

adriana french



RIDING
LESSONS

He left her at the alter and called her frigid. She's out to prove him wrong.

PLEASURE RANCH



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Author's Note:

Did you notice how my name looks different on the cover of this book? The font is light and airy and the letters are all lower case. This is to let you know this book will be a little different from the rest of my stories.

Get ready to visit a ranch like no other. Pleasure Ranch is located on the outskirts of my fictional town of West Palomino, Montana, where the cowboys are *at your service*, if you catch my drift... This resort gives a whole new meaning to the term, "Pleasure." I hope you love it!

Hold onto the reins, and don't forget to sign up for my Newsletter at the end! Happy Reading!

With love,

Adriana

Synopsis

He left her at the alter and called her frigid. She's out to prove him wrong.

Introduction

Hidden within the vast expanse of Montana's rugged countryside lies a remote haven that remains a mystery to most. This unparalleled property offers far more than an authentic ranching experience for city slickers seeking a taste of the wild west.

Here, the cowboys are a class of their own - alpha males bred to withstand the harsh elements of nature with grit, determination, and raw physical strength. These men possess bodies that exude confidence and virility, and their skill in the saddle is matched only by their prowess in the art of love. To put it plainly, the men have a *particular skill* in the saddle if you catch my drift. So it's no wonder women of all ages, shapes and sizes seek them out.

Some guests arrive after a divorce and years of neglect. Others are pure of heart and body, eager to lose their virginity to men who know what they're doing. Others are just plain lonely and need to be held. Whatever the case, our cowboys are happy to oblige. (On the rare occasion when only a cowgirl will fit the bill for a lonely male traveler, I have a list of beauties as long as my arm.)

Sometimes the guests and our employees pair up themselves, without my help. I've got my work cut out for me keeping track of all the frisky shenanigans going on here at the ranch. But on a usual day, as the head of our matchmaking selection team, it's my duty to match our guests with the perfect provider.

I'm proud to say that some of my matches have even turned into long-term relationships, with couples falling madly in love and tying the knot. Despite our ranch's impeccable reputation, it's still a well-kept secret.

But I want everyone to experience the pleasures of our ranch.

These are the tales of the women and men who visit and the alpha cowboys and voluptuous cowgirls who please them.

(Don't worry; privacy is our top priority. I've changed the names to protect the true identities of everyone involved.)

If you ever decide to pay us a visit, bypass the main check-in counter and head straight to my desk in the back, near the fireplace. Ask for a *private riding lesson*. That's all you need to say, and I'll hook you right up, no questions asked.

PS: If you *do* decide to book a *private riding lesson*, whatever you do, *do not* tip or offer any monetary compensation to the cowboy who provides your service. A thank you kiss is plenty and much appreciated.

These cowboys aren't providing their services for money, darlin.' They do it because they love women.

I hope you enjoy your stay.

Laramie

Chapter One

Rachel

“I can’t believe I let you guys talk me into this.” I moan and glance at Shaelynn behind the wheel. She might be twelve years older than me, with a full-grown kid, but our differences don’t matter. We’ve been best friends since day one. “You won’t regret coming with us, I promise.” She gives me a bright smile.

“Trust me, once you finally have your first orgasm, you’ll be kissing our butts for the rest of your life,” Abilene comments from the back seat, and I swing around to smirk at her shit-eating grin.

I gave up trying to explain how conflicted I was about this trip a half hour ago, and I’m not going to start up again, so I stare silently out the passenger window. The rolling hills are covered in a vibrant blanket of bright green grass stretching out as far as the eye can see. You just can’t beat springtime in Montana.

“Did you honestly think we’d let you stay in West Palomino on the weekend your big day was *supposed* to happen?” The so-called *happening* Shaelynn is politely referring to is my wedding. Clay Jameson and I were set to tie the knot the day after tomorrow. He broke up with me six months ago, met someone else, and decided to keep the reservations at St. Vincent’s Church and marry her instead.

If that isn’t bad enough, he dumped me because he’s convinced I’m frigid, which of course, makes this whole shit show my fault. Which it kind of is— all because I’ve never had an orgasm.

He told everyone I was an ice queen with a pussy as cold as a Frosty Freeze, which is a flat-out lie. I’ve come pretty damn close to climaxing. And I’m not a prude. Clay and I fucked like rabbits when we first got together, but I don’t think I ever trusted him enough to completely let go and give myself to him ... I always had this nagging suspicion something was off between us, but I couldn’t put my finger on it.

Turns out my women's intuition was spot on. After we split up, everyone and their uncle filled me in on what Clay was doing behind my back and who he was doing it with. I dodged a bullet by not marrying him, but I won't lie. I was devastated the night he left. I sigh a little louder than I mean to, and Shae pats my knee. "You'll be in the hands of an expert."

"The big, burly, knowing hands of a hot as fuck cowboy," Abbi chimes in. "And don't forget, Shae is finally getting her pipes cleaned."

"You have such a sexy way of putting it," Shae responds sarcastically as she cuts the wheel and makes a left. "We're almost there. And what about you, Miss backseat driver? Aren't you thrilled to be getting some tongue action down below? If I ever found myself hitched to someone who wouldn't go down on me, I'd divorce him in a hot minute."

"Guess it's a good thing she isn't married then," I say lightly to Abbi, even though my heart is hammering with excitement and worry at the same time. I'm so freaked out I can't concentrate on what my friends are yammering about now. I take a calming breath and focus on the crystal blue sky and the way the sun's rays make the trees and hills glow. The combination of colors is mesmerizing.

"We've reached the promise land, ladies," Shae lightly presses the gas, and we approach a magnificent log-style ranch perched on a hill in the distance. We arrive in a few minutes and find a place to park.

"Look at all the cowboys coming in from the range. Wonder where their bunkhouse is," Abbi mutters under her breath.

I nudge Shae's elbow. "How much you wanna bet if she finds out where they're sleeping, we'll never see her again." Our giggles cut the tension, and we all crane our necks to check out the absolutely gorgeous men on horseback kicking up dust, parading past the car, looking like they've just left the set of Yellowstone. With the view of the mountains behind them, and the sun sinking lower into a bright orange sky, I

can't help but feel excited, but I'm so far out of my comfort zone, I'm afraid if I stepped out of it, I'd fall off a cliff.

“Well, there's a mighty big yeehaw, if ever I saw one.” Shae gestures to the man striding past the driver's side, and my gaze goes straight to his package to have a look. “Speaking of yeehaws, do you think mine will have a big one?” She snickers with a devious grin and turns off the ignition. The moment we're outside, a crew of rugged cowboys hurry down the ranch's porch steps to assist us with our luggage, and we follow them inside.

“Remember,” Abbi warns, “pass the main counter where all the families check in and go to the desk behind it, next to the fireplace.”

“I know, I know,” I mumble. My knees are so wobbly; I'm afraid they'll give out. “And ask for a *private* riding lesson...”

We don't have any trouble with our reservations and are quickly escorted to our rooms. We're thankfully all in the same building but in different wings. I tip Aiden, a six-foot-something hunk of hotness who's apparently doubling as a bellhop today. He gives me a blinding dimpled smile before leaving me tingling and coated with sweat.

Damn, girl, settle the hell down before you pop a bra hook. I lock the door behind him and do my best to loosen up and appreciate the lovely surroundings. The charming river rock fireplace is lit. The logs crackle and snap as I traverse across the room and open the drapes of the giant picture window. It's dark now, and the stars seem to be twinkling brighter. I turn from the window and pace the room.

Now what?

I trudge down the hall to the bedroom and drop off my overnight bag. The king-size bed looks comfy, topped with a faux fur comforter and sumptuous layers of pillows propped against the rustic headboard.

So, am I supposed to get naked?

When is this act scheduled to happen?

And who exactly is coming to my room tonight to provide the act? The only thing Laramie asked when I checked in was if I was going to the barn dance. I told her I'd be staying in my room tonight.

Now I'm no brain scientist, but if you're trying to have your first orgasm, isn't it wise to stay close to a bed or at least somewhere with a little privacy? Then again, I'm not sure how any of this is supposed to work. Am I supposed to order my mystery orgasm giver off a menu or something? *Holy hell.*

After I unpack, I scope out the bathroom and find a gigantic vintage claw-foot tub in the center of the room. I've always wanted to soak in a bath large enough for the water to cover my entire body, including my feet, so I decide to give it a whirl.

I undress and squeeze a few squirts of complimentary, heavenly-smelling vanilla bubble bath under the faucet and watch the liquid do its magic. While I'm waiting for the tub to fill, the hotel phone in the bedroom rings. Crap. I wrap a towel around myself and rush back to the nightstand. "Hello."

"Hi, is this Rachel?" A deep husky baritone voice rumbles in my ear, sending a surge of electricity through my bones.

"Yes. To whom am I speaking?" I ask so formally that I don't recognize myself.

"This is Knox, Ma'am, calling to make sure you're settling in okay." *Ma'am?*

"Well, I haven't been here for very long," I blurt, my anxiety returns in a rush. What have I gotten myself into? "I would hardly say I'm settled, I'm not prepared, not that I even know what to prepare for, and I'm grimy from the road trip and totally not ready for—"

A soft chuckle comes from his end, and for some reason, it's exactly what I needed to hear. "You sound a bit nervous."

"Yeah." I relax my shoulders for the first time today. "I guess I babble when I'm about to f—" I freeze before insulting him and saying *fuck a stranger*. "Sorry, I didn't realize I was

so obvious, but yes, I'll admit I'm a bit apprehensive." I pat myself on the back for sounding so professional.

"There's nothing to be afraid of here." His voice sounds like thick melted chocolate.

"Okay, well ... maybe not for you. But for me, just thinking about what we're about to do — Wait. Are you the one who ... is going to try to give me my first o—"

"I'm your pleasure provider, darlin'"

"Is that what they're calling it these days?" I laugh.

"Look, why don't you take some time to get comfortable with being here?"

"So, you're not coming over?"

"Not now, unless you want me to." Oh shit. I just ruined the whole damn weekend, my last futile attempt at having one of those toe-curling climaxes I'm always reading about in my spicy romance novels.

"Well, no. I mean, yes. I'm not exactly ready for company right this second, but yes, I might like some later."

"Sounds good." He says in a slow, easy drawl dripping in all kinds of rugged, growly hotness. "Is there anything you need? Anything I can send to your room? Don't worry; I won't deliver it myself."

I can't help but crack up. "I must seem like a lunatic. I'm so sorry. I'm acting like an idiot."

"Stop," he commands in a sensual rumble that makes my nipples stand at attention. "You sound perfect." He pauses, and I hear him draw a breath. "You sound stunning." The silence following that compliment is the equivalent of a long, leisurely tongue stroke up my thigh. "I'll tell you what. If you think of something that would make you feel more comfortable, call the front desk. If I can't take care of you, they will."

I gulp. I can't imagine what it would be like to have someone take care of me ... "Thanks, I will," I respond breathlessly. "So ... Are we still on?"

“Of course. But there’s no rush, sweetheart. Take your time, and I’ll check in with you later. Okay?”

Chapter Two

Knox

“We’re lucky sons of bitches tonight,” Aiden smirks as our boots click up the steps of the main outbuilding.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“You’re on the schedule with me tonight, aren’t you?”

“I wouldn’t be staying in the bunkhouse if I wasn’t.” That’s the deal here. Most of the single cowboys in West Palomino County work part-time at Pleasure Ranch in some capacity or another. When we’re on the schedule, they put us up on the premises.

When it comes to being pleasure providers, Laramie is in charge of matching us up with guests. There aren’t many single women in our neck of the woods, and she does her best to give everyone a fair shot at hooking up with someone special.

“So, what makes us so lucky tonight?”

Aiden swings his head to me, bewildered. “Did you not see those three who checked in earlier? I helped this hot as fuck woman with her luggage. It took all the self-control I had not to hit on her.”

“That’s so,” I say, hoping for more information. Was Rachel one of the women who caught his eye? I don’t know if my guest came with friends or if she’s here solo. Laramie never gives us any background on who we’re being paired with, and she sure as hell doesn’t share any pictures.

“There was also a sweet, petite, curvy brunette with the biggest smile,” Aiden adds, looking all dreamy-eyed.

“Thought you liked the woman you helped with her bags?”

“And the tall one?” He lets out a low whistle. “Damn straight. That woman was fine with a body to kill for, slightly older.” He gives me his signature lopsided grin. “But I’d wager I could teach her a few things. And I sure wouldn’t mind getting an education from her.”

“When was the last time you were rotated in?”

“About three months ago. How long has it been for you?”

“Too long,” I nod when we reach the hall.

“So I’ll see you at the dance?”

“Nah. My match is staying in tonight.”

“Ain’t nothing wrong with that. Good luck.” Aiden gives me a cocky wink and cuts a left. “Don’t use all the hot water,” he calls over his shoulder and heads into the bunk area while I go to the showers. There was something about Rachel’s voice I connected with instantly. My dick liked her too because I have an erection the size of a rocket launcher. Thankfully, the one private shower is available, so I can rub one out before seeing her. It’s been forever since I’ve been with a woman. If I don’t jack off now, I won’t last long with Rachel, and I intend on savoring every second with her.

After the water’s good and hot, I get in the shower and soap up my hands. Through the steam, a picture of my dream girl appears. She’s my fantasy girl; all sun-kissed brown hair, soft and curvy... with big ripe nipples for me to suck on and a tight juicy pussy that loves to be fucked hard. I fist my shaft at the base and stroke all the way up my aching dick to the top. “You like how it feels when I slide my dick against your slippery clit, don’t you, sweetheart?” I tighten my grip, imagining I’m deep inside her. “Fuck my cock, baby, just like that...” I keep a soapy grip on myself. My heavy balls tighten. Wound up in knots, I stroke and rub faster, rougher and harder, until — “Fuck.” I bite back a moan as the climax hits me fast. My body spasms, doubling me over. Ropes of cum spurt against the tiled wall. “It’s all for you, baby,” I groan, giving her every drop.

I take my time shaving and changing into the jeans and button-down shirt I packed for tonight. It isn’t long before my boots click back down the bunkhouse steps. My heart starts racing as I stride to her building. I square my shoulders when I reach her door and then knock.

Please let me be attracted to her. Soft footsteps pad against the hardwood behind the door, and the brass knob rattles and jiggles. *Please let her be pretty.*

The door opens, and—

I'm blown away.

She's exactly my type. *Christ.* My cock swells as I take in her delicate cheekbones, lustrous light brown hair, and her mesmerizing emerald green eyes. We're trapped in each other's stare. Apparently, the shower didn't do the trick, not when it comes to her, because my erection has sprung back to life and is painfully pushing against my zipper. I force myself to pry my gaze away from her before I go all caveman and fuck her against the door, right here and now. But hell, there's no safe place for me to look. It's no use. Her body is a minefield.

Her thin white silky nightgown clings to every one of her curves, and I can see the outline of her areolas perfectly. Her nipples are as hard as my dick. "Hey, Rachel." As crazy as it seems, the sound of her name on my lips makes me possessive. *From here on out, Rachel is mine.*

"Hello, Knox." She wraps her smoky vocal cords around my name, and I'm flooded with the memory of minutes ago and the sensation of my hand locked around my aroused flesh, imagining I'm pounding into her. Like muscle memory, my cock lurches for her, desperate for a taste.

"You're even more beautiful than your voice, prettier than I imagined." The air between us buzzes with electricity. The raw intensity of our connection sends jolts of adrenaline through my veins. It's like every nerve in my body is a livewire, burning in anticipation.

I'm *here* to fuck her. She *wants me* to fuck her. She *asked that she be fucked.* God almighty, where do I start first?

Rachel's full lips curve into a soft smile as she demurely lowers her gaze. "Would you like to come in?"

"Never thought you'd ask." I pick up a hint of vanilla mixed with something musky and exotic I can't put my finger

on when I enter the room. Our silence hangs in the air, thick with lust, as the fire crackles in the background. I already know I need this woman in my life. It's insane, but I do. How will I ever leave my fantasy girl behind? Every cell in my body is screaming, *kiss her, fuck her, now*.

We both take a step forward at the same time, and she practically jumps backward. "So, um," she stammers. "Should we sit first and maybe talk a little? In here? I mean, what are we going to do, just fuck on the floor right now?"

I'm about to answer with a *sure, that sounds perfect to me*, but she cuts me off. "The couch." Rachel points, and I notice her hand trembling. She gestures for me to follow her.

And *mercy*, I can see straight through the deep V silhouette between her legs in that nightgown. I'm glued to the way her cute round ass jiggles as she sashays across the room. Fuck me, baby. I'd follow you straight to hell if that's where you wanted me to go. The sight of her has me wound up so tight my throat is constricting.

She gives me a sweet smile and takes a seat, having no idea how much I'd like to rip that nightgown to shreds with my teeth and corrupt her in ways she's never dreamed of. "I mean, sitting on the couch is better than being in the bedroom," she says breathlessly. "Can you even fathom getting down and dirty, just doing it right now, with only a hi?"

That's an affirmative, Ma'am. I absolutely can envision drilling you until you're begging me for more. So much so I'm already dripping cum. "The couch is good," I say, coming back to my senses and hoping like hell she doesn't get so skittish she calls everything off.

I behave myself and sit next to her like a gentleman, giving her room. But I'm close enough to feel the heat radiating from her and to smell her arousal. Oh, it's there, alright. I wouldn't be at all surprised if she was playing with herself before I got here. But I'll take my time with her if she wishes.

I'm perfectly content with sitting and talking all night. Hell, we can even skip fucking for now if she's that jittery, but

come hell, or a country without whiskey, her pussy will be mine eventually. It's only a matter of when.

“So,” she huffs, shrugging her shoulders, and playfully bumps my hip with hers. Her sparkling gaze captures mine, and I take the cue. I gently run my hand from the top of her thigh down to her knee and watch the excitement light up in her eyes. Under that flimsy fabric, this voluptuous little morsel is soft and firm. I'm not sure why, but velvet cake comes to mind. The kind I want to taste, swallow, and possess. What the fucktardedness is up with me? Five minutes and I'm already obsessed with her. “What should we talk about?”

“There's no need for you to feel shy around me,” I whisper, moving closer. “We both know what a private riding lesson is, sweetheart.”

Rachel stays silent but doesn't edge away from me, either. “You asked to be fucked. My guess is you haven't ever been fucked properly, darlin’,” I growl. “And now that I've seen you, I can damn well promise you, my cock is begging to fuck your sweet little pussy all night. I'm just dying to see how fucking hot you look when you come.”

She gasps and covers her mouth. I can't help but smile. “You're only embarrassed because I surprised you by knowing exactly what you like.”

“I ... I. Um, no one has ever talked to me that way before.”

I reach across to her shoulder; the warmth of her skin under my fingertips is so fucking delectable. “Do you like it when I tell you exactly how hard I'm going to drill your sweet little cunt, baby?” I gently tug the delicate, thin strap off her shoulder.

Our eyes meet dead on.

“Do you?” I lean in and breathe in her perfumed skin. “Does it make your greedy little cunt drip when I tell you I'm going to fuck you so deep, you'll feel my seed in your throat? Hmm? How it will be my mission tonight to make you limp and ruin you for anyone else because you're all mine?” I trace my lips against her velvet skin, gently making a path of open-

mouth kisses up her neck and across her cheek. Slowly, I move down to just above her delicious lips.

I hold myself back from kissing her because I need to hear my shy little one admit she's sopping for me. Her pussy is begging to be filled.

Rachel tips her mouth a fraction of an inch closer to mine. Her sweet breath caresses my skin. "Do you want my kiss, baby?" My erection is like fucking steel.

She blinks. "It's not that I don't want your kiss; it's just that I'm worried I might not have an orgasm."

"What?" I chuckle in disbelief. Well, I'll be damned. I read her wrong. She isn't shy at all. "You've actually come from only a kiss? No other touching, or rubbing up against thighs, or anything?" I moan at the thought of seeing her tits bouncing up and down while she's straddling me, fucking me with all she's got, and climaxing. I sneak my hand under her hem, gliding my fingers up her creamy thigh to her panties. "Kiss me."

"No. I didn't explain it right." Her voice shakes, and she squeezes her eyes shut for a moment. "I've never had an orgasm in my entire life, and my ex-fiancé is marrying someone else on what was supposed to be my wedding day." Her eyes suddenly mist with tears, and she blinks them away.

I straighten, ready to kill whoever the fuck made her so sad. *Shit*. I hiss through my teeth, sweep my hand around her waist and pull her to me. "Darlin', your ex is a damn fool." I nestle her body against mine, savoring the feel of her breasts against my tight chest. Her silky hair trails over my arm as I rub circles on her back. A wave of fury tingles through my veins. "You know, I could kick the shit out of him if you want." I crane my neck to look down at her and give her a small wink.

"What?" She asks incredulously and looks up at me like I've grown horns. But I detect a smidgen of excitement in her eyes because, yeah, she thinks her ex-bozo deserves a good ass-kicking too.

“You know,” I say in a teasing, low voice, “only if it would help.”

Her smile is like sunshine breaking through storm clouds, and it’s the prettiest sight I’ve ever seen. “Are you some kind of a dream?” She chuckles. “You are so fucking fantastic,” comes tumbling from her lips.

“Really, now?” I tease, on fire for her. All systems go.

She nods with a mischievous grin, and I run my hands down the length of her back and cup one delicious apple cheek in each hand, pressing her against me so there’s no missing what I have, just for her, in my jeans.

Rachel stays flush against me, breathing a little heavier; she gives me a soft smile. “You’ll be my big protector, huh?”

“Oh, more than that, baby girl.” Slowly, my fingers brush her cheek, softly tracing the line of her jaw as my thumb caresses her bottom lip. She trembles beneath my touch; her eyes never leave mine. My heartbeat echoes in my ears as I draw her mouth up to mine. The space between us growing smaller and smaller, my gaze fixed on her full enticing lips until finally, I kiss her. And she is everything I knew she would be.

My head erupts in a cacophony of sensations as she melts in my arms. I close my eyes and deepen the kiss, our tongues exploring, tasting, and teasing, building into raw need. With ragged breaths and sexy moans, she responds to my every move. Gasping for breath, we pull apart and lock eyes.

“That was ...” She blinks. “Incredible.”

“I don’t think you have to worry about not having an orgasm, darlin’. Not with me.”

Chapter Three

Rachel

“I was worried you wouldn’t be attracted to me,” I mumble as the love God from out of nowhere swoops me up into his arms.

“There’s nothing you could possibly do to disappoint me. I’d tear a fucking grizzly apart if he tried to pull me away from you,” he growls, storming down the short hall to the bedroom. He peers down at me without losing his stride. “Hell, I jacked off to your voice before I got here.”

My core clenches at the thought of him coming while fantasizing about me. It’s dirty and filthy, and I love it. I look up at Knox, still not believing that somehow, this sexy af man is all mine.

I almost fainted when I opened the door and saw him, all muscly and tall with tanned skin from hours in the sun. He could be right out of cowboy-casting-central, down to his chiseled jaw and honey-colored eyes. Basking in his spicy, clean scent, I reach out with my hand and run my fingers through his glorious thick chestnut hair.

I’ve never been drawn to this degree to someone I just met, but he’s irresistible and so strong, carrying me like I weigh less than a pound.

He lays me out on the soft furry bedspread and covers me with his body. And when the rough texture of his jeans and the steely hard-on encased in them rub against my clit, I moan needily, rocking against him, running my hands over his shoulders and biceps.

“Fuck, I want you so badly, beauty.” He lowers his head, and I reach up to kiss him. This time, there’s no holding back. I groan desperately, with my core clenching, my pussy sopping, and my brain in a spiral. It’s been so long since I’ve been loved I can’t decide where to touch first. I part his delicious lips with my tongue and explore his clean, fresh taste, getting lost in a dizzy haze, getting more turned on by

the second. When he breaks from our kiss and his touch disappears, I beg, “Don’t stop. Please don’t stop.”

“I’m not going anywhere, Rachel,” he husks, repositioning himself on his knees. He yanks my nightgown up and slips it over my head. “You are so beautiful.” His scruffy chin scrapes against my skin as he suckles one of my tingling nipples gently at first before tugging it between his teeth, sucking it so roughly he might leave a bruise, and it’s heaven. I clamp my eyes shut, relishing his touch, and part my thighs, opening wider.

His large hands clasp around my hips, and he moves against me, making the nubby fabric and hardness under his denim pants hit my needy button just right. My breath is coming in short gasps; each tiny movement brings a thousand sensations. Gently, he rolls his hips against me, and I hump his erection faster and faster as every inch of my skin, every part of my core, comes alive for the first time in my life.

He kisses me tenderly and moves off the bed. Wide-eyed, I blatantly gawk as he takes off his clothes. His six-pack abs and toned, muscled body stand at the foot of the bed, with his massive cock erect and ready to devour me. He’s as thick as he is long. Greek-God style perfection. He unabashedly fists himself with a devilish heat in his stare and watches me watch him. “Do you like what you see, Rachel?”

With my mouth agape and my body trembling like never before, I nod, glued to the sight of his massive hand pumping up and down and the way he spreads his cum over his fat crown, making it slick for me.

“You want this cock rammed up your tight little pussy, don’t you, darlin’?” He grabs a condom packet from his jeans and tosses it by my side before coming back to me. Crouched with his elbows on the mattress, he stalks me like a lion, moving closer. Two large, calloused hands slide under each of my ass cheeks as he repositions himself and lifts me in one motion. I spread my legs, straddling him with my thighs.

Knox’s dark gaze drops to my shaved pussy, fully exposed. My legs dangle over his forearms, and I arch my back, tipping

my hips up to meet him. He grips his cock, and shifts lower until the tip of his stiff prick just barely brushes over my clit. He moves slowly and deliberately, a master at what he's doing, as every nerve ending I have begins to shatter.

I close the distance between our lips and kiss him in a mix of urgency and tenderness because this stranger is the only person on the planet who seems to know precisely what my body needs. I rock against him, my mouth never leaving his, my hands tangling in his thick hair. Our bodies are coated with sweat as his shaft throbs against my dripping seam, stiff and insistent, sliding through my wetness just a fraction of an inch, waiting for me to open for him.

A sharp burst of warmth at the base of my spine pulses through my system. "Please," I gasp, "fuck me, Knox. Fuck me like I'm someone you could love forever." The words roll off my tongue before I can take them back. It's a needy, pathetic thing to say, but it's the truth. What would it be like to have a man like Knox love me unconditionally? To kiss me forever and fuck me like he can't live without me?

"Baby girl," he rasps, brushing the hair off my face to peer into my soul. "That isn't a stretch to imagine." He finds the condom and rips the package with his teeth. I lick my lips, watching as he expertly sheathes himself before his strong hand comes around to the nape of my neck and guides me into a crushing kiss. A no-taking-back kiss. A baby, *you're mine*, kiss.

He rocks forward, pushing into me slowly. His breath fans across my forehead. I gasp in pleasure, arching my spine, watching my poor, neglected pussy stretch around his girth. And fuck. I'm on fire. Embers spark off my flesh as my cells inside ignite. "How does it feel, shy one?" He grits his teeth in ecstasy. "Am I too big? Going too fast? Fuck you're so tight." He barely gets the words out before I gyrate my hips, forcing him in deeper, telling him exactly how amazing he feels. "I can never have enough of you."

"Fuck," he blurts as I tighten around him. He swallows my gasp with a kiss, thrusting his tongue down my throat, dominantly claiming my mouth and my body. He shifts,

wrapping his arms under my knees, and pushes into me, filling every inch of my aching, starving pussy. His face is flushed with passion; his lips parted as he pants with exertion. I want to remember this moment forever. He's grunting, taking me roughly, not holding back, or hiding his base, animalistic need for me, and I carve every curve of his muscles into my memory bank.

"Oh, God, you're perfect," I whimper, rocking with him as he pulses inside me. Sweat beads his brow as he pistons back and forth, never taking his eyes off mine, driving deeper inside.

In this position, I don't know where my body ends and his starts. We've merged and become one. Our movements in sync; he rides me, sliding in and out. The friction is unbelievable, and I'm so wet I'm dripping down my thighs. Our slick bodies slap together as the headboard bangs against the wall with every thrust. My clit rakes against him at just the right angle. Over and over, the exquisite tension builds, rising higher and higher until I can't hold on. This is the thrill I've been reaching for, and this is always where I plateau. Worry creeps into my brain without my permission, planting doubt that I'll ever reach a climax.

"Baby, let go. I've got you," his husky growl and hungry kiss send a ripple of tingling waves cascading down my spine. "Come on my cock, baby."

One more sublime thrust is all it takes. "Oh fuck," I choke. I shake, shuddering with spasms as I tip over the edge to a place I've never been. "Knox," I moan as a powerful orgasm rockets through me, lifting me off the bed in a surge of frenzied bliss. Our animalistic grunts and moans fill the room as he plunges into me desperately hard and fast. The gentleness is gone. I'm his, and he's taking me with hard, fast pumps. I clench around him, squeezing him tight, and watch his face twist with need. He lets out a tortured groan and collapses, head nuzzled into my shoulder. "Oh, darlin'." His hips jerk with a strangled, "Christ almighty, darlin'"

We lay together with our hearts beating in time until we find our breath.

He lifts his head and stares down at me, tenderly cradling my cheeks in his hands. Silently we stare at each other as melancholy suddenly washes over me. I don't know if the orgasm has left me vulnerable or what is happening. Without meaning to, warm tears tumble from my eyes and roll down my cheeks. "Sorry," I say, turning away in shame. "Shit, I didn't mean to start crying. It's just that..." I meet his gaze again, "It's just that you made me feel so good. I can't believe what I've been missing this whole time."

"Sweetheart," he chuckles. "I'd be crying too if that was my first orgasm."

I bite my lip, trying not to think about all the women he's had sex with. I'm just one of many for him, but he's the one and *only* man who ever satisfied me. "It's hard for me to wrap my head around the fact that this will all be over soon." Now that I know how incredible he is, what am I going to do without him?

"But we have the whole weekend," Knox whispers and kisses my nose. He teasingly swivels his hips, and I can feel he's already hard again. "I have big plans for you tomorrow."

"No," I say softly, tracing a finger over his sexy jawline. "I mean after tomorrow. After I leave. We'll probably never see each other again."

He stares at me in silence. "I wouldn't count on it, sweetheart." He slides his hand down my arm and intertwines his fingers with mine, bringing my hand to his lips. "You've got me wrapped around your little finger." He kisses my pinky. "I think I'm addicted to you. Just one dose of you was all it took."

"To be honest," I hesitate, embarrassed to admit how possessive I'm feeling after only one night together. But I blurt it out anyway, "I'm not sure I'd be able to handle sharing you with other women."

"Just like I would go ape shit if another man touched you."

"But isn't it your job to, you know, be a pleasure provider?"

His deep chuckle fills the room. “No. I can guarandamntee you, it is not in my job description.”

I adjust the pillows and sit up against the headboard. “It isn’t?” I ask, breaking into a goofy smile, feeling my heart pinging.

“Hell no.” He plants a tender kiss on my nose again. “If I hadn’t been attracted to you, although I can’t imagine anyone in his right mind who wouldn’t be, tonight wouldn’t have happened.”

“So you don’t have to pleasure strange women day in and day out, on a full-time basis?”

“Hardly. That isn’t how this place operates. I’m a horse trainer and have a small ranch about a mile west, up the road.”

“And I’m in West Palomino.” My shoulders slump. “A three-hour drive from here.”

He grins, sweeping his arms around me, drawing me against his chest. “That’s nothing, darlin’, not when we have a lifetime ahead of us.”

~*~

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