**A Lady, A Horse and an ex-Marine**

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Erin stretched, her arms high above her head, as she squinted through sleepy eyes at her bedroom window where the sun was just peeping above the horizon, announcing that it was after 6:00 am and time for her to look after Abby. She slowly swung herself out of the bed and headed for the bathroom where she brushed her teeth, then headed for the shower. She stopped as she remembered that she was going to do some work today so she decided she'd shower later. She did quickly wash her face, then headed back to the bedroom where she slipped off her shorty pajamas and slipped into a pair of shorts and an old t-shirt. She quickly tied her hair into a pony tail and put on the old western boots that stood at the end of the bed. Then she was down the hall, through the kitchen and out the back door heading for the familiar barn where she started each day.

She swung the door of the barn open and poked her head through the crack, a game she played every morning. Sure enough, Abby was looking right at her and gave that little snort that said she was happy to see Erin. She stepped quickly inside and gave Abby a couple of rubs on her long nose. She went to the hook on the wall and took down the pick, feeling a little guilty about last night. Abby had been in the field all day yesterday and, when Erin was very late getting home, hadn't had her hoofs checked and picked. She hoped that Abby hadn't picked up a stone during the day. She went to Abby's front leg, bent and felt it just a little above the hoof. She moved her hand slightly and felt the strong pulse there that always gave her a feeling of assurance. She tapped the shoulder and the horse angled her hoof forward, knowing what was coming. Erin lifted the hoof, braced the leg against her knee and picked the accumulated mud and grass out of the hoof, careful to clean around the frog and checking it for any kind of peeling or other damage. Then to the other front leg with the same procedure, Abby now turning her head to watch, anxious for her morning ride and run. The back legs followed the same process, the accumulated mud picked and tossed aside. As she finished, Erin felt a little better that she had not found any stones that might have caused Abby some discomfort.

Now she groomed Abby just a little as she really seemed to enjoy that. She had gotten Abby about four years ago, on the day before her parents were killed in the automobile accident. Abby had been her "rescue horse" helping her get through that tragic time, seeming to sense that Erin needed love and companionship, being energetic and nuzzling Erin whenever she got close. It had developed a special bond between them that Erin treasured. She had inherited the farm and a rather sizeable amount of money that she had never dreamed her parents had been able to save so she was able to live comfortably and to enjoy working as a helper at the veterinarian's office in town. She was pleased to find that Abby had been trained on both English and Western saddles and she had each, varying them depending on what kind of a ride she wanted. And, for this Sunday morning, she had decided on the English saddle.

When Abby had been suitable groomed, she got the saddle, tossed the girth over the top of the saddle and slid the stirrups up the leathers. She liked the square pads better than the contoured ones so she put the bright orange one on Abby's back, then lifted the saddle onto her withers, sliding it back till it was comfortably in place. She pulled the girth down so it was hanging free, then went to the other side and fastened it securely, the marks from previous fastenings making it easy to do. She grabbed her helmet from the shelf close by. "You ready to go, Abby?" A snort and a shake of the head told her Abby was more than ready. Although her shorts and t-shirt and particularly the cowboy boots didn't quite match the English saddle, she was ready to go and, since this wasn't a competition or a run with the hounds, she couldn't care less how she looked. She pulled the stirrups down, stuck a boot in the left one and swung herself onto Abby's back. A quick push of her hand under the girth told her it was just right and, taking the reins, she swung Abby toward the door and they were off.

Out in the sunlight, Abby's black coat seemed to glisten, the muscles in her shoulders rippling as she pranced through the grass of the large field where, later today, she would graze to her heart's content. Erin had been fascinated on the day she first saw her that her left front and right rear legs had a white sock, the only variation from the rich black color or the rest of her body. Erin hadn't planned on a long ride today, thus the English saddle but she loved to ride and Abby seemed to love being ridden. They trotted in a large circle, then cantered along the fence, heading for the woods at the back of the field. Abby seemed to look longingly at the gate that led out into the state park where they went for the longer rides but it was not to be today.

As they rode, the warm air, the sunshine and the steady gait of the horse caused Erin's mind to drift, and it drifted back to last night, to the dinner and drinks with some friends and her being introduced to Sean, which was a total surprise. Not her normal type of guy, an ex-marine with the buzz haircut of his blond hair, the blue eyes that seemed to be constantly twinkling and the obviously very muscular body hiding beneath the casual but very colorful clothes. She was more often drawn to the quiet, thoughtful type with the dark hair and eyes. But, as the evening progressed, and more glasses of wine were consumed, she was surprised at how thoughtful and obviously very bright, he was. And, she could easily tell that he found her equally attractive as he seemed to be always close to wherever she was. She didn't remember much about that last part of the night and she was aware now that she certainly shouldn't have driven herself home after all the vino she had consumed. Fortunately, it was only about five miles of nearly straight road with only two turns and she had made it with no mishaps. But, that picture of Sean was fixed in her mind and wasn't about to go away so she hoped to see him again soon, hoping to learn more about him and to see if the guy she talked to last night was the real Sean.

Now, they were at the woods as Erin's mind snapped back to the present and Abby, seeing that they were at the spot where that special path entered the trees knew exactly what to do. Erin relaxed the reins totally and let Abby have her head, as she had gotten used to doing. She was prancing now, around one tree, then back the other direction and around the next. Erin knew that many riders don't like prancing horses but she loved it when Abby pranced, almost like showing off. Back and forth around the trees she went, following that path she had learned from Erin's leading. Then they were close to the end of the woods and both knew what was next. As she left the woods, Abby whinnied and broke into a hard gallop heading straight for the barn. Erin sat straight in the saddle, loving the feel of the wind and the sound of the hooves. Almost to the barn, she settled down, slowing to a walk and then stopping by the barn door to a few warm pats on the neck from Erin as she dismounted. Quickly, the saddle and pad were off, a toweled rub and then a little more grooming.

The pick was out again, and all four hooves were cleaned and Abby was out in the field to graze for the rest of the day. Erin never stopped marveling that an animal as big and beautiful as Abby could stay that way on mostly grass and hay in the winter. She made sure the water trough was full, moved some bales of hay which, in the heat soon had perspiration dripping from her nose and chin. At last that was done and she headed for the chaise lounge in the shade of the maple tree. As she usually did after working in the heat, she pulled off the soaked t-shirt and stretched out on the lounge, her 36-C's feeling the slight breeze that was blowing. With the lateness of last night and the early rising today, she felt herself drifting off, not unusual for Sunday morning.

She was nearly asleep when she thought she heard a noise and sat up in the lounge. She looked around, screamed and threw her arms across her chest. There was someone standing there looking at her. A second look from her showed that it was Sean, from last night.

"How long have you been standing there?" she said, her voice about an octave above normal.

"Long enough," he answered, those blue eyes twinkling at her.

"Why didn't you make some noise, so I'd know you were there?"

"You looked like you were sleeping and I hated to disturb you." That big, fascinating smile he had was having its effect.

"So, you just stood there, gawking at my boobs," she added, not sure whether to be angry, ashamed or just what.

"Lady, they're very gawkable, if you don't mind my saying so."

She stood up, arms still across her chest, trying to decide what to do as his eye kept twinkling at her and causing some thoughts she wished she wasn't having. She wasn't about to put on that soggy shirt but there was nothing else close at hand to put on. But, she couldn't stand there for the rest of the day with her arms across her chest either. She did want to find out more about Sean, but was this the way to do it? He had, after all, already had a pretty thorough view of her breasts for lord only knows how long. So, she decided. She dropped her arms and gave him a second view.

"If you don't mind," she said, "I'm going in and get another shirt. There's just something about standing here like this that doesn't seem quite right, for now." She took a step and then stopped. "Can I get you a coke or glass of water or something?"

"I'd love a coke," he said and she noticed that he was looking her straight in the eye.

Inside she grabbed another t-shirt, deciding that putting on a bra was silly at this point. She got two cokes and headed back outside, wondering if her cheeks had been pink during any of this encounter. She couldn't remember feeling any heat and was puzzled by that. Sean had taken the liberty of pulling up a chair beside the chaise lounge and was seated there, gazing around the farm.

"Beautiful horse," he said, gesturing out toward the pasture.

"Thanks. She's a mix of Hanoverian with Argentinian thoroughbred. I stumbled across her at an equestrian stable about 100 miles from here and she just won my heart immediately. She's been about the best thing that ever happened to me. I love her more than anyone should love an animal but I wouldn't have it any other way." She was looking out toward Abby but could tell that Sean was watching her. She turned to look at him and his head was cocked to the side, a half-smile on his face and he was shaking his head very gently. "Are you an animal person?" she instinctively asked.

"Very much so," was his quick reply, the little smile still there. She wondered what he was thinking about her but was sure that it was good and complimentary. "Would your horse put up with me being close to her?"

"She's Abby and I know she would. Are you used to being around horses?"

"Not at all but I have had a dream for a long time about having a horse. They're so majestic and, well, just plain beautiful as far as I'm concerned, and I'd love to have one."

"Come on," she said, holding her hand out to him. "Let's go introduce you two." He took her hand and stood up and she wasn't sure whether to keep holding on or to let loose but she quickly realized that he wasn't giving her that choice. They walked that way to the gate where he let go of her hand so she could open the gate. She held onto the gate with both hands as he went in, her right behind him as she closed the gate. She whistled and Abby's head came up and without hesitation she trotted toward the two of them. She stopped in front of Erin and seemed to be looking suspiciously at Sean. Erin took his hand in hers and put it alongside Abby's face. "This is Sean," she said, and he patted Abby very gently as he began speaking softly to her. Erin stepped back and watched him as he talked to her, rubbing her nose as he spoke. Abby seemed to be enjoying it and she watched Sean carefully and could tell that he was loving every moment of being close to Abby. She couldn't help but smile as she particularly found a place in her heart for those who really seemed to love animals. And Sean seemed to be fitting right into that slot.

He glanced over at her. "What-da-ya think?" he asked, still stroking Abby's nose.

"I think she likes you." A huge smile crossed Sean's face. That gorgeous smile along with those sparkling blue eyes and the well-muscled arms she was noticing now, not vulgarly muscular like the body builders but just well-defined and fit looking, were quickly swallowing her up even though she had never imagined that anything like that could happen to her. But, even Abby liked him so how could she lose?

"Even though I don't know a lot about horses, this one is fantastic," he said, glancing back and forth from Abby to Erin. "Do you ride her a lot?"

"Almost every day. She actually loves to be ridden." She saw Sean's questioning eyes searching hers. Why not she thought. "Do you ride?"

"I've ridden," he answered rather sheepishly. "A couple of times," he added for clarification.

Erin had to smile at that. "Would you like to ride Abby?"

"Oh shit," he said quickly, then another sheepish look. "Sorry, and I'd love to if I could. Will she let me ride her?" he stumbled, "I mean I don't know that much about them."

Erin felt like she'd like to give him a little hug of reassurance, not sure at all why she felt that way but, never-the-less, she did. She looked up at Abby. "You want to give this guy a ride?" Abby shook her head and Sean jumped backward. "I think she understands the word "ride" so she's ready." Erin couldn't believe the excitement she saw on Sean's face. They went quickly to the barn, Erin deciding that a Western saddle would be more appropriate for Sean. She threw on the pad, the saddle, cinched it tight and put a bridle on Abby with no bit. She knew that Abby would be good with Sean. She seemed to have a sense about who was riding her. She helped Sean climb up, then led Abby out into the field. "She's all yours," she gestured to Sean who was smiling broadly and he and Abby went off at a slow walk. She saw him use the heels of the sneakers he was wearing to nudge the horse's ribs and Abby began a gentle trot. She trotted down the side of the field until she came to the woods, turned short there and was across in front of all the trees, then along the other side fence until, minutes later, she was back at the barn and stopped beside Erin.

Sean climbed down. "Thank you," he said very sincerely. "That was great."

Erin unsaddled Abby and handed the grooming brush to Sean who actually seemed to know what he was doing. He brushed for several minutes until Erin finally said she thought that was enough. A few more pats on the nose from Sean and Abby headed out into the field to continue her grazing.

"I came out here to visit with a special lady and, lo and behold, I got to visit with two special ladies." Somehow, his saying that reminded Erin of something she had nearly forgotten already, that he had seen her topless and she was a little surprised that the remembrance of that didn't upset her at all. They walked back to the two chairs, him thanking her again for letting him ride Abby.

They sat and talked, sharing things about themselves that they thought the other might be interested in. Sean had lived in Ohio most of his life, not too far from where he was now. Of course, Erin had spent her entire life here on the farm with her parents. He noted that he still lived with his parents simply because he knew they would not be around forever and he wanted the chance to share time with them while he could. He noticed the look that crossed Erin's face when he said that.

"I'm sorry," he said, leaning forward toward her. "I can only imagine how hard that must have been."

She took a deep breath but didn't say anything.

They talked more and he mentioned something about Annapolis and the gears of her brain began to whir. "So," she asked, "did you go on to college then?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did," was his soft reply.

She smiled at him. "And where was that college located?"

"In Annapolis," came the slightly hesitant answer.

So, her big marine that she had thought was just a grunt was a graduate of the Naval Academy. "The Naval Academy?"

"Yes, ma'am. I was very fortunate to get an appointment."

"Since I don't know much about ranks or anything, tell me what your rank was there."

"I was just a First Lieutenant."

"That sounds impressive. Is that a high rank there?"

"Not at all, ma'am."

"If we are going to sit here and talk like this, you need to call me Erin, and not ma'am, okay."

That big smile again and those blue eyes.

"My pleasure."

"So, if you graduated from Navy, are you still in the Navy."

"Nope, not now." She looked at him questioningly so he continued. "I served my five years, was a First Lieutenant and doing very well. But," and he paused, "I just didn't like it. While I was in I saved and invested and was kind of lucky with a couple of things and ended up with some money. So, I was discharged, came home to no-where's-ville, and that's not a derogatory name at all, and decided to take some time off, so I wouldn't make, well, another mistake with my life."

"Wow," was about all she could think to say at the moment and was not ready for what he said next either.

"Can I take you to dinner tonight, to pay back a little for the horseback ride and your kindness. provided of course, you don't have other plans.

Looking into those blue eyes and dazzled by that smile, how could she refuse, even if she had had some other plans for the evening. "Sure, I'd love that," she said, "but the horseback ride was for you and Abby and no need to pay me back." She obviously liked you and was happy to take you for a ride." And, it was becoming clear in her own mind that it was not just Abby that liked him. He just had that very appealing aura about him that was hard to resist.

"The field is perfect for you and Abby, and I bet you ride in those woods too. The whole setting is just very lovely."

She was taken a little aback by the last comment and she really considered "lovely" to be a rather feminine term but there was absolutely nothing feminine about Sean.

Surprising her again, he thrust his hand toward her. "Sean Hanaford," he said very distinctly.

"Erin Rockford," she replied taking his hand with him holding it for long seconds.

"Dress very casually tonight, if you will please, as I have something very special in store. Her eyes now had a definite questioning look. Another huge smile from him. "You'll just have to trust me," he said. We plebes are very trustworthy."

"I think I believe you," she said as he stood up.

"So nice to see you today," he said very innocently to her slightly reddening cheeks. He closed his eyes. "Poor choice," he said. "Sorry."

Now it was her turn to smile. "You were a gentleman, if indeed a gawker as well. But, my fault for sure."

"Thank you, and no fault at all," he said. "I'll pick you up at 5:30 if that's not too early."

"I'll be ready," she said. She followed him around the house to his car, a rather sleek looking Corvette that she had no idea what year it might be.

"A bit of foolishness that I just can't resist," he shrugged. "I'm a sucker for fast cars." He got in, started the engine which gave off a rich, rumbling sound, slipped it into reverse, waved and backed down the driveway and was quickly gone, a last toot of the horn signaling his exit.

Erin spent the rest of the day doing some long put-off chores, surprised at how enthusiastic the thought of the date with Mr. Sean Hanaford had her feeling. She made one more trip to the barn to be sure that Abby had plenty of water, then carefully propped the barn door open so she'd have access that evening as Erin had no idea how late she might be. She giggled to herself at the thought that she might be late, kind of hoping it was true. Guys didn't usually affect her like that but this one had and she thought there was certainly some type of karma or kismet or something of that nature that was making it happen.

As late afternoon approached she began thinking about what she would wear. He had said "dress very casually" but what did that "very" mean? And what could the special thing he had in store for her be? So many questions and so few answers. Actually, he had already seen her two best assets, her face and her breasts so . . . Ugh! She knew she was a somewhat pretty girl, certainly not beautiful like the models and stars but still, very nice. She had hair that was rather uniquely brown and dark brown eyes to go along with it. She was about 5'-5", fairly average with legs that seemed to draw looks when she wore short shorts, which wasn't too often out in public. Of course, the 36-C's that Sean had already seen very thoroughly she was sure, were nothing to sneeze at. But, this wasn't helping with what to wear. Where were they going and who would be seeing them? She finally decided, heck with it, she'd wear the tight white short shorts and the very vivid red tank top. When she at last had them on she debated with herself since she was again bra-less under the tank top. No matter, she liked the way she looked and hoped Sean would feel the same. She slid on the leather thongs and was ready. She was what she was.

At just about 5:30 on the button, she heard the rumble of the Corvette as he shifted down to turn into the driveway. Since this was casual, she walked out to meet him and saw him stop, with raised eyebrows.

"What?" she said.

"Holy crap, you look fantastic." He had seen her a lot more dressed up last night but she was more than happy that he liked what he was seeing.

"Thanks," she said, smiling and, surprising her, he stepped forward and kissed her on the cheek. Taking her arm, he led her around the car, opened the door and helped her slip into the seat. He closed the door, checked it, then went around and climbed in the driver's seat. The car rumbled to life, backed out of the driveway and took off down the road pushing her back into the seat. She couldn't help but smile.

They had driven for about 15 minutes when he suddenly turned into a little lane that wound through a field and then some woods and she suddenly saw a little hut . . . and he stopped the car. She certainly wasn't sure what to expect now.

"Don't worry," he said as he climbed out of the car and noted the puzzled look on her face. "I'm not up to no good here." He laughed as he opened the trunk of the car. "This is part of my parent's farm and it's my own special corner. I built the shed when I first got back from the Marines. I come here and read and hike around and just relax, away from everything. As he pulled a box from the trunk he said, "follow me - you'll be surprised."

She was already surprised but now had another surprise to look forward to. She followed him to the little building where he sat the box down and opened it, gesturing for her to inspect it. She opened the flaps and, indeed, was surprised to see two large and beautiful steaks, two bundles of foil which she assumed were potatoes, a container of sour cream, a large bowl of salad, some dressing, a wonderful loaf of bread that was still warm and two delightful bottles of Chardonnay. She smiled at him. "Lots of wine," she quipped.

"I noticed what you were drinking last night so I thought I'd bring some along."

"Very thoughtful," she said, smiling. "And the bread is still warm."

"Mom baked it this afternoon. I think you'll like it."

"How could I not like fresh baked bread?" She was practically drooling just thinking about it.

He ushered her to the door of the little hut and she went inside. It was very simple. A cot, a comfortable chair, a couple of battery powered lights, a table, some snack food. She looked at him and he shrugged.

"It works for me, just once in a while. There are weeks that go by that I don't come out here. But, it's here when I need it."

She reached out and took his hand. "You're sure not the typical ex-Marine are you?"

He squeezed her hand and held on. "I guess not in a lot of ways. You ready to think about eating?"

"I've been thinking about it since I smelled that warm bread."

He laughed out loud. "Then let's get started. The trouble with going on a dinner date with me is that you have to do some of the work too."

"You're in charge."

"I'll start the charcoal fire in the pit here while you get the salads ready. You like to eat the salad before or with the meal?"

"With is perfect for me." She found two bowls in the bottom of the box and filled each with salad. There was also a little plastic bag in the bottom of the box. "Oh my gosh, sunflower seeds. How perfect can it get?" That brought another laugh from Sean.

"So what's Abby up to now?"

"She'll graze in the field there till it gets dark, then go in the barn and go to sleep. She takes care of herself, as long as I keep her water trough filled. "You'll have to come and ride her again."

"I was hoping you'd say that, for more than one reason."

She decided, why not. "I invited you for more than one reason too." Just about the warmest grin she had ever seen flashed across Sean's face. It made her heart give a little leap in her chest, something she had never felt before. She'd dated, even messed around a little, but it was all just fun. Could this one be more than just fun? She was anxious to find out.

They ate their salads, talking about the day, about Abby, about the ride today, about whatever popped into their heads. The charcoal was glowing brightly now and the potatoes went in, wrapped in corn husks which Sean had produced from somewhere. They walked across the field where the little hut was sitting, to the fence that kept the cows from intruding. Two or three drifted over toward them. More amazing animals that lived on grass.

"Time to start the steaks," Sean said, taking her hand and heading for the charcoal pit. "How do you like them?"

"Medium," she answered, amazed that she was standing in the middle of a little field, ordering steaks that she was sure would be delicious.

Sean put the steaks on the grill and they were soon sizzling, the grease dripping onto the coals and adding a little smoke to the mix. Soon they were done and were served on the plates that were in that seemingly bottomless box. The potatoes came next and she was amazed, as he unwrapped them and opened them that they seemed perfectly cooked. A little sour cream and they were ready to be enjoyed. She was developing a deep appreciation of this ex-Marine and what he could do. They ate quietly, just enjoying the delicious tastes they were sharing. Her steak was delicious, cooked just right and the potato was soft with a wonderful flavor as well.

"How do you do that?" Erin asked, "get those potatoes to be so perfect with no timer or temperature or anything."

"It's this magical place," he replied, grinning. "Everything turns out well here."

She thought about that reply for a moment and hoped it was totally true. Sean went inside the little hut and returned with two folding lawn chairs. He rummaged in that mystical box and found two wine glasses. The wine bottles had screw caps so opening them was simple. He poured each of them a glass and they settled back to talk a little more and watch the sun set. The wine was very good and quickly Sean was pouring another glass for Erin. She asked him lots of questions about his time in the Marines and what he didn't like about it when it seemed his career there was so promising. His answer was "the regimen". He just didn't like everything being so fixed and forced and set in the way it should be done. He knew that was required for a good military - it just took him a few years to figure out that really wasn't what he wanted for his life.

The wine and the atmosphere seemed to put both of them in a teasing mood and they jibed and poked back and forth for some time and somehow the conversation got around to dares and had either of them played a dare game, which of course, both had. They shared some of their adventures with that to a lot of giggling and laughter and finally Erin said, not quite knowing why except for the effects of the Chardonnay, "You write down a dare for me and I'll write one for you and we'll look at them tomorrow, okay?" He agreed, found some paper and a pencil in the hut and they took turns writing, folding the papers and handing them to each other to stow away until tomorrow.

She had another glass of wine and realized that she was getting a little buzzed, which happened sometimes, but that she was also feeling something that was very unusual for her. She was feeling, for lack of a better word, a little horny. She couldn't take her eyes off Sean as he talked and moved and she began to realize that she wanted him and wanted him very badly. She giggled to herself since she had never had this feeling before. Maybe he had put one of those date rape drugs in the wine. But, wasn't that supposed to put her to sleep, not push all her hormones into action. So, another glass of that wine and the buzz increased as did her feelings about Sean. She was burning up, and not from the heat. She knew he was watching her carefully now and when he stood up to get the second bottle of wine, she made her move.

Even in the dusk that was now surrounding them, she could see those blue eyes watching her, and in her mind she was sure they were wanting her too. She stepped in front of him, took his face in both her hands and kissed him, a long and sensual kiss. When she moved her head away she could hear his breathing as those eyes bored into hers still. Again she kissed him, her tongue probing this time, his matching hers as he responded, his arms to his side, still holding the bottle of wine. She took hold of the bottom of his shirt and lifted, dragging it up and over his head as he lifted his arms, the shirt snagging momentarily on the wine bottle, then off and tossed.

"Erin?" he questioned softly.

Again her mouth covered his, giving him the answer he was looking for. She was kissing his chest now, then lower to his belly and then her hands went to work on his belt, finally getting it unfastened as her brain continued to wonder just who this was doing this - a different girl no doubt. Next the button and zipper and pants and boxers quickly slid down to his ankles. Erin dropped to her knees and grabbed his growing erection with both hands, planting a kiss on the head, then encircling it with her lips. She certainly had not done this very often and was definitely an amateur and she began to doubt that this was the best place to start out, but the groan she heard from Sean told her she must be doing something right. She moved one hand and slid that big thing in a little further, working with her tongue as well. More wonderful groans from Sean. She moved her other hand and took more in until she felt herself beginning to gag. She backed off for a second, then forward, feeling it press down her throat. She fought the feeling - she was going to do this. One more time and she felt her lips against his pubes. She held there for long seconds to his mumbled, "Oh, shit." Her head began to bob up and down as she worked faster and faster until he couldn't stand it and took hold of her cheeks and let the erection, now throbbing, slip out of her lips.

"Plenty of time," he gasped, hardly able to breathe as he dropped to his knees in front of her. Their mouths and tongues met again as he took hold of the tank top and pulled it up, slipping it off over her head with no resistance from her. He wished it was lighter so he could see those wonderful breasts of hers one more time but he was content with using his mouth, sucking on the nipples as they sprang to life, very hard and now erect to very enticing moans from her. They stood up together as Sean carefully unfastened her shorts and slid them down her legs along with the very small panties she wore underneath them. Now they were both naked but it was his turn and he dropped to his knees and pressed on her legs till she slid them apart and he nuzzled that soft and fuzzy muff and his tongue began to probe with even more intense moans from her as it found what it was seeking. He pressed hard against the wetness he found there until finally it found that very warm and slippery tube that he sensed hadn't had much activity lately, and he pushed inside. She had never had that done to her before and the feeling, along with the thought of it, nearly overwhelmed her. Thank goodness he had a firm hold on her buns which was its own intense feeling.

Now the tongue slipped up a little higher to a much more intense gasp from Erin. It was a long time since she'd felt anything like that, in fact, she had never felt anything quite like tonight. Sean's tongue flipped up and down to murmured, "oh's" from Erin. She wasn't sure she could stay standing up the way her body was reacting and it wasn't long till she began to feel that special feeling that seemed to start where Sean's mouth was working ever faster and faster. It slowly swallowed her entire body and then overwhelmed her brain until there was only orgasm and her body didn't belong to her anymore but only to the orgasm that had her body beginning to shake and jerk, her voice moaning and saying things that she didn't normally say as she was totally out of control. After long, long seconds she could hear her voice moaning his name over and over until she finally collapsed on top of him.

She realized she was on her back on the grass, not knowing how she got there but a feeling she was sure she'd remember forever, and he was wedged between her legs as his mouth and tongue went to work on hers. She was just reacting but in the very right way as she kissed him back and reached between her own legs to spread herself and guide him home which he didn't resist at all. She felt him slide inside, but just inside and stop. More kissing and tongue wrestling, then in another inch. More kissing and another inch. It was driving her crazy but he seemed to be savoring every second of this and now she was too, hoping it would last for days and weeks. Another short push, more kissing, more noises from her that sounded like muffled pleases, and finally she felt his legs against her ass and wrapped her own legs up around him. It was long seconds and finally he began to move, sliding out slowly, then back in, then out and back in a little more quickly, then out and in over and over, so fast she couldn't tell which was which and didn't care. She heard a deep grunt from him, like no sound she had heard before and, with one final thrust and one final withdrawal he was out and she could feel the hot liquid squirting onto her stomach and breasts. He was panting hard and now it was his turn to collapse, partly on her as tried to turn on his side. Her arms were around him and she was holding him tight against her. They lay like that for long minutes.

"Thank you," she whispered in his ear.

He whispered, "I didn't know if you were on anything or not."

"Thank you for that too, because I'm not."

He laughed. "Maybe time to start," he replied, kissing her again. He could feel her smile through the kiss.

His arms around her, all that the evening had held for her, the sounds of the night and, of course, the wine, filled her with a contentment she had never felt before - and that was the last she remembered.

She began to wake up, something hard pressing against her back and, she could hear someone else breathing. Her eyes flew open in near terror, only to see Sean sleeping peacefully beside her, both of them wedged together on that little cot in the hut. She watched him until she finally had to move and he opened his eyes and she got a wonderful smile. She leaned across and kissed him on the cheek.

"I have to go take care of Abby," she said softly.

"Not before you take care of me," he replied and rose up on his elbows, gently wedging his legs between hers. She suddenly realized that she was naked but didn't care at all. Everything was so wonderfully different. He dipped his head and began sucking on one of her nipples, loving the feeling of having it grow in his mouth. He moved to the other one with the same results as those wonderful sounds escaped her throat. But, she wasn't about to be passive and reached down between her legs and guided him home for the second time in two days. Sean had thought that he would have a pleasant and relaxed early morning round of sex but, evidently when Erin heard that "not before you take care of me" she took it very literally and her hips were moving and grinding and Sean was having trouble catching up to her. The scene, strange as it was on the tiny cot and the little hut out in the middle of a field was just sensually exciting and, looking into each other's eyes as they were Sean could feel the pressure quickly building in his groin as once again he pulled out and Erin felt the hold liquid spray on her belly.

Sean started to slide down to a quick, "No, no," from Erin. As difficult as it was for her to say it she nevertheless did. "I'll take a rain check on that for now. Let's take care of Abby first. A long and tender kiss and then Sean rolled off the cot and stood up.

"If you insist," he said, smiling, then held out a hand to Erin. As he pulled her to her feet he found he couldn't take his eyes off her which at first made her blush just a bit in her nakedness, but finally made her feel very happy and proud. She had never had a fully wonderful self-image but to see him look at her like that did wonders for her ego.

"You really like the way I look, don't you?" she found herself saying, perhaps a little hesitantly.

"Oh my gosh, if I could devour you whole this very second I would do it in a heartbeat. You're fantastic." He got a nice kiss for his reply, then they dressed.

"Should we check our dares before we go?" she asked, laughing.

"Why not?" They both dug in their clothing till they found the little pieces of paper, then struggled to open them and read what they said. There was a moment's silence. Then Sean smiled at Erin who was looking back at him with a rather wide eyed and incredulous look. He read first, "I dare you to let me drive your Corvette. We can do that," he added. Then it was her turn.

She looked him straight in the eye for long seconds before she started to read. "I dare you to do a Lady Godiva ride through a small section of town at midnight." She paused and shook her head, then remembered she was still naked and so was he. She sidled up to him and against him, purposefully rubbing her breasts on his chest. "Only if there's someone doing a Lord Godiva ride on Abby with me." She couldn't believe she had basically agreed to do it if Sean would join her.

"Deal," was his quick reply. This could be very interesting.

They got dressed quickly and Sean locked up the hut and headed for the car. Erin was obviously very excited. "You ever drive a stick before?" he asked.

"Nope," was her prompt reply, "but I want to learn." Lots of things to learn, she thought.

A quick review of the gears, shown pretty clearly on shift lever knob, a quick explanation of the idea of synchronization between the clutch and accelerator, a hard reference to depressing the clutch when you get ready to stop so as to not shake the car to pieces and they were ready to go. Erin nodded that she understood to an answering nod from Sean that it's not quite that simple and then a, "Let's go," as he settled back in the passenger seat to see what would happen next to his Corvette. They were still in the field that held the hut so she had a ways to practice before she hit the highway. "Oh," came a last second caution. "Remember that this thing has quite a bit more power than you're used to handling so be gentle with it." She smiled and nodded that she understood.

She remembered to push in the clutch, then twisted the key and there was a loud rumble as the Corvette was ready for action. She shifted carefully into first gear, pressed on the accelerator and left out slowly on the clutch as the engine raced slightly but the car jumped ahead fairly smoothly to a murmured "nice" from Sean. She shifted carefully into second with no problem and they bounced along gently through the field till they came to the road. She stepped on the brake and, at the last second, remembered to press in the clutch as well. Sean told her to start off in first, turning onto the road, then when she was solidly in second to hit the accelerator fairly hard just so she'd know what was there. She did as directed and suddenly the Corvette leapt ahead as she quickly let off the accelerator, a somewhat shocked look on her face.

"Holy shit, I didn't even press all the way down," she said nervously.

"Just wanted you to be aware of what you were handling."

The rest of the trip to her place was uneventful with just a couple of jerks and racing engine sounds. Sean congratulated her when they arrived having expected many more problems. "Good job," he said, "and just to let you know, you're the first female to drive this car so you must be very special. Only one guy has driven it and I made him stop pretty quickly before he killed us both." He kissed her on the forehead. "Let's take care of Abby," who was already waiting for them at the pasture fence.

The next few days passed quickly with lots of fun and sharing with Sean and also lots of nervous anticipation as Erin knew that the inevitable day would come when she would do her Lady Godiva impersonation, of course with Sean riding with her. She knew his being there would certainly help but just the thought of being naked on a horse and riding through town filled her with a kind of, surprisingly perhaps, very excited dread. She was beginning to wonder a little about herself but dismissed it as simple nervousness about something totally unknown. That explained the nervousness but not why her nipples got hard and she got wet between her legs when she thought about it. They went grocery shopping together and she found he really liked cube steaks of all things. But, since he mentioned that he really liked all steaks she bought some nice, thick rib eyes too. And, on the way out of the store she invited him to dinner that very night.

Of course, it was very casual and he showed up in shorts and a tee shirt, she being dressed much the same. She had baked some potatoes ahead of time and he volunteered to grill the rib eyes that she presented him. They ate as dusk approached and then sat and talked into the darkness of the approaching night. Suddenly Sean slide out of his chair and, to puzzled looks from Erin, crept on hands and knees toward her chair. Anticipating almost anything, she kept quiet and simply waited. He crawled directly in front of her and, very slowly, slid his hands up the outside of her legs. Erin caught her breath but did nothing to stop or discourage him. In fact, her very slight gasp put a smile on his face. She loved both the smile and the feeling she got when he did those things. Slowly his hands slid up under her shorts, then up over the top of her legs to the inside of her thighs. Her eyes involuntarily closed as she felt herself begin to tingle. His fingers began to gently probe and her breathing became more intense. After a few seconds his hands slid out of the legs and grasped them, tugging gentle as she instinctively lifted her bottom off of the chair seat. He slipped the pants gently down her legs and pulled them off over her feet. She had gotten so she didn't wear underwear when Sean was coming over, quite a departure from her upbringing and early life after college. She opened her eyes momentarily to see his smiling face as he gazed into hers.

She felt her legs being pressed gently apart and didn't resist. His head came forward and she felt kisses on her inner thighs. They crept slowly higher until she felt his tongue parting her lips and penetrating inside of her. He loved to do that and knew she could hardly stand it. His tongue began to flick back and forth, hitting that sensitive little nub and her hips began an involuntary rise and fall in time with his tongue. Then his mouth took over and he sucked her nub between his lips, his tongue applying pressure from the inside. The little moaning sounds were beginning and she knew what was coming - she was cumming and could hardly wait. Her body began to vibrate and then rhythmically jerk which continued for long seconds. When it finally ended she opened her eyes to see Sean smiling at her."

"Nicest sound in the world," he said softly. "Want to let me hear it again?"

Much as that thought was entrancing to her, "Oh lord no," she replied breathlessly, suddenly aware that she was sitting in her back yard, bare from the waist down, with her legs spread apart and Sean's head between them. So, she pushed him backward, then slid off the chair and began pulling his shorts off, made a little more difficult by the large erection that inhibited progress.

"Ouch!" Sean exclaimed.

"Sorry," Erin giggled as she shifted her weight and guided him home to his accompanying groan. She slipped her shirt off and tossed it aside, suddenly fascinated and turned on by the thought of being totally naked and having sex in her backyard where anyone could walk by and see her.

She slowly began to rock back and forth and felt Sean's hands lock with hers. And not only were their hands locked, but also their eyes. She couldn't not look at him - those blue eyes held her like magic and she was powerless to look away, even if she wanted to. And she was so aware of his length, sliding up and down inside as she rocked her body, and also aware of the sudden heat rising within her, like no heat she had ever felt before. She sensed that, perhaps for one of the first times ever, she was in charge and she could hardly stand it.

She rocked and moved slowly at first and Sean's eyes stayed locked with hers. But then she began moving faster and his eyes closed as his body arched toward hers. When she slowed again, his eyes opened and locked with hers once more. She felt weird as she almost wished that someone would come around the corner of the house and see them. Maybe Jenny or Tina. Not Tina - she'd want to have a turn at Sean as well but she was horny as hell and loving every second of it. She slowed again, wanting it to last and also wallowing in Sean's adoring looks at her.

The slapping of their bodies as she slid down against him, the intense tingling from knowing she was naked, in her back yard and having sex where anyone who came along could see her, and being proud of that face and almost wishing someone would come was nearly overwhelming. The way Sean was looking at her - the way he was suddenly closing his eyes and arching his head backward - she knew what was coming, that he was cumming and, astonished, she felt that feeling inside her that told her that for the first time ever, she was going to do the same just from having sex. As she felt him twitching inside her, she began a long a slow moan accompanied by nearly uncontrolled jerking and a feeling like none she'd ever had before. She wanted it to go on forever, and it nearly seemed to. She lost all her strength as it very slowly subsided and she collapsed onto him. When she finally opened her eyes she was engulfed by a huge smile coming up to her.

"Wow!" he said gently. "I guessed good, but nothing like that." Even as the passion drained out of her exhausted body she felt her face blushing, adding to the pinkness that went from her neck to her breasts. "And don't move. Your tits smashed against my chest feel so good I'd love to have them there forever - except when I want to see them and feel them and maybe suck on them a little. Now her face was even more rosy. He kissed her warmly. "That should hold us until tonight's midnight ride."

Her eyes flew open at that. Should she tell him about what she had been thinking? Jenny wasn't here now to see her fucking Sean, but maybe she'd be there to see them on the ride. "You know," she said, looking away from him for a moment. "I was almost wishing someone would come by and see us. Is that perverted or weird or what?" Now she looked at those beautiful and worshipful blue eyes again. A huge smile crossed his face.

"What kind of a package do I have here?" he said quietly. "My, my, my. Tonight could be very interesting indeed."

"I'm ready," she replied with a little seductive lilt to her voice despite her nervousness. Sean kissed her again. He was ready too.

It was a little after 11:00 pm and Erin was getting Abby ready to load into the trailer, the look of puzzled anticipation on her face matched by the one on Abby who kept turning her head to nuzzle Erin who was sure she couldn't understand why she was being attended to this late at night. Erin was securing the bridle - the would be no saddle tonight as it wasn't needed nor appropriate for this ride. Just then she could hear Sean's Corvette pulling into the driveway, aware that, via the consequences, she had traded her driving the Corvette for tonight's "Lady Godiva" ride through the city.

"Hey," he said, kissing her lightly on the neck. "How's it going?"

She glanced at him apprehensively and continued working on the bridle. "Abby's puzzled," she said quietly, not sure how else to reply.

"How about Erin?" She took a deep breath and looked at him again, trying to smile but not sure she was succeeding. "We can change to another consequence'" he said, raising his eyebrows.

Now she did smile at him. "A deal's a deal," she said firmly, more for herself than for him. "We'll get through this." Hands on hips she faced him. "How do we do this though?"

"Up to you for sure. You pick the spot and the distance we go because you're familiar with the territory." He had a huge smile on his face as he was really beginning to picture what was going to happen.

"You think you can handle Abby?"

Now he wasn't going to leave everything up to her after all. "Not sure about that. You know, if we were on my motorcycle, I'd sit in front and drive and you could hang onto me. But, I think you better be in front driving Abby and I'll sit behind and find something to hang onto." He nodded and chuckled.

That was easy for him to say, she thought. His stuff would be nicely hidden while her boobs and muff would be out there for anyone to see. Except, if he was finding "something to hold onto" she knew her boobs would be well hidden. "Pervert," she said, punching him in the stomach. "You're not nervous or anything about this."

"No reason," he replied a little too casually. "If a man and woman walk outside and see us riding by, the woman will scream and run inside and the man will try to get closer so he can see you a little better, maybe a cell phone video or something." For that he got another punch in the stomach.

"Hey Mr. Sean, I took care of you this afternoon and you can count on me to take care of you tonight." As she said it she realized it wasn't coming out exactly as she had meant it to and her face took on a rosy hue.

"I'm sure hoping so," he quickly replied and there was nothing she could do but hit him in the stomach a third time, then give him a big kiss as he squeezed her buns. Abby gave out with a little snort and bumped Erin with her muzzle. She was ready for a little more action now that she was awake.

Erin now began the process of loading Abby into the trailer, securing her properly and ensuring she would be comfortable for the rather short ride that was ahead of her. As Erin was doing it she couldn't help but wonder at herself and her feelings. Half of her was on fire as she pictured riding through the streets of town, naked, with Sean equally naked right behind her, feeling his nakedness and his body heat against her, both of them very vulnerable to any eyes that chose to look their way. The other half of her was frozen with terror at the same circumstances. They could be arrested or worse - would a policeman understand the consequence game they had played and just nod and let them continue? She doubted that would happen. Finally, she had to admit that everything was ready and there were no other reasons to keep from leaving.

"Let's go," she said quietly to a returned smile from Sean.

"You're sure now," he responded, putting his arm around her.

"You haven't known me long enough to know me that well but if you did, you'd know that I wouldn't be backing out. I've done some pretty stupid things in my life in situations about like this so . . . "

They carefully attached the trailer to her pickup truck and Sean climbed into the passenger seat while Erin double checked everything. Then she was inside too, the truck started and slowly they were off. Sean leaned back against the door and watched her drive to her growing discomfort.

"You're enjoying this way too much she finally said. You'll probably be the one that backs out at the last minute and leaves me to ride alone."

"That won't happen," he answered, smiling at her. "But yes, I am enjoying it and yes, I will be enjoying it more riding behind you. It's something neither of us will ever forget, no matter where our individual lives go. And, just for fun, tell me how you're really feeling as things get closer."

She took a deep breath and almost seemed to tremble a little. "Lord help me," she began. "Half of me is burning up, so hot to do this I can hardly stand it. It's a side of me you've brought out and I'm not quite sure how to handle it yet. The other side of me is shaking with terror and I think that side is what's making the other side so hot.

Sean reached over and gently squeezed her thigh.

"Careful how you touch me or I'll pull over right here and jump you so hard and fast it'll be light by the time we get to the ride. Shit," she exclaimed, "I may ride Abby naked through my fields and look for someone to be watching me." She was breathing hard now. "See what you've done, what you've unlocked."

"Well, if someone was going to unlock it, I'm glad that it's me." A second's pause. "And, I kind of like the you I've unlocked."

She squeezed his hand and then concentrated on her driving. She was headed to that square with a park in the middle and houses around the outside. It was two blocks on a side and she knew a place where she could park quietly and inconspicuously right adjacent to it. So, they would be riding a total of eight blocks altogether.

In what seemed too short a time they were there. She backed the trailer far back into the vacant lot that was placed perfectly for their needs, trying to do it as quietly as possible. It was just a few minutes before midnight and, she had noticed coming in that almost all of the houses were totally dark. Thank goodness this was a small town.

Erin motioned for Sean to come to the back of the trailer and he helped her unlatch the back gate and she led Abby out who immediately made a soft whinny and Erin though she would die. She snugged Abby's reins to the back door of the trailer and then walked to the driver's side of the truck. She was back in about a minute - totally naked.

He took a deep breath, staring at her for long seconds, and was quickly equally naked.

She smiled at him and looked down. "Shit, you're not even nervous enough for that thing to relax a little?"

"You're standing there totally naked and totally adorable and you expect that thing not to salute. Ain't gonna happen, honey." He started toward her.

"No, no, no. You stay at least three feet away from me until we get on Abby. You saw what happened earlier today. It could happen again."

Now he really started toward her and she turned to run but he tackled her before she had taken two steps. She squealed softly and he clamped his hand between her legs and held her down. She squealed softly again but quickly pulled his head to hers and her tongue shot between his lips as her hand grabbed his cock and gave a couple of quick strokes. As he started to pull himself on top of her Abby snorted and jerked her reins.

Slowly Sean rolled off and helped Erin to her feet. He patted her on the butt, mumbled "irresistible", then squeezed one cheek. "Let's go for a ride," she said.

Erin carefully untied Abby and Sean cupped his hands for her foot and lifted her, kissing her butt cheek as she swung her leg over Abby.

"You can't stop for a minute, can you," she huffed down at him.

"You're lucky," he shot back. "When you swung your leg up like that it was all I could do to keep from . . . you know I guess."

"Just get up behind me," she said and, putting her arms around Abby's neck to secure herself, he was able to use her as a sort of anchor to pull himself up.

He quickly snuggled up tight against her back and she could feel his erection squeezed between them. She was going to say something about it but decided to let it pass as it would probably just get him started into something. Actually, the night had gotten a little chill too and his warmth felt good against her.

"Ummm," he said as he settled against her. "Now for something to hold onto," and she felt his hands squeezing her breasts. "Oh, what do we have here?" he whispered, pulling on her nipples.

"It's just cold," was her quick reply. "Can't you feel the goosebumps too?"

"Only noticed this," he said as he rolled her nipples between thumb and index finger.

"Whatever, anyway, here we go," and she pulled on Abby's reins, directing her toward the street. With the horse's first strides onto the pavement she wished she'd somehow been able to pad the hooves as each sounded to her like someone with a hammer trying to break up the concrete. She pulled Abby as close as she could to the park side of the street, away from the houses and the street lights that she had never thought about. But now Sean was slowly rubbing down her stomach and her belly and lower and lower and she didn't try to stop him. Then one finger between her bare-back mounted spread legs and an electric touch to her clit. A few more strokes there and she kept telling herself that she had to direct Abby but it was harder and harder to do with each passing second. A few kisses on her neck, some pulling on her nipple and that rubbing between her legs and then both his hands were quickly under her butt and he gently lifted and she couldn't believe what he was doing but neither could she or did she want to stop him from doing it. She felt it at the door, then he lowered her gently and she was full and once more the thought of what she was doing . . . and what she was doing nearly swept her away.

She could feel Sean's arms around her waist as he was rocking her back and forth, the warm air from his heavy breathing against her ear. She was still in touch with reality enough to tug the reins and direct Abby around the corner and onto the second leg of the ride, but his hand was between her legs again and she was drifting further and further away from reality and consciousness. The thought flashed through her mind that she had no idea if anyone had seen them as she hadn't been able to look around at all - Sean was taking care of that for sure. More rocking back and forth, more rubbing, more squeezing, more breathing.

"If you cum I'll cum too," he grunted into her ear. They had now turned onto the third leg of the journey.

"Okay," she gasped out for she knew that was about to happen, at least her part of it. And, sure enough, almost instantly she felt the heat rising quickly from between her legs clear to her face and she arched back against Sean, feeling him holding her tightly and the familiar vibrating, then the jerking and she struggled to keep from yelling out in ecstasy. And, to add to the whole thing she heard Sean's grunts in her ear as his body shook and she knew what was happening down below.

After what seemed like a long time he said, "Oh, shit!" Then he whispered, "I can't take it out because you'll leak all over Abby . . . and us too.

"Pervert," she whispered back. He slid his hand down between her legs to an accompanying squeal and a too loud slap on the hand.

"We still have a quarter of the ride left. Might as well enjoy it."

"Too much enjoyment. I need to tend to Abby."

He kissed her neck one more time and what seemed like too quickly, they were back at the trailer.

Just about five minutes before Mike Peterson had pulled up in front of his house, the last house on Elford street, right where it dead ended into the park. He had spent some time after the bowling league had finished, celebrating the championship with the rest of the team. A couple of beers had turned into, well, more than a couple, and he was happy to be home safely without being arrested and was hoping he could navigate equally safely into the house and up the stairs to bed. But, just as he was about to climb out of the car, something caught his attention and, in the condition he was in, he wasn't sure if it was real or one of those "green snakes on the ceiling" experiences. But, he could both see it and hear it - a horse was coming down Hawthorn Street. He squinted for there surely seemed to be someone riding the horse, and the more he looked he could see it was two people and they were . . . he blinked and looked again carefully. They were naked or had on skin-tight flesh colored clothes.

As they were directly opposite his car he saw the one in front, obviously female, arch herself back against the one behind, and he could see that was a male, and they both seemed to be jerking somehow and . . . on, shit, he thought. They couldn't be - he was dreaming, hallucinating actually. But there they were and the horse was just clopping along nonchalantly, totally unaware of what was taking place on its back. And, as they passed by a light blinked in his brain but, no, it couldn't be. He watched them go on down the street until they were out of sight. He waited a few more minutes in the car. If his wife happened to be awake, he didn't need her questioning the lump in his pants. He'd tell her all about this tomorrow if it still seemed real to him then.

The ride back to the trailer had "relaxed" Sean and the two of them were no longer connected although he was still holding her tightly around the waist. Her breathing had subsided to near normal and she guided Abby to the rear of the trailer and Sean slid off the big horse and then helped Erin return to the earth. Abby snorted again, still not sure what exactly was happening, unaccustomed to two riders on her back, particularly bareback.

"Did you see anyone?" she asked.

"Uh, no, but I wasn't looking around very carefully."

"No kidding," she giggled back at him. She went inside the trailer, got an old towel she found there, wiped herself and then Abby's back and then got Abby settled in the trailer and began getting dressed, putting on only her shirt and shorts as she thought, under the circumstances and the time, no more was necessary. Sean had done the same and they threw the rest of the clothes in the truck and both climbed inside. "Well, I did it," she said, then added, "we did it. If we ever play that dare game again I'll be more adept at selecting something for you since now I know how devious you can be."

"Not devious at all. And you did pretty well, roping me in to riding with you. Would have been fun just to walk alongside and watch you - well, maybe not quite as much fun as it turned out to be but . . ."

The ride back to Erin's went rather quickly without must further talking. Sean helped get Abby settled into the barn, then they both went inside and straight to the bedroom. They both undressed quickly and Erin smiled at Sean.

"Why don't you stay here tonight," she suggested and they both broke out laughing as that was obviously Sean's intent from the start.

They climbed into bed and Sean cuddled up against her back, his arm around her, his hand quite naturally cupping her breast. She felt like she could stay that way forever as she drifted off to sleep.

Erin awoke to the sound of Sean's breathing close to her ear. He was still pressed up tight against her back but his hand had relaxed its grip on her breast. She lay there for long minutes, just luxuriating in the warmth and the sounds of this very special man she had only known for a short time. She took the risk of hoping that, for the rest of her life, she might wake up like this. But, she thought, life moves on, hopefully like her fantasy but, they both needed to eat and she had better start some breakfast for them. She gently lifted his arm and slid carefully out from under it. She kissed the back of his hand and put the arm back on the bed. She quickly slipped on a tee shirt and some shorts and padded quietly toward the kitchen. As she looked out the back window she knew she had to take care of Abby first but she wanted to hurry. She so wanted Sean to awaken in her bed to the odors of frying bacon and fresh brewed coffee. Abby was soon out of the barn and grazing quietly in the big pasture and Erin was back inside, bacon frying noisily on the stove and a bowl of eggs ready as soon as the bacon was done. She loaded the coffee maker and soon it was making its bubbly noises and filling the house with a wonderful aroma. As she was turning the bacon she suddenly felt two arms encircle her waist and her neck was being nuzzled and her ears filled with wonderful male sounds.

"God, it smells wonderful," he said when he was through nuzzling. Can I steal some coffee or would that mess things up?"

"Only if you fix me a cup too."

"Done," he said and began looking through the cupboards for mugs.

She let him search as the bacon was done and she carefully transferred it to the paper towels spread carefully over a large plate. She slid past where he was looking and dumped the bacon grease left over in a jar she had put in the sink. Then she was dumping the eggs in the skillet and was stirring them to make them as fluffy as possible when he set the coffee cup beside her on the counter. He watched her scrambling the eggs and could tell that she obviously had nothing on under the tee shirt. Sometimes that was much more appealing than nudity and this was one of those times.

Out of the corner of her eye she could see him watching her. She held some of the eggs up for him to see. "Look good," she asked, smiling at him.

"Not as good as those boobs bouncing under that tee shirt," he replied, a serious look on her face.

"Well, you keep looking then because they're gonna be bouncing until these eggs are done. I like mine cooked pretty dry and hope you do too,"

"I do," he said, "because they taste better that way and the cooking is more fun to watch.

One part of her wanted to whack him with her big wooden spoon but the other part loved it that he felt that way about her.

"you know, that first day I stopped by I almost didn't. I had other stuff that needed done but the more I thought about you from that party the less important the other stuff became. Karma, I guess."

"Karma is good. I wonder what would have happened if I had been sitting out there with my shirt on?"

"We'll never know," he said, "and I don't even want to know. I'm happy with how things turned out."

She served up the bacon and eggs before things got out of hand again and they talked for long minutes, about everything and nothing.

"Hey," she said finally, "I have to go to the store and I hope you'll go with me." He smiled and nodded. "Let me put the dishes in the sink and then check my email. The dishes were quickly rinsed and dumped in the sink and, after a quick kiss for Sean she headed for her computer. She logged in and checked her mail. She had a dozen messages or so, most of which she immediately deleted. But, she noted one from an email that began that she was about to delete when she stopped. She had gone to high school with a Mike Peterson and they were friends on Facebook, even though they never communicated. She clicked on the email and began to read.

Hi Erin,

This is Mike Peterson - we went to high school together. Listen, I was out with the guys and had a few, well, a few too many maybe, beers and when I got home and was ready to go into the house I heard a strange noise and I looked around and, weird as it seems, there was a horse clopping along on Beckly Street, right by my house and that was the weird noise I had heard. Then I realized that there were two people on the horse and, well, to put it G-rated, something was happening. About that time I realized that I recognized the female rider who either had on flesh colored spandex or just her own skin.

Now, before you get too upset, understand that nothing will ever come of this. I won't even mention it to my wife nor to anyone else. It's a secure secret. But if you would like a cell phone video I'd be happy to forward that to you. Just let me know.

Regards,

Mike

Erin read it a second time. "Sean," she screamed toward the kitchen. "Come here quick." Life was getting even more interesting.