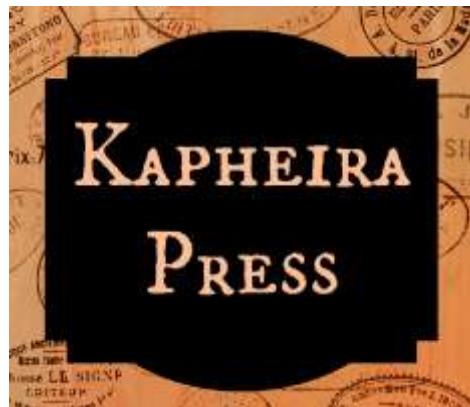




*The Great Southwest by*

# Rail

*Jennifer Mueller*



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Reprint Edition September, 2014  
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Bellingham, WA

## *The Great Southwest by Rail*

For a moment, Ina just stared at the 1921 copyright date in the front of the book she had purchased in the Harvey House store. A fitting souvenir, the book had pictures of Hopis, and Apaches, and the Grand Canyon, and people she had only heard of.

*Between La Junta and Trinidad, Colorado may be seen the Spanish Peaks, beautiful twin mountains, many miles distant. During the entire year, their summits are covered with snow, except a few weeks in the last of summer. These peaks are 13,700 feet high and are located at the end of the Culebra range. They are the first of the Rocky Mountains to be seen as the traveler enters the southwest.*

Ina read the description under the first photo and looked out the window to see the Spanish Peaks in the distance, rising majestically out of the flat plains.

The door to her sleeping compartment burst open suddenly, closing as quickly behind the intruder.

“Her family will find me.”

She couldn’t keep from grinning. “You refuse to marry her, I suppose.”

“Now you will criticize me as well, and I’ve not even met the woman. We just started talking in the observation car since we were both from Germany originally. Now they’re trying to arrange a marriage, since all good German men are supposed to marry young, virginal German girls. I draw the line at sixteen-year-olds.”

“Ah. Then have a seat.”

His smile joined hers. “You aren’t German, are you?”

“Swedish,” Ina replied. He sat behind the only drawn shade to keep him from the sight of the fiendish German parents. Her frightfully handsome visitor sat across from her grinning a grin that she wasn’t sure her parents wanted her to see. Then again, she wasn’t at home, and her parents weren’t here to see. Strong, chiseled features, tall... She pulled her eyes away before he caught her inspecting the bulge in his pants.

“Whatever shall we do now? Should I call for some coffee?”

His eyebrows lifted slowly. “I think I liked your first idea better.”

“My first idea? Whatever would that be?”

“Exactly. Whatever.”

“Do you always go around bursting in on women and suggesting such things?”

“Only when they’re beautiful, blonde, Swedish ones. Tell me you don’t want me to, and I’ll sit here and drink coffee politely.”

Ina felt her heart racing and hoped she wasn’t blushing. Her chest tightened, and she swore her breath grew ragged. She knew she could never bring herself to say the words. Heaven forbid, she didn’t want to say no, but to voice it out loud to him was another thing altogether.

Silently, his hand followed the edge of her dress, the deep square neckline obviously tempting him to go further. Ina felt the gasp of pleasure even before she realized it had escaped for him to hear. Taking it as permission, which it entirely was, he locked the door and pulled down the shades on the remaining windows.

“Touch me again, please.” Ina heard, but couldn’t believe it was her own lips saying it. Finally, she turned her head to look at him, and his lips met hers. There was no force. He slid his tongue within only after she opened her lips for him. The sheer, brown fabric of her top couldn’t hide her nipples pebbling as his hands slid over her.

“Stand up,” he whispered in her ear. In the tiny compartment, Ina stood, and he faced her to the mirror over the small sink. Ina watched with growing desire as he slowly undid the pearl buttons on her dress, his breath in her ear. Tortuously slow, since they were tiny. Perhaps not the best choice of clothing when meeting handsome strangers, but it had looked so nice in the catalog—a brown-flecked plaid travel suit with a sheer beige top to show a brown chemise. Heat from his fingers burned her skin as they caressed the slope of her breast even before he had it halfway off.

“First, I will slowly peel that dress from you. Licking every inch of your neck, I will delight in working my way down to breasts of such perfection there should be poetry written about them. Are

you ticklish? Should I leave your stomach untouched?"

An unfamiliar wetness soaked through the silk of her drawers. Still more buttons remained. At this rate, she would die before he ever got her undressed. Ina whimpered at the thought. "No, please."

The heat of his hands burned through to her stomach. "It would give me more time to find your delectable mound to nibble on. Perhaps dipping my tongue in deep, if you begged enough. I should like hearing you beg for me come inside you."

Her heart beat faster, and a whimper surfaced. In the mirror, she watched as one hand left her buttons and slowly slipped under her skirt. A single finger along the top of her stockings made her eyes close as he barely brushed her lips below.

"Open your eyes," he whispered as his other hand slipped the sheer shirt off her shoulders, leaving her vest chemise all that covered her. He was smiling as he slid the chemise over her head. The anticipation was killing her. Not to mention the ache between her legs.

"Faster," she whispered. His breath tickled her neck, and she could feel his smile there, too. Then she felt him hard against her ass. She was bare from the waist up when a finger plunged deep inside her. Her mouth gaped, but her eyes stayed open as he teased her peaked nipples. The fire he built everywhere leapt lower, finally coming to rest between her legs, and she watched herself in the mirror as she exploded hardly a moment later. Wave after wave of pleasure kept rolling through her.

"I suppose you needn't beg for anything, now that you've found some release." Even as he spoke, he was undoing the tiny buttons of her skirt, and before long, slid her drawers down, too. She stood there in nothing more than her stockings and a new pair of shoes. "More's the pity for me. All of you is perfection I should write poetry about."

Ina started grinning again. God help her, the ache between her legs grew at his gaze. It was like having his hands all over her again. "Do you write poetry?"

He ran his hands across her back, brushing the sides of her breasts with each stroke before he roamed lower. "For this view, I should start. I have more than enough inspiration. I'm not sure there are many words that rhyme with what is coming to mind, though."

"And just what are you thinking of?"

"Beg me a little, and I'll show you."

Feeling quite wanton, Ina pushed him into a sitting position on the sleeping compartment bed

and lowered herself on his still-clothed lap. "Please. I should ever so much like to know your thoughts on the matter."

The gleam in his eyes was pure deviltry and lust. After once spending six months as a secretary to an interim senator in Washington D.C., she could sound quite proper if she really wanted to. Far more proper than the teaching position she had found after that warranted. It fit in no way with her unbuttoning his shirt. Ina closed her eyes at the sight of his bare chest.

The knocking on the door made them both jump. "Mr. and Mrs. Gies? The chef would like to prepare something special for your first meal on your honeymoon. Will you be joining us this evening?" the steward asked.

"Yes, I think we should make it. Half an hour, right? Could you make sure the Liedkes are at another seating, perhaps? They were being a bit demanding earlier."

"Of course, sir."

Ina started giggling. "You mean they really exist, Fritz?"

"Well, I was sitting there trying to think of a way to pretend we were strangers like you asked, and the next thing I know, they're all but offering me their daughter in marriage. I know we've been married for a year, but I do want it to be a memorable trip."

"With hiding that we were married so I could keep my teaching position, this might as well have been our first time. There were times the thought of not visiting you almost killed me." Straddling his lap, all pretense of her prim and proper act was gone when his hand slid along her stomach and teased her folds. "They really should rethink that rule about women not being married. It creates such horny women."

"Beg me, Ina. Please."

"I think perhaps it might work better if I finished undressing you first." She would've sworn his ears turned red as he looked down. His half-unbuttoned shirt was as close as he was to being undressed.

Maybe his ears weren't red. "Who said I needed to be undressed, as long as you are?"

He laid her on the bed. His covered cock pressed against the ache he was giving her all over again, then he slid his head lower. His breath gently caressed her skin as he hovered close. Each breast was lovingly tormented before he moved on to her stomach. But when he moved lower still, and she felt the heat of his mouth just where she ached the most, Ina shoved a pillow in her mouth to stifle the noise. *Whose idea was it to be on a train with thin walls the first time they were truly*

*alone without anyone to find out they were wed? A year knowing she could have him anytime she wished, if only she wouldn't lose her job in that small, western Kansas school house if the marriage was discovered.* Meetings had been few and far in between.

"Dear God, Fritz, please." She could hear his pants falling quickly. Then he was inside her, forcing the breath from her lungs. He gave her what she asked for. Hard and fast, he stroked in and out. She stifled her cry he thrust hard, filling her. Even as she rode the waves, she heard herself asking for more. He grew larger inside her as his own end came, and still he pumped each time she begged for it, long after he had finished.

\* \* \* \*

"Oh, look," Ina said, looking out the window as Fritz lay half-asleep. She pulled out her book again. "The Garden of the Gods is a natural park of several hundred acres near Colorado Springs and Manitou, and contains some of the most striking scenery to be found in the Rocky Mountains. The Gateway consists of two enormous masses of red sandstone, and between them a smaller rock mass dividing the entrance into two passages. Beyond the Gateway, Pike's Peak may be seen rising in impressive grandeur. The summit of Pikes' Peak is 14,147 feet above the sea and more than 8,000 feet above Colorado Springs."

"Very nice. But I think I like Ina's peaks better right now."

"Now we have supper to get to, but if you behave, I'll let you celebrate every one of the sights in my book. I think I should like to make love going through Raton Tunnel in the pitch black. I might demand stopping for a few days at the Alvarado Hotel, too."

Fritz eyed the book. There were at least thirty pages, and their journey was only scheduled to last several days. "Are you sure you're up for that? I would like to eat a meal or two, at least."

Ina beamed. "There's the trip back, too. With only one income now, I imagine we won't be traveling much for a while. I need lots of souvenirs."

His grin killed her again as he set his mouth to Ina's peaks. "I'll buy you some pottery in Albuquerque. I'll need an hour's rest by then."

She pushed him away gently, but didn't stop herself from groaning at the sudden lack of attention. "You were the one that promised the chef we'd be there. Let's get dressed. After supper I'll show you some of the things I got at my wedding shower, and you can take them off me."