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Chapter 1

At first glance the restaurant seemed like one of those fancy east coast restaurants he'd heard about. It sure didn't seem like it belonged in a mining town in the middle of nowhere in California. Cody stood at the entrance of the restaurant reading a sign on the front door: Men must be showered and wearing clean clothes to enter.

He'd heard about the new restaurant called Max's, but he seldom went into town. To Cody the miners that ventured into the town either went there for women, booze, trouble, or all three. Then, his buddy, nicknamed Sierra, came back to the camp one night talking about the best stew he'd ever eaten. Sierra explained about a place in town where the women didn't let you fuck them, but talked to you like you were a gentleman. Cody could see Sierra was sober, which was unusual for Sierra after a night in town. Sierra went on for an hour how he felt like a gentleman and even though he really wanted to get drunk and screw the woman he was talking to that he talked the night away and enjoyed it. After a few weeks of Sierra coming back to the camp sober, Cody decided he'd check the place out for himself. The next time Cody had time on his hands he high-tailed it to town. He finally was curious to see what Max's was all about. He especially wanted to meet this man Max who had women working for him but wouldn't let them fuck the customers.

Entering the restaurant Cody was stunned that the tables had white tablecloths. He hadn't seen linen tablecloths for five years, ever since he left New Orleans to mine for gold in California. He saw his friend Sierra sitting at a table talking to a woman and started walking towards them. Before he got a few feet into the restaurant he heard a woman behind him saying, "Welcome to Max's. Tonight's menu features hot biscuits, stew, and apple pie. I'm Max, the owner."

Turning toward the beautiful voice he found himself face to face with a beautiful older woman. He thought that she must be about his age and he stuttered, "You're Max?"

Her laughter was like sunshine and everyone that turned and glanced her way smiled, before resuming their conversations. She explained, "Well it's short for Maxine but everyone calls me Max. Can I show you to a table? Let me tell you right at the beginning of your visit that the ladies here aren't whores and you can't buy their time. They help me with the restaurant and can sit and talk if they want to on their dinner break. They're here looking to get married and work respectable while they find a husband. This restaurant gives them work and they don't have to be sleeping with you miners. I've no problem with the girls over at Lil's bar coming here to eat, but

they can't work here. Lil and I had a talk and this is the way we're running our places in this town."

Cody wasn't sure he wanted to know all that information and quietly said, "Uh, yes Ma'm, I only came to town because I wanted a good cooked meal. I don't even have a notion that I want conversation, and I sure ain't looking for a wife, or one of Lil's gals."

Max brought him to a table and then she walked to the table where Sierra and a woman sat. She said to the woman at Sierra's table, "Nevada, you've a table to wait on. You two realize that with your names being Nevada and Sierra that if you wed you can make up a complete territory?"

Nevada laughed and walked over to Cody's table. Sierra said to Max, "I like her very much but I'm not the marrying kind."

Max watched Sierra's gaze following Nevada around the room to Cody's table. Max also noticed the frown on Sierra's face when Nevada laughed at something Cody had said. Smiling to herself Max walked away thinking to herself that Sierra was going to marry Nevada, but he just didn't realize it yet.

Nevada was explaining what was on the menu when Cody asked, "Max said you girls are looking for husbands, is that right?"

Nevada looked into his blue eyes and laughed, "Why, you looking for a woman to marry?"

Cody looked the other way, "No, Ma'm just wondering what would bring ladies all the way to a mining town in California, since it ain't the gold."

Nevada answered in a quiet voice, "Well, I guess that depends on the lady. Some are looking for something and some are running to get away from something."

Cody looked directly into her eyes, "Which one is Max?"

Nevada's voice took on an annoyed tone, "Max ain't none of your business Mister, unless Max wants to be your business. I'm going to get you that stew and you just save questions about Max to ask Max. You a friend of Sierra's?"

Cody smiled, "Heck, no! He's too ugly to be anyone's friend."

Nevada laughed and walking away to bring him his stew she noticed Sierra glaring at Cody. She wondered what had suddenly gotten under his skin and figured that it probably had to do with a gold claim.

Cody was in the middle of eating the best stew he'd had in years when the chair across from him was pulled out. He thought it was Sierra and didn't bother to look up while he said, "Calm your saddle down, I'm not interested in the one called Nevada."

He heard a voice that he immediately recognized and looked up at Max who asked, “Then whom are you interested in? I hear you have questions and since I was the subject matter of those questions I figure you may as well ask and we can get them over with. I haven’t anything to hide. No law looking for me. No ex-husbands looking and no kids trailing after me. So what do you want to know?”

Cody looked back down at his stew, “Nothing Ma’m, I’d no right to pry. Stew is right good and best cup of coffee I had in months. Sorry I asked questions.”

Max looked at him a moment and without another word got up and went to her kitchen without giving him a second glance. She’d been working restaurants for as long as she could remember. She walked over to the stew pot and picking up a wooden spoon began stirring it. Staring into that swirling pot she remembered years ago when she was young, like the girls now working in her restaurant. The women were full of passion for life and looking for that right man, to fill their dreams.

She wondered where the years had gone and at age fifty-two what was left. Then she thought of her restaurant. Not many women had their own business and women in a mining town owning anything had been rare at that time.. That was one thing she and Lil had in common and enjoyed talking about. Every night after the bar would close Lil would come over for some stew and conversation. Although they didn’t have much in common other than age, ambition and not to be beholding to any man for the roof over their head they genuinely liked each other. The one difference between the two women was that Max had fond memories of a man. A man that had left her financially well off. He’d been older and although neither of them had been previously married, they never married. They enjoyed their relationship until he died of a heart attack in his late 40’s. She figured it was his hard way of living with tobacco, liquor, gambling and rodeo riding. At his burial she decided she’d never own a bar where there was liquor, tobacco or gambling but she’d move west and open a restaurant. He’d always said to her that she was the best cook and he was always bringing other cowboys and rodeo workers home for stew. Now, years later looking into the same stew recipe, she owned everything around her.

She looked up when she heard one of the girls saying, “Max, some man named Cody would like a word with you. I told him I doubt you had time to come back out but he said he’d wait a bit outside incase you could talk to him. I did ask about what and he said it was only your business what he wanted to talk to you about.”

Max smiled, “He’s like all the others so I’ll only be a minute.” She walked through the restaurant and out the front door. She noticed him sitting on the bench outside her restaurant and was surprised since she’d expected him to be standing and leaning against one of the posts. Walking over to him she said, “Well? You had something to say so you may as well say it so we can get past it.”

Cody smiled and sighed, “Look Ma’m I just don’t want no misunderstandings. I don’t come to town very often but when I do I’d like to eat here and I just don’t want no problems.”

Max stared at him, “That all you have to say? Just you don’t want no problems?”

Cody didn't answer and stood up. He brushed his cowboy hat against his leg, "Yep, I think that about sums it up. Not my business about nothing else. So, we got a deal that there was no misunderstanding?"

Max walked in front of him and gazed into his eyes, "Cody, we got that deal but when are you coming back to town?"

Cody was shocked but grinned, "Why?"

Max smiled and turning back toward her restaurant chuckled, "Not your business about nothing else. Come back any night after 1:00 in the morning, when the place is closed. You can have all the stew you want and finish this conversation."

Max walked back into her restaurant without saying another word. Entering the kitchen she began to make more pies when she began to remember baking in a kitchen many years ago.

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It was a Saturday night and Jim had just returned from a week on the road with the rodeo. He always came home tired and as he said horny. She was baking in the kitchen when the back door opened and that familiar voice would yell honey, guess whose back?

She'd always yell back, who? Jim? That old cowboy?

It would only take them a few minutes and they'd be naked in bed. Sometimes she'd teasingly tell him he didn't make love but rode her like a horse that suppose to try and buck him off. This night was different. His movements were slow and his kisses passionate.

Looking at him she said, "Jim, something wrong?"

He kissed her neck and answered, "No, not even cheating or nothing. Just didn't want to do it fast like you complain I do."

She didn't question him further but spread her thighs wider while he moved into position ready to enter her. She could feel him pressing into her and she moved slightly, letting his cock slide into her further. Sighing she whispered, "Yes, Jim, like that. Fuck me slow, then hard like always. Just first, fuck me slow and easy."

It was slow and easy. She felt his warm breath on her neck and her body responded. Her nipples pressing against his chest, while her pussy clenched on his cock. Slowly he slid in and out of her heated body, pumping into her until his balls slapped against her. He fucked her harder and his mouth closed over her nipple sucking harder with each thrust. Again and again he'd thrust harder, each time holding his position for a moment before pulling out and slamming back into her. She arched in wild response as she felt the frantic need in his body. Her subtle gyrations were involuntarily stroking his cock, with each movement. She felt him moving deeply within

her as his body tightened getting ready to come. Filling her completely she heard him groan, then felt him pull almost all the way out of her body. She felt his mouth suck harder and tighter on her nipple as his cock jerked - shooting hot come into her body. A moment later her pussy was clenching like a vise while her body was rocked with a strong orgasm. She heard him say, "That's my woman. Come for me sweet honey."

Max smiled at the thought of how he'd always say come for me sweet honey and laughed at the thought that she always did just that. She quickly turned when she heard Lil's voice.

"And what is that smile on your face and laugh about, or is it a secret?"

Max laughed, "Foolish thoughts of long ago times."

"Hell Max, I'd fill a cellar with mine. Want to hear one about a gambler I did on the bar after hours?"

Max put stew on two plates, "Hell, yeah, Lil I want to hear about that." Max checked the restaurant to make sure only a few customers were left and were being taken care of. Satisfied she closed the kitchen door and sat down at the table, "You talk Lil, I'll eat stew!"

It was the first of many nights of what Max affectionately called the tales of Miss Lil.

Chapter 2

Lil was pouring them both a cup of coffee, "Well Max, it all started one night when I was just about to close the bar..."

Lil's Saloon had been opened for over five years and she was always in it when it was open. She'd learned a long time ago that miners with some gold and playing cards could fight and wreck a bar in a few minutes. She towered over most men - 5'9" tall and a big woman with wild red hair and deep green eyes. It was on a night when someone struck gold and he was bragging, playing cards and drinking whiskey. Lil knew it was a dangerous mix but the liquor was flowing and the girls were making money so she kept the saloon open later than usual. Then it all happened at once. She heard one of the girls scream, the card table went flying and a gunshot was heard. Her girls were running for cover and fists were flying in a saloon brawl over the usual someone was either being cheated at cards or thought they were. She cursed and grabbing her shotgun, climbed up onto the bar and shot a round into the opposite wall. Everything seemed to stop at once with all eyes turning to the bar. She noticed men had frozen with their fists about to punch someone so she yelled, "All of you, you busted up my place and now get the hell out of here." For good measure she shot a second round into the wall and pulled a revolver out of her dress pocket. She'd a reputation as a damn good shot for a woman with a mean temper when someone messed with her property. As soon as one man ran out the swinging doors they all started leaving. Some turned a table back up or tried to upright a chair but most of the furniture was broken and in pieces. Most of them mumbled, "Sorry, Lil." Lil just answered for them to get the hell out and the place would be closed until she could clean it all up. As the last one of the men and her girls filed out of the saloon doors she slammed them shut locking

them. Turning to look at the mess of broken tables and chairs she spotted him. He was sitting in the only chair left with the back of it leaning at an angle against the wall. His cowboy hat was pulled low on his head but she could see a pair of blue eyes gazing at her.

“You didn’t hear me tell everyone to leave?”

He pushed the chair forward and stood up, “Yep, M’am when you state something it sure is clear.” He pointed to the wall. “But, I figured you could use some help righting this mess and I ain’t in no rush to go to another saloon so I figured I may as well help.”

Lil didn’t answer him and started to throw the broken wood into a corner of the saloon. She watched as he started to pick up the broken tables and threw some in the corner and others that were broken he stacked. She noticed he did the same with the chairs – looked them over and either threw them in one pile or the other pile. She worked along side of him in silence. At times she’d put a table in the pile to be burned and he’d look it over and move it to the other pile. Finally when they had two piles of tables and chairs she said, “What am I suppose to do with that pile of junk over there?”

He was inspecting a table leg, “Nothing, Ma’m – these I can fix in about two days and they’ll be right as rain.”

Lil laughed, “And what’s it gonna cost me?”

He grinned, “Probably not what you’re thinking. How about a room in exchange for carpentry?”

Lil was looking at the wall she shot and said, “Well, guess it will save on buying new things and having them shipped, so we’ll see what you can do. You can use the room up the stairs, first door on the left. I stay in the room at the end of the hall but you ain’t invited so don’t get any ideas that you are.”

Lil walked past him and up the stairs not looking back.

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The following days they worked together. She swept the place and put a new coat of paint on the wall. Hanging some pictures she covered some of the holes but left some so maybe the miners would remember the shotgun. She learned he’d been drifting for a number of years since his wife died and he’d been in town a week looking for work. She learned that his name was Jeremy and from watching him work without his shirt on she knew he had muscled arms - she imagined the rest of him. It was late afternoon with the sun fading through the glass when she said, “I’m done for the day.”

She watched him put down the hammer and turning to her he said, “You’re the boss. Fine with me. I think we have this place back in fairly decent order and can probably reopen tomorrow night.”

Lil was sitting on the bar pouring herself a glass of bourbon when he walked up next to her. She poured him a drink while glancing at his handsome face and the hardness of this chest. She thought to herself that he was one fine looking cowboy. When she looked at his eyes she found he was staring at her hair.

“Lil is a nice name but Red is a good nickname for you. Can you use a bartender and carpenter? I’m good with a gun, can hold my own in any fight and can keep order in here when it gets out of hand. Not that you can’t but I’m figuring maybe you could use help?”

“Jeremy, your type comes through here once a week. Few bucks and then you’re gone to the next town, next saloon, next woman.”

“Well, M’am, I’m not like that, but guess that’s a no?”

“Actually, Jeremy the answer is yes. I’m just letting you know I don’t expect anything and know as soon as you earn what you think will get you somewhere that I’ll find you gone.”

She watched as his fingers began to play with some locks of her long red hair, “Look, Red, why don’t we worry about tomorrow when it gets here. I’m not saying I’m gonna be here forever, but then I have no guarantee you won’t kick my cowboy ass out on the street.”

His fingers began to twine in her hair and their eyes met in an unspoken understanding of how things were and how things could be. As his lips moved to meet hers he pushed her down on the bar and he said, “Doors locked?”

She felt his fingers undoing the buttons down the front of her dress and after a few moments they were both stark ass naked on the bar. As he moved between her open thighs she chuckled, “Damn, next time I better buy a wider bar.”

His kiss was hot and his hands massaged her large breasts, squeezing them while his hips moved over hers. Spreading her legs wider she felt him starting to push into her. Her nails dug into his ass, pulling him tighter against her body. She could feel his hot flesh...hard...demanding. With a sigh she felt him sink his cock into her pussy. The hard bar against her back and his hard cock rocking inside her was a feeling of pure sensation. Lil arched her back slamming her body higher. She was a strong woman and wrapped her powerful thighs around him. She locked her legs around him and felt his kisses stop on her neck. Then she heard him groan, “Okay, honey, let’s do it wild.” She held onto his muscled frame as he pumped and began fucking her with a pent up fury of driving need.

She let him plunge deeply into her - wanting him to sink himself all the way in her until she felt his balls slapping against her. He was the best fuck she’d had in years with his powerful thighs pinning her to the bar and his fingers pulling on her nipples. She could hear herself moaning under his constant pounding until it was burning hot within her. She was shifting under his slamming thrusts until she heard him groaning and it seemed that she felt every muscle in his body tighten. Their breathing was loud...movements of hard fucking...until at least they both arched in unison. In what seemed like a blinding moment of release she heard him groan the

nickname he gave her, Red. Then she felt him slam so hard into her that her hips slammed flat onto the bar and her body clenched in a strong climax.

It took them both a few moments of moving to finally feel they'd both finished fucking and coming and Lil was surprised when he said, "Red? Are you okay? This bar sure is hard. I think my knees are bruised."

She smiled, "Well, can't say I've had a bed as hard as this but I guess for the moment it was about all we had besides a table and we can't afford to break any of them." She grinned as she sat up swinging her legs off the bar.

Jeremy had jumped off the bar and pulled on his blue-jeans and cowboy boots while Lil pulled on her dress and she sat back on the bar. Picking up her drink she said, "So, you think we can open this place tomorrow night?"

He grinned, "Red. I think you and I can do just about anything we put our minds to doing."

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Max looked at Lil and asked, "And what? What? Where is he now?"

Lil took a spoonful of stew, "Well, I don't know. Things were going kind of good for me for once and he'd gone east for a few months to get some supplies. During that time the town was taken over by the Garding Brothers Gang. They burnt the town down including the saloon. I grabbed some money, my shotgun, two dresses and ran for my horse. Then I just rode for weeks until I landed here in California a few years ago. From what I hear now and then the town was never rebuilt and don't rightly know where he is and never knew how to find him. Guess it just wasn't meant to be."

Max didn't ask too many more questions about Jeremy when they met for dinner after they closed their places. It was the fourth week and they were in the middle of dinner when there was a knock on the back door. Max got up and looking out the window saw Cody standing there. She opened the door, "Well, bout time you got back to town?"

Cody smiled, "Well, Ma'm things just don't always go how I plan them or I'd have been back the next night. Am I too late for that late night dinner?"

Max stood in the doorway a moment then moved to the side, "Guess, maybe you're right about plans not working out the way you think they're going to. Come on in."

Chapter 3

Cody walked in and nodded toward Lil, "Ma'm" Lil smiled, "Well, cowboy, you can have this seat right here because I'm taking these old bones to a nice soft bed. Now you behave yourself or you'll be answering to Saloon Lil."

When she left Cody laughed, “I’ve heard that name for the year I’ve been here but never met her. She seems like a right nice woman. I don’t frequent her saloon but Sierra used to talk about her all the time until he started eating dinner here instead of drinking.”

He walked over and picked up two plates and then walked over to Max, “How about me helping. I’m right good in the kitchen.”

Max chuckled, “Yeah, doing what? Holding plates and then eating or you cook?”

Cody didn’t answer right away but went back to the table with his plate filled with stew. “Well, I can cook chili that’s the best in California, I can make the best biscuits you could ever want and if I had the right ingredients I can make a chicken stew to rival your beef stew.”

Max smiled, “Is this some type of challenge for a stew cook off or something?”

“Well, Max, can’t say I ever turn down a challenge so be careful what you say young lady or you might just have a challenge.”

Max laughed, “Young lady? Now that’s music to my ears. You better be careful with those compliments. I might just want to remember those years and believe you.”

“Maxine, if I didn’t think you were a right good looking woman I’d sure as hell not have ridden an hour at this time of night to have dinner with you. Now I’m not going to say I’m not wondering why you wanted me to stop by but I’m glad you did.”

Max was never the type of woman to sidestep a question or not just say what was on her mind, “It’s been a long time. You look like a man I’d like to get to know.”

Cody stopped eating. Startled he looked up and met her eyes. He saw look in her eyes but hoped she couldn’t read the hunger for her that he knew must be showing in his. He had thought about her every day and at night the thoughts had kept him from sleeping. Now sitting across from her he wanted her more than he wanted that gold claim he should be working on. “Ma’m I’m not sure we’re thinking along the same lines. Maybe I’d better finish eating and get on back to the mining camp. I’d sure hate to misunderstand and do the wrong thing.”

Max sat still, “What thing exactly do you think might be the wrong thing?”

Cody looked toward the stairs that he knew led to the upper floor where she lived. He’d asked Sierra questions to the point that Sierra finally told him that Nevada said she wasn’t telling him anything else about Maxine or the restaurant. Cody looked back at Max and then back at the stairs, “Those go to your room?”

Max looked over at the stairs, “Yes, they go to the upper floor and three rooms.”

Cody stood up and took his plate to the kitchen sink. Washing the plate and drying it he looked at the stairs, “Wrong thing might be that I head for the stairs instead of that door over there.” He

quickly washed the stew pot, utensils and dried them off. Then turning since Max wasn't saying anything but watching him he said, "Well, I'm done eating, done cleaning and about to move in a direction. Don't want to choose the wrong one. Care to help me out here with a direction?"

Max stood up and headed for the stairs. "Well, I'm heading this direction. You can head either direction depending on your choosing."

Their eyes met and held for what seemed to Cody like an eternity. He sure didn't plan on any involvement of any kind. He'd stayed clear of women for longer than he wanted to remember. Now, every fiber in his body was telling him to head to the stairs while his mind was trying to figure out if Maxine was the one night type or did she expect him to be making routine visits.

Maxine turned at the entrance to the stairs, "You stuck to the floor Cody?"

"In a way, Ma'm, I'm stuck to the floor. I don't want no misunderstanding. I sure want to head for those stairs but I'd like to get some things straight first."

Maxine sighed, "Look, Cody. I don't want anything from you. I'm not looking to put a rope around your neck and keep you here, a ring on your finger, I sure at my age don't need pretty lies and you can walk down the stairs as easily as you walk up them."

Cody didn't answer but silently walked to the stairs and followed her up them. He wasn't very comfortable when they walked into her bedroom and wasn't much on words to begin with which is why he preferred the whores at the Saloons. He looked around, "You have a nice room."

He watched as she undressed and smiled when she said, "I'm getting naked and you only notice my room? Maybe you should practice some of those pretty lies I said I don't need to hear."

He laughed and took off his shirt, "Already told you that you were a right good looking woman and I don't lie. Don't have the time for lies to tell them and I sure don't like to hear any. I'm not quite sure how to handle a lady so you'll have to tell me if I do something wrong."

Maxine laughed as she climbed on the bed. Sitting cross-legged she smiled as he pulled off his jeans and sat on the edge of the bed looking at her. She answered, "Well, then, Cody – think of me as a lady and make love to me like I'm a whore and I think we'll get on just fine."

Cody turned pulling her under him. As his lips came down to meet hers he said, "Yes, Ma'm no misunderstanding on that one."

She felt his lips demanding and his body moving over hers. She didn't want it slow this time. She just wanted it. She was surprised when his lips left hers and he took one of her nipples in his mouth sucking on it. His knee was pressing her thighs apart and when she opened them he slid between them. She liked how he licked her nipples and then in a moment he was kissing her hard and passionate. Again she was surprised when he didn't push right into her but kept kissing her while his other hand began to gently squeeze her breast and play with her nipples. His fingers lightly ran over her tummy down between her thighs. Slowly she felt them slide between

her pussy lips and when he found her wet she heard him groan and remove his hand. Slowly she felt him then pushing his cock into her.

She ran her hands over the hard muscles of his back and down toward his tight muscled ass. He was lean and muscular and she felt his ass tighten as he began to move faster within her. He paused in kissing her and looking into her eyes said, “You’re still a lady!” Then like a hurricane had blown into the room he drove his cock into her hard. Filling her and cupping her ass with his hands he pulled her up as he drove down. His movements were frenzied yet controlled as his body slammed and withdrew from hers. Maxine had thought he’d be powerful but she never dreamed of this man taking her with such power behind his movements. Arching her body she gave over to the need and panting together and gyrating they fucked for an hour harder then slower...then harder and hotter. Finally she began to whimper his name and in an incredible climax she finally felt him stiffen and shudder uncontrollably as he came within her.

Without a word he pulled out of her body and sat up on the side of the bed. She had her hand running over his back as he sat with his head hanging down...breathing hard until he got his breath back to normal.

“Maxine, I’ve got to get back to the camp. I’ve got to get to the claim real early. I’m turning it over to the Bracken’s holding company for good money and the papers are all being signed in the morning.”

Maxine didn’t look at him but kept looking at the ceiling while her hand rubbed his back, “That’s good news about making money selling your claim. Didn’t figure you’d be moving on quite this fast but no problem or misunderstandings.”

Suddenly he turned and kissed her, “Maxine? Don’t suppose your back door will be open late tomorrow night if I knock? Sure would like to climb these stairs again if you have the same idea?”

She pulled him tighter for a moment and kissed him back harder then said, “Yep, door will be open. Get here whenever you can make it to town.”

As he was about to leave her room he turned, “I’ll make sure it isn’t real late so we have more time.”

Chapter 4

Cody got back to the mining camp and saw Sierra walking up the trail from the creek with two buckets of fresh water. He’d never seen Sierra up this hour of the morning and he walked up to him, “Sierra? What’s got you up this early fetching water?”

Sierra grinned, “Got company, now get out of my way you ugly looking miner!”

Cody laughed, “Who’d come up to this place? You got a woman from Lil’s?”

Sierra gave him a nasty look and Cody realized who Sierra must have in his cabin, “Hell, Sierra, sorry. You mean to tell me that Nevada saw it fit to visit someone as ugly as you?”

They laughed and Sierra went on in the direction of his cabin. Pushing open the door he took the buckets of water and poured them in the large cast iron pot used to heat water. Glancing over to the bed he saw the woman that came back to the camp with him. It had started as teasing and somehow she got him to ask her back to his place. He grinned thinking about it and was glad she tricked him, although she’d say it was his idea. He’d been drinking at Lil’s and about to pay a woman when Sierra walked up to him and said, “You giving away hard earned money?”

Lil’s girl Anita answered, “Not your business. He’s with me, not you. You go back to your little stew shop and be a waitress and I’ll take care of the man like he needs a woman to take care of him.”

Before Nevada could answer Sierra cut in, “Well, Anita, just let me step outside for a moment and get this straightened out. Be right back.”

He smiled at Nevada, “I can explain. Let’s go outside.” As he walked out of the saloon he saw Lil grinning at him and wondered what her problem was. He didn’t see her give Anita a wink and Anita grin and say, “Anytime. Hope it works out for them.” Then he felt himself getting annoyed that he thought he should explain his actions to a woman. It’s not like she ever gave him much thought other than serving him food and waiting to get a tip. He walked down the street toward Max’s and stopped, “Look, Nevada. A man’s got needs.”

She stared right into his eyes, “Fine, where’s your horse?”

Sierra pointed to his horse, “What’s my horse got to do with anything?”

She started toward his horse and swung up into his saddle. “You said you got needs. Well then, what am I? And for once call me Rachel?”

Sierra was confused, “Nevada, rather Rachel, get down off that darn horse. You don’t know what needs I’m talking about. I ain’t hungry for biscuits!”

Rachel laughed, “I don’t right think of myself as a biscuit. Why, you ashamed to take me to your camp but not ashamed to do one of Lil’s women?”

“Nevada, I mean Rachel, this ain’t got nothing to do with being ashamed of you. I’d be right proud to take you anywhere but tonight I don’t want pretty talk.”

Rachel smiled, “Well, then if you’d be so darned proud of taking me somewhere why can’t you get your tail up on the back of this horse? You lying?”

Sierra hated being called a liar and swung up on the back of the horse. Grabbing the reins he kicked the horse lightly on the side and said to him, “Come on Gold Coast, let’s get the hell out of town and back home.”

As the horse cantered out of town Rachel noticed how smooth the horse was to ride. She was surprised that it seemed like the horse was gliding rather than running and asked, “Nevada, what kind of horse is this? He sure is smooth running.”

Nevada grinned, “Gold Coast is a Peruvian Paso.”

Rachel laughed, “A Peruvian what?”

Nevada answered, “Don’t matter. He’s just a damn good horse. Rachel, maybe we should turn back to town?”

Rachel snuggled back into his thighs, “Why? You decide you ashamed of me?”

She heard him curse under his breath and answer, “Fine. You just sit tight but in the morning I don’t want no trouble. You ain’t staying and I ain’t the marrying type.”

Rachel smiled, “From what your friend Cody says you’re too ugly to marry or stay with.”

Sierra laughed and placing his arm around her waist pulled her tighter against him.

Once at the camp he knew she was surprised he had a cabin rather than living down in the tent area. When they walked inside she said, “I didn’t think miners had cabins up here?”

He walked over and put another log in the fireplace. “This house belonged to a preacher and his wife but they moved back to New Orleans. They had two cabins and Cody bought one and I bought this one. We figured since we were gonna be here a long time we may as well buy something with our money other than women.” He quickly looked at her when he said that and she was watching him before she answered, “You prefer to buy women?”

“Look, Nevada, I mean Rachel, I ain’t no good with fancy words so it’s easier to pay and leave and not worry about hurting no one. You’re the type to get hurt.”

When he decided to explain he was going to take her back to town he was stunned to see her standing by the fireplace naked. She was neatly placing her dress on the back of a chair by the fire and the firelight played across her skin.

Sierra stood there staring. He’d thought that he’d seen any woman so beautiful and here she was in his own cabin. She turned and smiled at him and walked over to his bed. Quickly undressing he walked over to the bed that she’d already turned down the covers and gotten into.

He suddenly felt uncomfortable, “Rachel, you’re such a tiny thing.”

She didn’t answer but put her hand on his shoulder pulling him towards her. He raised one eyebrow in question and when she smiled he grinned and pulled her under his body. He felt her holding him tighter against her and his mouth claimed hers. His tongue delved into her mouth.

His hands felt like they were touching gold as they roamed freely over her body. He could feel her nails on his back. Her legs rubbed against his. He knew in his mind that he should steel himself against the feelings that were starting inside him. He'd wanted to just pay her, but here she was and for some reason she wanted to be with him other than money. Her skin was soft against his rough fingertips. His cock was hard. His skin was on fire. He swiftly moved between her open thighs and thrust into her. She was tight around his thick cock. She whispered his name, Sierra. He wanted to hear his name. "Rachel, just for tonight can you call me Clay?" He didn't know why he wanted her to call him by his real name but he just wanted it.

He was pumping in her faster and harder. He was surprised she wanted it as hard as he wanted to slam into her. He heard her voice saying, "Harder, Clay. I want to come." He thrust deep. Again he pulled almost all the way out and rammed in over and over until he felt her pussy begin to come on his cock. She was like a tight glove on his cock and he liked his cock slamming into her. Then he felt that feeling building inside him and in a burst of need he couldn't hold back he slammed into her and began to come as if it would never end. He kept pumping until he felt drained and he realized she was still quietly saying his name and her hands were caressing his back up and down. When he finally felt he couldn't come anymore he rolled off her and onto his side. He looked at her and was glad she had her eyes closed because he wasn't sure what to say. Usually he'd just get up and leave but this was his cabin and he guessed that she'd get up, use his horse and leave. He figured he'd borrow someone's horse and get his in the morning when he road to town.

She opened her eyes, "Clay, I liked that. Was I an okay biscuit?"

He laughed and leaned over kissing her. Somehow from that position she snuggled in and the next thing he knew he'd his arm around her and she was snuggled against his side. Since he wasn't sure what to say he didn't say anything and in the next moment she was sleeping. He figured she'd get mad if he woke her so he'd let her sleep a few minutes. He closed his eyes for a moment and the next time he woke it was early morning. He woke and for a moment was shocked she was still there but her long hair was soft across his chest and her soft hand was resting on his arm. He smiled and thought that it wasn't so bad waking up to a woman in his bed.

Rachel woke up and smiled at him when he said, "Morning biscuit. I'm gonna get us some fresh water and put up the fire. You stay warm till I get back. Okay?"

He figured her soft smile was a yes and he went down to the creek for the water where he met his friend Cody on the way back. As he brought the water into the cabin he wondered if Cody would think he was nuts for bringing Rachel home. He didn't know his friend Cody was lost in thoughts of a warm body named Max and what he wanted to do to her that night.

Chapter 5

Max wasn't too surprised that night when she was missing a waitress. But, it meant more work since then she'd have to be waiting on tables and doing the cooking. She'd heard from one of Lil's gals that had spent the day at the camp that Sierra and Nevada didn't come out of the cabin

all day. Max was wondering if everything was going okay when she heard a knock on the back door.

The door opened and Cody walked in, “Know I’m early but I had a hankering for stew. Okay if I eat it in here and skip sitting in the restaurant?”

Max had two plates in her hands as she walked out of the kitchen, “All the way to town for a hankering for stew? I seem to be missing a waitress up in your camp and one just got sick and left. I think she really left to go work at Lil’s – Go ahead and help yourself to the stew. I got my hands full cooking and serving. I’ll work to change that hankering of yours later.”

One of the waitresses walked in saying she needed two more bowls of stew. Cody got up and walked over to the pot of stew. He said, “Two stews coming right up.” He dished out the stew and it seemed the dinner hour fell into a pattern. Someone would walk in saying they needed stew, or biscuits, or pie and he’d make sure it was ready to go. He laughed when Max came in an hour later and said, “Well we’re all cleaned up out there and the girls have gone home. Don’t suppose you want a kitchen job?”

He laughed, “Nope, do you want to come up to camp and pan for gold?”

Laughing she walked over to the sink, “Nope, do you want to come up?”

Cody grinned, “Ma’m you sure do speak your mind, don’t you?”

Max threw down her apron and started heading to the door to the upstairs, “Yep, I sure do. Don’t want none of those misunderstandings you’re always so worried about happening.”

Cody watched as she disappeared out of the kitchen and he heard her walking up the stairs. Finally he heard her yell back down the stairs, “Cody, you stuck to the floor down there.”

“No Ma’m!”

He started walking up the stairs and into her room. He liked her room. It wasn’t all fussy and frilly like some of rooms he’d been. He was looking around the room and thinking about it when he heard the bedsprings of the bed. Quickly turning he found Max was in bed smiling at him, “Well, Cody, you gonna spend the night thinking or doing?”

He stripped off his boots and stood there for a moment admiring her mannerisms and that she wasn’t shy about wanting him. At the same time Max was thinking that she liked how he’d stand with his fingers on his belt buckle. He’d always seem to pause making a decision, then he’d quickly pull that buckle open. It was such a smooth movement that she liked watching as he’d take his pants off. It seemed to her that his decision was all in that one buckle movement. She’d watch him slide his jeans down his long legs and then surprisingly she’d think he’d throw them but he’d always walk over and place them over the back of the chair. He’d sit down on the chair and remove his shirt and then socks and finally he’d stand removing the final piece of

clothing. She liked how he'd slowly walk to the bed and for a moment looking unsure he'd stand there looking down at the bed cover.

He looked over at her as he slipped under the covers, "Well, Max, guess the doing is in order."

She smiled as he pulled her under him but she had her mind set on being on the top. When he started to move over her body she whispered, "I want top." She watched the startled look in his eyes and chuckled when he said, "You want to ride?"

As he rolled onto his back she grinned, "Well, I'd think of a different wording but so there isn't one of those misunderstanding, yes, I want to ride."

She didn't think there would be a problem judging from the cock that was standing straight and hard. Throwing her leg on the other side of his body she slowly sank down onto his shaft. She studied his muscular body probably from hours mining in the camps and his muscles chest and arms. She liked that he didn't arch right away letting her set the pace of her body pumping up and down on him. She arched her back as his hands finally grabbed her breasts squeezing them...pulling on them to the same rhythm her body was doing. Then she felt him starting to lift his hips to meet her downward thrusts. She felt his cock ramming harder and then she knew he was going to do it harder and faster. As she felt his hands slide down from pinching and pulling on her nipples she felt them grasp her waist tightly. Her eyes met his.

"Cody, I want it again...hard...fast."

She liked his gruff voice, "Then, Maxine, ride this, honey."

She felt him arch his back...lift his hips...and his cock rammed home deeper than she ever felt anyone in her body. She lifted her body slightly off his cock but his hands slammed her back down - impaling her on his cock over and over. His thrusting hardness...pulsing inside her...he bucked and she felt him holding her tightly down on top of him.

It felt to her as if she was on a moving force and her body began to swiftly pick up the movement. She arched her back and her nails raked down the front of his muscled chest to the flat of his belly. As their movements jerked and slammed in perfect harmony she heard his groan deeply. At that moment her body shuddered as waves of pleasure began to spiral from her pussy through her body. She felt her pussy muscles clench tightly on his hard cock and then she felt him coming hard and deep inside of her.

Her hands were flat open on his chest...her head bent forward as her long hair trailed down over her shoulders onto his chest. She still had her eyes closed when she felt him pushing her hair behind her shoulders and say, "Maxine, you okay, honey?" She smiled since that was the first time, well actually the second, that he had called her honey. She'd always liked that term. Answering in a soft voice she said, "Yes, very okay. Heck of a ride." Sliding off of him they both laughed and he pulled her into his arms.

It felt good to her after so many years alone having a man in her bed. Not that she never had other offers to bed with men. Men would want to get into her bed all the time, but she knew a woman had to hold herself out as special. Most men she ran into she just didn't feel worth it for a roll in the hay. Then the next morning she'd just have looked at the place their boots had been under the bed and be mad at herself for falling for sweet lines because she was lonely after losing the man she had loved for so many years.

To her Cody was different from the other miners but she wasn't going to get herself falling for sweet lines to feel better so she knew it was going to end one of these nights. She said, "Well, guess you have about an hour or more ride back to the camp so I won't be keeping you if you want to get going."

She heard the startled note in his voice when he said, "What? You want me to get going?"

She gazed into his eyes, "Well, that's what I think you probably want to do so I'm just saying that it's okay with me if you get going."

She was surprised when he laughed and pulled her against him, "Heck no Maxine. This is one of those misunderstanding brewing. I'm getting good at figuring they are about to happen. I've got to be at the mining claims office in the morning so I don't have to be at the camp at all. I've sold my claim to Sierra."

Max didn't say anything for a long time, then her voice was low when she said, "You moving on then?"

She didn't see him grinning, "You asking me to stay?"

"No, I didn't ask that at all. I asked you moving on?"

She had her eyes closed and he grinned wider, "Why does it matter if you ain't asking me to stay?"

She opened her eyes but he quickly stopped smiling so she said, "No reason, not my business."

"Well, Maxine, I'm in your bed so I guess it is your business in some way, don't you think so at least so we don't have a misunderstanding?"

She sat up her back ramrod straight. He played with her long hair twining it around his fingers as she said, "Fine. I'm asking because I want to know if you'll be around next week."

She felt him sit up next to her and she was surprised how gentle he started to massage her shoulders, "Well, Ma'm, the truth is like this."

He paused so long she cut in, "The truth is like WHAT?"

She heard him chuckle, “The truth is that I’ve got a bad back from a gun shot wound a long time ago in my side and bending over all day is beginning to bother me something bad. Sierra sometimes has to help me get straightened up. I’ve made some good money and saved it in the bank. I just don’t think I can hold up panning for gold anymore so I’m thinking of staying in town.”

She turned and looked at him, “And doing what?”

He knew she wasn’t going to like his next sentence but he figured that it may as well get out in the open, “Well, it’s like this. Remember I said I was damn good at cooking Chili and biscuits? Well, I’m gonna buy that old house down the street and figured to make part of it a kitchen for the miners that don’t want to get cleaned up to come here.”

She was about to answer when they heard knocking on the downstairs door as if someone was going to knock it down if they didn’t stop. Grabbing clothing they ran down the stairs to open it to find Nevada with tears streaming down her face. She threw herself into Max’s arms. In the next few minutes they heard a horse pounding into the back yard and knew it had to be Nevada. Cody looked at Max and smiled, “Guess I’ll be putting up a pot of strong coffee and be staying?”

She smiled back, “Guess that’s a good idea and we’ll figure out your Chili house when we get this mess, uh, misunderstanding cleared up between these two.”

They gazed into each other’s eyes with an understanding that passed between them.

Chapter 6

Nevada was still in tears when Sierra came bursting into the kitchen yelling, “What in blazes got into you woman!”

Max yelled, “Don’t you be yelling at Nevada in my kitchen.”

Nevada looked at Max, “I don’t even like Clay anymore. Can’t you get rid of him!”

Cody looked perplexed, “I’ll get rid of this Clay fellow for you if it means you and Sierra will stop all this fighting.”

Sierra looked at Cody, “Hell, I’m Clay!”

Max and Cody both startled said, “Your name is Clay?”

Sierra had a sheepish grin on his face, “Yeah, but no one was suppose to know but Rachel.”

Max and Cody both said, “Whose Rachel?”

Nevada had stopped crying and was giggling, “I’m Rachel.”

Cody poured himself a cup of coffee and sat down at the table. “Well, guess this has me more confused than I thought. Rachel, now that’s a right pretty name. Clay is an old ugly name but Rachel is a nice woman’s name. So, what did that old ugly miner over there do wrong.”

Clay said, “I didn’t do nothing wrong. I was real polite the whole darn time and even let her sleep late!”

Max raising one eyebrow said, “Oh Lord, save us from such wonderful men folk with such consideration in them.”

Cody shot her a look and Clay continued, “Then I even told her I thought she looked good in the morning. And, then, I even thought that maybe she’d like to get money just from me and quit her job and stay with me. She gets all fired up, starts yelling she ain’t staying with me for my money and then high-tails it to town on my own damn horse!”

Max was mad, “Why should she earn money from you! She ain’t like one of Lil’s gals!”

Clay yelled back, “She don’t got to earn it – she can have it!”

Cody started laughing and they all looked at him. Max asked what was so funny and Rachel started crying. Cody told Rachel to come over to him because he wanted to whisper something in her ear. She was still sniffing when he leaned over her and he softly said, “When he said get money just from him and quit your day job he meant he wanted to support you and marry you. He was asking you to marry him in his not so smart way of asking.”

Wide eyed she looked at Cody for a moment and then she turned and threw herself into Clay’s arms. Luckily, although surprised he was able to keep them both from falling as she repeated over and over that she’d marry him and kept kissing him. It only took Clay a minute to get his bearings and he laughed, “Damn it took a long time to get that answer from her. Cody what the hell did you say to her?”

Max was staring at Cody asking what the hell just happened and Cody was too busy laughing when Lil walked in the back door, “Max what the hell is all the yelling. I was walking by and heard crying and laughing and yelling. This some kind of celebration or a hanging on its way!” Max looked at Lil, “Well, it seems somewhere between the coffee perking and getting poured Rachel and Clay got engaged.” Lil asked who the hell Rachel and Clay were and did she know them and when everyone started laughing and she saw Sierra and Nevada holding tight to each other she figured it out. “DAMN! you two finally figured out how to get together and hitched!”

Lil offered them a room for the night at the Saloon and not wanting to ride all the way back to the camp they took her up on it. When everyone had gone Cody looked at Max, “Well, that was a fast three hours of confusion but I’m kinda glad those two got together.”

Max asked, “So, you think Rachel is a fine name? Guess it’s a lot prettier than Max for a name.”

Cody got up and locked the back door, “Yep, Rachel is a right pretty name for a woman for Sierra. Max is a pretty name too.”

Max said, “You locked the door with you on the inside. That mean anything I should know about?”

He walked past her and up the stairs yelling back, “You stuck to the floor.”

She laughed and blew out the lamp. Walking up the stairs into her own bedroom she found him sitting on her bed pulling off his boots.

“Max, it’s too late or early to ride to the camp when I have to be in town in the morning. I don’t figure you’d mind if I sleep a bit in your bed with you?”

Max smiled and in a moment crawled back into his arms. It was odd but as he rolled to his side they both automatically moved so he was on top of her between her thighs. Max smiled and felt him hard between her thighs as she said, “Why don’t you seem like you’re ready to go to sleep?”

He moved his hips against her and she enjoyed the feel of him pushing his cock slowly into her. She thought that she’d never meet a man she’d want in her bed and now she was in bed with a miner who had no intentions of settling down. She heard his voice, “Max, what are you thinking?” She didn’t answer. She thought that for now it was enough. She’d think about what she wanted from this man tomorrow, but for now it felt good with him hard and hot inside of her.

She decided she wanted feelings. She arched to meet each movement of his thrusting inside of her. She liked how he groaned when she’d arch under him. Running her hands over his muscled back she brought her legs up wrapping them around his waist. She felt him deeper inside of her. It was the feeling she wanted and craved. Gyrating her hips in slow motion she felt him pick up the rhythm and it was as if time stood still. Nothing else seemed to exist but the feel of his body against her...inside of her...wanting her. Slowly and provocatively they moved while his mouth claimed hers in possession. She felt his tongue raking the inside of her mouth claiming it as his. She gave him all he seemed to want to take. When her nails raked down his back his movements began to slam into her. Fucking her harder. Fucking her faster. Demanding with his body that she belong to him. Hotter...Fucking her wild and furious he pounded into her.

She felt it building within her faster than she wanted. She wanted to draw the feelings out but her body was demanding release with each of his powerful thrusts. She heard him groaning and when she heard him say her name she flew over the edge of ecstasy. She whispered his name and in a shattering release of passion she dug her nails into him as she climaxed without being able to hold it back. She was still feeling sensations when she felt his final thrust and his release into her body. His arms wrapped tighter around her as he said, “Max, I need you.” She held him tightly wondering if this would be the last time with him but then she didn’t want to think further ahead than the moment.

He rolled off of her and to her side putting his arm around her, “Max, think it would be okay if I stay what is left of the night?”

She snuggled into his side, “I don’t think it would be too polite of me to send you packing at this hour when sunrise is so close. And you have to be in town in the morning so may as well get some sleep.”

As she was falling asleep she heard him say, “I meant what I said before. I need you. I wasn’t just saying words while we were doing it.”

She smiled and teased in a half sleepy voice, “Doing what?”

He yawned. Chuckling he pulled her tighter, “I’m not answering that. Go to sleep, Max. We got things to talk about tomorrow.”

Chapter 7

Morning came quicker than Max had wanted and opening her eyes she looked over at the other side of the bed. It was empty. She figured he decided to sneak out while she was asleep and felt anger thinking of his last words to her that they’d talk tomorrow. Sitting up she smelled the aroma of fresh coffee. She walked over to the stairs and yelled down, “Lil? You in the kitchen?”

She smiled when she heard a male voice answering, “NO. About time you got your pretty ass awake. Coffee is done brewing and biscuits are done. You coming down?”

Quickly washing in the basin she got dressed and walked down the stairs into her kitchen. It had been years since a man was in her kitchen at morning. She didn’t quite know what to do and she glanced at him when she said, “Now what?”

He laughed, “Max, relax. It’s only coffee and biscuits.”

She started to walk past him to sit down and he grabbed her pulling her onto his lap. “Doesn’t a man get a kiss or something for all this hard work in the kitchen?”

She laughed, “Cody, relax. It’s only coffee and biscuits.” She noticed his disappointed look and kissed him on the nose, “There how was that for the coffee?”

He held her tighter, “Well, Max, that was right fine but those biscuits are real special.”

Her lips met his and his hand twined in her long hair holding her lips to his. She thought this was silly but it felt too good to give up. She thought that the last thought she always seemed to have with this man is that it felt too good to give up. Her arms wrapped tightly around him and she pressed against him. She whispered, “We best stop or the biscuits will get cold.”

She felt his hand sliding up her leg and his voice next to her ear, “The biscuits can be heated again but I want to feel your softness.”

Her last coherent thought was she was too old to be playing hanky panky in the kitchen but her legs spread wider as his hand slid higher and higher up her soft thigh.

At the juncture of her thighs she sighed as his fingers slid under her panties while his mouth claimed hers. She felt his fingers running the length of her pussy lips before he pressed into the secret folds to find her moist place. Her thighs opened wider. His fingers rubbed the delicate softness making her wetter and wetter with wanton need. She felt her nipples harden under her blouse as his finger easily slipped within her. She arched into his fingers pressing them deeper within her. Feeling his tongue pushing into her mouth and his groan of pleasure she began to slowly move on his fingers...fucking them...wanting to come.

His mouth lifted from hers and he gazed directly into her eyes as he said, "Max, I want to finger fuck you until you want it so badly you want no other man but me!"

She felt his fingers begin to push deeply and his mouth came back down on hers in heated passion. Meeting each thrust of his fingers within her she moved and then felt one of his fingers rubbing her clit. The pleasure coursed through her body. Her clit felt like it was on fire as he rubbed it harder and harder with more pressure. Being fingered and her clit being rubbed was something she'd never had done to her and it was making her lose all control.

His touch was like velvet to her body...soft...demanding. She could feel her pussy dripping for him...wanting...needing. Her eyes closed she drifted on sensations from the center of her clit. Tighter and tighter she spiraled...more pressure...faster...wetter until she felt it almost there. Then in a quick movement of his fingers pressing and rotating her clit her body began to climax. She moaned in pleasure as her pussy clamped on his fingers and she felt it clenching tighter. She heard his voice coaxing her on as if from far away telling her how good it felt when she came on his fingers for him. His words were ones she never heard before from a man. It felt good. His words sounded good.

She finally opened her eyes and felt a blush starting as she gazed into his eyes.

He chuckled, "Max, I think your blushing? Something I said or did?"

She smiled and suddenly felt very at ease with his teasing, "Nope, must be the craving I have for biscuits."

He slid his hand out from under her dress and stood up to fix the bulge in his jeans. He walked to the coffee pot and poured them a cup and took a second helping of warm biscuits from the oven. Placing them on the kitchen table he said, "Well since you had a nice breakfast treat how about lunch is mine. What time do you actually open this place tonight?"

She smiled a wicked grin, "Tonight it's closed. One day a week I close it to give the kitchen a good scrubbing. But maybe we should first give your new house kitchen a good scrubbing?"

They finished breakfast and he told her he had to go to the bank before they went down the street to his new house. As he was walking out the back door Nevada came up to the door.

He laughed, “And just how are you this morning young lady or should I ask how that ugly cowboy that you agreed to marry is doing?”

Nevada smiled, “Sierra went back to camp – has gold fever but at night he’s coming to town until I can move. I have to tell Max I’m moving to the camp.”

Nevada poured herself a cup of coffee while Max was still upstairs. Sitting at the table her mind drifted to the previous night. Lil had given them what was known as the special room. She’d never seen a bed that large or felt one that soft. The goose-down cover was soft and arm but it was the thought of his arms around her that made her smile. As her thoughts drifted deeper to the feel of his tongue lapping at her nipples they hardened at the thought.

It was a night of heated lust and all catering to her. When his lips licked and sucked at her nipples she heard herself whimper. Moments later his hand pressed at the apex of her thighs and his fingers sifted through her wet folds - she whimpered his name.

Spreading her thighs open she felt him licking his way down the softness of her body...lower. Then, when she couldn’t stand the heat anymore of wanting him she felt his tongue licking at her clit and his finger press into her. She ached for fulfillment...she ached to be sucked. Moaning his name she felt his lips pulling on her clit. Her body pressed onto his lips...his tongue...rotating her clit on his tongue – needing more. She felt him push another finger into her and she shivered at the thought that he had two fingers in her pussy. The thrusting started and he sucked tighter on her clit. She had to move faster and sensations were thundering through her body every time he sucked her clit then swirled his tongue over it. She felt it starting. She felt his fingers ramming. She felt his teeth pulling her clit.

Whimpering his name she pinched her own nipples harder until she couldn’t stand it anymore. Wave after wave of sensations flooded through her as she came harder than ever before. She didn’t want it to stop and grabbing his head she held his mouth tightly to her throbbing clit.

Finally, she let go and pulled on his hair for him to slide up beside her. She gazed into his eyes slightly embarrassed by grabbing him by the hair. They smiled and laughed. She didn’t realize she had just laughed out loud thinking about it and she came sharply back to reality when she heard Max, “Uh, is that a flush on your face that you want to explain or best keep your thought a secret?”

Nevada laughed harder, “Oh Max, I sure married a good man!”

At that moment Cody walked in and overhearing her said, “Yep, he’s a good provider.”

The both woman laughed harder and Max said, “I guess he’s that too. How did it go at the bank. Get all the paperwork in place?”

He held up the papers all signed, “Want to walk down the street to see your competition?”

They left Nevada in the kitchen with her thoughts and walked out the door down the street.

Chapter 8

As they turned a corner Max was stunned to see what he'd already done to the house before the papers were fully signed. There in front of her was a sign on the front of the house Cody's Chili House. The house already had a fresh coat of white paint.

As they entered into the house it opened onto a long hallway with two large rooms on either side. It was evident both rooms were going to be used as the seating area for the restaurant.

At the end of the hallway it opened into the kitchen and before the kitchen was a staircase to the upper floor. Turning to him she said, "I see you've been busy while you stayed at my place in town."

Looking over his shoulder as he went up the stairs he smiled at her, "My staying in town was because of you. The business was convenient but it wasn't why I was staying at your place. I'd have stayed at a hotel. I'd closed on this two weeks ago. I was waiting for some papers from back east before telling you about it, which is what I picked up this morning. I wanted to make sure I had funding."

Max followed him onto the upper landing and immediately noticed the high polish of the wood floor that was showing on either side of the new carpet stretching the entire length of the hallway.

As he opened one door and she gazed into the room she was surprised it was a large office with a desk, file cabinets and meeting table with chairs. "I see, Cody, that you're planning on having Chili meetings?"

Cody didn't answer but closed the office door and they quietly walked to the next door, which opened to a guest room already furnished.

Max walked to the last door and said, "And I assume this is yours?"

He opened the door and smiled, "Yep, come on in and sit down."

The room was already furnished, "Cody, when did you furnish all of this?"

"Well, I had most of this stuff stored at the livery stable in town in the loft that he doesn't use. It's been in crates for over a year and I moved it all at night over the last two weeks. Well, tell me you like it? Tell me you hate it and I can throw it out and start all over."

Max walked into the room and looked over the large four-poster bed. All the furniture was cedar and the dresser even had a mirror. She walked to the mirror and gazed at her reflection thinking that this would make him a nice house with a new young wife.

Turning to him she smiled, “Well, Cody, I wish you the best with your new house and new business. I’ve got to be going now and get back to my place. Hope we both have enough customers to stay in business.”

Cody was stunned! He’d expected her to say how much she liked his house. He’d expected her to want to stay. He’d expected anything but a thank you see you around.

He was blocking the doorway, “Wait a damn minute lady! I’m good enough to sleep with you at your place but my place ain’t good enough for you? Now it’s just hit the road Cody, nice knowing you? Who the hell do you think you are?”

Max laughed, “I think we’re having one of those misunderstandings. I figured you bought this house for a new young wife.”

Cody stepped forward and began undressing her. “Well that’s not a bad thought but the person I have in mind already has a house so it could be a problem getting her out of her own place and into mine.”

As Max slipped into his bed she grinned, “Well, Cody, don’t really want a ring on my finger or to give up my house but maybe we can work out an arrangement sneaking back and forth down the street when the town closes.”

Cody didn’t wait and she felt him pulling her soft body under his hard masculine one, “Well, Max, let me sneak this in!” Without soft words his lips came crashing down on hers as his hands twined in her hair. She felt him pulling her hair tighter within his fist as he held her lips to his and his tongue claimed her mouth. Her breasts were pressed tight to his chest and his other hand found its way to her soft flesh. Cupping her breast he squeezed until she whimpered and his mouth crushed hers even more. His fingers tightened on her nipple while his legs pressed between her thighs.

She felt his hard muscled thighs pressing against her and she wrapped her legs around his waist. It felt good as his cock began to press into her body. It felt good as his cock began to claim her. Whimpering his name as his lips began to kiss her ear she felt him moving in her. Slowly she felt him pushing as far as his cock would go into her. Then as slow as thick molasses he would pull out...slowly in...slowly out. Her nails were raking down his back to his ass cheeks. Arching her hips she wanted more. She needed and wanted more of this man in her. She heard him whisper yes Ma’m in her ear and in a moment he was pounding into her. Entering her with driving thrusts he filled her to the hilt. His hardness stretched her wider open, as he whispered his need for her.

“Max, I need this with you. I need to fuck you. I need it like I haven’t needed any other women.”

Max’s hands ran down the length of his muscled back. Down to dig her nails in his tight ass cheeks as her body screamed for release. The heat of his body was consuming her. She whispered her need as she felt her muscles start to clench deep within her. Finally it built in a

glorious moment of pure need and her body stiffened as her orgasm seemed to rip through her body and into his.

She felt him ram harder and faster until she felt his slamming thrusts as he fucked her until his body came hard and fast within her. She heard him moan, “Damn, woman! I need to fuck and come like this in you!”

Smiling she wrapped her arms around him. She thought that it wasn't the most romantic wording but it was pure Cody. She held him tighter when he went to get off her and she said, “How about we just stay here until about noon or do you have plans?”

Stretching out on his side and pulling her closer he grinned, “Nope, don't have to be down the street to my other restaurant job for a few hours. Mean boss works down the street so I better not have my ass late for my job.”

The afternoon was quiet in the new house while down the street at the saloon a stranger had ridden up on a black horse.

Chapter 9

The rider rode his horse in front of the saloon and dismounted. Walking toward the saloon he looked in a window, then sat down on the bench outside the saloon. His head was bent and his appearance was of a man tired, worn – someone beaten down into the ground but just didn't stay there. His cough was deep in his chest and shook his entire body making him appear hunched over. Hours later the saloon's last patron was leaving. Lil walked out to check the outside of her saloon before locking the doors.

She noticed the man sitting hunched over, “You okay, Mister?”

He didn't look up but nodded his head. Lil walked back into the saloon and then turning she walked back out, “Okay, what the hell do you want sitting in front of my saloon? You looking for a handout?”

Lil watched as the stranger shook his head no, stood and moved away toward his horse. Lil at first thought he was just another drifter that probably lost at cards and was down and out on his luck and money. But something began to nag at her memories as he reached for the reins of the horse. She glanced down at his belt and then she saw it. The buckle. The silver buckle she'd given Jeremy before he disappeared.

Her voice almost was a whisper, “Jeremy?”

The rider stopped but didn't look back at her as a cough racked his body and he had to hold to the saddle horn for balance. As his legs started to buckle his last coherent thought was the smell of perfume drifting to him and a pair of strong yet gentle arms grabbing him.

To Lil he felt heavy but the other bartender heard some commotion and came running out of the bar. Lil quickly told him to not ask questions and just get the man up to the spare room on the upper floor. She went to the town doctor and stuffing cash in his hand told him to get his old bones over to her saloon.

By the time she and the doctor got to the saloon Jeremy was upstairs on the bed coming around. The doctor heard Jeremy cough and opening his bag said, “Man’s got pneumonia. He better be resting for a while or he’ll be resting for good. You can hear it in his lungs without even using any instruments. You know this man long?”

Lil looked at the doctor, “Long enough and it ain’t none of your business anyway. What are his chances?”

The Doctor had known Lil since she came to town and knew her bark was worse than her bite, “If he’s smart he’ll live or you’ll go find him after he’s dead and just kill him again.”

They both chuckled and Lil placed a kettle of hot water in the fireplace to steam the room up.

She turned to the bartender, “Want extra money keeping an eye that he stays put in the bed?”

The bartender, Jim, laughed – he’s passed out again, and he ain’t got enough energy in his body to roll over much less try and leave.”

It was the last word that got to Lil and she wondered what had happened all these years to make someone as strong as Jeremy look like he aged and was ready to call life quits. Then she shook her head thinking it was probably women, booze, cards and other trash. She walked over to Max’s and used her own key when she found the backdoor already locked.

Quietly sitting down in Max’s kitchen she heard from upstairs why the door was locked. Smiling she poured herself a cup of coffee and walked into the dining room to drink it where you couldn’t hear the moans drifting down from the upstairs. Leaning back in the chair Lil thought of Jeremy...his hands...his lips...his thighs. It had been a long day they shared in the saloon and after the place closed mounted his horse and rode to the lake at the end of town. Naked they slipped into the water as they had done for many nights. It seemed wonderful to be in the lake that was fed from an underground hot spring. At the other end of the lake you could get scorched from the heat of the water but at this far end it was warm yet refreshing.

Lil swam into his arms and wrapped her legs around his waist. She liked how he chuckled and told her to hang on for a water ride. She remembered laughing and then his lips...his kisses were always like fire igniting more inside of her. They were never gentle but a burning fire of passion. As hard as he’d kiss her that was how hard she craved more and rubbed against him. Her breasts crushed against his masculine chest. Her long legs wrapped tightly around his waist she wanted to feel him sliding into her. “Jeremy, I want you.” Her fingers trailed a nail line down his chest and he’d whisper “Lower.”

Then he'd whisper, "Yes, Red, I want you more!" Then she'd feel his hands slide under her thighs and grasp tightly. Slowly...very slowly...she'd feel herself lowering into the water. The warm water gently flowed around her as his cock began to enter her. The she'd hear the water movement as he began to pump his cock into her. Her nails would dig into his broad shoulders as her body was held tightly against the hard slab of his belly.

"Feel me fucking you, Red. Feel me inside you. You're tight on my cock, Red."

She thought the water was getting hotter but knew it was her need. His driving need was burning into her. She liked him fucking her in the lake. It was special. She felt his teeth as he bit her on the neck and his cock rammed in to the hilt...grinding into her. Thrusting wildly and deeply she took all of him until she felt his muscles tighten and they both soared over the edge at the same time. Her body clenched on his cock and he felt his cock shooting his hot load into her. She felt him holding tightly as her body kept coming until they both were hanging onto each other letting the water keep them a float.

Lil smiled, "That was some ride."

He laughed, "This is some lake and you're some woman!"

Quickly they swam to shore and got dressed to ride back to town.

Lil had her eyes closed remembering....

"Uh, excuse me, Lil?"

Lil's eyes opened and she laughed, "Damn, Max, didn't hear you coming down the stairs. Could have gotten myself shot!"

Max grinned, "By that smile on your face with your eyes closed I'd say those thoughts of yours must have been pretty far from getting yourself shot by a rifle!"

Lil looked at Max, "Max, you and Cody an item?"

Max sat down on the couch, "Well, if we are the other half of the item is snoring and sleeping. No, Lil, I ain't even going to go down that rode in thought. I don't mean it's not your business, I just mean I'm taking this one day by day and not being surprised if he just isn't here one morning."

Lil laughed, "Max, the man bought a house down the street. It sure don't look to me like he's gonna be going anyplace soon other than up your back stairs."

Max laughed, "Well, who knows. Look what happened to you and that cowboy."

Lil didn't smile and Max said, "Lil, I'm sorry. I didn't mean it to hurt."

“Max, he’s upstairs in my Saloon and he’s sick real bad. Didn’t have the heart to turn him out and called the Doc. He’s got pneumonia and he’s very weak. Don’t know if he’s gonna make it or not. Doc says we’ll be able to tell more by tomorrow. If he ain’t dead by the morning.”

Max was about to answer when they heard a voice yelling down the stairs, “Max! You lost?”

Lil quietly got up and they walked to the kitchen as Max yelled up the stairs, “Be right up. No I’m not lost in my own damn kitchen! I’m latching the back door.”

As Max was crawling back under Cody Lil entered the bedroom where Jeremy was sleeping. He seemed to be breathing easier and she stoked the firewood to produce more steam from the kettle. She sat down on the edge of the bed putting a cold cloth on his forehead. She placed her hand on his chest and gently ran her palm over it. He had lost weight but his skin felt the same to her and her fingers traced the same path they had traced years ago. She heard a hoarse voice whisper, “Lower.”

Their eyes locked...her hand didn’t move...

She smiled, “You’ve got a hell of a lot of explaining to do.”

His voice was very weak, “I know.”

She put the cloth in the water and back on his forehead, “Well, go back to sleep. Morning is time enough.”

Lil watched as his eyes closed in a deep sleep. She thought might as well listen to his sorry excuse before sending him packing. It just wasn’t right to turn someone out when they were sick but when he’s better she’d send him packing. Then gazing down at him she thought, well maybe she’d keep him a month or two before sending him packing - or keep him around longer.

Chapter 10

A week had passed and Jeremy was still in and out of sleep and very weak. The doctor came every few days to listen to his breathing and told Lil it was clearing but they’d have to get him up and moving around right quick.

Lil was resting in the rocking chair next to Jeremy’s bed as the sun started to break over the hills surrounding the town. It seemed she’d only closed her eyes a moment but when she opened them the sun was up and Jeremy was sitting up in bed staring at her. She quickly walked over and sat down on the bed and noticed his eyes were clear of fever.

She smiled, “About time you stopped sleeping away the days and nights. Just about made the town Doctor have to stop drinking he had to come up here so many times. Now I can tell him you ain’t gonna kick the bucket and he can get back to his boozing. You okay?”

He weakly smiled, "I'm not sure. I think so. Thanks for not turning me out. I'll work it off for you – my board that I used up and the doctor bills, food."

Lil got up and walked over to the window. Looking down the street she saw Max and Cody walking into his house. She smiled wondering when Max and Cody would figure out that they belonged with each other. She wondered how all three of them would survive in a small town with the saloon and two restaurants. Then turning to Jeremy her green eyes blazed into his as she asked, "What the hell happened all these years? Too much booze and women?"

Jeremy slid his legs off the bed but realized they wouldn't hold him if he tried to stand. He didn't look at her, sounded tired but said, "I came back. Tried to find you. Town was burnt down. You left. I left and went east." He turned and looked at her but she had her back to him as she looked out the window. Her red hair was loose and flowing down her back. He didn't move as he felt sensations slam through his body he hadn't felt in a long time. It was looking at her back that brought long ago memories to him. The night before he left. The night of their heated flesh demanding release. As she moved her hips he pictured it all as if it was last night.

They'd finished working the bar and as always once upstairs stripped their clothes off. He knew he wanted her on her knees. He knew he wanted to possess her as no man had ever done. He walked to her. His arms snaking around her waist as he pulled her against him. "Red, rub your tits on me. Let me feel you rubbing on me." He loved her body rubbing on his. He could feel her start to move her hips back and forth while pressing against his cock. Her large, soft breasts pressing into his chest. After a few minutes his fingers slid between their bodies seeking her pussy. Sliding his finger between her soft pussy lips he found her moist and ready to be fucked.

"Red, do you need it? Do you want me?"

Lil was one woman that liked to hear things and say them, "Jeremy, fuck me. Ram into me."

Her turned her away from him and pulled her ass cheeks against his cock. His hands slid around her and crushed her breasts. Squeezing them tighter as his cock kept pushing against her. Then slowly he began to bend his knees and bring her with him to the floor. He knew she was aware of what he wanted when she spread her thighs and her hands were on the floor. Kneeling in back of her he took a handful of her thick red hair and pulled her neck back as he leaned over her back and whispered, "I want to fuck you while you kneel in front of me." Her answered yes was all he needed to hear. Letting go of her hair his hands grabbed her hips pulling her back...his cock easily slid into her wet, hot pussy. Sheathed inside her he groaned and began to push in and out of her. It felt hot and wet and damn fucking good. Jeremy's voice was harsh with need, "Bend down more, Lil, put your elbows on the floor and that ass high for a good fucking."

Staring down at her back as she leaned forward and lowered the front of her chest to the floor her ass pushed back on his cock imbedding him deep. He heard her groan that she liked his cock rammed all the way in. He liked the sharp penetration of fucking a woman in this position. His balls slapping as he watched his cock sinking in and out of her. Faster he'd ram forward while jerking her back by the hips...grinding his cock in...deeper and deeper. Thrusting wildly and fucking her hard and fast his fingers began to leave marks on her hips. It still wasn't enough. In

one final thrust of his cock...deeper...hotter, he felt that moment in time he couldn't hold back as his balls tightened and every muscle fiber burned with need. Grinding into her he finally felt the release slam over him as his cock shot his hot load deep within Lil. He heard her whimper and then felt her pussy like a vise clamping on his cock. Her pussy had his cock deep within her and her muscles milked every last drop of come from his cock. He kissed and licked her back twining his fingers in her long red hair. His Red. He thought how damn good it felt with him shoved in her pussy after they fucked while he kissed and had a moment to care.

When their breathing returned he pulled out of her and flipped her over on her back on the floor. Dragging the cover off the bed he wrapped them in it...it was the same way they woke in the morning. Wrapped in the blanket...wrapped in each other's arms. It had been their last night together.

The sound of his name brought him crashing into the present, "Jeremy? Care to share your thoughts or are they private about someone."

Jeremy was tired from searching for her and then he got thrown from his horse landing on his shoulder and hitting his head. It was a week that he was in a field before he stopped feeling dizzy and could walk to town. Then the coughing started and got worse. He'd been traveling from town to town and finally ran into miners from this area. They'd explained about the town that was near their mining camp and a saloon run by a woman with blazing red hair and the greenest eyes you'd ever seen. He'd been sick but jumped on his horse riding for days to get to this town and now nothing remained but to leave.

He looked at her and said, "I was thinking that life just don't work out the way you want it to. You think you finally have it down right. Then you draw a card and in a moment the games over and you lose. I always lose. I don't even know why I've tried to find you. I'll try to get over to the livery and sleep before I leave. Glad things are going good for you, Lil. I mean that."

Lil watched him as he tried to stand up and she knew it took every ounce of his strength not to fall down. She walked in front of him as he stood their naked looking around for his boots and clothes.

"Lil, give me my clothes and I'll get out."

Lil looked his body over. He was thin but his cough was gone. She figured no sense giving up right now on him and pushed him back onto the bed, "I have to go downstairs and run a bar. You rest your cowboy ass. You got carpentry to catch up on and a bill to pay for this past keep. Plus I think I have a wider bar now. Not any softer but just maybe we'll see if it is wider than the last bar."

Jeremy felt exhausted again but felt good. Smiling he said, "Yes, when you state something it still sure is clear." He fell into the most peaceful sleep he'd had in years. Lil walked down the stairs and passing her customers you'd never tell there was anything going on this day from any other. Her mind was on the man upstairs but her years of tending her bar made all her actions ready for the day. Her mind was wondering what the night would have in store.

Chapter 11

The morning was about the laziest that Max had ever spent. She was barefoot and wearing only one of Cody's shirts. While he only wore jeans, they went barefoot to his kitchen. Cody had put up a pot of coffee and Max went to the cupboards. Surprisingly they were stocked full of baking supplies and everything to start his chili restaurant. Turning toward him she said, "Well, guess you seem to be ready to get started putting me out of business!"

He angrily answered, "When does this stop, Max? When does that fool notion you have go out of your head? We just get out of bed and here you are again with this dang fool notion of yours. I'm going to work at your place with you tonight but you think I'm going to put you out of business!"

Max sat down at the table, "Well, Cody, it ain't like I was born yesterday and no better way to get to my customers then to work my restaurant and drop a hint here and there. Maybe you aren't going to do that, but you asked and that's where the notion keeps getting into my head. Just a basic old business move so to speak."

Cody walked in front of her and looking down smiled, "Well, Miss Maxine, it ain't like I was born yesterday, either. No better way to get to be with the owner of the restaurant then to work her restaurant. Ever do it on a kitchen table?"

Max laughed so hard that she started coughing, "No, I never did it on a kitchen table! My kitchen's always been too busy with baking things on the table to us it for any other fool thing."

Cody pulled her to her feet and pushed her against the large kitchen table. Grinning he slowly leaned her back onto the table. As the shirt she wore slid up her thighs he chuckled, "Good think I never opened these curtains yet, or the baking on my table would look rather odd. Or actually rather tasty!"

Max didn't answer and wasn't really sure what she was feeling, but she was sure enough that she wasn't about to stop him. She closed her eyes and slowly spread her legs in wanton invitation. She heard his groan and then she heard the zipper of his jeans. The wood felt cool against her bottom and her legs were draped over the edge of the square table. She smiled when she felt her legs being lifted and draped on strong shoulders.

"Max, open your eyes for me. Please?"

Opening them she gazed into the blue eyes she'd come to know and enjoy looking into. She thought that it was dangerous enjoying looking into a man's eyes this much. But then she already knew she cared for this man more than she should. She thought that it was too late to go back to not caring and not wanting marriage she decided to enjoy his blue eyes.

She felt his body leaning over hers as his lips kissed her neck and lowered to suck on her nipples. She knew he was taking his own teasing time as he licked the tight tip of one and then switched to the other...sucking harder...licking. She could feel his hard cock pressing against her pussy

but he wasn't sliding in. He kept licking and sucking her nipples and grinding his cock against her as her legs stayed spread resting over his shoulders. She moved her hips trying to slide onto his cock but felt him move away not letting her. Her nipples were hard points of need and she felt that if she didn't have his cock ramming into her she'd die right there on his new kitchen table.

"Damn, Cody, fuck me."

She heard him chuckle, "And here, Max, I thought we were baking."

She laughed as his teeth closed on her nipple, "Then Bake ME!"

She didn't get to finish the next sentence as he rammed home into her body. That was what she wanted. What she had come to need from him. Her hands grabbed onto his waist as she pulled him into her. He was leaning over her, his hands on the table on either side of her head as he gazed into her eyes. She gazed into his blue eyes and whispered that it felt good. He smiled and straightening up he grabbed her by the hips and began to pull her tighter and tighter onto his cock with each thrust.

Grinning down at her he said, "When a woman wants me to bake her, as a gentlemen what choice do I have?"

She laughed, "Cody, this has to be the silliest conversation two people ever had!" She laughed as she felt him slowly sliding in and out of her...fucking her. She could feel herself wet on his cock. He slid easily inside of her and she knew he was enjoying it by the way he'd close his eyes for a few seconds trying to hold off coming.

She heard his voice getting deeper as he said, "No woman tells me my baking is silly!"

She heard him moan as his body was tensing. She couldn't carry on the teasing...she needed to come. She felt him ramming harder as her bottom slid back and forth on the cool tabletop. He had his arms crossed over her legs holding her tight against his body...his cock in her to the hilt.

She opened her eyes watching him. He had his eyes closed and then she saw him staring down at her...his voice gruff with need, "Come with me Max, I need to have you come with me."

She felt her pussy tighten on his cock ramming into her. She felt her pussy tingling and her back arched off the table as she felt him explode inside her. Her eyes closed as the feeling of pure enjoyment of her need overcame her and she came. Her fingers touched her nipples, feeling their hard points...she pinched them and feelings spiraled through her body. She felt his cock still grinding into her while her legs were still draped over his shoulders. Then with a moan that came from deep within her she felt her body crest over into oblivion...she came harder than she'd ever before. She smiled when she felt her legs being lowered. Opening her eyes looked at him while he grinned at her.

"Max, if I don't get to work soon my boss will fire me!"

Falling back on the table in completely relaxed she whispered, “Tell her to fire me too!” Closing her eyes she curled up on his kitchen table. She heard him chuckle, “Oh what the heck, we have a half hour.” She felt him climb onto the table and pull her into his arms as he whispered, “Damn, I’m glad I bought a heavy duty baking table. We have a bit of time before the boss notices we’re baking or something down the street.” Snuggling back against him she fell into another comfortable sleep with her restaurant a distant thought.

Chapter 12

Walking toward the restaurant Max turned to Cody, “Cody, I’m not sure this is going to work out with two restaurants in one town.”

Cody laughed and pushed the door to her restaurant open. Walking into her kitchen he answered, “I think you’re right. Your kitchen table is much too flimsy. Other than that it will work out just fine since I’m only going to open the two days you’re closed.”

While Max was taking out the stew pots, Cody automatically made a pot of coffee. They fell into the comfortable working pattern that had only taken a few days to fall into. Looking up at him Max wondered why he was only going to be opening his restaurant on the two days she was closed and what he was doing on the other days. She didn’t ask, but she did wonder. In a few moments the back door opened. The waitresses started coming in to getting the biscuits and apple pies ready for the dinner hour. She noted how friendly he was with everyone, as if he’d been doing this daily for many years instead of a few weeks. It felt comfortable yet something didn’t feel right and she couldn’t figure out what was bothering her about it.

He was watching her expressions and said, “Max! Want to let us know what you’re thinking while trying to stir that stew to death?”

Max laughed, “Nope, but you’re right that this stew is stirred quite enough.”

Wiping her hands on her apron she poured the stew into another pot to simmer until it would be served. A short while later she heard the front door being unlocked and knew it was time to start serving. It was only another moment before the waitress came in and told her that it looked like it was going to be a busy night. Grinning one of them told her that their first customers were Sierra and Nevada. They all looked out and smiled at the couple obviously quite in love. As Max walked to the back of the kitchen the back door opened and Lil walked inside. Pouring herself a cup of coffee looked at Max, “I’m too damn old for all of this!”

Cody grinned, “I think that’s my cue to go inside and say hello to Sierra.”

Lil laughed as Cody walked into the dining room area then turned to Max, “Sorry, didn’t mean to run his ass off from working. He’s a regular worker here now?”

Max frowned, "I'm not quite sure what the hell that man is, nor am I sure what the hell that man is doing here or anywhere. What about that man you have up in your room? How's his health? More important how are you since he showed up again in these parts?"

Lil smiled, "He's better. We had a talk of sorts and he's gonna stay around for a while. We'll just see how it goes. He was a good bartender and carpenter last I remember."

Max grinned and teased, "You only remember how good he was at tending a bar and sawing wood? Any recollection on if he was good at anything else?"

Lil laughed, "I don't need to remember the other - I just haven't seen him tend bar or saw wood yet."

Max smiled as Lil sipped her coffee obviously now lost in memory of a previous night.

The previous night after Lil had closed the bar she followed her usual routine of cleaning. Then on her way to the spare room she stopped in to see if Jeremy needed anything. He was asleep with the covers kicked down to the end of the bed. He was naked. Lil at first started to close the door but then opened it and walked in. Gazing down at his sleeping form she admired how his long legs. He was much thinner than she'd remembered his body but it looked good to her anyway. Walking closer she was now standing next to the bed as she heard his even breathing in his sleep. She gently sat down on the bed and ran her hand gently and lightly over his chest. As she did it a second time her hand was suddenly covered by his and held tighter against his chest. Her gaze traveled to his face and he stared back at her alert.

His voice was deeper sounding than usual from waking from a sleep, "Lil, you know I want you...now...here. I'm okay now and if you would like to sleep here in your own bed with me I'd like it."

Lil stood up. She stared down at him. Not saying anything but gazing at him in her own bed. As if she was weighing many decisions she sighed and shook her head. Then very slowly she walked to the door and heard his voice telling her he was sorry and had no right to ask that after all she'd done for him. She kept walking and at the door locked it. She turned and saw the surprised expression he had but then she watched as he smiled and moved over to give her room to join him. She walked to the side of the bed and slowly began to undo the buttons on her dress to give her time to decide if she wanted to leave. When the dress slid off her shoulders to the floor they both knew the decision had been made.

She thought that he was right, that he was just fine. His mouth closed on her nipple and he began to lick it as if time had not passed. She felt his tongue and it felt as good as it had all those years ago. Sighing she heard him chuckle and ask her if she was going to sigh all night. Then his mouth went back to working on her nipples...pulling...sucking. Driving her crazy with sensations as his hands crushed her large breasts together and she could feel his teeth nipping at her swollen tips. He rose over her and she felt his hand sliding between her thighs. All she could think was that Jeremy was back and it felt good. For Lil that was all she needed to feel. It

had been a long time and she wanted a good fuck. If there was one thing she remembered it was that Jeremy was a damn good man to fuck!

Spreading her legs wide open she raked her nails down his back driving him between her thighs. She felt his hard cock dripping on her thigh and then she whispered, 'Push into me. Fuck me, Jeremy. Fuck me like you haven't fucked another women in all the time you've been away. Hard.'

She heard him moan and felt his teeth bite harder on her nipple as he slid his cock closer to where she needed it penetrating. Then she felt him closer...closer...she was wet and waiting. "Jeremy, fuck me!"

Lifting his head his lips came down on hers as his last words echoing in the room were, "Yes, Lil, fuck you I'm sure as hell going to." With that spoken she felt him sliding his long, hard cock into her pussy. She was so wet for him that he slid in all the way to his balls. Pausing before moving again she felt him grinding slightly. Then she felt him pull out almost to the top of his cock and slide very slowly and smoothly back into her. Her nails dug into his ass making him jerk forward. Again he started to pull out and she dug her nails into his ass cheeks harder and harder.

She heard him moan and she arched her back driving his cock deep...deeper. She felt his belly slapping against hers. She felt him holding his weight on his arms as he slammed his hips forward thrusting his cock into her. Plunging deeply he sheathed his cock completely in her. Each time he rammed all the way in she heard him moaning in pleasure. Faster and faster he continued to pump into her. Her voice was a whisper of lust, "Jeremy, fuck me. Fuck me hard, Jeremy. Harder."

Her body was on fire and her lust was consuming them both as her hips pumped upward to each of his downward thrusts. Like a movement of complete pushing and ramming they both fucked harder as if on fire. She could feel his cock swelling and her pussy beginning to clamp onto it. She moaned, "I'm going to come. I'm going to be the best fuck you've ever had!" With that she felt his cock start to spurt hot come into her. She could feel his cock throbbing each time a load of come shot into her body. Her body felt ripples of passion washing over her as she crested into the most magnificent orgasm she'd had in years. She shuddered in completion and felt him holding her tightly against him. His weight was on her and it felt good to her to have him totally against her...his cock still in her...his breathing close to her ear.

His voice was low but she heard him say it, "Lil, I tried to find you. I swear I tried for so long."

She pushed him off of her and rolled to her side, "Hush, the past never matters. Just the present."

He pulled her against his side, "Well, want you to know it anyway."

Kissing his shoulder she gave in and said, "Okay, I know it. I guess it does matter."

She smiled as he fell back into a deep sleep thinking that this was the first time she'd had a man in her bed since he'd left. Kind of took up where they left off so many years ago.

Sighing again she brought her thoughts back to the present and looked over at Max, "Well, I guess I better get my ass over to the saloon and get that no good man Jeremy out of bed and helping with the bar. He'd better earn his keep or his ass is back on the trail."

Max grinned, "Sure, Lil. Back on that trail! Come on back over in the morning so we can have some serious woman talk without the two trail hands."

Laughing Lil walked out the back door saying, "Ain't we suddenly the pair with the two of them no good men."

Chapter 13

A few weeks had passed and the town seemed to settle into a routine. It was becoming a known fact that Lil kept a man at the bar at night. No one believed he was her lover, since with her temper no man in the town really believed anyone would try or they'd find the barrel of her rifle chasing them down the street. This night was the usual bar night. Miners gambling, miners fighting, miners heading back to camp.. For the bar it was closing time and Lil for once wasn't exhausted. Counting out the cash register she put the money in the safe, in her office, under a fake floorboard. She'd learned from the last fire that she was going to keep some of her cash in the bar and some of her cash where she could go back and find it not burnt up. That done she turned to find Jeremy sitting on a bar stool, "Damn, Jeremy, you sneak up so easily on folks."

He grinned and patted the bar top. "Well, Lil, it's been a couple of weeks and for one night it seems we ain't about to pass out, so how about hopping up on this bar for an old worn out cowboy and we'll find out just how wide this here bar is for snacking?"

Lil looked at the bar door and found he'd locked it and the shades had been pulled down over the windows. She was still surprised she hadn't heard him doing all of it.. She looked back at him and he again patted the bar. Sauntering over to the bar counter she reached in back of her and deftly unbuttoned the back of her gown. Then with years of sultry movements she slowly and seductively slid it down her body. Smiling he slid his jeans down his body and then sat back down on the barstool while Lil climbed up on the bar and sat down facing him.

"Jeremy, this is rather odd even for me to be sitting on my bar like one of the girls!"

Jeremy slid his hands on the inside of her thighs and pushed them wide apart, "Best damn woman I've ever seen sitting on a bar." His fingers began to slide higher up her thighs to the soft red curls at the juncture of them. "Closer your eyes Lil and let me play." He watched as Lil did just that spreading her thighs even farther apart.

Like sipping fine wine Jeremy's lips began to kiss her inner thighs higher and closer to his intended goal. His fingers caressed her thighs and then gently pulled her pussy lips apart at the same moment his tongue found her clit. Circling it with his tongue he began to play with it.

Then leaning closer he sucked on it with his lips. When he heard her moaning and her hips starting to push closer to his mouth he sucked it harder letting his teeth nip gently at it. While kissing and sucking his finger slid played with her pussy until he slipped it inside her. He felt the inner walls of her pussy tighten at the invasion and he loved it. Sliding his index finger in so he had two fingers inside of her he kept up sucking on her clit.

She tasted good to him. He wanted to taste more of her and slid his fingers out to lick them. Pushing her at a better angle on the bar and holding his hands under her thighs his tongue began to lick the sweet juice dripping from her pussy. Pushing his tongue into her he pulled her as tight to his mouth as possible. He used his tongue as a spear – jabbing at her...pushing it in...licking her up and down. Her moans were like music to him while his tongue lapped at her from her clit to her opening of sweet nectar. He wanted her on fire...he wanted her to come as he drank it from her. Hooking her legs over his shoulders he felt her lock her ankles in back of him to hold herself in place. Then his fingers found her clit and he began to rub it harder and faster. His tongue was licking and thrusting into her while he felt her wetter...dripping onto his mouth. Then he felt her hands in his hair pulling him tighter into her hot, dripping cunt...he knew she was about to come. He pinched her clit harder...gently twisting it and then felt her body shudder and her juice flow freely into his mouth as he drank every sweet drop. Finally, she was leaning back on the bar but her legs were still draped in relaxation over his shoulders. He was now gently licking and kissing her pussy. Tasting...loving...savoring the sweet scent of a woman that he brought to complete satisfaction.

He was surprised but pleased at her next words, “Okay, Jeremy, my turn to sit on the stool and you turn to sit on the bar!”

Jeremy answered in surprise, “You want me to just sit on the bar?”

Lil had already jumped off the bar and smiling at him she patted the bar where she was just sitting. “Lil, I don’t think a man ought to be sitting on a bar like one of the girls working it!” He saw that was the wrong thing to say and it wasn’t how he meant it to sound so she slammed her fist on the bar, “Jeremy, get your no good cowboy ass on the bar like I just did!”

Grinning he jumped up on the bar, “Well, as I always say you sure don’t ever mix your words when you want something.”

Slapping his thigh and pushing them apart she laughed when he didn’t want to let her, “Uh, and what is this I have on the bar the bashful cowboy?”

Finally letting her push them apart he laughed, “Damn but this is kind of a vulnerable way to sit or something. How do those girls sit here so relaxed?”

Her hand was already sliding up and down his shaft, “Money, Jeremy, they get paid. Now to quote some handsome no good cowboy, closer your eyes and let me play.”

He closed his eyes and moaned and her hand clenched his swollen cock moving up and down its length. Leaning forward she licked the swollen head. Running her tongue under its rim she

heard him groan...she took him deeply into her mouth. She still felt her body tingling from coming and her mouth sucked harder. Her hand cupped his already tightened balls and she thought this man seemed always ready to shoot his load. Squeezing his balls they tightened more and she felt his cock jerk in her mouth. Her cowboy...so ready in an instant to come for her. She sucked his entire length into her mouth and then quickly began to squeeze and release pressure on his balls. His moaning grew deeper as his cock swelled to its maximum length in her mouth. She could feel him straining not to shoot his load. She knew he wanted it to go on and on but she tightened her mouth on him and heard him curse, "Fuck, Damn you. I need to shoot my load." Then she felt the stream of hot come shooting down her throat as she swallowed it. She enjoyed tasting him as much as it seemed he loved drinking her pussy juice. She felt his cock pulsing as he kept dripping more into her throat until she heard him say in a low voice, "Lil, you okay? I didn't ram too hard in your mouth?"

Sitting up with her lips wet from his come she smiled, "No, cowboy you did just fine your first time up on a bar!" Then she laughed and laughed and said, "Damn but are we a pair."

He jumped off the bar kind of embarrassed and said, "Well, don't you go telling tales about me sitting like a woman spread open sitting on a bar. Don't think any man in his right mind wants to sit like that!" Lil laughed, "Well, then you don't ever have to have that done again."

He smacked her on the ass as the two of them headed up the stairs still naked, carrying their clothes, "Now, I didn't say I wouldn't do it again, since you seem to like it. But, just don't go telling no one!"

She grinned as they got to the top of the stairs, "Nope, your bar sitting night secret is safe with me." Then she thought she couldn't wait till tomorrow night to tell Max.

Chapter 14

Cody's Chili House was becoming popular among the miners, since they didn't have to get all cleaned up like at Max's Restaurant. Although Max had thought it would cause a problem with two restaurants in one town it seemed more of the town's folk were now going to Max's Restaurant. On this particular night Cody was in his office on the upper floors of the Chili House. He'd hired Sierra and Nevada to manage his restaurant and he'd spend most of the time in his office going over plans, budgets and reading. He'd think of Max working in her kitchen but after he'd make his Chili he turned his kitchen over to Sierra and Nevada and he'd have time for himself. He'd wanted to go over and help Max at hers or even hire some people to help her manage her restaurant, so she'd have more free time, but she got so fired up at his suggestion that he'd never mentioned anything again. He looked out his window down the street toward her place and wished she'd take some time off and come down on a night when his Chili House was open and see how well he was doing. It was about another hour and he walked downstairs to see how things were progressing with customers. He heard a familiar laugh and stopped in his tracks. Then he heard the laughter again and he ran down the last few steps and into the dining area. There at a table was Max with some of Lil's gals and Lil herself. Lil looked up and grinning yelled over to him, "Well, if it ain't the proprietor finally comes down to join the ranks of the eating." Max looked up and smiled. Lil grinned.

Cody walked over to the table and in a surprised voice asked, “Max, is everything okay? Who’s watching the restaurant?”

Max smiled, “Well, we decided to have a ladies night out and didn’t feel like eating at the saloon. Didn’t feel like eating at the restaurant. In this town that leaves Cody’s Chili House so here we are.”

Cody still wasn’t sure what was going on but they seemed to be having so much fun that he didn’t want to interrupt, “Well, ladies, then the Chili is on the house and I’ll be upstairs if you need anything. Uh, Max, I’ll be upstairs if you need anything? Right up those stairs.”

Lil laughed, “Max, see them stairs over there – well that good looking man says he’s gonna be right up them stairs.”

Max smiled, “I’m in the middle of eating Chili.”

Cody was confused, “Well, didn’t mean to mess up your night. Not like you take much time off at night so was surprised – guess I learned.” He walked off and up the stairs. They thought they heard a door slam on the upper floor when Lil looked at Max and suggested that she follow the stairs to the top for a while and they’d eat real slowly until she returned.

At the top of the stairs Max walked slowly to the closed door and knocked. She heard Cody yell to leave the Chili and he’d get it in a while. She smiled when she heard how angry he sounded and she knocked again only lighter. Finally she heard the door open and she was looking into his blue eyes, “Cody, have a minute for a customer?”

His mood appeared foul as he growled, “No, I don’t have time for a customer. Please see Sierra if you need something for your table.”

Max took a step closer to the door and whispered, “Sierra doesn’t have what I need.”

He didn’t answer for a moment then still in a grumpy tone asked, “Well, then what do you need?”

She stepped right up to him and looked up into his eyes, “You, Cody.”

He stepped back and she walked in, closing the door behind her and walking past him. She turned when she heard the door lock click into place and said, “I don’t want to explain why I took a night off. I don’t want to fight with you about it. I’m not much into fighting.”

He walked past her to his desk and sat down in his chair. Swiveling toward her he said, “Guess then Ma’m this is one of those misunderstandings we seem to have and will just have to figure out later. Feel like sauntering that pretty body of yours over to a chili house owner?”

She walked towards him while undoing the buttons on the back of her skirt...letting it slide to the floor...then slowly kicked off her shoes. Next to the desk she slid her blouse off her shoulders and let it drop on his desk. She watched his eyes take in that with two articles of clothing and one petticoat she was now standing next to him naked. "You, Cody."

Standing up he reached for her breasts...his fingers playing with her pointed, hard nipples. Kicking his boots off he slid his jeans off and then naked he sat back down on the chair. She heard him tell her to move closer and then his hands were sliding up and down her thighs. She enjoyed standing there, while his hands massaged her thighs...squeezing her fleshy hips. Then he surprised her when he turned her around and squeezed her ass cheeks telling her to straddle him. Max smiled as she backed her body over his legs. She slowly and teasingly proceeded to sit down on his cock. Bracing her hands on his thighs she let him slide his thick cock into her pussy. She felt him easily sliding in since she was always so wet for him. Her nipples would tighten when she'd see him swagger into her kitchen and even that first night she met him she felt her nipples tighten. Now with his fingers playing with her nipples she let the feelings swirl through her. She felt her nipples being pinched and pulled. Glancing down at his fingers she liked how they pulled and gently twisted her nipples. Then she felt his large hands cupping them as she moved slowly up and down on his cock.

"Damn, woman, you feel good."

Max laughed, "My breasts feel good in your hands? My pussy feels good on your cock? What feels good?"

She knew he didn't feel comfortable speaking during sex for more than one sentence and didn't expect an answer. She shoved down harder on his cock and began moving quicker up and down. She heard him moaning and then felt him arching upward as she slammed down on him. His hands were pulling her nipples again up and down in time with her fucking him. She began to whimper as her nipples started to tingle and she knew her pussy as getting tight on him. Arching her back she thrust her breasts and nipples more into his pulling fingers. She arched to meet each of his upward thrusts...hot, hard, fucking. Driving a flame within her making her arch toward him to take him further into her pussy. Then she began whimpering his name and rocking on his cock...gyrating...causing him to stay deep within her until she finally felt it. Her pussy clenched and she felt a dizzying explosion of sensations at the same time hearing him moaning as he came deep in her. Waves of pleasure coursed through her at the moment she knew he came in her...his body arching and then feeling him sitting still in exhaustion.

Out of breath she whispered, "What feels good?"

His voice was also low and possessive, "You Max, you feel good!"

Sliding off his cock she turned around and sat on his lap. Kissing his neck she smiled as she said, "Well, cowboy, miner and now Chili House owner you feel just as good to me. But, I'd better get back down those stairs of yours since I was only coming up to talk to you for a minute."

He smiled as his hands roamed over her breasts, “Just to talk, Max?”

She swung off him and grabbed her clothes. Getting quickly dressed she laughed, “I’ll never tell you if I wanted more than talk. Too late now and I have friends probably wondering what we were talking about!”

As she walked out the door she heard him say, “Well since you came up my stairs I’ll be up yours after closing. You can tell your friends we like to check out stairs.”

As she walked into the restaurant and sat down Lil looked at her and grinned, “Looks like you already had dessert upstairs or that flush on your face is from arguing?”

Max picked up her cup of coffee, “It sure isn’t from arguing!”

There was so much laughing at the table that Sierra came in from the kitchen to see what was going on. Max just answered that they were comparing stairs and then thought that she’d wear something rather sexy later that night. She wondered if Lil had anything she could borrow that was rather loud, sexy and hot to wear.

Chapter 15

Lil had loaned Max a lace red blouse she’d picked up in New Orleans. Laughing Max said, “Red? New Orleans? And that white lace skirt? This will sure be a night – this used to belong to Nevada? Does Sierra know?”

Lil smiled, “She gave this outfit up when she married that man. Didn’t really think he’d settle down and he probably hasn’t, but he does a good imitation.”

Max got slightly mad, “That man loves that woman. I haven’t seen him look at another woman since the first night he came into my restaurant.”

Lil grinned, “Down, Max. Calm it down – Was just joshing anyway. They probably sit every night in front of a fire doing nothing but talking about having kids, and all that family talk.”

Max laughed and didn’t say anything else knowing quite well that was probably not what Sierra and Nevada did in front of the fire.

* * * *

Down the road in a small house they’d rented the fire blazed in the fireplace in the house of Nevada. She’d settled into town while Sierra still worked his claim like a crazy man. She knew he had what they called gold fever but as long as that was all he was doing was mining she could handle it. Mostly he stayed in town now working at Cody’s Chili House but once in a while he’d get that look.

“Nevada, my bones tell me if I go to the claim I’ll find a nice big gold nugget for you.”

Nevada would laugh, “My bones tell me you’ll find a nice big fight and a black eye but you go ahead. This time I’ll stay in town.”

She knew he didn’t like leaving her behind and at times she’d go work the claim with him and she’d always enjoy it but she liked to return to town and he knew that as well. Without really talking much about it they lived two lives. The one in town in the house they rented down the street from both restaurants and then the one in the mining camp.

Nevada put another log on the fire and made sure the heavy quilts were hanging on the windows of the house. Turning to Sierra she said, “Be right back. I just want to look at the house from the road and make sure no one can see in the house.”

In a moment she came running back in and laughing started to strip off her clothes.

Sierra jumped off the blanket in front of the fire, “What’s wrong with you woman. You lost your senses? What are you laughing at and getting all undressed about?”

Nevada pointed to the quilts on the windows, “Ain’t you figured any of this out yet? You think I’ve been buying heavy quilts every payday for looks? Now I can walk around stark butt naked and no one can see in the house!”

Sierra started at the two windows covered with the thick quilts. “Damn, woman! I knew I married you for a reason. I like collecting them quilts!” As she stripped all her clothes off and danced around the room twirling and skipping he pulled his belt out of his pants, “Woman, stop all that skipping so your tits go up and down. You know that makes me so hard the damn thing hurts!”

Skipping up to him she rubbed her nipples on his now naked chest, “Why, Sierra, do you mean these tits make you hard?” She could feel his cock hard against her as she rubbed harder up and down his body.

“Sierra, think I’m gonna start using your real name, I like the name Rachel and maybe you can call me Clay? Okay? Or you think that is a dumb idea?”

Rachel’s arms snaked up his body and around his neck. Pulling his lips closer to hers she whispered, “Clay, love me.” Her lips pressed against his waiting for him to take over as he always had done before. She was surprised when he smiled and said, “Kiss me and rub against me. Make me so hot for you that I have to explode.”

Her nails dug into his shoulders as his hands cupped her breasts. He squeezed her breasts while her tongue pushed past his lips. Her hands ran over the hard muscles of his arms while her soft body rubbed on him. She felt his legs against her soft thighs. She knew she was getting wet. Her lips trailed a path of heat from his lips to his chin...over his shoulder...over his hard, smooth chest. Mixing kisses with licking his flesh she trailed lower over the flat surface of his stomach. Lower over the contours of his thighs while she fell to her knees and the upward while his legs

spread wider open. She felt his hands in her hair guiding her hot mouth to the hard flesh of his cock.

She inhaled the masculine scent of him and felt her juices start to seep from between her pussy lips. Her lips played around his full throbbing erection until she needed to taste him and took the hot flesh into her mouth. Savoring his taste she sucked on him slowly while his hands gently held her head. He was hard and dripping. She licked up and down but she knew he liked being sucked tight. His cock was rigid...big...swollen and she loved having her mouth wrapped around and sucking harder and harder. She felt him widen his stance and begin to move his hips...thrusting his cock into her mouth. Knowing he was holding back her hand began to massage his hanging balls until she felt them tightening. She moved her lips to the head of his cock and ran her tongue around his cock head. Tapping at it with her tongue...driving him nuts so he was dripping. Then she engulfed his cock completely in her mouth and began to suck, while he began fucking her mouth. She knew he couldn't take too much more and raked her nails down his thighs - he slid in and out of the warmth of her mouth. Faster...harder... his hands in her hair twisted to hold her tighter as he began to pull and push her face. He fucked faster.

Then they both seemed to know at the same time they couldn't take more. She heard him groan and his body shook as he spilled himself into her mouth. Swallowing over and over she tasted every last drop of his come. Grinning she looked up at him. He was standing with his hands on his hips looking down at her his hands still entwined in her hair. He pulled her up from her kneeling position and pulled her against him.

“Damn, Rachel, I'm glad you put up with a miner like me.”

Smiling at him she said, “Well, miner, you ain't done yet for the night. So, come on over here by the fire.”

Falling to the carpet she spread her legs open in invitation. His lips trailed down over her soft belly. She heard him whisper that he could give as good as he got - as the fire in the fireplace drew to a close he proved to her he could give just as good as he got. His tongue played with her clit...delved into her...he licked and sucked until she was rocking under his mouth. Her hips were rotating driving his mouth all over her pussy. Heat surged upward through her body as she cried his name and thrashed beneath his tongue playing on her clit. Finally, he sucked her clit harder until she exploded in sensations. He licked his way back up her body to her lips. Kissing her he whispered, “Yep, give as good as I get!”

As she fell asleep she whispered, “Damn good!”

Chapter 16

Cody was closing his restaurant when there was a knock on his door. He opened the door and one of the girls from Lil's handed him a note. It read:

“You are invited to a night of New Orleans Red and White Lace – upstairs – your bedroom – Max – Don’t be late – Now!”

Cody read it twice and then he began to think back to dinner when Max had seemed nervous and he’d kept asking her about being so nervous. Then she’d said that she had to leave and didn’t give him any reason for leaving but that she’d see him later. He didn’t think much else since he’d been busy with the restaurant being completely filled with patrons. He did remember asking her should he come down to her place and she had answered that he’d only have to climb his stairs. He didn’t think anything else about the conversation until now staring down and re-reading New Orleans Red and White Lace.....

Cody turned and throwing the apron on to a chair he ran up the stairs to the upstairs floors. Walking down the hall he noticed his bedroom door was closed and he always left doors open. At the door he wasn’t sure if he should knock or walk in. Standing at the door a few moments trying to decide to knock or to walk in he heard Max from inside his bedroom.

“You gonna stand outside that door all night?”

Laughing he opened the door and walked in to a candle lit room and said, “Do I get to keep the candles?” Then he saw her on his bed in the sexiest outfit he ever saw in his life, and he thought he’d seen damn many sexy outfits.

“Max?”

Max chuckled, “It better be me here in your bed. Why? You expecting someone else I should know about?”

He gazed down at the knee white lace skirt and the low cut red blouse. His eyes could not move from gazing at her full breasts showing about the lush red blouse. Smiling at her he stripped off his clothes. His cock was fully erect, hard...wanting. He watched as she stood up and sauntered in a very seductive way toward him. Standing in front of him she smiled up at him and moved a step closer barely touching her body to his. He could feel the heat as if it was searing his flesh he wanted her so badly. His hands gripped her shoulders and slowly pulled her the inches left between their bodies. Flush against him he felt the soft material and the softer woman beneath the clothing. With his eyes closed he felt her rubbing slowly...sensually against him. He felt her kissing his neck and finally his hands roamed over her blouse and found her lush breasts. He crushed them through the material and gazed down at his hands cupping them. He could see her hardened nipple through the blouse and wetting his finger slowly rubbed it over her tip. The blouse was wet and sticking to her nipple...leaning down he sucked on it through the material while his other hand slid under her white lace skirt.

He heard her whisper that she’d get undressed and he answered for her to stay in the outfit. That he wanted to fuck her while she wore it. His fingers slid up her thighs...touching...caressing. His voice was deep, “Spread you legs wide, Max. Open them for me nice and wide.” When her stance changed and she was standing with them wider his fingers slid up to the apex of her thighs

to her soft wetness. He could feel the lace skirt over his arm as his fingers spread open her moist flesh and he rubbed her clit.

Her voice was deep with desire, “Finger me...I want your fingers playing with my clit and fucking me.”

He didn't need any other invitation as his middle finger found its mark and pushed into her most sensitive place. He felt her pussy pulse on his finger as it invaded deeply within her. Her body was receptive...dripping moistness on his finger he began to push it in and out – then he pressed his index finger into her to fuck her with two fingers. He felt her arch onto them and start to gyrate her hips.

He whispered, “Dance on them Max. Sway in your pretty white skirt and let me fuck you.” He began to slowly sway, as if dancing - his fingers began to slowly push in and out. “That's it Max, dance with me, honey.” He watched in the mirror as their bodies swayed back and forth. Her white skirt draped over his arm with her legs wide open for him. Moving together in unison he kept up a steady harmony of his body moving and his fingers fucking her. Her hands were running over his arms when he whispered, “Pull your pretty red blouse under your breasts...Pinch your nipples so they're as red as the blouse.” He heard her sigh with pleasure as she pulled the material over her breasts. Her fingers closed on the tips of her hard nipples, pinching and pulling them to the same motion of his fucking her. It was a slow, sensual dance of passion and lust. He could feel how wet his hand was becoming as she got wetter and wetter. She sighed his name when he began to shove his fingers into her faster. He watched her nipples harden to the hardest points he'd ever seen. His thumb found her tight, little clit and began to rub against it.

He knew this drove her senses wild and he whispered, “I love the feel of your clit...small...perfect. Nice and wet for me!”

He felt his words have the reaction on her body that he'd wanted. She was fucking his fingers wildly and pulling her nipples harder. Her eyes were closed and she was whimpering, just how he liked to hear her. He began to thrust his fingers while his other hand gave her the support against her back...pushing her forward on the small of her back when he'd thrust into her. He watched her body writhing with burning desire for release and he was just the man to give it to her.

Bending his head he moved her fingers aside and sucked the nipple into his mouth. He knew her hand was cupping her breast...offering it to him. He pulled the taught nipple into his mouth sucking it between his teeth, while his thumb pressed harder on her clit - making her whisper that she had to come.

Not letting up his sucking pressure on her nipple he rapidly fucked his fingers in and out of her until he felt that first clamping of her orgasm. Then he bit tighter on her nipple and kept his fingers shoved all the way up her pussy without moving them. He kept rubbing her clit with his thumb as her body climaxed and he heard her whimpers of need and satisfaction. She came in a hot torrent of need and release, whispering how much she needed him.

He felt her body going weak and he quickly picked her up in his arms. They both turned at the same moment and their eyes met in the mirror reflection. He smiled and walked closer to the mirror to see them. Her white skirt flowed over his arms and her blouse still was pulled under her breasts. The red blouse was a beautiful contrast to her white breasts and swollen red-tipped nipples. He could see how swollen her nipples were as he gazed at their reflection in the mirror. Instead of placing her on the bed he walked over to a chair and sat down in it bringing her down on his lap. He knew she could feel his hard cock pressing through the soft lace skirt under her bottom as she sat cradled in his lap.

Sighing Max said, “Well, I’ll have to wear this outfit more often, it seems. But, I’ve had all the pleasure and it sure feels like you still have a ways to go?”

He grinned down at her said, “Oh I’m not letting you get off my lap that easily darling. I finally got how you and Lil work just gossiping about your men like two women exchanging recipes of cakes and pies. I sure ain’t done with you and your outfit yet. Just rest a bit. I’ll give you some good tales to go telling your friend Lil about your night in your red blouse and white skirt!”

She smiled at him thinking he’d slowly undress her as she stood facing him...sliding her white lace skirt down her legs.

He smiled at her thinking how he was going to bend her over, flip that white skirt over her head and watch her bare bottom as he slammed into her.

Down the street Lil said to Jeremy, “I hope those two are going about it all the right way. That outfit I gave her was a tad racy for her type.”

Jeremy chuckled and reminded her that she’d always said that Max and Cody were so alike that even their thoughts about sex was probably doing it in the same position just as the other was probably thinking.

Chapter 17

She had heard Cody calling her from her kitchen “Max? Are you up there? I’m suppose to climb the stairs like you did mine, remember? Remember what I’m suppose to do?”

He heard footsteps on the stairs and as Lil walked past him she laughed, “What exactly are you suppose to be doing up those stairs to my friend?”

Ginning from ear to ear he said, “Well, I’m suppose to be giving her my secret Chili Recipe!”

Lil walked out the door and called over her shoulder, “Odd name, but if that’s what you call it then go give it to the woman!”

Cody laughed and locked the door after she left - He thought that Lil was the oddest woman and he always meant to ask Max about that man Jeremy he’d heard stayed at Lil’s. No one in town

knew much about him other than Lil seemed to know him and that was all Lil ever said when asked.

Back at the stairs he called, “Max?”

He heard her laughter as she came to the top of the stairs, “So, Cody, better bring on up that chili recipe since I brought my stew recipe up yours?”

When he got to the top of the stairs and saw she was naked he grinned, “Damn, nice stew M’am.”

He was stunned when she said, “Cody, what about mining? You miss the nights at the mining camps? You miss panning for the gold? Do you miss the girls at Lil’s and the excitement? Cody...?”

Cody cut her sentence off, “Whoa! Where’s this all coming from? I’m fine. I miss some of the mining people I knew, but I see them when they come in to town. I’d miss Sierra the most but that little gal Nevada married him and he’s in town most days. I don’t miss much in life once I give it up.”

He noticed she still had an odd look as if she didn’t quite believe him, “Max, you tired of all this and just not sure how to tell me?” He was still speaking to her while she sat on her bed still naked. Cody started laughing and sat down next to her. When she got insulted and asked what he found so funny he grinned and flicked her nipple, “Never actually spoke to a woman sitting naked asking me if I missed excitement. Kind of odd but how about if I just sit down here on the floor between those thighs of yours and you lean on back and I’ll tell you about all the things I miss. Yep, a real good position to be telling you.” He had been stripping while he was talking and sat right down on the floor in front of her.

“Now, the first thing a good miner does is put his area in order.” Pushing her gently down onto her back he sat back down on the floor. “Next he makes sure he has all his tools with him and they’re in working order. Yep, tool is in damn hard working order! Now then, let me go sneaking around here and find the gold.”

Pushing her legs wider apart he wasted no time leaning into her sweet pussy and licking it. He heard her giggle and then moan with pleasure as his licking began pushing silly thoughts out of her mind. This was something that he’d always liked about Max – one moment she was emotionally on guard and the next she was giving him her trust. Well he figured, for now he’d give her one sweet licking and then explain that he’d rather be mining between her thighs than out in a mining camp.

He slid closer and pulled her pussy against his mouth. She tasted sweet and very, very wet as he began to suck on her clit. He felt her hands in his hair...pulling...pushing him. He felt her body shiver and the dampness between her legs began to drip. He licked more at the entrance to her hot, wet, sheath and then stabbed his tongue into her. Yes, he thought, this is the taste I want. This hot wet pussy juice...he sucked and kept pushing his tongue in and out of her. Her

moistness was drowning his senses with need and his cock was hard and throbbing. He finally began to suck harder on her sensitive clit and felt her grip tightening in his hair. Her clit was moist and soft, as he kissed and rubbed his lips gently over it. He heard her whispering how good his mouth felt on her pussy...how much she needed him sucking on her. He was surprised at her words...his feelings...the soft flesh under his lips driving him on to need more of her wetness. He slipped his index and middle finger into her pussy and felt her muscles clamp tight, as her whimpers of need seemed to run through the entire length of his body. As if he was part of her body his fingers and tongue played the same song. He felt her juices running over her fingers as he continued to ram them in and out...rougher and harder. For each thrust he felt her hips pushing down harder onto his fingers...his mouth sucked and nipped at her clit. His tongue ran her length...swirling on her clit then licking down to his fingers. He'd pull his fingers out then try shoving his tongue as far into her body as possible. Her hips involuntarily arched off the bed each time he'd shove his fingers back into her - driving her need and want higher and higher. Then, when it was as much as their bodies could move and take, of the heat coursing through them, he felt her need was ready to explode. Slamming into her body his third finger...spreading her wider and biting lightly on her clit drove her over the edge. Her hands pulled his hair and it was as if he could feel her wanton abandon...he felt it slamming through her body as she exploded into a strong climax before she even cried his name. He felt her pussy tighten on his fingers...her juices flowing freely...he pulled his fingers out replacing them with his mouth...drinking her essence.

Finally sitting back as her legs draped over the side of the bed...relaxed...replete with pleasure he smiled and said, "Yep, found that gold all right! Nice claim, too!"

Max sat up leaning back on her elbows and smiled down at him. Swinging her legs into the bed and reaching out for him to join her he climbed onto the bed pulling her into his arms. He grinned, "Well, I think my claim between your thighs is quite staked out as mine?"

She smiled, "Now, don't go getting your claim signs and putting them in my restaurant. And what about that hard mining tool you still haven't used?"

He smiled and nuzzled her neck, "Want a mining tool to play with to find the gold?"

As she slid down his body she figured she'd show him just how much she could claim gold.

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Max's mouth was creating a nice trail of kisses down Cody's body. At the same time Lil and Jeremy had finished following the trail to the mining camp to see the claim Nevada and Sierra had. When they'd arrived they were surprised to find the cabin that was prepared for them was nice and warm rather than stark without comfortable furniture. Lil had always thought the miner's camp would be filthy with drunken men all over. It was actually quite a working community. It did have its rougher sections and there was a good deal of card playing and drinking but that seemed to be contained in the north section of the camp. This section at the south of the camp had a store set up for mining equipment, a place for showering, and was quite

well organized. She walked into the cabin and turned to Jeremy to find him looking around the cabin.

“Jeremy, not quite what you thought?”

He laughed and said he’d thought they’d be sleeping on cots and burning a campfire rather than having a fireplace. It wasn’t quite sundown and the miner’s were still getting in their last minute of panning so the camp was quiet. Putting their belongings in the small dresser they turned and looked at each other. Grinning Jeremy walked over to the door latched the door.

Lil chuckled, “Damn, this better be quick because I’d hate for Nevada and Sierra to be knocking to join them for stew and we’re fucking.”

Jeremy smiled, “How about a sexy dance for me?”

Lil laughed, “How about we have no time and you just get that cock of yours hard enough to do its work?”

Jeremy started stripping off his clothes, “Lil, them romantic words are such a nice way to start. If I’d said that you’d slap me for being crude and rushing.”

Lil had her clothing off and was already on the bed with her legs spread open and answered, “Here, does this give you any incentive?” She spread her legs wider and her finger tips pinched her large nipples. She watched as he walked to the bed his cock already hard and swollen. “Lil, you got the most honey soft tits I ever squeezed.” Lil smiled and thought to herself that his wording was a little rough but the man could sure make love. Jeremy sat down on the bed and pushed her hands away. Covering one luscious nipple with his mouth he squeezed the other and pinched its pink tip. He loved the taste of her soft flesh. He loved the taste of her nipple and ran his tongue slowly around the nipple teasing it to hardness. Then licking and blowing on it he watched as it perked to a tightly aroused peak. When he heard her moan of pleasure his teeth took over for his tongue and he lightly pulled the hard tip and then kissed it more. He felt her hands in his hair holding his lips tight to her breast and played more with it by biting and sucking tightly on the tip. While sucking her nipple his hand slid down the length of her body feeling its way until sliding into the soft moist folds of her pussy. Her soft whimpers

Her soft whispered words of passion echoed through him, “Jeremy, your fingers feel so good touching me.”

He momentarily stopped his sucking on her tight nipple, “Lil, what else do you want that will make you feel good? Tell me, woman, tell Jeremy what his woman wants...needs.”

Opening her legs wider in invitation for more than his roaming fingers she moaned, “I want to be fucked. I want your cock inside of me.”

“Well, Lil, I sure aim to please.” He shoved her legs wider and she was so wet he slid into her fast...hard. He rammed into her depths, while his tongue owned her mouth...demanding with

kisses that seemed to burn through his body. He felt her arch her back and wrap those long legs around his waist. She wrapped her arms around him and in a moment they were slamming into each other...she arched her body taking him further into her.

“Jeremy, I can’t hold back I need it.”

She felt his measured strokes hypnotic in the way they pushed in and out of her body. She met each stroke with a whimper of pleasure and whispered, “Yes, Jeremy, like that. Fucking me. Feeling you inside. That’s it Jeremy, keep fucking me.” She felt him increase in speed not thinking he could ever pump into her any faster. It was an explosive feeling of power. Her entire body tingled...her pussy was tightening on his cock. She could feel him arching and holding back...needing to come. Crying out his name they both exploded in sensations – he kept pumping and fucking her until they both were exhausted.

Unwrapping her legs from around his waist she smiled, “Damn, we did that fast. We are getting very good at speeding it up when we have a dinner to go to. We did it before eating with Max and now before we are going to eat with Sierra. Maybe we should schedule more dinners?”

She felt him slide out of her and watched as he stood up and grabbed his jeans. Turning to her he grinned, “Well, how many friends do we have in a week we can eat at and then we can invite them over. We can just call it speed practice. Hell, woman, maybe we can even do it before we open the bar for the night? All for the cause of getting faster at coming. I sure am getting speedy at this. Soon you are going to complain we do it too fast. What do you think?”

Lil thought she’d never seen him so talkative and relaxed. She wasn’t sure it was the cabin or that he’d just come but he seemed different. “Well, Jeremy, I do like practicing – we can come up here when the bar in town is closed if you want to keep practicing. But one time we’d have to invite them here and then we’d have to get a cabin up here.”

He was pulling on his shirt and she’d gotten most of her clothes on, “Well, Lil, being honest I’d sure like to come up here some. Kind of I could do some panning but would you get bored during the day?”

Lil threw back her head when she laughed, “Heck, I’ve got all the mining equipment we’d need in the back room at the bar. I used to pan up here all the time and still have small claim unless you have a thing against me being with you. Then you can just go mining one way and I’ll go my way and do it.”

Jeremy grabbed her around the waist, “Hell, yes, you can come with me or since it seems you know this area better, I’ll go with you.” At that moment there was a knock on the door and they heard Sierra and Nevada calling that dinner was ready and come on over.

They opened the door and Lil grinned, “We think we will come up once a week to try our hand at this mining. Who owns this cabin, anyway? They both looked at Lil with a strange look when Sierra said, “Lil, you gone nuts or something. You own it!”

Lil grinned as she walked out of the cabin, “Oh yes. Guess next week we come up here and practice Jeremy, you game for it?”

Sierra and Nevada couldn't quite understand why Lil and Jeremy were laughing all the way to their cabin but they enjoyed the company. Sierra said, “Well, we don't know what you two are up to but I bet with us all up here Max and Cody are lonely for us. You think so?”

Lil, laughed as she closed the door to the other cabin behind her but you could hear her say, “Nah, those two have one restaurant, one chili house and two houses to keep them busy. Only thing to wonder is which place they are.” Lil didn't bother saying she knew Max was taking Cody to her bar and using the special room upstairs for a night. Lil couldn't wait to get back to town to find out what went on.

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Cody was surprised when Max had told him that Lil had closed the bar for Friday and Saturday to go to the mining camps. As he was walking over to Max's restaurant he walked the long route and sure enough on the bar door was a sign, “Gone – be back Sunday. Stay out!”

Walking into Max's kitchen he noted she was acting nervous, “Max, something going wrong with the dinner stew?”

Max looked up from stirring the stew, “No, why, you heard something about my stew? Is someone saying there's something wrong? What did you hear?”

Cody laughed, “Whoa, GIRL! Didn't hear nothing. You seemed nervous and I thought something might be wrong. But if there ain't a thing wrong with that stew I'm getting a bowl of it!” Walking over to her she poured him a full bowl of stew. He noticed she still didn't seem like the controlled person she usually was, but he didn't say anything else.

Then he mentioned, “Max, I walked past the saloon and sure enough Lil had a sign that she ain't back until Sunday, don't you think that's odd?”

He watched as Max looked at him with a startled expression – “She's not coming back early is she? You hear something about her coming back sooner than Sunday?”

Cody stared at her, “What the hell is going on? You're acting like a flighty goose – nervous, asking weird things – not like you at all. Lil in jail or something?”

Max finally laughed, “Sorry, I guess I may as well spill the beans since you're going to find out anyway. Lil has this special room in the saloon and said we can kind of use it?”

Cody was stunned, “A room? What exactly is going on? What kind of room?”

Max was turning red from embarrassment, “Cody, don’t be asking questions! You want to go with me or not to the saloon? Or are you going to be like the baker’s wife and go asking questions all night and then Lil will be back by the time you’re done asking!”

Cody was finishing putting away the dishes and the last customer was leaving. He didn’t say much to Max and only answered, “Fine with me. We’ll finish up here at your restaurant and off to the saloon room we go.”

It was an hour later that they finally locked the restaurant door and made their way to the saloon. Cody almost started laughing because Max was acting like they had to sneak over to the saloon. They walked down the alley and up to the back of the saloon to Lil’s private entrance. Cody had about twenty questions but at this point he wasn’t about to open his mouth and ask anything.

Max put the key in the door and turned to him, “Now, hush!”

He didn’t see why they had to be quiet – Max had the key – they weren’t breaking into the saloon but he held his finger to his lips showing her he’d be silent. Once inside Max lit a lamp that was at the entrance. Then they made their way down a long hall that must have been added to the saloon since it didn’t seem to be part of the old structure. At the end of the hall Max took out another key and opened a door.

Cody started to say something but Max hushed him so he just followed. Once inside the room Max turned up the flame on the lantern wick and they both stood there staring at the room. It was beautiful.

Cody chuckled, “Well, this is quite a surprise. Look at that bathtub – it’s porcelain and big enough for two. Notice that pipe coming through the ceiling? That comes down from the rain catcher on the roof and water can go directly into that fireplace cauldron. Look over here, at this - this pipe goes from the cauldron to the tub so hot water can be pumped right in without being lugged across the room in buckets. Damn, the person who did this was one smart man.”

Walking over to the tub Cody grinned when he put his hand into the water, “And, the water is just about right if someone or two people had a hankering for a bath.”

Max was running her hand over the posts of the beautiful mahogany four-poster bed. She turned to Cody who had already stoked the fire to brilliant flames and the room warmed up in a few moments. “Well, I reckon, after the work day I put in a nice bath sounds rather inviting.”

Walking over to the tub Max marveled at the wide size of it. She knew Lil had it special ordered out of San Francisco and had heard about it but this was the first time she’d ever seen it. She slowly took off her clothes and started to step in when Cody said, “Nope! I have to get in first if what I want to work out is going to. So move over!” He stepped beside her and into the tub. Then he sat down in the warm water and held up his hand to her, “Water’s nice and warm in here if you care to join me?”

Sliding forward in the tub he laughed, “This tub is a pretty decent length. Wonder what Lil had in mind when she bought it?”

Max stepped in and sat down on Cody’s lap, facing him with her tits touching his chest. His cock was hard as a rock even in warm water and it only took a moment for him to lift her and slide into her. Her legs were on either side of him. “Cody? This is kind of comfortable, but I don’t think I have any leverage to move and do anything.”

He grinned at her as he began to massage her breasts. Reaching for the soap bar he lathered his hands and began to rub her breasts harder, pushing them together. Pinching her nipples he leaned forward and kissed the one that didn’t have any soap on it. Sucking on it and between breaths he said, “Well, Max, why don’t you rub your clit while I rub soap around up here and we’ll see just what kind of movements you can do.” His hand went back to soaping her one breast, while his lips kept tight hold of the other nipples...sucking...biting...playing.

It only took a moment and Max was squirming on his lap while his cock stayed firmly imbedded within her. Max was watching Cody when he stopped sucking on her tit to gaze below the water at her fingers playing with her soft flesh. She felt his fingers pulling on her nipple and his cock hard and pushing deeper upward into her. The water was making gentle noises as it rocked back and forth with the movement of their bodies. The soap was dripping down between her breasts into the water as her fingers rubbed faster. It was sensual...she was burning desire.

“That’s it Max, like that. Tighten on my cock. I can feel you wanting to come. Pinch your clit harder.”

Max wasn’t sure what was making her wilder...the tub...the fireplace or the thought of the four-poster bed. In a moment she closed her eyes as her fingers pinched her clit and rubbed harder and faster. Her whimpers were louder as his voice drove her on to rub herself as she rocked on his cock. When she stared down into the water watching her fingers play with her clit while she was impaled on his cock she wanted to come. Then with her pussy muscles tightening on his cock she felt herself rocketing into a powerful orgasms. She felt him pulling her nipples higher and harder and the pain was pleasurable as she leaned forward wanting more. She felt him pinching tighter then looser as if her nipples were pulsing with each beat of her orgasms. Even in the warm water she felt herself dripping on his cock. When she finally opened her eyes he was smiling and said, “Amazing what one can do in a bath, isn’t it?”

Leaning forward she kissed him and chuckled, ‘Not as amazing as what I’m going to do to you in that four-poster bed. Are you game to find out miner?’

Cody looked over at the four-poster bed and mentally thanked Lil for going away for the night. “Yep, let’s dry off and then you can just show me what you have cooking besides restaurant stew.”

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Max stepped out of the bathtub and dried off, while Cody slid lower in the bath water enjoying watching her drying off her legs. Especially when she placed her foot on the side of the tub to dry her leg. Groaning he said, “Max, this view is enough to make me sink under the water and drown as a happy man.”

Max laughed, “Cody, get your ass out of that tub and come on over to this bed. From what Lil tells me she had it brought all the way from New Orleans and it’s suppose to be like sitting on a cloud of softness.”

Max walked over to the bed, sat down and swung her legs under the covers. Leaning back on the large soft pillows she thought that Lil was wrong. This bed had to be beyond the softness of clouds. Snuggling under the covers she grinned as Cody laughed at her getting comfortable.

“Max? You still want me to join you, or are you so comfortable you just want that whole bed to yourself?”

Max grinned, “Just wait till you get your sorry ass in this bed and you’ll see what this mattress feels like!”

Cody dried off and in a moment was in bed looking over at her. Turning on his side he smiled at her, “Well, Max, it’s a nice soft bed but ain’t nothing softer than when I have you under me. But, I think we’re going to have to wait a short while, before I can do anything else.” As he smiled at Max he could see her eyes closing, although she was trying to stay awake.

“Max, at what time tomorrow is Lil and Jeremy getting back to town?”

He heard her mumble something about not till noon and that didn’t he think the bed was comfortable. Sliding closer to her he put his arm around her and pulled her close to his side, “Well, Max, now this here is nice and comfortable and after an hour or so sleep I’ll show you what else is even more comfortable.” He thought that the bed was actually the best damn bed he ever slept in and tomorrow night he would either see if Lil would sell it or he’d order one from wherever she bought it.

While sleeping he woke to the Grandfather Clock striking the midnight hour and felt his arm asleep. Gently moving Max from leaning on his arm he leaned on his side and watched her sleeping. The oil lamp was turned low sending a nice glow of shadows across her features. Slowly, so as not to wake her he pulled the cover lower uncovering her breasts to his view. The room was warm and she didn’t stir at all, as the cover was drawn slowly lower and lower until she was naked to view at his leisure. He gazed at her breasts and smiled at the thought that at her age she had such a great body. He knew it was hard work that kept her slender and his hand rested on her breast. His fingers slowly circled her nipple and she opened her eyes. Sleepy and secure she whispered, “Cody, where’s the covers and what are you up to?”

He whispered for her to close her eyes and that next time she could show him what she’d do in bed. Right now he said that he wanted to do what he wanted and for her to relax. His fingers tweaked the nipple that was now hardening under his teasing fingers. He watched as she closed

her eyes and he heard her sigh that he could do what he wanted as long as they stayed in that bed. He agreed. His hand cupped and squeezed her breast. When he was satisfied pinching and flicking her nipple he covered the hard tip with his mouth - he sucked and nibbled. Her flesh tasted fresh to him...tender...sweet. He could feel her lightly arch her back forcing her nipple further into his mouth and he sucked harder feeling how hard and pointed her nipple had become. He pulled on it. He bit at it. He felt as if he wanted to devour her body with his mouth.

As if in slow motion his lips and tongue trailed a path from one tight nipple to the other. Then, slowly he licked his way down to her soft tummy. Lower to the soft juncture of her thighs where he decided what he wanted to do with her body. He knew he surprised her when his tongue delved between her soft pussy lips and found her clit. He felt her first trying to close her thighs and scoot higher on the bed. He now had his body planted firmly between her thighs - his mouth directly licking between the folds of her pussy lips. His hands held her hips from sliding higher and he began to lick her. He kept his tongue sliding up and down – stopping on top of her clit to flick at it. When he felt her body relaxing he moved his hands from her hips and pushed her thighs wider apart so he had total access. When he heard her whispered sighs of pleasure he sucked her clit. Marveling at the softness of her flesh and her sweet scent driving him on his middle and index finger slid into her pussy. He immediately felt her pussy walls clench on his fingers. With his mouth sucking on her clit he finger fucked her in slow motion. In and out smoothly, with slow finger strokes. He'd almost pull his fingers all the way out and hold them until he felt her trying to push down on them. She was wet...dripping and hot. Her moistness was flowing onto his fingers and he wanted to replace his fingers with his tongue. He wanted his cock ramming into her. Since he met her he wanted it all but for now he thought he'd finger her to orgasm. His fingers were wet and pushing in and out of sleek wet heat. When he felt her arching her back he sucked down harder on her click. Using his tongue he pressed harder on it and then would suck it with his lips. He felt her arching higher and his fingers began to ram into her. Fucking her as if he had his hard cock in her. His mind was thinking that next he'd fuck her hard with his cock. Slam her down on top of him and make her ride his cock. As his thoughts had his cock ram-rod hard his fingers were increasing the tempo. He felt her moving on his fingers...rocking on them as he fucked her with them. Her sighs had long ago turned to a woman's moans of need and at the moment she lifted her hips off the bed he sucked tight on her clit...hard...bit the tight soft flesh. He felt it coming as her body began to shiver and his fingers felt like a vise was beginning to tighten. As he sucked one last time on her tight clit, he felt her body erupt in an orgasm that made her cry out his name. As each sensual wave rushed through her body he felt her pussy tighten on his fingers until she was exhausted.

Grinning he kept licking her until the last wave of pleasure had run through her and then he moved up beside her. Kissing her so she tasted her own sweetness.

She smiled, "Cody?"

He laughed, "Damn well better be Cody here in this bed that just got done sucking and licking!"

Max laughed, "That did sound funny but you didn't let me finish my sentence. I was going to say I think I want a bed like this."

Cody chuckled, “I just finish doing all the best I can with my fingers and mouth and all you can say is you think you want a bed? Damn, it wasn’t the bed – it was this wonderfully skilled gold miner!”

Max smiled and snuggled into his arms, “Well, how about the bed and I’ll take the gold miner as well.”

They heard the Grandfather clock strike 2:00 a.m and as they fell asleep Cody thought damn well your going to take the bed and me as well. Then he thought they still could get up early, he’d get his woman on top and then they’d get out of this place and back to the restaurants. He was already thinking about recipes for his chili but her soft body kept interrupting those thoughts until he fell asleep.

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Cody was at his own Chili House, while Max was in her restaurant’s kitchen getting ready for the dinner hour. Max was baking her famous Apple Pie while her thoughts turned to the past few months of her relationship, Lil, Sierra and whether there was a future with Cody, or should she just end it. Life was simpler before Cody walked in to her restaurant, and at times she longed for the uncomplicated life of being alone. Lil had walked in the back door and sat down at the kitchen table.

“Max? You look like you lost your restaurant. What’s wrong? Didn’t the night in my special room work?”

Max laughed and told Lil that her special room was everything that she’d told her about.

“Lil, it’s just that this is going nowhere.”

Lil looked at her friend and smiled, “Well, Miss Maxine, exactly where do you want this relationship with that man to go, that it isn’t heading now? You both have your own restaurants, you both have your nights together and you have each other. You ain’t getting that marriage bug biting at your heart, are you?”

Max laughed but didn’t answer the questions, “What about you? What do you want?”

Lil leaned back in her chair closing her eyes, for a moment, thinking about what she wanted. For Lil it was easy. She had what she wanted. Last night was everything she could want. She smiled at the thought of his body...naked...muscled. It had taken weeks for his strength to be what it was, when she’d first known him. Now, he was better than when they’d first met. His illness had driven the wander-lust from him and his days focused on fixing up her bar and his nights focused on fixing up her needs. Yep, she thought to herself Max wants that gold ring. I just want a good drink, a good man and a good fuck from that good man.

The night before they’d returned to town they camped out. Lil had known of a grotto where the warm breeze blew the scent of jasmine through the canyons. They’d tied their horses to a line

between two trees and put out a thick blanket to sleep on. The grotto was secluded and all the times she'd come there, by herself, she'd never seen another rider or even a rider's tracks heading in or out of the grotto. They'd brought a bottle of wine, although she'd rather have whiskey. But, Sierra and Nevada were so proud that they'd given them a bottle of wine instead of whiskey that they didn't want to hurt their feelings. Sitting on the blanket, now naked, they shared the bottle.

“Jeremy? You think I'd be more of a lady liking wine instead of whiskey?”

Jeremy laughed, “According to the women in town, honey, what you drink doesn't matter - it's the word drink that dooms you, before you lift the glass. Want to know in my playing deck what makes you a woman and a lady?” He shifted next to her and started kissing her shoulder. His arm snaked around her waist and he dragged her down onto the soft blanket. He heard her whisper that she wanted to know and he smiled down at her now that he had her under him, “A lady knows her man's needs, knows what he wants, knows how to be there for him, and a woman delivers it all!”

He could feel the pressure between his thighs as his cock swelled. His body was aching in need, for her brazenly exposed body. Raising his body from hers, he looked between their bodies. He could see his cock...hard...touching her soft thighs. Rubbing up and down he watched as his cock kept touching her, where he wanted to be sinking into. Leaning lower his mouth covered one voluptuous nipple...pointed...hard. He'd always thought her breasts were magnificent with their light color and soft freckles across her flesh. He sucked on her nipple...licked it...then slid flat on top of her pressing his cock between her legs. He felt her thighs open and wrap around him. His body felt her soft sensitive flesh and then his lips found hers. He felt her arms wrap around him and her sweet words of need.

“Lil, tell me how much you want me to fuck you. How much you want me. Your man.”

He heard her voice whispering how her body craved his. She'd always been comfortable saying what she wanted and she whispered, “Now, Jeremy, fuck me. I want that cock of yours pressing into me...pushing into me...fucking into me.” His cock was sliding into the dampness between her pussy lips. Her inner thighs were soft as they wrapped tighter around his body. He was at that point of pulling away or shoving into her. His decision was easy...he pressed into her hot, wet sheath.

“Yes, Jeremy, in there. That feels so good when you're inside me. Like we're one.”

He thought to himself they were very one. He felt her slick wet heat and began to move in and out. It had always felt so damn good to be in Lil. He felt her arching and bringing him into her deeper. He didn't waste time as they moved from slow movements of fucking to a frenzied fervour. His body was on fire...his balls tightening. Groaning her name, “Lil, I can't hold out too much longer if we keep up this pace.”

The sensual movement of her hips began driving him on and on. She pleaded in a fevered voice, “Jeremy...Jeremy...a few more minutes...I need it more.”

He felt her slowly rotating her hips, while his cock stayed deeply within her. He felt her body surging upward to repeatedly meet his thrusts...hot...harder within her. Then he felt the familiar feeling of her nails raking down his back to his ass. His cock felt like it was about to burst. His hard shaft was throbbing and her pussy was sucking him in like a tight glove. Driving into her he felt her body start to need release. Plunging into her his kisses on her lips were drowning her sighs of pleasure.

Finally he felt her body giving in to his constant fucking and he thrust deeper and harder, until her legs clamped around him...her nails digging deeply into his flesh. In whispers and groans of ecstasy they began to climb to a pulsing climax of lust. Then it was if a hot explosion burst through him. He felt his cock pouring hot come into her, at the same time feeling her body shaking in pleasure under him. Her uninhibited cries of satisfaction filled the grotto, "Yes, Jeremy, come in me. Give it to me...all of it." He did, as his cock drained into her all of his being.

Feeling her legs relaxing and dropping to the blanket he pulled out of her and rolled to his side - bringing her against tightly to his chest. Grabbing the extra blanket he pulled it over her. "Lil, you okay? Not too cold? It's beautiful here but the night is getting a bite to it."

Lil watched the campfire they'd built and felt only warmth. She did enjoy that he'd thought she'd get cold. She thought that there were times in her life that the ground was colder and harder, the nights bitter cold and this was like being south. "The night is just fine, Jeremy. We better get some shut eye because the morning comes quickly and we have to ride at first light." Snuggling into his arms, as the blankets were pulled over her, she wondered how she got so lucky and how Max got so lucky.

* * * *

"Uh, Lil? You home?" Lil heard Max and opened her eyes and looked around the kitchen, "Yep, Max. What were we discussing? I kind of got lost in a thought."

Max smiled at her, "Well, from the flush on your face it was a rather warm thought?"

"Max, I think I finally got what I want. But, then, I don't need very much but a good bar to own, a good glass of whiskey and a good man every once in a while coming around."

Max grinned knowing full well that Lil was in love with Jeremy. But, customers were knocking on the front door and she had dinner to server. She laughed and said they'd have to continue talking tomorrow. As soon as dinner was over and the restaurant was cleaned up she was heading on down the street to a Chili House. Max had decided on a plan of action.

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Dinner was over and Max had cleaned the restaurant and kitchen. She'd walked Lil to the bar and then continued heading down the street to the Chili House. Max was nervous but sure of what she wanted to do and knocked on the door. She knew it was late but Cody's upper floor lantern was still burning so she'd assumed he was awake. After a few more knock the door opened and Cody was yawning, "What's wrong. You okay?" He'd stepped back and Max walked past him.

"Yes, Cody, I'm fine. Should I come back in the morning? You want to go back to sleep?"

Cody laughed and locked the door in back of her, "No, Ma'm, you stay what's left of the night and then tell me in the morning unless it's an emergency. Is something wrong at the restaurant?"

Max didn't say anything for a while and then blurted it out, "Cody, what do you think if I sell the restaurant to Sierra and Nevada?"

Cody wasn't sure why she'd decided on selling something she'd worked so hard to make a success, "Well, it isn't my restaurant but it makes damn good money compared to this restaurant. Why you selling? You moving?" Cody silently prayed that she wasn't moving anywhere.

Max again was silent, "Well, I'm tired of doing it all by myself. I figured I could take a small percent of what Sierra and Nevada take in and help them out by working there instead of running it."

Cody was furious, "Fine. Do what you want. It's your restaurant. I'm here busting my ass getting started and you're gonna hand a money maker over to Sierra and Nevada! How about selling the damn thing to me! You want to work for someone you can work for me! What the hell did those two ever do for you to get a deal offer like that!"

Max was so surprised by his outburst she almost forgot the rest of her plan, "Well, I was hoping I could work here with you at the Chili House. But, forget the whole thing! Yep, just forget the whole damn plan. Just another fool plan of mine to be with you more than this sneaking up and down the street after restaurant hours! Guess I'll just take my butt back down to my own restaurant – the money maker."

Before Cody could do or say anything Max was out the front door and back to her own place. Cody followed a few minutes later but Max had all the lights out and the back door was locked. Cody didn't want to cause a ruckus in the town so he left a note on her back door that only said it would all be talked out in the morning.

On the way back to his own place he saw Sierra and Nevada riding into town. He walked up to them, "Whatever that darn woman, Max, offers you the answer you give is no."

Nevada laughed, "What if the offer is something we want to say yes to and...?"

Sierra cut Nevada off, "The answer is no. Can't you see they are having a fight about something? Whatever Max offers our answer is no!"

Nevada stared at her, “Hell, no! I may say yes. What if it is something we should say yes to?”

Sierra glared at him and her voice shook she was so upset, “Nevada, don’t you backtalk to me when I’m serious about something as important as Max being happy! You had better say no or I’m gonna be really mad!”

Nevada looked at Cody, “Fine, I have no idea what the heck is going on but I’ve never seen Sierra get this mad.” Then Nevada grinned, “Well, maybe that one time, before I knew she had a hankering for me, and I with one of Lil’s girls!”

They heard Sierra say something very unladylike and she rode on to their house.

Nevada turned to Cody, “Well, don’t go worrying. Whatever Max has scheming I’ll be sure to say no to it or I’ll be sleeping on the porch for the rest of my life. For such a small little woman she’s got the biggest temper when she gets her loyalty riled up. I best get on to the house before I’m locked out like you!”

Cody headed up the street and Nevada took off at a gallop down the quiet street to his own home. He caught up with Sierra while she was taking the saddle of her horse. He smiled, “Look, I’ll do that and the answer to any questions I hear will be a flat right out no.”

Sierra smiled, “Want to go into the house and do it or is the answer no?”

Nevada laughed, “Get your tail into that house. I’ll finish taking off the saddles and getting the horses fed. You better be for that “it” you just mentioned. And that “it” you always say better be a good fucking.”

Sierra was almost out of the barn, “Well, you call it what you want and I’ll just call it “it”. The she looked serious and worried, “You think maybe I should go down and see if Max is okay? It’s not like Max to lock him out. Least that’s what I’ve heard. We’ve been at the mines so long this time maybe things changed and they don’t like each other anymore or maybe he tried to take her restaurant.”

“Rachel, don’t go getting yourself into a fit. Cody ain’t like that at all. I know he has a real hankering for that woman. Probably just a fight and I know Cody will make things right in the morning.” By now he had the horses all settled and walked over to her. Putting his arm around her waist he said, “Let’s get on in. Know what? I think your losing too much weight going back and forth to the mines. How about we stay in town a few months? Jim can run the claim and we’ve made quite a bundle already. Want to stay a while in town?”

Sierra looked up at him and then leaned closer into his side as they walked into the house, “I’d like that a lot. But, if you start getting that itchy gold fever we leave for the mine. How does that sound?”

Nevada thought about it for a while. They'd gone into the bedroom and as they stripped down and got into the bed he pulled her against him. He felt her snuggle into his side and then she moved to lean across his chest and kiss him. He was still thinking about the mine and that he didn't tell her the exact amount of money he'd made over the years. He thought about all the times she'd been panning gold in the heat and then in the dead cold just to be with him. It had been a hard life for her but she never complained when he'd say he wanted to go the mine. He really didn't have to mine anymore. He had enough money in an account for them to stay in town and never have to work. He just never wanted to spend any of it until he met her. "Rachel, I have to tell you something and you're gonna be really mad, so get yourself prepared."

Rachel got very stiff in his arms, "Okay, Nevada, is it one of Lil's gals? That red-headed girl, with the big chest and bigger behind? You've been sneaking off with her! Oh hell, I knew you would never be satisfied with me! Was it her?"

Nevada stuttered, "NO, I ain't been with anyone else. We're rich. I just never got around to telling you."

Rachel stared at him and then smiled, "I've known that for a few weeks. I had to go to the bank for Max and the teller asked me if I was there to get the monthly balance. She thought you couldn't come in and had sent me. I figured you would get around to telling me when you were ready and it didn't matter to me anyway."

He was about to say something when she began to kiss his ear and whisper how much she wanted him whether he was a poor miner or a rich miner. His hands roamed over her soft body until he flipped her over and his hands were on her breasts. He loved their softness and kissed her nipples. Sucking one into his mouth his tongue flicked it to hardness. His fingers pinched the other nipple until he heard her moaning with pleasure.

He felt her fingers, as always, starting to rake her nails down his spine. He liked to wait. Pushing her thighs open he stayed between them. His hard cock waiting...pushing...but not entering. Squeezing her breasts and flicking the tips with his thumbs he looked down at he closed eyes, "Feel me, honey? Want it? Want me to fuck you, honey?" He knew she wouldn't answer right away what he wanted to hear. He heard her whisper that she wanted "it".

"What's "it" honey? I'm not sure? Want me to fuck you?" He began to move on her pushing his thick cock against where she wanted it. He let the head of his cock push in but then pulled it out, "Is that what you want? This cock in you...fucking you?"

Then he heard her whisper it, "Yes, fuck me with that cock of yours!"

He kissed her lips and whispered, "That's my woman."

He slid his cock into where she ached the most for him. He heard he sigh and he always liked how she immediately arched her back forcing him in deeply. She was tight, sheathing him with a hot wetness that drove him crazy. He always had a difficult time doing it slow for her but tonight he forced himself to move slowly. It was sweet torture for him to move so smoothly and

slowly but her sighs of pleasure kept him at that pace. When he finally felt her movements becoming frantic he let loose and began to push into her with his full fury. Thrusting with power he sank himself into her.

He heard her moaning his name. He heard her saying she wanted him fucking her. He felt his cock throbbing and knew his balls were getting tight...hard...ready.

Plunging without thinking of being slow he slammed his cock in and out...fucking...hard. In a dizzying dance of hot need to come he arched his back thrusting in one last time. Then he heard himself groan - He slammed hard and stayed deeply in her, as he felt his cock throbbing - he felt as if he never came so hard.

He knew she'd come and could still feel her body squeezing his cock in small after shocks of pleasure. He was nibbling her neck and felt her hands caressing his back.

"Rachel, you're not mad at me, right? I was gonna tell you."

He heard her sigh and whisper, "Shut up, and hold me till I fall asleep like you're suppose to do. By the way, I love you no matter what your bank account is."

He smiled and realized how lucky he was. As he fell asleep he wondered what had happened with Cody and Max, but at that moment he could only think about the woman he was holding. He smiled wider at the thought of being rich. Sure couldn't hurt any! He figured the morning was fast enough to find out what happened with Cody, and sure would be interesting to find out what Max was gonna offer them.

Chapter 23

It was early the next morning when Sierra heard someone knocking on the door. Nevada was sleeping so she quietly got out of bed. Opening the front door she whispered to Max to follow her into the kitchen so they don't wake up Nevada.

Max didn't look very happy and Sierra got concerned, "Max, you were the only one that would give me a job when I got to this town. I hate to see you this worried and want to know what I can do to help."

Max came right to the point, "I've put in my dues in life. I've put in my years of hard work and it's just I'm tired of working the restaurant. It makes good money, but, the hours of cooking and cleaning are just wearing me out."

Sierra smiled and giggled, "Or is the after hours wearing you out?"

Max laughed, "Well, maybe the both combined cuts down on rest. Anyway, I was thinking since I know you don't like going to the mines that maybe you and Nevada would be interested in buying me out?"

Sierra almost said yes. She suddenly wanted to own the restaurant since she knew Nevada wouldn't get bored but cared about Max too much to just blurt out a yes. "Max, what would you do if you sold the restaurant. I'm not saying we want to buy it, I'm just wondering what you would do?"

"Well, Sierra, I'm not sure. I still have to go down the street and talk to Cody about this idea. He was mad about it last night and wanted to buy the restaurant himself but then we'd still be working two places and it is honestly tiring me out and I'm losing interest in all the cooking, ordering supplies, and all the work it takes. Just doing my restaurant was okay, but helping with his on my days off is too much."

Sierra thought carefully about how to answer, "Max, Nevada is still sleeping and I'd have to talk it over with him. Why not go talk to Cody and then come back and let me know if the offer is still good. Then I'll talk to Nevada. I'm sure we can buy it if that is what you really want but I need to mull this over a bit in my own head before I give you an answer."

Max agreed and after a cup of coffee and some good gossip went down the street. Passing Lil's she ran into Jeremy sweeping the front porch. She smiled at the wide grin on his face and asked, "What is that grin for?"

Jeremy grinned even wider, "Max, you are the very first person to know and Lil will kill me for telling you before she can. We are going to do it all right and get married by the minister. Now, don't go worrying because I already spoke to him and his wife and they're glad. In fact I think his wife was so glad she wanted it done at that moment! We ain't closing the bar but I still think the Minister's wife feels it is better if Lil is married."

Max didn't even say a word she was in such shock upon hearing the news. Jeremy finally asked if she was mad at the news and she smiled and gave him a kiss on the cheek. She was glad for Lil, she was glad for Sierra, she was just not sure what her life was coming to.

Finally she was at the front door of the Chili House and could see Cody in the living room stretched out on the couch with a cup of coffee. She knocked and walked in the house and into the living room. Before he could even get up she blurted out, "Cody, I've got some things we just have to get straightened out with two businesses competing."

Cody sat up and was about to say their places had different customers so there was no competition but decided to let her talk first.

Max sat down next to him and he put his arm around her pulling her tight to his side. He felt her stiffen for a moment but then she relaxed. He'd never known Max to be confused about anything. She'd always been in charge of everything and always confident. He knew she'd always felt their places competed with each other instead of sharing customers. He knew it bothered her having two restaurants in one town but he'd thought by now she was okay with the idea.

“Cody, working two restaurants in one town is too much. I don’t want to keep competing with you and then running down here to help make yours grow. Then I run back to mine, to keep it on track. I wanted to sell mine and I was going to just work on yours but now you don’t want to do that and I can’t think of a different way to make this all work. I still think selling mine to Nevada and Sierra will work and want to know your opinion?”

Cody rubbed her shoulder and kissed the side of her cheek, “Well, I don’t want one of those misunderstandings we seem famous for since the night we met. I only started this restaurant to be in town. If you want something Nevada would feel more comfortable owning let’s sell him The Chili House and we can concentrate on your place. How’s that sound?”

Max stared at him, “You’d sell this place? You’d sell this place to Nevada?”

Cody smiled, “You just asked the same question twice. So, yes and yes.”

Max felt him pull her tighter to this side. “Max, this is a business thinking on my part. Now, I see there are two restaurants in this town. Yours is better, fancier, makes more money. So, if we have to sell one I’d rather sell this place. I like this place but from that first night I walked in to your restaurant I liked it. It’s a better investment if we want one place to run.” His lips started to kiss her neck, “And I kind of got a hankering to always go up that staircase. What do you think?”

Max felt him turning her toward him and she wrapped her arms around him, “I think I like my staircase, too. I’m not sure this will work but I’ll sure give it a try.”

She felt him pulling her to the floor. She felt him removing her clothes. She felt it was going to all work out.

It was a different type of night – she didn’t even care they were on the floor. It was hot...burning desire.

She felt his cock hard and pushing between her thighs and heard his deep voice, “Open for me Max, let me fuck you hard. Let’s sign the deal with passion.” She felt him pushing her thighs open and for once let him have all the control. Relaxing she drifted on hot sex feeling his body pressing on hers. Her breasts being crushed under his chest and then his fingers sliding between them to pinch her nipples. They hardened for him...tight nipples wanting more and more pinching. Then it was in her...his hard cock. Pushing and ramming into her she felt him claiming her body. She arched against him wanting to feel him deeper...harder. She felt his pace quicken and her legs tightened around his hips...her nails raking down his back. Moving with him in heated lust she felt that dreamy state of mind when her body began to come. All her muscles tingling as she rocked to his rhythm in total ecstasy. Then she felt that final clenching inside her pussy and heard his groan as she felt him come inside of her. She felt his body tense...his back arch...and his cock ram inside hard and final. It was if they both erupted in dazzling sensations coursing through them. All that could be heard was heavy sighing as they both calmed down until they could speak.

Cody spoke first, “Max, we okay with everything. We’ll just move into your place?”

Max couldn’t quite think at the moment but whispered, “Okay.” Then she added in a quite whisper, “Yes, that sounds fine. Just fine.”

Later that day as the three women sat at Lil’s having a drink and discussing the odd way the three of them found men they smiled and lifted their glasses in a toast to them. To them owning their own businesses - during a time when it was usually men.

Max lifted her glass of whiskey, “To us, and life in California.”