

Black Velvet Seductions

Cowboys in Charge



Starla Kaye

Forbidden Experiences

Starla Kaye

**COWBOYS
IN CHARGE**

ISBN 978-1-936556-14-4

Copyright 2011 Starla Kaye

Cover Art Copyright 2011 by Richard Savage

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles or reviews.

All characters in this book are completely fictional. They exist only in the imagination of the author. Any similarity to any actual person or persons, living or dead, is completely coincidental.

Published 2011

Printed by Black Velvet Seductions Publishing Company in the United States of America

Visit us at:

www.blackvelvetseductions.com

Snowed in with Her Cowboy

“If you won’t quit your job, at least take a couple of weeks off before Christmas.” James walked into the bedroom carrying a cup of coffee for the woman he loved, the woman who frustrated the hell out of him lately. “There’s no way you can keep the community commitments you’ve made and work forty plus hours a week. You’re already dragging around, cranky.”

Kelly peeked at him from the walk-in closet, a frown marring her pretty face. “I don’t want to talk about this again. I’m not quitting.”

“You don’t even like working there,” he reminded her. How many times had she complained over the last six months about her impossible-to-please boss, about the other women in the office who were always trying to backstab one another. She’d taken the job at Smithson’s Architects because she didn’t want her skills as an architect to fade away. He hadn’t liked her going back to work, but he’d wanted her to be happy. She wasn’t, though, which meant *they* weren’t happy.

“Kelly, honey...” He hesitated because he didn’t want to fight with her, especially before she went into Kansas City for another long day of work.

“Don’t ‘Kelly, honey’ me!” She stepped back into the closet. “We are *not* discussing this again! I’m not doing this to trample on your ego, cowboy. This isn’t about you. It’s about me.”

After three years of marriage, he had a pretty good handle on his wife. She liked her independence, and he gave her as much

as possible. She spoke her mind without much thought first, which he also tolerated for the most part. She was easily twice as smart as him in many ways, which he admired. Her biggest flaw was once she made a decision, she stuck to it even if that decision proved to be a bad one. Like this job. He was tired of watching her come home exhausted from the tension of a frustrating day at the office and the hour drive back to the ranch.

"You're wrong." He set the steaming cup of coffee on the dresser next to the door. "*This* is about *both* of us. You're my wife, dammit. It's my job to watch out for you, to step in when you're--"

"Watch it, macho boy!" She stormed out of the closet and tossed a skirt and blouse on the rumpled bed. Her brown eyes sparked with fire as she faced him. "I don't have time for you to go all Head of the Household on me this morning. I still need to take a shower and get dressed."

He curled his hands into fists at his sides. *She's tired. She's stressed. But, damn, so am I!* "Watch yourself, darlin'. You're pushing this old boy right to his limits."

Her eyes continued to flash with irritation, her posture rigid. Then slowly her lower lip quivered. Tears glimmered in those weary eyes. She slumped and all of the spit and fire went right out of her. "James..."

What the hell? Her sudden change surprised him. In an instant he moved in front of her. His arms went around her and he clutched her to him. He could stand a lot of rough things in life, but the sight of his woman in tears gut punched him. Tears after he spanked her for one reason or another was different, those he expected and understood. For any other reason, though, they unmanned him.

He felt helpless. "Baby, I'm sorry." He stroked her bare back, smoothed his hand over the wavy mass of long dark hair. Its silkiness, its sweet scent always got to him. But not anymore than the feel of her much smaller body in only lacy bra and panties did. His erection beneath his jeans immediately pressed between them. "It'll be okay. I'll make it okay." How,

he didn't know.

She snuggled even closer, trembling. "I don't deserve you."

These highs and lows in her mood, her tiredness, her lack of appetite suddenly reminded him of something his brother-in-law had once said about James' sister. "*A pregnant woman can really try a man's patience sometimes.*" His heart pounded and he fought to keep his excitement under control. He'd wanted this for so damn long. "You're pregnant, aren't you?" he asked quietly.

Kelly stiffened. "What?" She shoved him away. Her plump breasts heaved in anger. "Of course I'm *not* pregnant!"

While disappointment crawled through him, she stomped toward the dresser and jerked out a pair of hose and a slip. She tossed them on the bed beside her clothes. "I don't want kids right now. Maybe never. We've talked about this."

They had, before they got married and many times since then. She was great with kids; she'd make a good mother. But her complicated family history kept her from wanting to have a child. He'd tried to be patient, and hoped she would change her mind. Again disappointment and hurt spread through him. His patience was on its last leg. She didn't like her job. If she stayed home she could try that quilting stuff she'd talked about wanting to do. Or she could... He didn't know what else, but anything had to be better than working where she did now. And if she stayed home, maybe she'd soften toward the idea of having kids.

Her face was pinched tightly as she met him eye to eye. "Get that thought out of your head right now." When he started to protest, she forged onward, "Don't even try to deny it. You still think having me run around here bare foot and pregnant is the answer to my problem. God, that's sooo chauvinistic!"

Now he stood stiffly, tired to death of her calling him that. "It's not wrong for me to want children with you. We'd make great parents."

"*You* might, but *I* won't." The words came out briskly, yet he heard the pain in her voice. She was afraid to take the chance.

He ran a hand through his hair. He just didn't know how to get through to her about this subject. She *wasn't anything* like her pitifully selfish mother. No matter how many times he tried to tell her that, she resisted. They'd discussed this last week and she'd almost left him. He'd been biting his tongue and acting as understanding as he could since then. No way was he losing her, even if he had to give up the idea of having kids.

Frustration made him reckless. "You're PMSing, aren't you?" He groaned at his stupidity.

Her eyes narrowed. "Because I'm not the sweet, biddable little woman you think I should be?" She huffed. "So what is *your* excuse for the changes in your attitude lately? Grouchy one minute, walking away the next. All kissy face one minute, turning away the next. Maybe *you* are the one PMSing."

He drew in deep, steadying breaths. This was really not going well. He should have gone on out to do his chores instead of bringing her a cup of coffee. Coffee that had probably turned cold by now. His efforts to be patient with her and not force another argument were straining things between them. His wanting to be tender with her and not pushy when she didn't seem to want to pursue making love had also failed. *Enough!*

"We need to deal with this tension between us." He glanced at the bed.

"We are *not* having sex right now. Just forget that nonsense." She started to walk toward the attached bathroom.

James grabbed her arm and spun her to face him. "No, we aren't making love right now." He purposely didn't say 'having sex' because that word choice irritated him. "But I'm going to take care of someone's attitude problem."

He tugged her with him to the bed, even as she attempted to dig in her heels on the rug. "This is happening, darlin'. Your resisting is only going to make it more unpleasant."

Kelly's heart pounded, her whole body thrummed in anticipation. Her husband was going to spank her.

She'd pushed him to the breaking point this time. How had

this gotten so out of control? She hadn't meant to attack him. Her head hurt, her heart hurt. Everything in her life seemed to be wrong at the moment. Her job. Their marriage. It was Christmas time and she usually loved this part of the year. This year it was yet another burden to bear.

James sat down on the side of the bed and drew her to his side, jerking her from her musings. "This isn't necessary," she said and looked anxiously at him. The sad expression on his ruggedly handsome face made her feel even worse. She loved this man with all of her heart, and yet lately all she seemed to do was argue with him and cause him pain.

"I think it is." He guided her over his hard thighs. "It's been a while since I've burned your butt. Usually it calms you down. I'm hoping it will again."

Yes, she'd calm down. At least she would have something else to think about instead of all this mess. Resigned, she wriggled forward until she could put her hands on the rug. Her bottom rested on his right leg; her mound pressed against his jeans, separated only by the thin panties. "I've got to work today. Can't you wait until tonight?"

One of his hands rolled the panties off her buttocks and she tensed. "No."

She hadn't expected him to change his mind, he never did once he'd decided to spank her. She would have to deal with a sore ass. It wasn't the first time she'd had to suffer a spanking before work and then spend the day squirming on her chair. Still, she would rather not have had to experience it again.

"Do you know why you're getting spanked?" He settled his left forearm over her back and lightly tapped one bare cheek with his other hand.

Her buttocks quivered, clenched. "I don't have time to drag this out." She could imagine his frown at her whiny protest. He liked to go through this whole *why* thing ad nauseum so that she understood what she'd done wrong. Once the discussion part was over he would remind her that he only disciplined her for her own good. Uh-huh. Then came the spanking.

“Just spank me like you think I need,” she said a little too forcefully.

The smack that landed sent her jerking forward, had the air gasping out of her. “Okay! I’m sorry!” she cried. “I know this isn’t how you like to do this. But I have to get to work.”

He was quiet for a few seconds and then he blew out a frustrated breath. He lifted his arm from her back. “I guess this can wait until tonight.”

Tonight? Dread this all day? No, thank you. “No, no, no,” she protested, craning her head to look back at him. “I’m already here in position, ready to accept the spanking. I don’t want to be thinking about it all day. Please, just do it.”

Love for her warmed his eyes, which only made her feel worse for having pushed him to this point. But resignation had him nodding. “We’ve done this a time or two before you went to work. Guess you’ll be able to deal with a sore butt this time, too.”

She lowered her head as he held her in place again. If she didn’t love and respect him so much, she wouldn’t have agreed to this kind of marriage, to the occasional discipline.

With wicked aim, James sent smack after smack down to her vulnerable bottom. She gritted her teeth and took her spanking with as much grace as possible. But it didn’t take long before he got her to the point of understanding—or so he called it. He burned her bottom until she couldn’t lie still, until she couldn’t keep stoically quiet. He took her right to the point where she swore between sobs, “I’ll...I’ll behave better! I promise! I promise!”

A minute later she stood in front of him, between his legs, holding her hot, stinging bottom. Yes, she would have a tough day ahead, but at least she didn’t have to spend all day thinking about going over his knee tonight. She gently rubbed at the sting, which never really helped.

His expression had softened again now that he’d done what he’d thought necessary. He never apologized for spanking her, but she knew he didn’t enjoy doing it. She held herself still as he

reached up to thumb away the tears still trickling down her face.

"Are we okay?"

"I've got a burning ass, but..." She sniffled and gave him a wobbly smile. "But, yes, we're okay."

* * * *

James stood by the fireplace and sadness moved over him. Where had the time gone this month? This year? Christmas was only a couple of days away. He and Kelly hadn't fought since the spanking. She'd settled down, but her normal Christmas vigor was missing.

He stared at the Christmas tree he'd cut down this morning and hauled back to the house with the help of his ranch foreman. Tom hadn't said a word as they'd put the tree up and then toted box after box of decorations down from the attic. This was the first year Kelly hadn't picked out a tree and helped him with the hauling and the decorating. It didn't feel right to do this alone but they needed a tree. He knew how busy she was, how stressed she'd been. If all he could do to help her was put up their tree, he was more than glad to do it.

He stepped back to study the tree that sat by the stone fireplace. Had he hung too many lights? Not enough? Had he put on the ornaments she liked best? This wasn't his expertise, but he wanted to do it right for Kelly. He wanted to take at least one of the usual tasks she performed at Christmas time off of her shoulders. She'd spent several evenings this past week baking cookies for the ranchers' party and another one helping wrap presents for the community party last weekend. Plus they'd gone caroling with their church group one night and gone to a couple of get-togethers with neighbors. Between those long nights she'd worked extra hours at her job and squeezed in some shopping, which he'd done very little of. He didn't want to disappoint her, but he hadn't known what she wanted this year. Usually she gave him all kinds of hints. This year she hadn't said a word, not left one note around for him to find.

The pine scent drifted around him, made him miss Kelly. They hadn't had another argument since the morning he'd

spanked her. She'd been calmer since then, as usually happened after he helped tone down the craziness in her behavior. But he'd been right about the PMSing thing, so they hadn't made love yet. Fact was, he worried about *them*. She hadn't said anything, but he felt an uncomfortable distance between them. He wasn't sure they *were okay*, even if she'd told him they were after he'd burned her sweet butt.

He glanced out the window overlooking the ranch yard and frowned. It had started snowing not long after she'd left for the city this morning. He'd spent most of the day worrying about her. She was a good driver, but you never knew what could happen driving in snow. What he should have done was go into the city and get her. She'd probably have been irritated with him. No "probably" to it, she'd have been pissed. How many times had she told him, "I can take care of myself"?

His cellphone rang and he blinked back to the moment. He pulled it from the holder on his belt. Seeing Kelly's number, his heart pounded. "Are you all right?" he asked in a rush.

"Yes, but..." She hesitated and he thought he might have a stroke while he waited for her to continue.

"But what?" He strode out of the great room and headed for his coat in the entry area.

"I left work early. I would have been home by now, but I sort of slid off the side of the highway."

He froze, felt the blood draining from his face. "Are you hurt?" He mentally kicked himself for letting her leave this morning when he'd heard on the news that snow was headed their way.

"I'm fine. Just have a bruise on my forehead from where I hit my head on the steering wheel. No big deal." She drew in a breath and said warily, "A man stopped to help me back onto the road. But there was some damage to my car. My front bumper hit a big rock in the ditch. It's not too bad, though, I promise."

He punched *Speaker* and set his phone down on the hall table while he pulled his heavy coat on.

He didn't know exactly where he was going, but he needed

to get to her. In his near-panicked state, he recalled what she'd just said, heard the worry in her voice. "I could care less about the damn car. *You* are all that matters to me."

She gave a weak sob and he felt almost certain it was one of relief. The thought that she might think he would be angry with her hurt him. Nothing mattered more to him than her. Nothing. "Are you on your way now?" Was she talking to him on her phone while driving in this snowstorm? He almost snapped at her about that, but caught himself. She was driving, but he had to let that go. She was determined to get home to him. It humbled him. "Pull over, darlin', and tell me where you are. I'm coming for you."

She gave a quick sniff, and he knew she was trying to cover up that she was crying. "I'm only a few miles away. I...I can make it."

"I don't think I can wait for you. I need to..." He pulled in a breath. *Have faith in her.* For some reason, he believed she needed to make her way home on her own. It would be as hard as hell, but he would let her do it. "I'll be watching for you."

Kelly had never in her life been as scared as when her Honda CRV went into a skid on a patch of ice. Thank God she'd been almost crawling along the highway, like all of the other cars. The SUV had spun in a slow circle and then slid down the side of the road, stopping at the bottom of the short ditch where she'd hit a good-sized boulder. Her heart was still racing. She'd been fortunate one of the other cars had pulled over and a kindly older man had helped her. He'd offered to follow her home, but she'd told him she could manage.

She turned onto the gravel road leading to the ranch. Tears streamed down her face. *Almost there.* James would be waiting for her, watching from the porch no doubt. She'd heard the worry in his voice and had known he wanted to come get her. He was always so determined to be the strong one, to take care of her. Including spanking her when she got snappy with him, or when she stubbornly went against him for whatever

reason, or when she did something stupid. Like going to work when she'd heard on the early morning news about the snow coming and ignoring what the smart thing would have been to do: call in and say she wouldn't be in today. If he wanted to turn her over his knee, she'd go willingly. She'd been stupid, endangered herself, gotten her car damaged, and—worst of all—needlessly worried her husband.

She'd made some decisions in the last few days, hopefully good ones. She just hoped that she hadn't waited too long. If she lost James because of the horrible person she'd turned into lately... But he'd sounded so worried about her. He loved her. She would hold firmly to that belief and if necessary, do whatever she had to in order to make sure he still did. Her Christmas gifts to him this year were a bit out of the ordinary, but, hopefully, would be exactly what he wanted.

With a sigh of relief, she turned into the ranch yard. Every light on the barn and other buildings and the house were on, making her feel welcome. The dark afternoon no longer seemed so depressing. And there on the porch, just as she'd suspected, stood James. Her big, sometimes gruff, cowboy. So much love filled her. How had she ever been lucky enough to find him? Why he'd wanted her, stuck by her, still wanted her, amazed her. He didn't care about her past or the kind of horrible family she came from. None of that stuff mattered to him. How many times had he told her that? How many times had she been unable to believe him?

She pulled into the driveway and turned off the engine. She watched James stride down the porch steps and walk quickly toward her, oblivious to the foot of snow he tromped through. He focused on her, only her. Her stomach fluttered. Her pulse raced. All she needed for the rest of her life was this very special man.

He tugged the car door open and leaned inside to kiss her. She trembled as his big, cold hands cupped her face. She kissed him back, put her hands on his beard-roughened face. Everything she'd gone through on this horrible day was

forgotten. She was home now. With James.

He inched back and then before she knew what he was going to do, he scooped her up and out of the car. It wasn't the first time he'd carried her, but it was the most precious time. The tender look in his eyes, the sheen of tears he'd held back because of her, touched her to the depth of her soul.

As he nudged the car door shut with his hip, she said quietly, "I love you. I know I don't say that very often, but I do. I love you."

He tromped back through the snow, up the steps, and into the house. He held her close and didn't seem to care at all that snow was melting off his boots onto the tiled floor. "You don't have to say the words, darlin', I know."

"But you deserve the words," she protested, feeling guilty. She rarely said *love*, hadn't trusted in the emotion. Until James.

"Actions show what you feel for me." He slowly let her down. His gaze stayed locked with hers. "You turned this old house into a home, filled it with loving touches. Photos of my family, of you and me, on the mantle." He grinned crookedly. "You bake me snickerdoodle cookies because I have a sweet tooth. You watch old Westerns with me, when I know you really don't like them."

He'd never told her these things meant anything to him, not that she did any of that to be praised. But she felt uncomfortable, knowing he'd done so much more for her from the moment they'd met. Needing a second to compose herself, she turned toward the great room. Then she really lost it.

"Oh, James," she gasped, gazing at the decorated tree. She blinked rapidly to keep the tears at bay. "You put up a tree for me."

"For *us*. Having a Christmas tree is something that means a lot to both of us."

She heard the gentleness in his voice. He was right. They'd enjoyed spending a cold day picking out the perfect tree each of the last two years. They teased each other over how to hang the lights just right. They fought—playfully—over who would

put the angel on top of the tree. And hanging the decorations from his family and ones they had bought together meant a lot to her...to both of them. But he'd done it all by himself this year. For her.

Christmas was two days away and usually they exchanged their presents on Christmas Eve. But she couldn't wait that long. Although she was nervous, she needed to give him her gifts now. At least some of them.

Heart pounding, she looked up at him. "Wait for me by the tree. Please. I have something I want to give you and I can't wait for tomorrow."

"But..." He stopped protesting when she went up on tiptoes and kissed him silent.

She turned and jerked off her coat, thrusting it into his hands. Then she raced to the spare bedroom.

All James wanted to do was take Kelly to their bedroom and make love to her, over and over. He'd been so damn worried about her. He could have lost her, and he couldn't imagine his life without her in it.

He'd watched her smiling uncertainly at him before she hurried up the stairs. Instinct warned him something important was about to happen. Something far more than just exchanging gifts early.

Damn! Gifts! He still hadn't wrapped the few presents he'd gotten Kelly. What the hell did he do now? No way was he going to accept something from her without giving something in return. The stupidest idea flashed into his head. Well, he was a man. Sometimes men got really dumb, desperate ideas.

Kelly carried three small wrapped gifts down the stairs. Would he think these ridiculous? She'd come up with this idea yesterday. What would he say? She almost turned around to go back and grab the other "real" presents she'd gotten him.

But the sound of soft Christmas music playing snagged her attention. Her favorite songs. Then she noticed that James had

turned off all the lights in the lower part of the house except for the Christmas lights.

Curious and warmed by his thoughtfulness, she walked slowly closer. At first she didn't spot him, since she was taking in the wonder of the beautifully decorated tree. Then he quietly coughed to draw her attention. She froze, stunned, and then laughed for the first time in far too long.

"Got to admit that *wasn't* the reaction I was hoping for," James grumped. He hastily reached for one of the throw pillows he'd put on the floor near him and held it across his lower body.

Struggling to stop giggling, to quit grinning like a fool, Kelly hurried to him. She dropped down on her knees beside her very naked, very tempting husband. She set her gifts to the side and pulled the pillow off him. His long, thick cock adorned with a red bow from the tree danced toward her. She took hold of it and smiled at his quiet groan of pleasure.

"Best gift ever." She stroked the velvety softness of the steel-like rod. "I plan to spend a long time enjoying it later tonight."

She glanced warily at the presents next to her. "I...I hope you like my gifts as much."

James found it almost impossible to concentrate on anything but the way Kelly's hand held his dick. He wanted to tumble her to the floor and spend hours and hours showing her how much he loved her. But he could tell she was nervous, worried about her gifts for him. When she released him to reach for the small boxes, he fought back a groan of complaint.

He shifted up into a sitting position and took the first red-wrapped present from her shaking hands. He waited for her to say something. When she didn't, he ripped off the paper. Lifting the top off the box, he pulled out a piece of paper carefully folded inside. *I respectfully give my notice. December 23 will be my last day.* There was more, clearly this was a copy of Kelly's letter of resignation to her boss.

James was so damn happy he could have done one of those crazy happy dances.

“Stupid, huh?” She anxiously twisted her hands in her lap.

The job had been important to her so he held his happiness in check. “Are you sure about this? I don’t want to pressure you, not really.”

Her chin jutted up. “It’s what *I* want. Are you okay with it, though? I know the extra money is nice.”

“Hell, yes, I’m okay!” He started to reach for her, but she thrust a second present at him.

He wanted to hug her...and so much more. Instead he opened the long, slender box, thinking it looked like a tie box, although he never wore ties. When he lifted the lid off the box, he blinked twice at the foot and a half long riding crop with a heart-shaped top.

As he held it up curiously, he noted his wife’s pink cheeks. “A crop? Really?”

She pursed her lips for a second and then said primly, “It’s supposed to deliver a ‘sweet surprise’ for when I’ve been ‘very, very good.’ At least that’s what the salesclerk told me.”

He raised an eyebrow. “I bet it can deliver a stinging smack, too, when you’ve been very, very bad.”

She started to jerk it out of his hands, but he moved it out of her reach. “We’ll save it for those ‘very good’ times.” He nodded at her final wrapped package.

Looking relieved about what he’d said concerning the crop she handed him the last gift. Looking relieved about what he’d said She worried her lower lip and he sensed this one meant the most to her. He tore the paper away slowly, hoping he wouldn’t disappoint her with his reaction to whatever this was.

Seeming impatient now, she grabbed the box and yanked off the lid. She took the shredded pieces of paper out and thrust them at him. Then she closed her eyes and waited.

He glanced at a couple pieces before he finally realized what he held. He could barely speak as he said, “The prescription renewal for The Pill. You tore it up? Why?” He prayed he understood. He could barely contain his need to hug her to him.

Those beautiful, loving eyes of hers opened and she said

timidly, "It's time we had a baby."

He didn't care that he felt moisture on his face. This was a precious moment, one he'd thought might never happen. He held out his arms and she crawled onto his lap. "Best Christmas ever."

She leaned back, thumbed away the tears from his cheeks. "No. The best Christmas ever was when we met at that party four years ago."

He glanced out the window, noticed that the snow was falling even heavier now. He didn't mind it at all. "Looks like we're going to be snowed in here for a spell, darlin'."

"Works for me." She cuddled closer.

Worked for him, too.