

BOUND TO ME

LUCINDA BELLAMY – single mum of ten-year-old Eden packs up their city life to house-sit in the country. The last big change in her life was when her husband walked out on her and their unborn child.

Stranded on a deserted road, Lucinda shouldn't be ogling their rescuer's body – especially as he's at least a decade younger than her. She thought that part of her had been doused by the demands of motherhood and work. Or is that her excuse because she no longer trusts men?

It's country hospitality for **BLAIR BEDFORD** to stop and help. It's lust when he's having MILF fantasies about curvy Lucinda who is so unlike the women he usually 'scratches an itch' with. She's a single mother. She's older but she's damn hot.

Part of Lucinda wants to respond to their sizzling chemistry. The other part thinks she doesn't even remember how. One sizzling kiss proves her incorrect.

One kiss quickly becomes much more. Blair shares his passion for shibari and in trusting him enough to submit to the ancient bondage art, Lucinda discovers new sides to herself.

When serious injury ends Blair's rodeo career, he is plunged into self-doubt and self-pity. He sees Lucinda's encouragement to grow from the experience as just treating him as another life-coaching client. He's not ready to move on, like Lucinda will be now that the house-sitting is ending.

Blair's withdrawal is painfully familiar. Thankfully she only gave him her body, not her heart. Her cougar fling was just a much needed brushing away of cobwebs. Or so Lucinda tells herself.

An innocent comment from Eden pushes Lucinda to take her own advice and see her experience with Blair as something important. Something good. Something she needs to stay and explore with her body and her heart.

Chapter One

Fuck, fuck, fuck. Lucinda tightened her grip on the steering wheel and kept her swearing in her head as the car pulled hard to the left with a definite lean to that side.

‘What’s happening, mum?’ The fear in her daughter’s voice was understandable as the car veered off the road and onto the dirt verge.

‘It’s ok, sweetie. Just a flat tire.’ They came to a stop on the dusty side of the road, and Lucinda breathed a sigh of relief. For a moment. Until she realized wasn’t going to be able to change the damn thing. She had the know-how, but not the muscle power.

And their worldly possessions were packed on top of the wheel-well. *Fuck.*

‘What do we do now, mum?’

Good question.

The fleeing image of a woman on the side of a dusty road, hiking her skirt up to attract the attention of passing traffic probably wasn’t helpful.

‘Just stay where you are, Eadie.’

‘Don’t leave me here by myself.’ She sought reassurance as Lucinda opens the door.

‘I’m not going anywhere. Just putting the hood up. Promise.’ She flicked the hood latch and got out of the car. Leaving the air-conditioned comfort of their SUV, the heat of the day swamped her like a hot, damp blanket.

Lucinda propped the hood open and scanned the road in both directions. Nothing. Milton wasn’t on the main highway so local traffic was probably sparse. Just great.

‘Are we going to be alright?’ Eden asked as Lucinda got back in the car.

‘Of course. Someone will come past and help us.’ Not a complete lie. Someone was sure to come past. Eventually. ‘We’ll just have to wait. I’m turning the engine on so you can keep

cool. Undo your seatbelt and have a drink. I'm going to start unpacking the back so we can get the spare out.'

Back out in the heat, Lucinda started unloading the back of the car onto the dirt. She'd started off being organized and sorting things into labelled boxes, but by the end she'd just shoved stuff on top of the boxes and now she had no choice but to put piles of clothes onto the dust of the roadside. There was grass further out but faced with the choice of doing this quickly and getting back into the AC, or keeping the clothes clean, not succumbing to heatstroke won out.

With half the back unloaded, Lucinda got back in the car, took a long drink from her water bottle and cooler her face with a wet wipe.

'Will we be at Nana and Pop's house soon, mum?'

'Once we get going again, it won't be far.' Lucinda leaned across the center console and kissed her daughter on the cheek. 'Thank you for being patient, sweetie.'

For an eight-year-old, Eden was remarkably mature and easy-going. As the only child of a single mum, she'd had to be more self-reliant than many kids her age and although Lucinda often felt guilty about that, she was equally thankful that it made life a lot easier.

'It'll be weird not having Nana and Pop there, though.'

'It sure will but we can Facetime them. They'll be having a fabulous time travelling around the country while we mind their house.'" *And I'm not paying rent for six months and getting us closer to buying our own place.*

'Are we going to be stuck here long?'

Her daughter might be mature beyond her years, but she was still full of endless questions.

'I don't know, sweetie.' She made a point of always being truthful. 'I hope not. I'm just going to finish unloading and I'll come and sit with you.'

Eden went back to her Ipad, happily distracted. For a short while.

‘Mum, I need to pee,’ she called from the front seat as Lucinda was dragging the last box out from the back and onto the dirt. As if the words triggered something in her own body, Lucinda squeezed her legs together.

She might be able to hold on but expecting a child to do the same for an indeterminate time wasn’t fair. She shut the back of the car and scanned their surroundings.

A clump of gum trees a few meters away offered the closest concealment and the road was quiet.

‘Come on,’ she said, taking the keys out of the ignition. ‘We’ll have to bare our butts to the wind.’

Eden didn’t move. ‘Out there?’ She pointed to the trees.

‘Where else would you suggest? Unless you want to wait?’ She pocketed the keys and strode across the dirt verge and onto the grass, heading for the trees and smiled to herself when the slam of the car door came from behind her.

‘Wait for me.’ Eadie caught up, then charged past her. ‘I’m busting,’ she called over her shoulder as she disappeared behind the fattest of the trees. ‘Make sure no one’s looking.’

‘Will do.’ Lucinda leaned against the tree, looking out to the disinterested cows in a nearby field and the still-deserted road.

She wasn’t worried. Yet. It was still a few hours till it would start getting dark, but she’d better work out who to call if help didn’t drive by soon.

‘I’m going back to the car, mum. It’s so hot out here.’ Before Lucinda could reply, Eden was skipping away.

Turning her back to the road, Lucinda unzipped her jeans and squatted, ignoring the tickle of the long grass and not thinking about any crawly things that might be lurking while her bare ass hovered so close to the ground.

This was not the time she needed to hear the sound of a car approaching.

‘Looks like someone might need some help,’ Blair observed as a car parked off the road with its hood up came into view.

‘Yup. Hood’s popped so something’s wrong,’ his brother, Ty, agreed. ‘Let’s see what’s up.’

As they got closer, movement off to the side caught Blair’s attention. A flash of skin from behind a tree? What? A naked butt?

‘Looks like a bathroom break.’

‘May be but look at the stuff stacked beside the car. Probably a flat. Better check it out.’

Ty pulled their truck off the road and parked in front of the SUV. As they both got out, a woman came out from behind the tree, zipping up her jeans. The slowly sinking sun created a halo of gold around her long, straight hair as she jogged effortlessly towards them.

Blair smiled to himself, remembering the glimpse of her bare ass he’d just had. A nicely rounded ass that looked just as good encased in denim. And he couldn’t help noticing the equally rounded breasts that bounced just a little under a tank top as she slowed to a walk.

‘Have you come to help us?’ a young voice came from behind them.

Blair turned to see a dark-haired girl getting out of the SUV.

‘If you need help, then sure.’

‘Thank you so much for stopping.’ The owner of the blonde hair and hourglass figure came up to the girl, sliding her arm across her shoulder. ‘As much as it kills me to have to play the damsel in distress, this one doesn’t have adequate muscle for changing a tire.’

‘Allow us, fair damsel, to be of assistance.’ Blair lifted the dusty Akubra off his head and swept it to the ground in an exaggerated bow.

‘Knock it off, Blair. Forgive my brother. I assure you, the rest of us Bedfords are normal.’

‘Very funny. Blair Bedford, at your tire-changing service.’ He held out his hand.

‘Lucinda Bellamy.’ She slid her hand into his and he closed his fingers around hers.

Sweet Jesus, what was that sensation running up his arm and veering directly to his cock?

‘And this is my brother Tyler. Ty.’

Blair reluctantly let go of Lucinda’s hand so she could take Ty’s.

‘And I’m Eadie,’ the young girl held out her hand too.

‘Pleased to meet you, Eadie.’ Blair shook her small hand. ‘And now that we have the formalities done, let’s get you guys back on the road.’

Ty had already hauled the spare out of the wheel well and dumped it into the dust and was disengaging the jack.

‘Can I do anything to help?’ Lucinda hovered close enough for Blair to notice her scent. A light reminder of the roses in their mother’s garden.

‘We’re good.’ Blair jacked up the car, removed the flat once the nuts were off and picked it up, meeting Lucinda’s chocolate-brown eyes. A few fine lines feathered from their corners. And she had a daughter who looked to be maybe ten?

Lucinda was definitely older than him by quite a few years.

The term MILF was trying to push its way to forefront of his mind, but he pushed it down. Anyway, she probably had a husband waiting for her.

A quick glance at her left hand.

No rings.