

Forbidden Rapture

By

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Joey's big sky-blue eyes twinkle with devotion as she gazes up into Wyatt's mint eyes, chewing her bottom lip as she pumps her lean arm, milking his thick member. They're in their usual spot, in the shady corner of the barn, sitting atop a haystack.

Her strawberry-blonde hair is pulled back into a braided ponytail, that juts out the back of her yellow-daisy embroidered straw hat, and stretches to the middle of her back. A thick lock of her bangs dangle across her sun tanned face. A spatter of freckles are sprinkled over her button nose and rosy cheeks. The lack of a bra, combined with the moisture of the summer afternoon, and thin fabric of her pink checkered blouse, reveals her small, spry breasts and tiny nipples. Her shirt is tied up into a knot, leaving her slim waist and flat stomach exposed. Her denim short-shorts are cut high, leaving the underside of her cute apple bottom peeking out. She's short and skinny, but to call her petite is an understatement, more like teeny-weeny.

Jeepers, her black Cairn Terrier, is strewn across her black leather riding boots, chewing a ragged stuffed lion, that he carries around with him as he gleefully follows Joey everywhere.

Joey just had her fifteenth birthday, and Wyatt, a strapping eighteen-year-old man, just about double her size, tall and bulky with muscle, asked for her hand in marriage. Joey said yes, her father, a wealthy rancher and Wyatt's employer, said no. He thinks she deserves a man of higher stature than one of his wranglers.

A family of barn owls aren't the only ones watching Joey tug on Wyatt's manhood. Her brothers, thirteen-year-old Casey and sixteen-year-old Jesse, are in a nearby stall, pretending to shovel horse shit while taking peeks.

Wyatt strokes Joey's smooth inner thighs, up and down slow, from her knobby knees to her crotch, ignoring her horny brothers. "Why don't ya take them shorts off and have a seat on my lap? I'll be gentle, Sugar, promise."

She shakes her head, then kisses him with a swipe of her tongue through his lips, and continues to fist the full length of his stout erection with ardent worship.

He caresses her cheek and grazes a thumb over her lips. "Would ya put ya mouth on it then, Sugar?"

Apparently tired of having to reject the same request he asks so often, Joey huffs in disdain. "Christian women don't lay with a man before they've been wed, and they *certainly* don't ever place their mouths upon a man's genitals."

For a tiny virgin Christian girl, so fragile and timid, so devout in her beliefs, she's a goddamn attention whore, always strolling the ranch trailing the hungry eyes of every worker, both white and Negro. And to his benefit, she's never had an issue with pleasing him with her hands, as if it were as innocent as milking the cows.

Casey calls out, "*Aw* Sis, just give it a little taste. We won't tell Pa."

Joey barks, "Mind ya own business and get back to ya chores, or I'm gonna whoop ya worse than Pa!"

Wyatt pecks her pink lips, then whispers into her ear. "Run away with me. We'll leave tonight. Be married by week's end in another town."

She kneads his balls, giving her bicep a break. "I'm sorry, Wyatt, but I can't leave my family. Besides, my pa would send every wrangler he's got to hunt ya down for stealing me away."

Wyatt stomps his brown leather boot in frustration. "Ya dang pa won't let me wed ya, and ya won't run away with me. So what am I supposed to do?"

“Wait it out.” She up and moves to his opposite side to use her other hand to jerk his pecker. She combs the fingers of her tired hand into the sandy-brown curls of hair on the back of his neck. “Pa will come around eventually.”

“We been going together in secret since ya was eleven.” And they’ve had eyes for each other longer than that. They ogled one another in the schoolhouse before he came to work for her father. “I’m dang tired of waiting!”

Her face squinched with effort, she pulls on his dong much rougher than usual, like she wants to yank it off and toss it across the barn in ire. “Ya know I love ya, Wyatt! But I won’t be damned to hell for giving up my virginity before I’m wed!”

He groans in response to her abuse. “Aw, God can’t be that cruel, can he?”

Her fist makes loud smacks as she works her arm so fierce. “I know what my Bible says! Don’t ya pay no attention in church?!”

Her rough treatment makes it difficult to think straight, and he confesses something he shouldn’t. “Aw, Joey, I only go because ya want me to. And to see ya in ya nice dresses of course.”

She leans close with a furious grimace as she beats his meat like it owes her money. “*Wyatt*, ya better change ya thinking! I don’t wanna be stepping through the heavenly gates without my man!”

Wyatt digs his fists into the hay, his jaw stretches wide, and his rear clenches as he grunts, and a hot jet of pearly spunk shoots up and smacks Joey right in the mouth. Her brothers gasp and Jeepers sets to yapping, as she jumps up with his splooge hanging off her chin like a stringy wad of slobber. She just stands there mortified, her sky-blue eyes wide with shock.

Rather than feel sorry for her, he thinks she got what she deserves. He shoves his dick back in his trousers, buttons up, throws on his gun belt with six-shooter, dons his worn leather hat, and finally hands her his sweaty handkerchief before marching toward his black stallion. “I’m riding into town to get soaked on boss whiskey! And since ya won’t give me none, I might even visit with a shady lady! Good evening!”

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Wyatt hitches his trusty steed as the sun is setting, still brooding with anger after the ride into town. He stomps the mud and shit from his boots on the porch, before pushing through the swinging wooden doors into the lively PussyCat Saloon and Brothel.

Straightaway the steam goes out of him, and he forgets all about Joey, as he gawks at the scandalously dressed can-can girls on stage, in frilly black and scarlet satin corsets with taffeta skirts, and cherry feathered headpieces, sashaying, twirling, and kicking to the saloon music of a piano player, under a wrought-iron hundred-candle chandelier. Why oh why have I never visited a bordello before?

After retrieving a glass of whiskey from the bar, he weaves his way through the crowd to a small table against the wall, boasting a lit candle and a dog-eared deck of cards. As he’s swallowing his first gulp, he chokes at the sight of a beautiful woman sauntering in through the rear entrance, bundled up in brown leather with pistols hanging low off her hips, like a hired gunman.

Even from across the tavern through the thick haze of tobacco smoke, Wyatt can see the young cowgirl has almond-shaped eyes that are a dazzling violet, which matches the rouge painting her plump lips, and her high-crowned wide-brimmed soft-felt hat. Her flawless skin is

tawny, like coffee with too much cream. And her proud, pointed little nose and high cheekbones give her an elegant appearance. If I was a betting man, I'd guess she's a mix of Negro and Chinaman.

The crowd parts as she ambles to the bar, all eyes on her, even the piano player stumbles a few notes as he takes notice. The soiled doves in the house give her dirty looks, as the barman refuses payment for the bottled beer he bestows. Wyatt bets not a soul here tonight has every laid their gaze upon a more exotic and stunning woman.

Her brilliant eyes scan the crowd and halt on him with a glitter of awe. Wyatt takes a long swig of his whiskey as she strolls toward him, and his toes curl with nervous tension.

Her voice is soft as fine Chinese silk, and her accent's unlike anything he's ever heard. "Mind if I sit."

Wyatt leaps up, smacking the wooden table with his knees, and nearly topples it over before he catches his glass with one hand and the table with the other, and then pulls out the opposite chair. "No ma'am, please do."

Once he's tucked in her chair and is seated again, she offers him a slender hand. "I'm Devon. It's my pleasure to make your acquaintance."

He blinks for a moment entranced, noting her sharp eyebrows and long lashes are violet, then shakes the fog from his mind and gives her hand a delicate peck. "The pleasure is all mine, ma'am."

She gives him a tender smile. "You may use my name if you would be kind enough to offer yours."

He feels his cheeks go red. "Oh sorry. It's Wyatt."

"Wyatt," it rolls off her tongue like the first note of a lullaby, "I've been searching for someone very special for several years. Do you think you could help me?"

He tips his hat back unconsciously as if to give her a better view of his mug. "Well, Miss Devon, I'm just a wrangler. I've never done any bounty hunting."

"None will be required." She leans over the table and he does too. "May I ask you a personal question?"

"Well, sure, shoot."

She looks him dead in the eye and whispers. "Have you laid with a woman?"

Wyatt nearly falls backward out of his chair at the brazenness of her question. "Well, I'll be! Now, why would a young lady ask such a thing of a stranger?"

"Please excuse me for being so bold." She places a palm atop his hand. "I didn't realize you were such a gentleman. But if you're going to help me, I need to know. A nod or shake of the head would be a fine answer."

Wyatt sighs, remembering that although she's a lady, she's also a gunslinger drinking a beer in a cathouse, and he replies with a subtle shake.

Devon beams at him. "Good."

He can't imagine why she thinks that's good. A man of his age in these parts should be damn ashamed to admit he's a virgin.

She scoops up the deck of cards and gives them a quick shuffle. Pulls the top card and holds it up, not showing him the face. "What card is this?"

He squints at her. "I can't see it. How am I supposed to know what card it is?"

She flares her eyebrows. "Take your best guess."

"Well, I don't know. Give me a tick." Wyatt pinches his chin with thumb and forefinger. "The six of diamonds?"

She turns the card. The two of diamonds. “You got the suit.”

“Not a very good trick if ya ask me. I had a one in four chance. What’s this got to do with helping ya anyhow?”

“This isn’t a trick, it’s a test.” She pulls the next card. “What’s this one?”

“Well, since ya so pretty, I’ll play along.” He’s also feeling the spirits since he doesn’t drink often. “How about, um, the five of clubs?”

She turns it around. The five of spades. “You got the count.”

He takes a sip of his whiskey. “A lucky guess is all.”

“Don’t guess. Don’t even think. Just say the first card that pops in your head.” She pulls the next card.

“Ace of hearts.”

She flips the card with a wild grin.

There’s no way he could have guessed it. It’s got to be a trick. It must be. “How in sweet heaven did ya do that?”

“I didn’t do anything.” Devon takes a slow swallow of her beer. “But you just passed the test.”

“Well, if ya say so.” He sips his whiskey. “So who we looking for now?”

She gives him the most demure expression he’s ever seen, and Joey’s a queen of the coy look. “Would it be okay if I moved my chair next to yours?”

When a gorgeous woman asks to sit near, ya don’t say no, even if you’re quasi-engaged to your employer’s daughter. “Yup. I mean yes, ma’am.”

She scoots her chair over close, right up against his, and blows out the candle, giving them as much privacy as is possible in a crowded tavern. A pang of self-consciousness strikes him as he notices that she smells real nice, like leather and lilies. I probably stink like sweat and horse shit. Dang it!

Devon places an arm around his shoulder and a palm on the inside of his thigh, and purrs into his ear. “I already found him.”

Wyatt swallows hard as his heart pounds in his chest. “If ya found him, what do ya need me for?”

Devon pecks his cheek and glides her hand up his thigh until she’s cupping his groin. “It’s *you*, Wyatt. I finally found *you*. I’m overjoyed.”

His manhood begins to engorge instantly, and he looks around nervously until he notices all the painted ladies have their hands all over the men and men the same. It is a whorehouse after all.

Devon nuzzles his ear with her nose and gropes his bulge. She coos, “You will be my salvation.”

He gulps down the remainder of his whiskey. “I’m no priest, ma’am.”

She sucks his earlobe. “A priest can’t give me what I need. But you can.”

“I’m not sure what it is ya need.” He gives her a tense smile. “But I’m obliged to help ya in any way I can.”

“I promise to explain it all to you later.” She trails a line of soft sucking kisses down his neck. “Right now Wyatt, I just need you to kiss me.”

He turns toward her, intent on telling her about Joey, but his throat goes desert dry and he can’t get the words out before she’s pressing her velvet lips to his mouth. Her warm tongue tastes sweet as peach pie. Before he knows it, he’s kissing her deep and passionate, and wanting more, much more.

Her groping hand unbuttons his trousers, digs out his pulsating erection, and begins to tug. Her stroking palm is soft as warm butter. Joey gives him a good tugging most afternoons, has done so for over three years, but Joey's hands are jagged stones in comparison to Devon's downy feathers.

And then to his amazement, she slides from her chair under the table, and kisses the head of his manhood, sending a warm tingling into his balls. She runs her tongue up and down the underside and then pulls gently on his nuts as she presses her wet lips down over his member, and he stifles a howl of pleasure.

He leans forward over the table, hoping no one notices her bobbing between his legs, and bows his head as he closes his eyes, relishing the suckling of her mouth. Slurping moans come from under the table, but no one seems to hear it over the chatter and piano play. He fights the urge to pound his fists on the table and groan aloud as Devon's lips stretch farther and farther down his shaft, as she coughs and gags, struggling to take him deeper and deeper into her throat, until she's kissing the base and gurgling coos around his prick.

This is the end of the free preview.

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