingered thrust, lifting up against his pumping hand. "Yes!"

"I guess I don't have to ask again since you're being quite clear. Deep breath, Leslie."

She inhaled, gripping his arms as he surged inside her, stretching un-used muscles and abrading long-neglected nerve endings in one fell swoop. He pulled back and she shook her head, wrapping her legs around his hips. "No, please, don't... just keep going," she begged.

"You're tight. I don't want to hurt you." Ignoring her plea, he retreated and then worked himself back inside her snug sheath much slower. She dug her nails into his biceps and he swore, grabbed her hands and returned them over her head. "Grip the armrest and don't let go until I say. Got it?"

The dark commanding tone of his rough voice tugged at her nipples, prompted her sheath to gush with anticipation. This was what she craved, someone to take her over, giving her no choice but to comply or end it. The past didn't exist and she didn't have to think about tomorrow. Only now mattered.

"Answer me, Leslie," he insisted with a shallow jab.

She nodded, her head bumping his chin. "Yes, I understand."

"Good enough."

Kurt pulled back and then set up a steady rhythm that robbed her of breath and coherent thought. She arched like a

bow under his pistoning hips, her pussy clamping around his steely erection, the spasming muscles too slippery to hold him inside her. Her breathing grew ragged as he went deeper, pounded harder between her gripping thighs. Just as the small contractions heralding an orgasm started, he sat back on his knees, grasped her buttocks and lifted her pelvis for even deeper penetration. His face was as hard as his pummeling invasion, those coal black eyes in constant motion, sliding from her face down to their connected bodies and then back up to her face.

Leslie blushed, something she rarely did anymore after becoming a regular member at the club. In this position, everything was right *there*, open and on display for both of them to see. In between his jackhammer thrusts and her face, her perspiration shiny breasts jiggled, the reddened tips puckered into tight, up thrusting pinpoints. His focused attention, not only between her legs where her denuded folds clung to his glistening, pumping cock but also checking on her expressions, made it easy to fantasize he cared for her, in some way. Her pussy quivered around his cock, and heat blurred her vision as she fisted her hands above her to keep from reaching for him.

Kurt admired her control and saw more evidence of a submissive streak in the way she held back. “Now, Leslie,” he ground out, sinking balls deep inside her slick pussy, unable to hold back any longer. Her damp muscles squeezed and massaged his thick girth as she climaxed on a gasp, the friction incredibly hot as she bathed him with her creamy release. Letting go with his own orgasm, he groaned at the hot pleasure sweeping up from his balls to spew into the latex, his head stuck in a euphoric fog for several moments before he came down from the high with slower dips inside her snug, quaking body.

“*Jesus*, girl, you could scorch a man alive.” Kurt kissed her soft lips, fast and hard and then lifted off her. The sated pleasure softening her blue eyes changed to the same desolate expression from earlier. She made no move to cover herself as he stood next

to the couch, gazing down at the carnal picture she presented with her dress scrunched around her waist, breasts pink from his rough face and her bare labia still swollen and wet. “If you want me to stay, you have to say so.”

“I want you to stay,” she breathed softly without a second of hesitation.

He was afraid she would say that. Well, he’d already taken several risky chances tonight, why not add another? At least he managed to cover his ass when he flicked his phone to record as he’d fished out the condom. A verbal recording proving she was a willing participant would come in handy if tomorrow she woke with lying regrets.

Bending down, those vivid eyes widened in surprise as he lifted her over his shoulder. Her very attractive ass perched so close to his face was too tempting to resist. Swatting one round globe, Kurt turned toward the darkened hall. “Let’s take this party to your bedroom then.”