

Text Order Bride

Kirsten Osbourne

Published by Kirsten Osbourne

OBOOKO Edition

Copyright 2011 Kirsten Osbourne

---

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be sold or given away to other people.

---

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are either part of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events or locales is purely coincidental.

---

## Chapter 1

On a bright Friday morning in June, Amanda scanned the Madison airport looking for her friend, Stephanie. It had been ten years since they'd been face to face, but the constant contact on Facebook and frequent emailing made it feel like they'd been together just yesterday. They even spoke on the phone at least once a week. No, it wasn't like it had been long at all.

After about a minute, Amanda finally spotted Stephanie. Her friend had been her roommate at the small Christian college she had attended in Texas. After graduation, Stephanie had moved here, with her preacher husband, Bob, to plant a church. While Amanda had stayed in Texas working as a home making teacher in the high school she'd graduated from, Stephanie had been here with Bob, building their church and having babies. They now had four children, one boy and three girls.

Stephanie was a good foot shorter than Amanda's 6'2" frame. She was as round as Amanda was slim. Amanda's dirty blond hair and green eyes were a contrast to Stephanie's brown hair and brown eyes. The two of

them had always laughed that they could fulfill almost any man's fantasy by taking parts of each of them and mixing them together to make a new woman.

Stephanie ran to Amanda and gave her a hug, "I've missed you so much! I'm so glad you're going to be living so close."

Amanda returned the hug with a smile. She couldn't believe that she was actually here, and that she'd be married tomorrow. Married to a man she'd never seen and would not see until she was walking down the aisle.

Living in the same small town all her life, Amanda had not had a lot of chances to meet men. The men in her small town were all intimidated by her height. Even men who were taller than her felt uncomfortable around a woman who was over six feet tall. She was now 32 and desperately wanted children. She had considered multiple ways to meet men. She'd even considered a sperm bank.

A year earlier, Stephanie had started talking to her about Jason Daugherty, a new man in her congregation. He was 6'6" tall, and had started going to their church in hopes of finding a wife. He was a farmer who lived in a rural area of Wisconsin. Finally, she'd agreed to let Stephanie arrange her life for her.

She had been texting and emailing Jason since March. He was 36, and wanting to start a family as well. He had been so worried about building up his farm that he hadn't even started looking for a wife until a couple of years ago. After they had been in contact for a little over a month, Jason had asked her if she wanted to get married. She had been unsure at first, because she had never thought of herself as someone who would marry a man she'd never met. After multiple conversations about him with Stephanie, she'd agreed. They would be married a week after school was out in June. That was tomorrow.

She still hadn't met Jason, and they'd decided to wait until the wedding to meet. She would stay with Stephanie's family tonight, getting reacquainted with Bob, and getting to know the kids. Their four year old daughter, Avery, would be the flower girl, and two year old son, Jacob, would be the ring bearer. Stephanie would be the matron of honor, and Jason had said that his friend, Steve, would be the best man.

It was only a little after noon now. She and Stephanie loaded her luggage into her mini-van, and climbed in. “Do you want to stop for lunch here in Madison, or do you just want to eat when we get to my place?”

“How far is the drive?” Amanda asked.

“It’s about three hours,” Stephanie told her.

“I’d probably rather wait. We’ll eat when we get there, or somewhere closer if that’s okay. I’m so nervous that the thought of food is almost scary!”

Stephanie laughed. “You’re going to love Jason. He’s really shy, but he was all excited at church on Sunday. He was grinning from ear to ear as he talked about you being here this week.”

“I got an email from him last night. He’s got the house all set up. He said that he is going to have Steve do his chores for him for the next few days, and he’s going to take me to a nice hotel for a couple of nights for a honeymoon.”

Stephanie smirked, “Just remember he’s a country boy at heart. A nice hotel may just be one where they change the sheets between customers.”

Amanda shook her head. “That would be a good thing! Please tell me he’s not going to wear jeans to the wedding!”

“I had Bob take him to a tuxedo rental place. He’s all set.”

Amanda sighed. “I’m not all that worried about it to be honest with you, but it would be nice to have some nice wedding pictures to show our kids one day.”

Stephanie grinned at her. “Your wedding will be beautiful. I chose the florist. I chose the wedding cake. All you and Jason have to do is show up, and it will be great.” She paused for a moment. “How are you feeling about it? You sure don’t look like an excited bride.”

“I’m good. I think I’d feel differently if I were in love with the man, but I’m sure that will come. It hasn’t been all that long that women have had any say in whom they marry. If I had been born a couple hundred years ago, I would expect my parents to have arranged something like this for me.”

“Very true,” Stephanie said. “I really think you’re going to be thrilled with him. You guys have exchanged pictures, right?”

“Yeah.” Amanda thought back to the picture she had of Jason. He had dark hair and brown eyes. He looked like he’d been uncomfortable in the suit he was wearing, but his shoulders had been broad. If looks were anything to go by, she’d certainly be attracted to him. That should help.

Amanda had always considered herself the boring unadventurous type. She couldn’t believe that in less than 24 hours she would be married to a total stranger.

\*\*\*\*\*

Jason had been planning to meet her for dinner that evening, but when he’d emailed the previous night he’d said that he had too many things to wrap up before he could take off for a few days. His friend was going to be helping out, but it was a big job, and he had his own farm to take care of.

Amanda enjoyed spending the evening with the kids. Little Avery showed off her flower girl outfit, and showed her just how she was going to drop petals with some torn up paper. Having been an only child, Amanda hadn’t been around small children a lot and was thoroughly charmed by the sweet little girl.

She had known Bob back in college and had been the maid of honor for Bob and Stephanie’s wedding. She reacquainted herself with him as the evening went by. He would be officiating at the wedding, so she was glad to have some time to get to know him again.

Bob told her that the farm where she would live with Jason was a twenty minute drive from their house. She looked forward to the days when it would be easy to just run into town and see her friend. She’d had other friends in her small town in Texas, but none that compared with the friendship she shared with Stephanie.

They would be doing a reception after the wedding in a reception room at the church. Jason had grown up here in Stratford, so he would have plenty of people attending. His parents had moved to Florida after retiring from the farm, so they wouldn’t be there. The wedding had been planned so quickly that people from far away just weren’t coming.

As Amanda sat watching Bob with his family, she sincerely hoped that Jason would be as good of a father as Bob was. She mentally listed the things that she knew about him. He had grown up on the family farm, helping out with chores before and after school and all summer long. He had gone to the University of Wisconsin on a full football scholarship, but had chosen not to pursue pro sports. He had a degree in agricultural sciences. He worked side by side with his father until he retired two years ago, and then had inherited the farm. He was the oldest of six children. All of his brothers and sisters had moved off, but two of his sisters would be at the wedding the following day. He enjoyed reading and movies. He wanted a family. He worked long days, and often shared work with his friend. They would milk together on one farm, and then move to the other. He enjoyed the solitude of farm life, but really wanted a companion to share his life with.

That was all she knew, but it was enough to her way of thinking. They seemed to think alike, at least so far. She'd have to see if she still felt that way after they'd been married for a few months.

They had decided on an eleven am wedding, because she wanted to have some time alone with Jason after the wedding, but before she'd be expected to crawl into bed with him. He had made it plain that he wasn't waiting until she felt comfortable with him before they had sex. It was happening on the wedding night. If she wanted time to get to know him first, then she should come early.

Of course, it hadn't made sense for her to fly up there early, because Stephanie's house was already bursting at the seams, and spending extra money to stay in a hotel for two weeks or however long she felt like she needed just wasn't logical.

When she went to bed at nine that night, she knew that this was the last night she'd be sleeping alone. Tomorrow, she'd be giving her virginity to a man she'd never met. She lay in bed for a long time that night, staring at the wall, trying to imagine what tomorrow would bring. She had a degree in home economics, so she was prepared to be a wife, in every way but the physical way. She said a silent prayer that Jason was all she'd been told he would be.

\*\*\*\*\*

At five minutes after eleven the following morning, Amanda left the bride's room in her wedding dress that she had handmade. Her father had died when she was young, but she wished he could be there to walk her down the aisle. She had never missed him quite as much as she did facing that long walk down the aisle by herself to a man she'd never met.

She received a cue from Stephanie's friend and slowly walked toward the front of the church. She felt all the eyes on her. She knew she wasn't a raging beauty. She had nice strong features, and wasn't plain, but wasn't really someone who could be called pretty either. She was still nice and slender, with curves in all the right places.

There hadn't been a wedding dress long enough, but she thought now that had been to her advantage. She was able to make this one to show off her figure perfectly. She'd combined two different patterns to get just the right look for her body. The neckline was modest and just hinted at the swell of her breasts. She'd made the skirt full to make up for what she was lacking in the hips department. The waistline was tight and fit her beautifully.

She made eye contact with Jason for the first time as she was about halfway to the front of the church. He stood almost a head taller than the men surrounding him, and was definitely built like the linebacker he'd once been. He had a soft smile on his face, and his eyes twinkled at her. She took a deep breath and walked slowly toward the man she'd be spending the rest of her life with.

As she reached the front of the church, he reached out and grasped her hand. She could feel the calluses on his hand as his thumb slowly rubbed across her palm, calming her nervousness. She barely registered what Bob was saying as he talked about the commitment they were making to one another. She turned toward Jason as they made their vows, nervously looking up into his eyes.

It was over quickly. He dipped his head and barely brushed her lips with his own for their first kiss. She didn't have time to decide if she enjoyed it when it was over. Then they were introduced to the church as Mr. and Mrs. Jason Daugherty.

As they walked to the church toward the reception area, Jason held tightly to her hand. She was almost embarrassed to even look at him. He sensed

her nervousness, and pulled her off into a corner for a moment. “You okay, Mandy?”

Her gaze jerked up to his. “No one has called me Mandy in years.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. Don’t you like it? I’ve been thinking of you as Mandy for months now,” his deep voice sent shivers up her spine.

“No, it’s okay. It just surprised me, that’s all,” she whispered. “I’m okay. Just really nervous.”

He brought that strong hand to her cheek and stroked one finger down it. “Don’t be. We just have to get through the next couple of hours, and then all will be good.”

She laughed softly. “I’m less worried about the next couple of hours than I am about after that.”

He nodded with understanding. “You said you were nervous about the wedding night when we talked on the phone last weekend. I understand. You don’t need to be, though.”

Stephanie ran over and grabbed them each by the arm pulling them back to the group. “You two have the rest of your lives to be alone together. Today, we all get to celebrate.”

The wedding lunch had been arranged by Stephanie and cooked by many of the women in the church. Amanda ate a little bit of everything, but couldn’t have told anyone what she’d eaten. She was too aware of the man at her side to be able to think of anything else.

## Chapter 2

It seemed like only five minutes had gone by when it was time to leave. Jason slipped his arm around her shoulders as he guided her toward the door. They ran out of the church while everyone blew bubbles at them. He led her to his pick-up truck and helped her to tuck her dress around her.

As he started to drive out of the parking lot, she quietly asked, “Do you already have my bag in here?”

“Stephanie had me put your overnight bag behind the seats. She said she’d take the wedding gifts and the rest of your stuff to my place.”

“Okay. Just wanted to make sure I’d have some clothes to wear other than my wedding gown,” she said, thinking of the white nightgown she’d made for that night.

Jason slid his fingers through hers. “Don’t worry about that. You won’t need clothes. I picked a hotel with room service.”

Amanda blushed. “Where is the motel we’re going to?”

Jason laughed out loud. “Nice subject change! We’re going to Wausau. They have a really nice hotel in downtown. It’s not so far that we’ll be driving all day, but far enough that I’ll feel like it’s a vacation.”

“That sounds nice,” Amanda was watching his face as they drove. She liked how he looked, and his fingers on hers had little butterflies flying around in her stomach. At least she’d been right about there being a physical attraction between them.

“If you want, we can go back to the hotel and change, and maybe take a walk down to the Wisconsin River. It runs right through Wausau and is really pretty along here,” he told her.

“That sounds nice,” she told him, relieved that he had made some plans for the day that would keep them out of the hotel room and occupied.

He pulled up in front of the hotel and helped her down. She felt very conspicuous walking into the hotel in her wedding gown, but with Jason in his tux, it wasn’t as bad as it could have been.

When they reached the suite, she was amazed. It was hard to believe he would spring for something so nice. She knew he didn’t have a lot of money to waste on things like this. “You went to a lot of expense on this room. Thank you,” she said softly.

He walked to her and took her hands in his. “We will economize for the rest of our lives. We only have one wedding night and one honeymoon. It’s going to be as special as I can make it.” Holding her eyes with his, he slowly lowered his head and brushed his lips across hers.

His kiss sent tingles up her spine. It was just a soft kiss, no tongue, but it was so nice. It made her feel like she was a real bride about to spend the night with the man she loved for the first time.

He pulled away to rest his forehead against hers. "I didn't get a chance to tell you that you look absolutely incredible in that dress."

"Thank you," she whispered as she pulled his head down for one more kiss. "I think you look great in your tux."

He hugged her close. "Do you want to get changed and go for that walk, or we can stay here and get started on the wedding night? The choice is yours."

Amanda pulled back. "I think I need a little more time to just be with you first if that's okay. I mean, I'm more than willing to make love tonight, but can we spend the day just getting used to each other first?"

He took a deep breath and smiled down at her, kissing her palm. "Not the choice I was hoping for, but it was the one I expected."

"I'm sorry," she whispered.

"There's no need to be sorry. It's only a few more hours. You take the bathroom and I'll change out here. Something casual with tennis shoes if you brought them," he told her.

"I did," she said. "Ummm...I can't get out of this dress by myself. Is it too much to ask for you to unbutton me?" She turned her back to him.

He stood looking down at the buttons along the back of her dress. There were a dozen tiny buttons from her back all the way down to her waist. "I have no problem undressing you." His hands felt huge and clumsy as he began unfastening each one individually. "Do I need to undo them all?"

"Yeah, I don't want the dress to tear. I should have thought of that and changed before we left the church. Stephanie would have helped me."

"But then I would have missed out on the fun." He dropped a kiss to the top of her back. "Have I told you that I love how tall you are? I hate getting a crick in my neck when I go to kiss a woman. You are just the perfect size."

She laughed. "I never expected any man to say that to me. In my experience tall men only like tiny little women. It has always driven me crazy."

“Not me. I’ve always prayed for an Amazon goddess.”

She felt more and more buttons coming undone. He had to be almost finished. She held the dress to the front of her to make sure that it didn’t fall off. “Amazon goddess? You are going to be great for my self-esteem!”

“There, that’s all of them.” He eyed her back covered in a thin slip. “You’d better go get changed if you want to go on that walk.”

She smiled at him over her shoulder as she held the dress up with one hand and carried her overnight bag into the bathroom with the other. She quickly changed into jeans and a blouse and put on her socks and shoes. She pulled her hair out of the elaborate twist it was in and let it fall past her shoulders.

Walking out of the bathroom she hung up her dress. Jason was waiting for her in jeans, a t-shirt and tennis shoes. He looked even better in his casual clothes than he had in his tux. The tux was nice, of course, but the jeans and t-shirt showed his body off nicely. He really was built. He looked like he could still play linebacker. Her fingers actually itched to touch his shoulders. She’d always loved nice broad shoulders.

His eyes swept her from head to toe. “That’s perfect for walking. You ready?” He put the key card to the hotel room onto his key chain and put his hand to the small of her back as he guided her out of the room.

Stephanie had laughed about him, calling him a farm boy like he had no manners, but so far, his manners had been impeccable. He treated her like she was the most important person in his universe. Of course, that may be because he was going to be having sex with her in a few hours, but you never could tell.

He held her hand as they walked. She’d never truly appreciated hand holding before today. When he held her hand, he made her feel like she was protected. She didn’t know from what she felt protected, but it made her feel protected and cared for in a way that she never had before. Jason talked about the importance of the Wisconsin River to the area, and how the river was the reason that Wausau existed.

She listened as he explained about the Native Americans who had once lived in this part of the state. She, like most other Texans, had never really thought of the rich history of the mid-western states. She was amazed at

all she learned from a short walk. She asked questions about his work as they got closer to the river. She'd been in a small town her entire life, but it had been a town and not a farm. She had never known a dairy farmer. Ranchers, yes, but not dairy farmers.

He talked about the early mornings and late evenings. He told her that he usually had teenage boys working for him during the summer to help out with the milking and the crops. In the months that she'd been communicating with him, he'd seemed somewhat withdrawn, but today, in person, he was almost eloquent.

He led her to the edge of the river where the whitewater rafting events take place. He stood behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist, resting his chin on her shoulder. She leaned back against him and said, "It's beautiful. I'm glad you suggested this."

"I can't wait to share all the beautiful things about Wisconsin with you. So many people write us off as just the cheese state, but we're so much more than that," he told her.

"I'm beginning to see that. I wish I would have accepted one of Stephanie's invitations to come up here and visit during the summer," she said.

"Why didn't you?"

"I always made quilts to sell during the summers. I would make up as many crafts as I could, and earn some extra money. I would even give lessons to some of the women in the area," she told him.

"Did you need the money?" he asked.

"Not at all. I made decent money as a teacher, and my parents left me a decent amount. I'm not rich by any means, but I'm comfortable and have a nice savings account," she paused. "I guess the real reason I never came is that I didn't want to see her with Bob and start missing what I was sure I'd never have."

"I can understand that," he told her. "I never really worried about finding someone until about a year ago. I was too busy working, but I sure do understand the loneliness. Seeing couples does add to it." As he spoke, she thought again about how strange his accent was. People from the

northern states always said they had no accent, but that northern twang was certainly present.

She thought about what he'd said for a moment, glad that he'd understood. "So, how many single people do you think we're making feel lonely by standing here like this?"

He laughed. "I hadn't thought of that. Maybe I should really show them what they're missing." He moved his hands to her shoulders and turned her to face him. Lowering his head, he kissed her in a way that he hadn't kissed her yet. The other kisses they'd shared had been simple brushes of the lips. This kiss was more heated. His tongue probed along the seam of her lips until she opened her mouth for him.

Her arms wound around his neck as she kissed him back. Her tongue tangled with his. He tasted so good. She hadn't been expecting this kind of kiss in such a public place, but she was thrilled. She felt tingles up and down her spine. When he broke the kiss, she stared up at him with her lips slightly parted. His lips were redder than before, and his breathing was faster.

"Wow," she whispered. "You're good at that."

He laughed. "I'm glad you think so."

"I'm starting to look at our wedding night with more anticipation than nervousness," she confessed.

"We can go back to the hotel right now and get started on that," he told her with a grin.

"I'm actually starting to get hungry," she said.

"Yeah, me too, but not for food."

She chuckled softly. "Well, I'm hungry for food. I didn't eat more than four or five bites of lunch. I was too nervous."

"Well, I don't want you passing out on me, so I guess I'd better feed you," he said with a shake of his head. "There's a little café not far from the hotel. We'll walk back, eat dinner, and then head back up to the room. Will that work for you?"

She glanced at her watch. It was already after five. "That sounds great."

After they'd ordered their meal, she started asking him questions about his house and the farm. He was still talking non-stop about his house as he unlocked the door to their hotel room.

Once they were inside, she asked if she could use the bathroom first. She went in and brushed her teeth and hair and changed into the gown she'd made for that night. It was white satin with spaghetti straps. It went to her knees and hugged her curves. It wasn't see-through, but with the way it clung to her, it might as well have been.

She stood for a moment with her hand on the doorknob, taking deep breaths, and trying to get up the courage to go through that door. After the time they'd spent together, she was sure he wouldn't hurt her. She knew that she was very attracted to him, but she was still about to make love with a man she had never met until that morning. She screwed up her courage and opened the door.

He had opened the bottle of complimentary champagne while he waited. He poured them each a glass, and took the lid off the chocolate covered strawberries that had been part of the honeymoon package. He heard her come out and turned to offer her some of the champagne. Once he spotted her, he tried to speak, but no words would come out.

She stood nervously waiting for him to say something. He just gaped at her. She started to turn back to the bathroom, and he ran across the room and grabbed her arm to stop her.

"You take my breath away," he said.

"I thought you didn't like it," she whispered as she looked down.

He laughed. "I think I may like it too much."

He took her hand and led her to the table where he'd set the champagne and strawberries. He picked up a strawberry and fed it to her, watching as a trail of juice escaped her lips. She lifted her hand to wipe it away, but he was faster. He leaned down and licked the trail of juice from her chin to her lips. "Did I miss any?"

She mutely shook her head, startled by his actions.

“Champagne?” he asked her offering a glass.

“No thank you. I don’t want anything clouding my memory of tonight.”

He set the glass down and turned to her. “I can agree with that wholeheartedly.”

He leaned down to kiss her, pulling her body close. She opened her mouth to his immediately and wound her arms around him. She’d been dying to touch his shoulders and chest since she’d first seen him in that t-shirt. She stroked him through the shirt, wishing it weren’t in her way. As if he could read her thoughts, he pulled away for a moment, and tugged the shirt over his head throwing it on the floor.

He started to pull her back into his arms, but she put a hand against his chest. “I’ve been dreaming about touching you ever since you put that t-shirt on,” she whispered. “I want to see you.”

He kicked his shoes off and lay on his back on the bed. “How’s that?” he asked.

“Perfect!” She sat on the bed at his side her hands going to his sparsely haired chest. The dark hair was soft and springy. Her hands threaded through it as she explored his muscles with her fingertips. She leaned over him and kissed him lightly, her hands continuing their exploration.

He lay as still as he could to let her get used to touching him. His body was screaming at him to grab her and pull her down on top of him, but he let her have her way. Finally, she leaned down and pressed herself against him, her hands still kneading the muscles of his shoulders. It was obvious she wanted to feel herself against him, so Jason sat up and took the control back from her.

His hands stroked over the satin of her gown, across her back and finally down to cup her breast. His fingers found her nipple, and he gently rolled it between his thumb and forefinger, never breaking the kiss.

Amanda moaned softly, loving the feel of his hands on her body. She wanted them against her bare skin, though. She reached over and pulled down the strap on her left side, and lowered the gown so that he was touching her skin. She then repeated the action on the right side.

He pulled away from the kiss to watch her as he played with her nipple. Her breasts were tipped with ruby red nipples. He had thought they would be a soft pink based on her light coloring. The surprise aroused him even more. He used his free hand to unfasten his jeans and lower the zipper. He didn't try to release himself, just knew that the jeans were getting way too tight for him to try to keep them fastened.

She stared down at the opening in his jeans with fascination. She had actually caused a man to be that aroused. That was fascinating in and of itself. She'd always thought of herself as completely without sexual appeal. She had a hard time believing that this gorgeous man was hard because of her. She reached down a hand into the opening of his jeans, and immediately drew back at his groan.

"No that was a good sound, Mandy. Touch me. Please." He took her hand and put it back into his jeans.

Her fingers explored the length of him through his boxers. She was surprised at the thickness and the heat coming from him. She pushed his boxers down so that she could feel him without the barrier. She moved her thumb over the tip of his shaft, surprised at the moisture there. She knew technically how all of this worked, but the fact that it was working like it should for her, was a surprise.

He pushed her hand away and surged to his feet, pushing his jeans and boxers off in one swift motion. He took her hand and pulled her to her feet, divesting her of her night gown. She immediately raised her hands to cover herself. "No, I want to see you," he whispered.

She dropped her hands to her sides, standing in front of him, letting her eyes wander down his body. She felt a burning between her legs where the moisture was pooled. Taking a step forward, she lifted her lips to his, her hands starting at his waist and dropping to his butt, caressing the muscles there.

He pulled back the covers and scooped her off her feet, gently laying her on the bed, and following her down. He lay to her side, his hands moving over her breasts and flat stomach. She was so slender, except for her breasts. They had a fullness that surprised him.

He moved his hand down between her legs, which immediately parted to admit him. Slowly he stroked her inner thighs, up to her center, stroking

her sensitive nub. "If I do anything you don't like, just let me know," he whispered softly.

She sucked in a breath and let out a quick laugh, "Apparently I like it all. Who knew?"

He grinned and dropped his face to nuzzle her breast while his fingers continued to pluck at her nub. Slowly he pressed one finger inside her, whispering, "I'm glad no one knew. I wouldn't have wanted all those other men touching my Amazon goddess."

She started to move her hips to give him better access. He added another finger. "That feels so good," she told him.

He stroked his fingers in and out a few times, making sure she was ready, and then rolled on top of her. He guided his member to her opening, watching her eyes the whole while. Slowly he began inching it inside her. It was tight. He groaned as he sank the first few inches into her. "I'm trying to go slow, Mandy, but you feel so good."

"You don't have to go slowly," she whispered. "Come all the way inside me. Please, Jason, I want to feel all of you."

He took her legs and wrapped them around his hips and pushed hard. He felt her barrier break as he pushed all the way in. "I'm sorry."

She had expected pain, but it was worse than she'd thought it would be. She shook her head at him, "It's not your fault, but can you give me a second? It hurts."

"Do I need to pull out?" he asked, praying silently that she wouldn't make him do that.

"No, the pain is starting to ease up now," she told him. He pulled out just an inch and pushed back in to test her. She wrapped her legs more firmly around his waist. "Mmmm...that feels good."

"Thank God," he whispered softly then began thrusting. He didn't want to hurt her, but he couldn't hold still for another moment. He had to make love to her.

He moved in and out at a slow steady pace, watching for any signs of pain on her part. Within seconds she was thrusting with him and starting to pant softly.

Amanda stroked her hands over his back, meeting him thrust for thrust. She could feel the tension building inside her. When her climax came it wasn't slow and steady, it was blinding. She let out a scream of pleasure which she quickly buried in his shoulder.

As soon as he felt her clenching around him, Jason started thrusting faster toward his own climax. Just a few more thrusts and he was there. He let out a shout and collapsed on top of her. Burying his face in her neck, he fought for control.

"Are you okay?" she asked as she stroked his back soothingly.

He laughed and rolled to his side. "I'm supposed to ask you that, silly girl."

She grinned and stretched. "I'm trying to figure out what I was so nervous about. That was incredible."

He wrapped his arms around her and settled her head onto his shoulder. "We'll have to do that again sometime."

"Sometime very soon," she agreed.

### Chapter 3

Amanda felt almost sad on Monday as she packed up their things to head back to Stratford. She had enjoyed the days of getting to know her husband so much more than she'd ever dreamed she would. While she was happy that they would be starting their lives together, and she would be seeing her new house for the first time, she was going to miss having Jason's undivided attention.

Jason walked up behind her and wrapped his hands around her waist. "I'm going to miss our little hotel room."

She turned in his arms and rested her head on his shoulder, still marveling that she had the right to just touch any man this way. "I was just thinking the same thing. I've enjoyed having time to just get to know you with no other obligations."

He nodded. "That's exactly what I mean. I love farming, don't get me wrong. I wouldn't change what I do for anything, but I would have loved to be able to take another week away from everything."

He brushed a quick kiss across her mouth then picked up the bags. She grabbed the garment bags holding her wedding dress and his tuxedo and followed him out to the truck.

They held hands and talked about the community they'd be living in as he drove back. He asked again if she was sure that she felt okay about giving up her job.

"Yeah, if I feel like I want to work, I can always offer a quilting class, or a cooking class, or something of that nature. They're typically fun to teach, because the women taking the classes actually want to learn. When I taught high school, even though the classes were electives, it was obvious that most of the girls were just there to get a credit toward graduation. None were really there because they had a strong desire to learn to cook or sew."

Jason nodded thoughtfully. "I can see that. I just don't want you to be sitting around the house with nothing to do."

Amanda laughed. "I really don't think I'll run out of things to do. I'll probably start out by putting my own touches on the house. New curtains, quilts, and that type of thing. I'm sure I'll be cooking and cleaning on a daily basis. By the time I have the house the way I want it, I'll hopefully be pregnant, and then I can start sewing maternity clothes and baby clothes."

"My mom always dreaded sewing. Do you really like doing that kind of thing?"

"I didn't when I started out. I first began to sew when I was twelve and could no longer fit into regular sized women's clothes. I'm sure you understand how that goes. Men have the big and tall shops, but women only have plus sized shops, and I'm too slender for those clothes. It was either learn to sew or wear men's clothes for the rest of my life."

"But now you like it?" he asked.

"As I got better at it, I started to like it. I had a lot of fun fixing up my little house in Texas. Some of the moms of the girls I taught hired me to make

their prom dresses for them. I even made wedding dresses for some of those girls a few years later,” she told him. “It’s nice to be able to do something that’s appreciated like sewing is. You can do anything you want with it. There’s no way I’d have been able to buy an off the rack wedding dress in my size. I was able to take the elements from two different wedding dress patterns and create the perfect dress for myself. That kind of thing makes it fun.”

“I guess that makes sense,” he agreed.

He slowed the truck down and pulled into a long driveway that was lined with trees. She couldn’t see a house up ahead, but knew they had to be close. “Are we almost there?”

He turned a corner and stopped the truck in front of a large, white, wooden house. The front of the house was covered by a screened in porch. She smiled as she saw how old it was. This house would have some history.

She slid out the door on her side of the truck and walked slowly toward the house, thinking about all the possibilities. She walked up to the porch went through the door, looking around. There was a wooden porch swing that she immediately dropped into setting it to swinging with her foot. She looked up and saw that Jason had followed her, watching her carefully for her reaction to her new home.

“I love this porch! I can see sitting out here in the evenings relaxing and spending time with you.”

“My parents were out here every evening in the summer. Dad would be bone tired, but he always took the time to sit with Mom, because she loved it so much,” he said. “Are you ready to go in and see it?”

She laughed softly. “I’ve been ready since I got off that plane. I’m really excited about living in a home your family has been in for so long. I know you said you’re the fifth generation to own it. Did your ancestors build it, or did they buy it?”

“My great-great-grandfather bought the land when he was just a teenager. He built a small log cabin on it, and the rest of the house was added on in pieces. What I use as a mud room was the log cabin. He brought my great-great-grandmother here after they were married. My great-grandfather and grandfather were both born in this house,” he told her.

She stood up and waited for him to open the door. She noticed that he hadn't bothered to lock it while he was gone. She loved that about living in the country. Even in her small town they'd felt the need to lock the doors.

Once the door was open, she started to go in, but he stalled her with a hand on her arm, and swept her off her feet, carrying her over the threshold. "I never thought that I'd marry a man who could actually carry me," she said with a laugh.

"I think we're well matched in size."

He set her on her feet inside the living room, and she looked around. She could see some small changes that she'd like to make. She'd make some curtains and some throw pillows to soften up the look of the room. For the most part, though, she was thrilled with what was there.

He showed her the mud room, which lived up to its name well. He'd obviously not bothered with cleaning the floor in here for a long time. It was an unfinished looking room. It connected to a bathroom, which in turn, connected to the kitchen. "I always come in this way after working so that I can just strip off and shower as I come in." There was a laundry chute in the bathroom that he told her emptied into a laundry bin in the basement where the washer and dryer were.

There were five bedrooms total, and three baths. Amanda could see things that she wanted to update and change, but for the most part she liked it. She had a few days of intense cleaning ahead of her, but she could handle that easily. Jason seemed to be relatively neat. There was nothing just thrown on the floor, and no dishes in the sink, but he obviously wasn't one for doing a lot of real cleaning. The floors needed to be vacuumed and mopped well. The counters needed a good scrubbing and the oven probably hadn't been cleaned since his parents had moved away.

After the tour, he changed into some work clothes and went out to do the evening's milking while she took inventory in the kitchen to find something that she could cook for dinner that night. There wasn't much to choose from. It looked as though he'd been living on frozen dinners, sandwiches, and frozen burritos. It was too late to get any shopping done, but she put it on her mental to-do list for tomorrow. For tonight, they'd have to make do with sandwiches.

As she started scrubbing off the kitchen counters and cleaning out the microwave, she realized that this was the first time she'd been alone for more than ten minutes since the wedding. As she thought back over the last few days, she wondered what the future would hold. She knew she could be content to keep house and make love with Jason every night, but she wasn't sure if she could be truly happy without love. She knew she could fall for him, if she let herself, but would that be wise? They'd both entered into this marriage with their eyes open. Neither of them had mentioned love. She'd hoped it would happen, but now she wasn't so sure. Could she love him, and not be loved in return without being miserable?

\*\*\*\*\*

Before that week, Amanda had no clue how many hours per day a farmer actually worked. Jason explained that summers were the busiest time of the year, but freely admitted that he worked a whole lot of hours no matter what time of year it was. She quickly began to feel like the only time she got to see her husband was when they were eating and when they were making love.

She had never been one to think she needed to be around other people at all times, but the quiet on the farm really did start messing with her head at times. She made sure that she always kept a list of what they needed from town posted on the refrigerator, and when she needed to see another human, she would head into town, grocery shop, and meet Stephanie for lunch.

They'd been married for around a month, when Amanda realized she was going insane from the quiet again, so she invited Stephanie and the kids out to the farm for lunch that day. When Stephanie arrived without the children, Amanda was secretly thrilled. She'd finally have a chance to talk to her friend privately.

After gushing over all the work done on the house, Stephanie pulled Amanda down onto the couch with her. "Well?" she asked.

"Well what?" asked Amanda.

Stephanie rolled her eyes. "I need to hear how everything is going. You seem to really like Jason."

Amanda blushed, “Jason and I get along great. He’s really everything that I was hoping for.”

Stephanie smiled brightly. “I was hoping you’d feel that way!”

“Yeah, he’s really wonderful. I just hope I can keep from falling in love with him.”

“He is wonderful, and... What?” Stephanie got a confused look on her face as Amanda’s words finally sank in. “Why would you not want to love your husband?”

Amanda shook her head looking down at her hands.

“Amanda! Why?”

“I honestly don’t think I could stand it if I fell for him, and he never had any feelings for me,” she whispered.

Stephanie stared at her. “Why do you think he won’t fall for you?”

Amanda shook her head, tears starting to fall. “No one ever has. I’ve known for years that I’m just one of those people that can be loved by friends, but not romantically.”

“Are you serious?” Stephanie asked incredulously.

Amanda nodded, her head bowed.

“Wow. I had no idea you felt that way.” She was silent for a moment as if searching for the right words. “Amanda, you’ve never really even dated anyone. You scared all the guys off when you could see over the top of their heads. Which one of those numbskulls would have fallen for you?”

Amanda hiccupped a laugh. “Numbskulls?”

“Absolute numbskulls,” Stephanie said adamantly. “Jason is not a numbskull. If he wasn’t half in love with you when he asked you to marry him, sight unseen I’ll remind you, then I’ll eat my new shoes.”

Amanda looked down at Stephanie’s new sneakers. “They’re nice. I wouldn’t want you to have to get out the ketchup for them.”

They both laughed as Amanda wiped the tears from her face. "I hope you're right."

Stephanie grinned, "Oh, I'm right."

The door opened then, and Jason stepped inside. "Oh, hi, Stephanie. I didn't know you were visiting today."

Stephanie looked at Amanda. "I'm on my way out."

Jason looked between them. "You don't have to leave just because I'm here."

Stephanie smiled and hugged Amanda. "I'm already gone."

Jason stood in the middle of the room baffled. He watched as Stephanie left, and Amanda got up and started fussing around. "Mandy," he started reaching out to take her arm. "Were you crying?"

She shook her head and pulled away straightening the pillows on the couch as if it was the most important thing she could do.

"Mandy, stop that!" He grasped both of her arms in his hands. "What's the problem? Have I done something to offend you? I know I'm working all the time, but it's raining! I have the afternoon off until milking time."

"It's not that," she mumbled, not meeting his eyes.

"Then tell me what it is. I can't fix something if I'm not aware it's going on," he told her. "I hate seeing you cry."

Amanda took a deep breath. "I was just talking to Stephanie about how I'm afraid that I'm falling in love with you."

He tensed for a moment, thrilled that she had feelings for him, but worried because of the way she'd phrased that. "Would that be the end of the world?"

Amanda shook her head, the tears starting to fall again. "I just hate the idea of having feelings that don't go both ways. It would be much harder to be in a marriage with love on one side, than it would be to be in a loveless marriage, which is what we signed on for. Does that make any sense at all?"

Jason nodded. "It makes perfect sense. And you're right. It is hard to be in a marriage with love all on one side. I know. I've been there since the day I married you."

Amanda looked at him in shock, "But, you married me because you wanted kids and we got along so well online and on the phone and stuff. It wasn't for love."

Jason shook his head. "Maybe it wasn't love on your side, but it certainly was on my side. I'd never have asked you to marry me otherwise."

Amanda smiled and brushed away the last of her tears burying her face against him. "I'm so glad I'm not in this alone. I love you, Jason."

He laughed and grabbed her in a bear hug. "And I love you Mandy Sue," he sang to the tune of Peggy Sue.

She laughed and kissed his chin. "I've never heard you sing before. It's ummm interesting!"

He leaned over to kiss her. "I have a few hours off. Wanna go upstairs and see my bedroom?"

"It hasn't changed much since this morning," she told him. "I mean, the bed is made now, but that's about it."

"Let's go unmake that bed." He grabbed her hand and led her toward the stairs.

"Are you going to make it worth my while to have to remake it?" she asked laughingly.

"You bet. And I plan on keeping you in it for long enough that making it again may seem pointless."

"Do you promise?" she asked as he closed the bedroom door to shut out the world.



This free edition was downloaded from  
[www.obooko.com](http://www.obooko.com)

Although you do not have to pay for this e-book, the author's intellectual property rights remain fully protected by international Copyright law. You are licensed to use this digital copy strictly for your personal enjoyment only: it must not be redistributed commercially or offered for sale in any form. If you paid for this free edition, or to gain access to it, we suggest you demand an immediate refund and report the transaction to the author and obooko.