

Cowboy Love

By

Jodi Bella

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Chapter 1

Alicia swallowed the last bite of birthday cake and sat back with a satisfied sigh. She smiled at her sister, Karen, sitting beside her at the crowded table. "That was an awesome dinner, sis."

Karen grinned, and her green eyes, identical to Alicia's, were dancing. "Glad you enjoyed it. But your birthday present's not quite finished with yet."

Alicia's eyes narrowed even as her stomach did a funny flip flop. "You didn't."

Karen giggled.

"Karen!" Alicia wanted to shout at her older sister, but managed to keep her voice down; she didn't want to alert all her friends at the table to what was going on. They'd find out soon enough, though, unfortunately. "You promised me!"

"Oh, come on, Alicia. Did you really think I'd take you here for your birthday, and not order you a birthday spanking?"

"Yes, yes I did, since I specifically asked you not to!" Alicia hissed.

Karen patted her sister's hand. "Calm down. I don't know why you're so upset. I thought you liked being spanked..." Alicia's face blazed with embarrassment and she was grateful for the noise of the diners around them and the other conversations at their table. "Besides, this is a well-known restaurant, and everyone knows about the spanking thing—it's on the menu, for crying out loud! We've seen a couple people being led away from their tables by the staff just since sitting down. Where do you think they were going?"

Alicia had known full well where they were going, and although she'd not wanted to be one of them, she'd still experienced an involuntary twitch of desire as she watched them being led out of the crowded restaurant and bar. She'd been grateful that there hadn't been any public spankings that night; she was aroused just thinking about what those customers were about to receive. But that didn't mean she wanted to join them.

Her sister was still talking. "I arranged for a private session, after all. I know you said you didn't want me to do that, but it is tradition, Lise. And, hey, maybe it'll help you forget about Damon..."

"Don't mention his name!" Alicia hissed. "It's my birthday. I don't want to hear his name!"

"Okay, okay. Calm down. I just thought if someone new gave you what you like, you'd see that there is hope for a new relationship. You can't hide from the world forever, little sister..."

Just then a burst of music came over the speakers and Alicia groaned as everyone at the table turned to look at her. They grinned with good cheer and plenty of alcoholic buzz as they joined in singing "Happy Birthday." Karen giggled, and Alicia wanted to clock her. "I guess that's cue time!" She sang and hugged her glowering sister. "Oh, cheer up! You'll thank me later, I just know it!"

As the song died out, a tall, broad shouldered man wearing jeans, a flannel shirt, black cowboy boots and Stetson strode across the restaurant. Everyone in the room watched as he walked right over to their table, right up to Alicia, and held out one sun bronzed, long fingered hand.

Alicia sat back in her chair, staring at that hand. This was not happening!

Then he spoke, and his soft, slightly Southern drawl had a strange way of pulling her attention to him. She found herself looking up into a pair of warm, sky blue eyes, set in a very pleasant face framed by dark hair. He touched the brim of his hat in gentlemanly greeting and smiled as he said, "I believe it's your birthday today, Alicia Goode."

It wasn't a question, but he seemed to expect an answer, so she nodded.

There were twitters of laughter and some elbowing around her table.

The man held out his hand again, pressing it closer to her in obvious encouragement. "Well, come along then, darlin'. Your sister ordered you a special present."

She knew she couldn't get out of this without making a scene. Something about this handsome cowboy—Lord, leave it to Karen to remember her thing about cowboys!—told her he was not going to take a simple refusal without some arguing. She sent a glare of promising revenge to her grinning sibling, then thrust her hand into the cowboy's and stood up from her chair. She sighed as he led her from the room, applause and cheers following after them.

Once they were out of the room, Alicia tried to reclaim her hand, but the cowboy held fast as he led her down a quiet hallway to the last door on the right. Without a word, he unlocked the door with a key drawn from his back pocket, then ushered her inside.

Alicia's eyes quickly took in the room. It was fairly small, but not crowded, and very clean. There was a small table, two straight backed, armless chairs and a leather sofa. In the corner was a shelving unit with a state of the art stereo, two shelves full of CDs and a cabinet in the bottom. Based on the purpose of the room, Alicia figured that cabinet held an assortment of spanking implements.

"Would you like me to put on some music?" Cowboy was asking. He shot her a grin from under his hat that made her toes curl inside of her sensible flats. "A little bit of country, perhaps?"

"No, thank you," she replied stiffly. This time she did manage to tug her hand out of his, only to experience a strange sense of loss the moment the warm contact was broken. Ignoring the feeling of disappointment, she plunged in with her speech. "Look, my sister did this against my wishes. And I really must insist you not follow through with this... this..."

"Birthday spanking," he supplied helpfully. She looked up at him for the first time since she'd started talking to find he was grinning at her, clearly amused.

"Right. I don't want you to do that... um... I suppose since it's your job and all, we can stay back here a while and then go back to the restaurant and pretend that you...uh... that you..."

"That I spanked you," he finished. This time she didn't need to look at him—his amusement was audible in his voice. She took a deep, steadying breath.

"Right."

"I'm afraid I can't do that, Alicia."

Her head snapped up and she stared hotly at him. "Of course you can!"

You will!" One dark eyebrow rose under the Stetson and his flannel-covered arms crossed over his chest. "I did not order this... spanking! And I will not tolerate it!"

"It doesn't matter if you ordered it for yourself or not, birthday girl," Cowboy informed her in a maddeningly calm voice. "You will have the spanking."

"I'll charge you with assault!" she yelled.

He had the nerve to chuckle at that. "Well, you'd be filing charges against your sister, in that case. The papers she signed for the spanking specify any legal problems that could result will be her responsibility, since she is the one ordering the spanking. The only way that would change would be if you had bruises or welts, which, trust me, I would never give you." To her

horror, he unfolded his arms and began to roll his sleeves up to his elbows, revealing well-muscled bronzed arms. "Regardless, birthday girl, you will have your spanking."

Alicia stared at him, her mouth hanging open. "I don't believe this..."

Again, he laughed. He had a warm, pleasant laugh that she might have liked, had the circumstances been different. Well, in all honesty, there was a lot about this handsome cowboy that she would like, if she let herself. "Believe it, darlin'. Someone thinks you ought to have your bottom warmed up, and so you will." He finished rolling his sleeves and moved one of the chairs towards the center of the room, away from all the rest of the furniture. He sat down and tipped the Stetson back on his head to see her better. "Come on over."

She shook her head and stubbornly stood her ground.

"It won't be unpleasant, darlin'," he told her softly. "I promise. You just trust me. I'll give you a real nice birthday present."

God help her if she didn't want to walk right over and drape herself over his lap! The man was gorgeous and he had the whole stern-but-gentle spanker role down to a tee. He was turning her on already and he hadn't even swatted her yet. Plus she didn't know the man from Adam—he hadn't even told her his name! Spankings had always been a very sexual thing for her, something she'd only shared with a man in a committed relationship. If she let this Cowboy spank her, she'd surely be aroused and unsatisfied for weeks afterward!

"Alicia Marie." His voice was less gentle now. He patted his thigh. "You come on over here, birthday girl. If I have to come get you, I'll give you ten extra swats."

There was a part of Alicia that wanted to call him on that threat. It had been so long since she'd had any spanking play and she knew instinctively that playing with this man would be heavenly. She reminded herself that she was not going to enjoy this, she wouldn't let herself. And Karen was going to pay for this!

Newly resolved, she shuffled over to the Cowboy's side.

"There's a good little birthday girl." He immediately claimed one of her hands and tugged her so she stood between his jeaned thighs. "Sit here on my knee, darlin'." When she hesitated, he gave her a gentle little push, then wrapped his free arm around her waist, settling his large hand on her hip. She found that she couldn't look at him. That problem was solved for her, however, when he released her hand to grasp her chin and tilt her face up. There was little else to look at but him, especially when everything else in the room—hell, in the whole town—paled in comparison to the handsome cowboy.

"Listen to me, Alicia Marie. I'm going to put you over my knee in a few minutes and I'm going to give you a nice birthday spanking." Just hearing the bluntly spoken words made her resolve not to enjoy this weaken. "I'm going to push up your skirt and pull down your panties, 'cause birthday swats should be given as they were first begun, on your first birthday, on your bare bottom." He smiled at that, and damn if she didn't feel herself smiling back. "Now there's a pretty smile, Alicia Marie. Why'd you keep that hidden away from me so long?" She tried to hide her face again, and again he wouldn't let her look away. He held her face still with his fingers under her chin. "I promise you will enjoy this. So don't be afraid of me. I know it's been a long time since a man spanked you. And I know that your memories of him have been tainted since your relationship ended. I'm going to try to erase those memories of him—all of them."

His words were so kind and his tone was so gentle. She didn't even think to be angry with Karen for all the information she'd obviously blabbed to these people when she arranged this spanking. Instead she fought against the sudden lump that had formed in her throat, but a few tears betrayed her, anyway. The cowboy's hand left her chin to wipe the tears away. "I'll have

none of these," he said teasingly. "You're not going to get that kind of spanking!" He patted her hip. "What do you say we get started now?"

All her previous arguments were gone; she didn't even think of saying no to him again. She sniffed daintily and rose, moving to his right as he prompted her to. He guided her over his denim-clad knees, and she lay there limply, letting him adjust her body to his liking. She closed her eyes, savoring the delicious feeling of being vulnerably positioned over his strong lap. It had been so long...

She felt her short skirt being raised and gathered at the small of her back. His large hand smoothed over her panty-clad bottom and she smiled as he told her how very pretty she looked just then. A moment more of his soft caresses, then Alicia felt his fingers dip below the elastic of her panties. A thrill shivered through her, swirling in her stomach, then quickly traveling down to twitch between her legs. He made a slow, deliberate business of rolling her lacy, white panties down her cheeks; then, even slower, he tugged them down to her knees.

His hand returned to stroke her bare bottom. "You're beautiful, Alicia." His voice was soft and reverent. Alicia reminded herself that his tone meant nothing—the man did this for a living. How many bare backsides must he see in a day?

He continued to caress her, and he even nudged her legs apart slightly. Alicia was grateful for the long curtain of blond hair that fell about her blushing face, well aware of what he must be seeing now, and hoping her arousal wasn't as obvious as she feared.

He didn't say anything sexual, nor did he touch her in any sexual way and the result was that she grew even more frustratingly excited. Instead, he paused to say, "Let's see your face, darlin'," and bent down to sweep aside all the hair she had been hiding beneath. "There. Now that's much better."

He patted her bottom. "Let's see now. How old are you today, little birthday girl?"

"I'm twenty-nine." Her voice sounded strange and squeaky to her ears and she grimaced.

"Twenty-nine?" he asked, sounding surprised. "Is that all? Well, that would make my job entirely too easy. I'm sure your sister would want to get her money's worth. So, I think I'll give you two swats for each year, plus two to grow on. A nice even sixty sounds good. What do you think?"

"Um..."

His hand stopped its gentle patting and she could hear the grin in his words. "Okay, let's get started then."

His hand fell onto her bottom with a firm SMACK! It wasn't especially hard, but it carried some sting and Alicia could barely hold back a moan of pleasure. A twin SMACK! landed on the opposite cheek and she automatically raised her bottom up for more.

The cowboy obliged her with eight more spanks, alternating cheeks each time. Then he paused and rubbed her pinkening bottom. "That's ten, my birthday girl."

The moan fell from her mouth unnoticed at first. It felt so good, her bottom warm and stingy, and his hand caressing her so wonderfully. He kept coming closer and closer to touching her between her legs, where she now ached and clenched in anticipation. But every time she thought for sure that she would feel his fingers there where she longed for them, he drew them back again.

Ten more spanks followed, fired off at her bottom in rapid succession. They were hard enough to make her gasp and kick a bit, but still wonderfully erotic. The warmth from her bottom was spreading in that wonderful spiral throughout the rest of her body and she felt heat everywhere. He paused to caress her again, murmuring how pretty she looked with her pink

bottom and how lovely her gasps sounded to his ears. He asked her if she was okay, and she answered in a breathless sort of whisper that she was.

He began spanking again, this time swatting her much slower and letting each stinger sink in fully, before delivering the next. They were crisp, firm swats and Alicia grabbed hold of his leg with one hand and held on. She knew that her bottom had to be quickly reddening under his broad hand and even though the heat was really intensifying, she still arched up to meet him every time. He stopped after twenty more, announcing that they had only twenty more to go, and commenced stroking her again.

Another moan fell from her lips as he once again came as close to touching her as he could, yet each time fell just short. This time, she heard his warm chuckle above her and she looked back over her shoulder at him as he again swept her hair away from her face.

"I think you are enjoying this, Alicia," he accused teasingly. She felt her face blaze in embarrassment and tried to duck her head, but he wouldn't let her. He touched the blush on her face and said, "Don't be embarrassed. It's a beautiful reaction you're having. I love it. Your body is beautiful and your bottom is all pink and warm from my hand." He patted her bare seat as he spoke. "It makes me so happy to know you are excited by this." His hand rubbed again, circling each of her nether cheeks around, and around again. A tiny whimper escaped her. "The sounds you're making makes me very excited, Alicia. But I want to hear you admit you like this."

"Oh... I... I don't think so..."

"No?" His fingers dipped so close to her sex she nearly went mad when he pulled them back. "Well, I think you can. And I think we'll just take a little breather here, until you figure out a way to tell me."

Then, to her surprise, he nudged her legs further apart and she knew he could see the evidence of her arousal. But for some reason, draped over this man's lap, excited beyond belief by his attentions to her backside, she found that her embarrassment was fading. She felt strangely... proud of the way he was making her react. It was like he saw her response as a gift, and he certainly accepted this about her, had said he thought it was beautiful. Why shouldn't she agree?

"I have the answer here, in and of itself," he commented. She felt him lean back away from her and his body grew tense. "You might not believe this, Alicia, but I've never crossed the line between business and pleasure before, but right now there's nothing I would rather do. It would get me fired. I want to touch you, though, more than anything." She heard the strain in his voice and started to tell him that she wanted that too. He stopped her before she could finish. "No, darlin,' I can't do that. It wouldn't be fair to either of us."

She couldn't deny the disappointment those words brought on. She didn't know what to say, and so remained quiet as his fingers drew twin hearts on her bottom, then in silence his hand fell down in the first spank of her last remaining twenty.

The last set of swats were the sharpest yet and she heard herself moaning loudly throughout them. She knew she was grinding herself against his leg, and she couldn't help it. She wanted him so badly, and she knew she couldn't have him.

When he finished her last twenty, he once again petted her bottom. She was writhing over his lap and half crying with frustration.

"Shh, baby..." He bent and gave each of her bottom cheeks a soft kiss. Then he patted her bottom low on her sit spot, right behind her sex and she bucked and writhed over his leg shamelessly while he spoke encouragingly above her, bringing her to climax as much with his

words as with the light spans he delivered. The loud cry announcing her orgasm brought a broad grin to his face.

He caressed her back and bottom as she came slowly down. He smoothed her hair back from her face and smiled down into her dreamy expression, finally holding a calm, well-spanked, well-sated woman over his knees.

"Happy birthday, Alicia Marie," he said as he helped her stand. She wiggled into her panties and touched her still warm bottom through the silk and lace before letting her skirt fall back down over her behind. She was shy now, unable to look him in the eye, especially when she noticed the large bulge straining at the zipper of his jeans.

He stood and framed her face with his hands. "I want to tell you that I've never done that with anyone. I hope I haven't offended you, now that it's over. I wanted to give you the pleasure you seemed to ask for and it gave me great pleasure to do it."

She nodded and looked up into those blue eyes. "Thank you," she whispered.

He smiled and surprised her with a soft kiss to her lips. "You're most welcome, my little birthday girl." He continued to hold her before him, which was just fine, actually, with her. His expression had grown serious and he finally said, "May I call you sometime, Alicia?"

"Yes, I'd like that."

He let go of her and found a pen and paper on one of the shelves in the room. She wrote her phone number for him, trying to ignore the insecure voices in her head that told her she was an idiot, that he probably had a new collection of similar slips of paper every day. He thanked her when she handed him the paper.

"I suppose I ought to return you to your table before your sister starts to worry," he said, sounding disappointed. He hesitated a bit longer, this time giving her a longer kiss that left her feeling light headed from the hammering of her heart. She felt so faint, in fact, that she doubted she'd heard him right when he added, "Plus I'd best give them my notice."

"What did you say?"

He grinned. "I said I'd better hand in my resignation if I intend to take you out on a date, Alicia Marie. And I fully intend to do exactly that."

"But..."

"Don't argue with me, woman," he teased. He claimed possession of her hand and led her towards the doorway before she could really protest further.

They were heading back to the noise of the restaurant and the expectant faces at her table too soon for her to question him. Though she did manage to pull back a moment to ask him his name.

"It's Luke," he said. "Luke Stephens."

Definitely not the "cool hand" kind of Luke, she mused. They reached her table of giggling, gawking friends and Luke gave her bottom a soft pat to urge her back to her chair. She returned and sat tenderly beside her sister, who immediately jumped on her with twenty questions. Alicia looked over her shoulder and smiled as Luke gave her a wink and a wave and then turned and walked away. She could have sworn she heard him whistling despite all the noise surrounding her.