

HANDLING HOLLY



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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only. Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

CHAPTER 1



Sitting on the rock, she stared into the river that ran beside the Spencer property. The sun had already dropped behind the horizon over thirty minutes earlier. It was well passed the time that she should have returned home. The truth be told, she should never have left the house. However, it was days like this that she could not take the stifling atmosphere a moment longer.

Picking up a small pebble, she pitched it toward the water. The plunk of it striking the surface sounded loud with nothing but the early fall crickets and bull frogs barely making a sound. She watched the ripples spread out wider over the water from the impact spot. It was crisp out tonight, but the coldness that would come to the Kansas territory in a couple months would put the slight breeze to shame. As it was, she didn't have on her cape but only a long sleeved blouse. She sighed.

Her mind played back the conversation she'd had with her papa hours ago. It still resounded strongly in her mind making it feel like only a few minutes ago. Her papa had come home from the parish with news that he was in talks to find her a husband. He had given her a few names of men in town he was considering. None of the men appealed to her. They were either old or just someone she

didn't care for. However, none of her arguments she presented were heard. Not even when she agreed to marry, but asked to find a man she felt that suited her. Her papa had made up his mind. When Pastor Morgan decided something it was like having it carved in stone—inerasable.

She was sure her mother was looking for her to help with dinner. But she had sisters, so her mother wouldn't lack for assistance. Not looking forward to the trek back through town to home she began to rise.

"A little late for a visit?"

Whipping around, she stared into the shadows where the voice came from. She could barely make out the outline of a man. There were some new hands and cowboys that had come to town; she hoped one of them hadn't followed her here. However, she didn't have to see the person's face to get the feeling who the words came from—Clive Samuels.

"Not visiting really. Just needin' to clear my head, let off steam, you know?" She drank in the sight of him as he stepped into the moonlight.

He really was something special to gander at. From the distance, his cowboy hat was casting a shadow over his face, but she'd memorized every aspect of it. Clive was tall and slim, but she had seen the strength he wielded the time she'd seen the men on the ranch roping and branding the new herd. Clive was the best. She guessed it was the reason why Chance had made him foreman.

She also knew she wasn't the only woman in town to admire his brawn and looks. Bolder women in town had stepped up to him and whispered things Holly couldn't begin to imagine. But, she'd seen the spark in his eye and the lift of one corner of his mouth, a Clive smile. Yeah, his interest ran wide from the types like Holly Morgan.

It didn't keep the green eyed snake from slithering around in her gut. Even if in all the time she'd spent coming by to help out

Gretchen, the foreman hadn't glanced her way longer than a few seconds.

"Hm." His dark gray gaze held hers as he moved closer. "How'd you get out this way? I didn't see a wagon."

She shifted on the rock, her knees feeling a little weak to rise just yet. "Um. Well, I walked."

"All the way from your pa's property?" There was a rumble to his voice, a deep timbre that seemed to question her sanity.

"I'm no child." She shoved to her feet. "If I want to go for a walk, I can do it."

Just a slight tilt of his head and a sharp glint in his eyes made her stomach quiver.

"Well, an adult woman would know better than to take herself too far from home that she couldn't get back before nightfall." He took a large step.

Close enough to touch now, if she reached out. She wouldn't, but boy this man was too tempting. This man who thought her a dense child. "Mr. Samuels, I'll have you—"

"Clive."

She stomped her foot. He had the audacity to cut her off, and to order her to call him Clive at that. Deborah Whiting called him Clive all the way cross town and she was only a couple years her senior, but he'd never corrected her. Not even that night after the town meeting on expansion when he'd walked off with Deborah to somewhere for God only knew what.

"As I was saying, Mr. Samuels," she spoke through gritted teeth, "I'm woman enough to know when and where I want to go. I don't need the likes of you to command me about." *I have my papa for that.*

It was late and she needed to hustle. Tomorrow there'd be a whole mess of extra chores for her to do for staying out. By the time she returned, she'd miss all of dinner. If her sisters and brothers had already turned in for the night when she arrived, there'd be a wooden spoon waiting on her palm from her mama and a long Biblical lecture ready on her papa's lips.

“I think you do.”

“Proves how much you know, ranch hand.” She knew her words were uppity and a little spiteful. She wasn’t the type to look down on people, but the man had a way of getting under her skin, one way or another.

“You’d be surprised, sweet little one.”

His words ended any further conversation from her. There wasn’t anything little about her—not her age, height or size. Unlike dainty Deborah Whiting. Even around her best friend Gretchen, a petite redhead, she felt like a lumbering klutz. Silent and furious, she started past him.

His grip on her arm stopped and shocked her.

It was a firm hold, not painful. However, the heat of his touch through her shirt made her nervous. “Unhand me, Mr. Samuels. As you stated earlier, I should be home.”

“Not until you’re taught a lesson.” His timbre, rich and rough, was filled with authority.

She giggled. Why she had done so, she didn’t even know. Nerves probably. “I doubt if there is anything you could teach me.”

Those long, strong fingers bit into her. “Why’s that; cause I’m just a hand on someone else’s ranch?”

The growl in his words was unmistakable, daring her to agree.

Licking her lips, she swallowed and then said, “No. Because you think I’m a child. A ranch is no place for children to play.”

“Play no. Discipline. Hells yeah. You, Holly Morgan, are in need of a whole heap of it.” His movement was swift.

“What—” The air left her lungs as she landed. She didn’t know what had happened or how she ended up back on the flat rock by the river, but instead of sitting, she was bent over Clive’s knee. Struggling to get her balance, she smacked her palms on the ground, afraid she might topple over.

“What are you doing? Let me up.” She struggled, bucking against his firm thighs. It impressed her how easily he moved her around as if she weighed nothing more than two pails of milk.

“Hold still.” One of his large hands pressed on her back, holding her in place. His other was on her legs. “You want to prove you’re all woman then take what’s coming to you.”

“I will not. Unhand me. What do you think you are doing, Clive Samuels?” She tried to lurch up.

No match to his strength, he kept her in position. “Teachin’ you a lesson.”

There could only be one lesson rendered in the position she was in. Even though her papa wasn’t the spanking kind, and her mama preferred bruising the hand over the posterior, she was not ignorant of how others got it.

“A child’s lesson?” she shrieked.

“You act as careless about your own safety as they do, you get what they get. Six licks will barely scratch the surface.”

Six licks. She couldn’t imagine one. However, there was more flesh on her backside than her palm, not to mention the two layers of skirts; she’d probably barely feel it. She knew she should still argue the point that he wasn’t in a true authoritative position to administer a whoppin’, but already being late for home, she needed this done and over. “Get to it. I have somewhere to be.”

He growled, picking up on her undisguised haughty tone. “By all means.”

It was the cool kiss of the night air on her backside and the tumble of her skirts over her head that alerted her to the indecency of just how he was going to execute the spanking. “Mr. Samuels... you shouldn’t... can’t be under my skirts.”

Her head swung inches above the ground as she moved her hands back trying to push the fabric back in place. It appalled her to know he could clearly see that she didn’t have bloomers on beneath her skirts. It was a wash day, and standing out in the heat with her mom and sisters over the steam of the washtub was uncomfortable. They usually removed as many layers as possible, still staying decent. Her papa had come home with his news and she’d stomped off before she could dress appropriately.

"It's how a spankin' is done. So not soon forgot. Count 'em out."

She wasn't sure what he meant, and the first smack onto one round half took all thoughts away. It stung, like a poke from a bee and the pain radiated outwards. "I've changed my mind."

"If you don't count, they continue until you do." Another smack, this time on the other cheek.

"Aw... please, Mr. Samuels, I won't go walkin' so far from home again." She tried to reach her backside to protect it.

He took both her hands and locked them crossways at the wrist, holding them secure in his hand at the small of her back. "Count."

Whop.

The first cheek was now starting to throb and she wanted the session to cease. "One."

"Figured you'd get the hang of it." He landed another.

"Two... aww aw." They were hurting more, as her backend grew tender.

Smack. Smack. Smack.

"Three, four, five. Six." She rushed out, as the succession of raps sent fire crawling over her flesh. However, she was stunned to discover that the blaze didn't only spread over her backside, but downward as well. There was a throbbing sensation happening in her nether region, at the juncture of her legs.

"We both know that was only five." His voice was thick, gravelly, and sounded different.

Strong, firm muscles flexed beneath her hips, the feel of his strength causing more warmth to spread into her sex. This was a new sensation for her. Her face felt as hot as her rear. She could only hope it was too dark for the dominate man to see her well.

The last thump should have come. She lay there and waited, expecting it. What she felt was the light touch of his fingers over her sensitive skin.

"Oh..." A shocked gasp came from her mouth as shivers raced up her spine, making her tingle all over. She wasn't sure how to respond.

"You've taken your discipline very well, sweet one." His hand was still caressing her.

When his thumb glided along the seam of her cheeks, she told herself to press her thighs together, get up, say something... but she didn't do any of those things. She remained where she was, and waited.

"If only you could see the shade of your ass, darlin'. Like a ripe persimmon, plump and round."

She bit her bottom lip and stifled a groan. His words were proof that he could see her clearly under the light of the full moon. Then it happened.

Clive's thumb caressed her, touched her where she didn't dare to touch herself outside of bathing.

"You're so wet." His digit glided along her moist flesh.

He didn't need to tell her what she already knew. She could feel the dew pooling there, making her thighs slick. Embarrassed was how she felt. She clenched her thighs. "Please."

"Shh." Deep, husky and rhythmic, his tone soothed her.

His wicked touch lowered and located a spot that had her eyes rolling back and her lips parting in a moan. Her legs relaxed; she allowed him more access. A part of her knew it wasn't right, that she should protest such intimacy that she was raised to believe was only acceptable between a man and his wife. But she gave into this moment of secret decadence, needing to know what was on the other side of it all.

Clive's hand tightened on her wrist as the stroking continued. When it increased in tempo she found herself wiggling against his hand, and squirming in his lap. Coils of nerves and pleasure twisted in her belly. It was as if she were on the brink of falling off a mountain, a delicious and dangerous feeling.

"Wait... oh... it's too much." The intense emotion was pushing her toward the edge, it scared her. Who could handle such passion?

"Let go, Holly... trust me." The hidden button of pleasure received all of his attention, one slick circle after the other.

Finally, the tight rope snapped and she could do nothing but whimper and ride one wave after another that claimed her body, mind and emotions. She didn't know what the uncontrollable experience was, but she hated herself for giving into it as much as she relished the humming of satisfaction in her blood.

"Beautiful." He dragged his damp thumb back up along the crease of cheeks, coating her sensitive skin, painting her body with the evidence of her surrender.

Smack.

"Ow!" She bucked, not expecting the last hit. "Six."

He chuckled as she struggled and released her hands.

She shoved away from him. On her feet again, she wobbled, her knees still weak from the pleasure and unable to hold her up.

"Whoa." He stood before her, gripping her arms. "I shouldn't have let you up on your own, little one."

Every time he called her *little one*, his voice dropped to the tone that made her senses feel as if they had been stroked with baby chick feathers.

She stepped back. "I should get home." She was speaking more to herself than Clive. Men were men, her mama always told her, but good young ladies had to keep themselves away from male temptations. She'd failed royally.

"I shouldn't have let this happen. I don't think Chance and Gretchen have turned in, I'll get them to escort you back." He walked away first, leading the way through the dense trees in the direction of the main house.

He was right. This shouldn't have happened, but hearing him say it, his voice clipped and cold, made her feel even more disheartened by her own actions.

They remained silent as they trudged along the path toward the house. Holly would have preferred to tell him never mind and run all the way home screaming at herself. The palm burning that was coming her way was well deserved, but it would be nothing

compared to the stinging that was going on with her backside and her pride.



BLAZING FUCK AND TRAIL DUST. He couldn't believe what he'd just allowed to happen. If men in Grover Town knew anything, they knew touching a Morgan girl was not just a no-no, but a hell no. Right now, he felt worse than a pile of steaming horse shit. He had no authority over Holly to be putting her over his knee for infractions or her careless thoughts around her safety. What made it so bad was that he didn't regret doing so. As they took steps that brought them closer to the main house, he tried to convince himself to feel bad.

But he couldn't stir it up in his gut. He was so angry because now that he'd touched her, felt the silky, warm smoothness of her skin, he just wanted to do it again. Damn, her plump, high, round ass had been so rosy; it was a perfect complement to her peachy tone.

How wet she got. He balled his fist and lengthened his stride, feeling the urgency to get to Chance's house. Otherwise, he'd be dragging Holly back into the trees for a repeat. Maybe follow the spanking with his tongue instead of his thumb.

"Hey! Wait up. I'm not trying to run, my feet hurt still from earlier."

He glanced back over his shoulder and saw that her long legs were keeping up with his stride. Her height would be perfect to take her up against a tree for— *Shit!* He whipped his head back around to stare at the light glowing in the back window. "Then it will remind you not to do some fool-hearted thing like take long unaccompanied walks, again."

She grumbled and called him names he couldn't completely make out, but he knew she was angry. Her ass was more than likely

still sore, even though he'd only given her a few strokes. If she were his, he'd treat that delectable ass to at least twenty in a sess—

Ending that train of thought, he vaulted up the back steps and knocked on the door. Holly Morgan wasn't his wife and would never be.

Holly had made it to the bottom step when Chance opened the door. "Clive? Something happenin' with one of the breedin' heifers?"

"Not at all, boss." He understood Chance's concern. The ranch owner was putting a lot of stock in the large population of breeding heifers which would double his head of cattle, making it the second largest after the Harvey Ranch. All the Spencer Ranch men's rival in many ways. "We simply have an interloper that needs to be dealt with."

"An interloper?" Chance frowned and glanced by him as Clive stepped aside to allow him to see the person at the bottom of the stairs. "Holly Morgan, what brings you by here at this time of night?"

"Chance, what's going on?" Gretchen came up behind Chance at the door bringing with her the smell of chicken pie.

The smell of supper, reminded Clive that he hadn't eaten and how he was on his way into town for just that purpose after he checked the property one last time. The female distraction behind him had made him forget one hunger for another.

"Evenin', Gretchen. Sorry to disturb your meal." He tipped his hat at her.

"It's fine." The petite redhead, showing a slight roundness at the waist of her dress where his boss's child was growing. "Well, I'll let you and Chance talk business—"

She started to step away to give them privacy.

"I think you should stay." Her husband took hold of her, keeping her from walking away.

Curious she stared from Chance to him.

"He's right. I need both of you. Holly is going to need a chaper-

oned ride home.” He turned and gestured Holly out of the shadows and up the stairs.

“Hi, Gretchen.” She at least had the good sense to appear bashful. “I guess I didn’t think before I came here.”

Mrs. Spencer, round with child, stared out into the dark at her friend, the warm glow from the lamp in the kitchen illuminating Holly. A true smile spread over her mouth. “No, Holly, it’s always nice to see my friend.” Gretchen stepped around her husband and hugged her. “Come in.”

“I really shouldn’t. I need to be gettin’ home.” Holly had the good sense to look bashful and ashamed.

Clive hoped the swats administered to her backside had made her truly consider her folly.

“Have you eaten? We just finished up supper, but I can fix you a plate.”

Holly shook her head. “I’m being a bother enough. I just need a ride home.”

He watched as she brushed a few loose brown strands away from her face. His fingers itched to feel the silky texture of her hair, to wrap them around his fist as he kissed her and...

Shit. Holly didn’t deserve the thoughts of her he was having. He cleared his throat.

All eyes turned to him.

“If you all could spare the time, I’d appreciate it. It’s not proper for me to take her.” Clive refused to consider the darkening of Holly’s eyes at his words. There were things that happened by the river that were highly improper. Never again.

He didn’t miss the kicking up of one of his boss’s brows. “We can take care of it.” Chance offered a brisk nod.

“I’ll get the wagon hitched and brought around to the front.” Clive dashed away quickly; he needed the distance from Holly.