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Sensual Awakenings 2

SHARING Brenda

Laura Ashton

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DEDICATION

To my Readers:
May your reading fantasies come true.

SHARING BRENDA

Sensual Awakenings 2

LAURA ASHTON

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Prologue

Brenda knew something seemed amiss with Kerry, but chose to ignore the obvious. The man acted like a sociopath. Everyone who'd met him, her mother, her brother Jack, Jasmine, Ted, Gabe, all warned her. Instead, she put on her happy face and went forward. Now, she was married to a philanderer—wedding reception philanderer, no less.

She'd been so humiliated, she might never live it down. When she asked her bridesmaids to find Kerry for the cake cutting ceremony and Jaz found him humping Karen, her maid of honor, in the coat closet, word spread like wildfire. Jaz would never have said anything, but her gossipy Aunt Hilda saw it too, and soon every guest at the reception knew and looked at her with pity. She felt so ashamed, she drank a full bottle of tequila and passed out.

Apparently, Jasmine's husband Ted found her. She remembered him stroking her hair and kissing her cheek, saying he would get Jaz. She must have passed out again, for she woke in an unfamiliar bedroom, wearing an unfamiliar nightgown. The minute she looked out the bedroom door, she knew she'd been taken to Jaz's place. What a sweetheart, taking care of her after she passed out. Then she remembered the hurt, the embarrassment, the agony of the previous night.

Now, for almost a week, she lay in a bed she'd barely left, in a room she'd never left. All she did was think and sleep. Her friend Jasmine and her husbands Ted and Gabe were so concerned, they took her on their Honeymoon to Honolulu to keep an eye on her.

Her attention drew to the door as she heard the door latch click and the door swing open. In a second, Jaz was beside her wearing a bright smile. She felt her forehead and then stroked her hair. "Okay, I know what happened to you was terrible, but that's in the past. Starting right now, you're going to start living in the present with an eye to the future." She went to the window wall and pulled the drapes open. "This is the last full day before you head back to Dallas and start working for Camilla, and you're going to be stuck with me. Just you and I like in the old days. Sound like fun?"

This is why Brenda loved Jaz. Taking a day from her honeymoon to be with her. To cheer her up. She already felt better. She sat up and stretched. "Sounds like fun, but you shouldn't—"

Jaz laid a finger across her lips. "That's nonsense and you know it. I love you like a sister and you would do the same for me if our positions were reversed. Now, you're going to start with a shower because, frankly...you need one. Then we're going to spend one fun day and night together, just you and me."

Chapter 1

The flight to Dallas was long and uneventful, but at least she fondly thought of her fun last day with Jaz instead of dreading her personal tragedy.

Jaz was so vivacious, it rubbed off on her, and she had one of the best days of her life. They started with breakfast in the Hula Grill. Then showing off her new slimmer figure, she donned her micro-bikini. Male heads turned as they walked down the beach. She felt especially good from the wolf-whistles and catcalls from a group of surfers.

They followed that up with lunch at the cabana where a very cute Hawaiian waiter asked her out. She was flattered, but gently turned him down. Jaz, however, asked if he'd like to guide them around to the hot spots for a night of dancing. After an afternoon of shopping and a gourmet dinner, they went dancing until the wee hours. They visited three clubs where men asked her to dance at least a hundred times, and she danced with at least half of them. She smiled when she remembered one of the highlights; an especially good-looking young native Hawaiian danced with her.

"Didn't I see you on the beach when I was surfing this morning?"

"Maybe, I was there with my friend."

When the song ended and a slow number began, he took her in his arms. "Yeah, you were there. Girl you are hot!" Then the kiss. Wow, what a kiss. He wanted more, and had her thinking about it too. For the sake of her honor, their guide took them to another club.

They got back at three a.m., she slept until one, and Ted took her to the airport at three the next afternoon. The whole day had been a great way to start her fresh, brand new life.

Ted had phoned ahead to Camilla to inform her Brenda's plane would arrive around seven a.m. and she sent one of the ranch hands to pick Brenda up from Dallas-Fort Worth International Airport. The plane arrived late, so when she disembarked, a very nice looking cowboy with shoulder length golden brown hair and gray-blue eyes, hat in hand, welcomed her with a smile and a handshake. "Hi, I'm Billy Joe Watkins, and I'm your chauffeur for as long as you need me."

She shook his hand. As she appraised him, he did the same with her, although she had the distinct feeling his assessment went deeper than hers. He seemed well-built in a wiry athletic way. His long weathered face had a square jaw and dimpled chin. He had high cheekbones, and even when he smiled, his eyes had a sad look, reminding her of Sylvester Stallone. However, the eyes themselves appeared bright and jocular. "Nice to meet you, too, Billy Joe. Brenda Evans, but you already know that. Is that what everybody calls you, Billy Joe?"

"Some call me Billy J or Billy. Some even call me BJ for short,"

"I think just plain Billy will do just fine. Shall we get my bags?" They walked toward the escalator that would take them to the baggage area. Billy kept lagging behind her. He acted as if he never saw a woman in a skirt and heels, from the way she saw him ogling her every time she glanced around. She stopped and turned toward her trailing chauffeur. "Are you coming?"

He rushed up to her and gave her a line. "I'm sorry, I just wasn't sure a fine lady like you would want to be seen in the company of a cowpoke like me."

"Tell me Billy, why don't I believe you?"

He smiled. "I don't know." He winked. "But that's one fine pair of legs you're traveling on. I thought that Harper woman the bosses flipped over was hot, but you give her a run for the money. Plus I like blondes."

Needless to say, she felt flattered, but she had a feeling Billy Joe would say just about anything that needed saying to land a lass in his bed. Around these parts, they'd call Billy a 'ranger,' a skirt chaser, always on the lookout for a new conquest. "I used to be a redhead," she teased.

Billy stood with his mouth partially open for just a second, then stared at her with one eye brow up. "Yeah, I can picture you as a redhead—real nice too."

At the baggage carousel, she pointed out her three bags and Billy scooped them up as if they weighed nothing. "Follow me." Walking behind him, she admired his broad shoulders and thin waist through his plaid shirt. His buns were nice-sized, tight and sensually rounded. Outside, he threw the luggage in the bed of an oversized gold and maroon crew-cab pickup truck, with "Tawny Hills Ranch" painted on the door.

It sat high off the ground, so Billy helped her into the cab and then he jumped in. "Lady Camilla told me you'll be moving into the ranch house to be her personal assistant. Is that right?"

She nodded. "It is."

"That makes me happy, you movin' in. I have a confession to make. Some of the boys and I watched you and that decorator woman a couple times when you went swimming in the pool. I think it was a week or two before the big party?"

Deciding not to respond, she changed the subject. "Would it be all right if we go to my apartment to get my car and things?"

He closed his fingers and thumb on the rim of his weather-beaten cowboy hat and tipped it. "Of course. I aim to please. We can get all your things, unless we need to take furniture. Then I'd need help."

She smiled at him. “There is furniture, but I need to rent a storage facility first.”

“Can I make a suggestion, pretty lady?” With a smile on his lips, he started the truck and took off.

It looked as if Billy would be soothing for an ego on the repair. “Of course.”

After making several turns and zig-zagging around several roads, they finally entered the freeway heading east.

“You don’t need to rent a storage facility. There’s plenty of room at the ranch. We should go to your apartment and take what I can carry today. Tomorrow Sal and I can come back with boxes to get the rest. Is that a deal?”

She had to admit, the man was cute. She smiled and agreed, “Sounds good to me. Who’s Sal?”

She couldn’t help but notice he scrunched his nose and sighed at her question. “Oh, he’s just one of the ranch hands. You might want to stay clear of him, on account of his reputation as a womanizer.”

She started to ask Billy what he was, but held back. “Is he? Get on the freeway and head to Plano, would you?”

He flipped on his blinker, changed lanes then headed up the on-ramp. “Yeah, I reckon he is.”

“Good looking, huh?”

“Girls say he is.”

“What about you?”

He glanced at her with a quizzical look on his face. “Not sure what you mean, ma’am.”

“You’re good looking. Are you a ‘womanizer?’”

His mouth spread wide as he slowly shook his head. “You got me there, ma’am. But you don’t have to worry about me none. As attractive as I find you and as much as I’d like to, ah...you know, I don’t think, under the circumstances, it’d be right.”

She chortled. “What is this, some new way to lull a girl to sleep and then slam her into bed?”

He chuckled. “Hmmm. You think it could work?”

“You never know. I’m starting a new life and I’m ready to exorcise some demons. What did you mean ‘under the circumstances?’”

Billy reached up with a free hand and scratched his head. “Word kinda spread around the ranch about your wedding mess.”

Oh no! She rolled her eyes as they became watery. She dabbed her eyes with a tissue from her purse. “What do I have to do? Move somewhere else so nobody knows what happened?”

“No, you don’t want to do that. It’ll be nice to have someone pretty at the ranch to look at.”

She sniffled then giggled. “Why, Billy Watkins, you are a shameless flatterer.”

He smiled. “You got that right. And you have me pegged, too. I’m definitely a gash hound—excuse my French—but in your and Miss Harper’s case, I’m not flattering you at all. I’m being truthful. But let’s back up to the thing I said that made you cry. What I mean is everyone is feeling angry at what happened to you and wants to help. That’s why, at least for now, I want to be your friend. I figure you can use a friend more than some cowpoke Casanova trying to bed you.”

The more he talked, the more she liked this unpretentious man. “Well, Billy I think I’m inclined to accept your offer of friendship.” She offered her hand and with a big smile on his face, he took it.

“Now, that we’re friends, I gotta tell you somethin’ else.”

“What’s that?”

“Now that I’ve seen you with my own eyes, I’ve decided your new cheating husband has to be the dumbest son-of-a-bitch in Texas!”

Brenda laughed, but she was also charmed. “Now, I gotta tell you something, Billy.”

He jutted his ear toward her and cupped a palm around it as he kept his eyes on the road, “I’m listening.”

Using her most sultry voice, she revealed, “I’m not against having a boyfriend to go along with my brand new life.”

He stared directly at her. “Whoo-is-me, my heart is beating pitter-pat. Can I apply for the job?”

She winked. “You just have.”

* * * *

After loading her ‘had to have’ belongings into the pickup, Brenda got in her Honda S2000 and followed Billy. She had only driven a couple of miles, when her phone rang. “Hello?”

“It’s me, Billy. I was just thinking. I’ll bet you’re hungry. There’s a pretty good restaurant in Lewisville where we could still get breakfast or if you prefer an early lunch.”

She was so hungry she didn’t even pause. “That sounds perfect. Lead the way.”

“Great. Will do.”

She no sooner disconnected than her phone rang again.

“Yes, Billy, what’d you forget?”

“Bren?”

“Jasmine?”

“Yes, who’s Billy?”

“Oh, it’s a long story. His name is Billy Joe.”

“Oh, I know him. He’s a kick. How do you know him?”

“He picked me up at the airport. He’s going to take me to lunch in Lewisville.”

“That’s great. I think you’ll like him. He’s Gabe’s second in command. I got the impression he’s a ladies man, though.”

“Oh, yeah, he’s admitted as much. He’s made it known he’s interested in me too, but due to my wedding fiasco, he isn’t going to rush anything.”

“Good. I’d feel him out first.”

“I’ll say. That’s why I’m glad he’s giving some space for now. What have you been doing?”

“Oh, Brenda, we’re all so worn out. We’re taking a day off. I’m lying by the pool right now. Listen, I just wanted to check up on you. I’ll let you go.”

“All right. I love you Jaz.”

“I love you too. Keep in touch. Bye.”

* * * *

The restaurant, Eve’s Diner, was in a storefront near town center. The food smelled so good, she decidedly broke her diet and ordered a French dip with slaw. Billy ordered a burger, with cheese, bacon and curly fries. “Umm, that looks good. I don’t suppose you’d like half of mine for half of yours?”

Without answering, he cut the burger and slid half onto her plate. “Sure thing, I was eyeing your French dip too.”

After reciprocating, he also gave her a handful of fries.

Sticking a finger in the air, he finished chewing a bite and said, “For a skinny little lady, you sure have an appetite.”

Even with a bite of his hamburger in her mouth, she laughed. She swallowed, answering, “And you sir, are bad for me. I busted ass to lose twenty pounds before the wedding. Fortunately, I lost five more pounds not eating while I felt sorry for myself, so now I have room to splurge. In fact, I’m going to have dessert. That chocolate cake up there sure looks good. Would you like to share it with me?”

Billy laughed. “You sure like to share, first your sandwich and now the cake. You’re a regular sharing Brenda.”

After the cake arrived, Brenda agreed with Billy. “Yeah, I like to share. It helps me experience more things.” She cut a piece with fork and savored it. “Mmmm, I just love chocolate.”

Billy grinned and raised an eyebrow. “You know what that means, don’t you?”

“No, what?”

Billy slid his fork under a piece, lifted it to her mouth and slipped it between her lips. She moved her head slightly side to side as she savored the delicacy. “Mmmm, delicious. Aren’t you going to have some?”

With his gaze fixed on her, he raised a piece to his mouth and slipped it between his lips. After he swallowed, he answered, “Ahh, that is good. I love chocolate, too. When you love chocolate it means you are extremely passionate.”

Brenda’s brows furrowed. “I thought you were going to give me some room.”

A mischievous grin formed on his face as he brought another piece of cake to her lips. “I’m just giving you something to think about. So, am I right? Are you passionate?”

“That’s for you to find out.” She playfully threw her napkin on the table. “I’m ready to go.”

Billy picked up and studied the check. He set it down and set twenty-five bucks on top. “Let’s go.”

Six hours after Brenda’s plane landed, they arrived at the ranch. Billy brought in Brenda’s belongings while she went to Camilla’s study to let her know she’d arrived. The door stood partially open and she could see Camilla at her desk. Camilla raised a hand. “Brenda, there you are. Please come in.” She came around the desk to greet her with outstretched hands. Brenda took them in hers and they cheek kissed.

Brenda felt exhausted and ready for bed, but Camilla insisted for her to sit.

As she went behind her desk, Brenda sat in one of the two facing chairs.

“I know you’re tired so I won’t keep you long. Theodore and Jasmine told me you wish to annul your marriage. Is that right?”

“Yes, I want to get this behind me as soon as possible.”

“I’ve taken the liberty of having my attorney draw documents.

“Texas law has many allowances to annul a marriage, but unfortunately, infidelity isn’t one of them. However, Mr. DeSalva thinks he can prove mental incapacity—the inability of a spouse to understand the marriage relationship or to enter into the marital contract.”

She picked up a bright orange, white and purple cardboard envelope and handed it to Brenda. “Read these over, and if you agree, sign them. I will take care of everything. There should be no need for you to see a lawyer or go to court to get past this.”

She felt overwhelmed. Camilla seemed to be taking her misfortune personally. She walked around the desk, hugged Camilla and then started toward the door.

“Brenda.” She turned back toward her employer and benefactor. The light reflected from a teardrop in the corner of her eye. “You did nothing wrong.”

She nodded and left.

Since Jaz no longer used the two-room suite she’d occupied, Camilla had graciously assigned it to her. Feeling jetlagged and generally tired, she lay down for a nap. When she woke up, she still felt too tired to function, so she changed into her nightclothes and crawled under the covers.

* * * *

She didn’t wake up early enough to join Camilla in the courtyard for breakfast as she’d planned. Instead, she slept through the morning when a knock on her door woke her at eight-thirty. “Who’s there?”

“Billy.”

“Well, since we’re friends, I guess you can see me without my makeup. Come in.”

Billy stepped through the door wearing a foot-wide grin.

“What’s so funny?”

He grinned and shook his head. “You had me fooled there. For a second, I thought you were going to say I can see you without your clothes.”

She chuckled. “Trust me. Some women think being seen without makeup is as bad as or worse than being seen naked.”

His eyes glinted. “That’s funny, especially coming from you, because you’re lovely either way.”

“Thank you. What can I do for you?”

“Sal and I are about to head over to your apartment. Would you like to come along and direct us?”

She raised a thoughtful hand to her chin. “Actually, I would, but I have some work to get done first. How about I give you the key so you can start loading the furniture and I join you in a couple hours?”

Billy nodded and smiled. “You’re the boss.”

She jumped out of bed in her nightshirt to get her purse and the key. “Hang on a minute.” Billy’s eyes grew wide and she laughed. “You already saw me without makeup. Seeing me in my night clothes is nothing compared to that.”

Retrieving the keys, she handed them to Billy.

He grinned and raised his eyebrows, before taking the keys. “Love them legs.” He wagged his brows. “You have anything on under that nightshirt?”

“Curiosity killed the cowboy. That’s none of your business.” She aimed him toward the door and pushed. “Now get out of here so I can dress.”

Finishing her work at the ranch, she headed to her apartment. When she walked through the partially open door, a quick scan of the living room and dining area told her the furniture had been loaded.

Then she saw him wrapping glasses in newspaper and packing them in a box. This was someone she should meet. The man was her personal choice for *People Magazine*’s ‘Sexiest Man Alive.’ Billy was hot. Boiling hot. This man was pussy-drooling material.

She didn't wait for an introduction. She walked right up to him and stuck her hand out. "Hi, I'm Brenda Evans."

Oh my God. Warm friendly brown eyes stared at her. When he smiled, she wanted him to kiss her. Perfect white teeth grinned at her, surrounded by the most gorgeous, tan Latino face. His gaze shifted from her to Billy, who'd just walked in from the bedroom, carrying her bowling ball bag and a lamp.

"Is this the one?"

Her head snapped back at Billy. "One, what?"

Billy stepped up beside them. "It's nothing. Really."

This must be the womanizer. He took her right hand and lifted it to his descending lips to kiss. He straightened. "Billy was right, you are truly beautiful. I'm Salvador Rivas at your service." He bowed his head.

Brenda felt faint when he kissed her hand, but recovered quickly. She plopped the six-pack of Coors Light she'd been carrying on the counter. "Here, I picked this up on the way here." They both took a bottle and Billy offered one to her.

Before accepting the bottle, her hands shifted to her hips and she demanded, "One what? I want to know what you meant."

"The one he should leave alone. That you're a nice lady who doesn't need complications in her life right now."

She took the bottle from Billy and glared at him. "That may be true Mr. Watkins, but that's for me to decide."

In that soothing charming voice, Sal addressed her, "Ah Miss Evans, you are even more beautiful when you are angry."

"The name is Brenda, Mr. Rivas, and even though you are beautiful yourself, you seem much too suave for my tastes."

"I tell you Brenda, he's a player. You'll get your eyelashes singed."

"And you're not?" Sal demanded incredulously.

"Enough, we have work to do. Shall we get going?" Brenda picked up one of the smaller assembled boxes and began to wrap her

dishes. After a couple more hours, everything was packed and ready to go.

By one-thirty, to her knowledge, no one had eaten, so she volunteered to buy them lunch at the place Billy had taken her, Eve's Diner.

* * * *

At Eve's diner both men wanted to sit next to her, so they sat in the corner round booth with her in the middle. Every female and a few male eyes in the place were upon them. She giggled. "I could get seriously spoiled being seen the company of you two," She joked under her breath.

Eve's didn't look like the kind of place that specialized in salads, so she stayed with the fattening food, promising herself she'd get back on the regimen tomorrow. The waitress set three glasses of water down and took their order. Billy and she both ordered the same delicious hamburger Billy had yesterday, and Sal ordered pastrami on rye.

Billy joked, "You better watch out. She may want part of your sandwich."

"Really, why do you say that?"

He chuckled. "Because, she took half of my hamburger yesterday and afterwards we shared chocolate cake."

"Is that right? Do you want half of my sandwich, Brenda?"

She flashed her guilty-as-charged smile. "Maybe, I won't know until I see it. But to be fair, you would have to eat half my hamburger."

He wiggled his brows. "I could say something, but I won't."

Brenda suspected what Sal was thinking but she went ahead anyway and asked, "What?"

Sal's normal bright white smile evolved into something that could only be described as devilish. "I'd rather eat a certain delectable part of your body."

Billy jumped at his friend. "What the hell is wrong with you, Sal? I told you Brenda was a nice lady."

Billy continued to rail on Sal, but as far as Brenda was concerned, the damage, if that what the sweet torment in her nether regions was, had been done. Though what Sal said was pretty much what she expected, her reaction was totally unexpected. Something triggered in her as deliciously lustful sensations emanating from her fast heating pussy, fingered their way through her entire body. Sal had broached the subject of sex and gauging by her almost violent reaction, the idea of sex with one or both of these gorgeous men, would not quietly go away.

After the waitress set the plates down, Sal asked contritely, "I'm sorry, my sweet. Would you like half of my pastrami sandwich?"

Brenda still felt unsettled. "I guess not. Thanks anyway. I have to go to the ladies room."

She entered the ladies room, feeling horny as hell. How long had it been since she'd had sex? Too long. Poor Sal. He was only making a joke, and Billy gave him hell as if he were a sex criminal. It's just that they're both so handsome, and the idea one of their beautiful faces... Her fingers slipped between her legs and massaged her clit. Oh God it felt good. She reached further and slid her finger into her slick pussy.

Her pulse raced and her breathing increased. The fingers of her other hand unbuttoned her blouse and shunted her bra aside to flick her sensitive nipple. Her mind pictured Sal between her legs, lapping at her vagina and drinking in its creamy essence. She pulled her finger out, slid the slippery juices up to her tender clit and slicked it up. It was more swollen than she could ever remember, and hard. She shoved two fingers into her wet well, pushing them in out and around while her thumb edged up to her clit. Patting and stroking her nub, her

thumb visited the very tip of her bundle of nerves. She was in an ethereal fog, so excited she thought she might faint.

As she imagined Sal sucking on her clitoris while fingering her pussy, Billy suddenly appeared in her reverie, suckling on her nipples. Suddenly, tendrils of carnal joy began crawling through her, infecting her whole being with sensual pleasures. Wave upon wave of orgasmic tremors shot through her. She screamed like a banshee. “Oh God, oh my God!”

Realizing what she’d done, she quickly shut up and pulled her jeans back up. She looked in her purse and pulled out an old lotto ticket. As she turned to leave, a woman, possibly Eve, rushed in. Brenda could see confusion in her eyes as she looked at her. “Are you all right?”

Brenda held up the lotto ticket. “Sorry, I just noticed I hit three plus the bonus ball. Any idea what that pays?”

The woman shook her head.

“Me either, but I’m sure going to find out. Excuse me. I have to get back to my dates.”

Her eyes widened so much her forehead wrinkled. “Those are your dates?”

“Ah-huh. Cute huh?”

Brenda smiled smugly and walked through the door. Back at the booth, Sal stepped out and let her in. He and Billy had finished their meals and were nursing their drinks. She took a sip of her iced tea. “Since you’re both finished, let’s have mine wrapped up to go.”

Billy signaled the waitress and she came over. “Nadine, can we get her hamburger to go?”

She reached for Brenda’s plate. “Sure hon. I’ll be right back with the check.”

Nadine was a woman of her word and came back in a jiffy. Brenda snapped up the check and polyurethane box. “Shall we go?”

Back at the ranch, Billy walked up as she drove in. “I’d like you to look at where we plan to put your furniture and tell us if it’s okay.

You also need to tell us which boxes you want stored and which boxes you want in your suite.”

They strolled down the side of the main house where the auxiliary buildings were located. Finally, she saw the large ranch pick-up truck and trailer, packed with her furniture and boxes. After giving them the go ahead, they unloaded the furniture into the spare garage. About half the boxes went into storage and the rest went to her little studio. When they finished, Billy invited them into his apartment for a beer. When Brenda hesitated, Sal held up his hands. “I promise not to say anything off the wall.”

Her eyes narrowed.

“Scouts honor. I thought what I said was paying you a compliment.”

“Likely story. All right, one beer.”

Chapter 2

When Brenda woke the following day, she dressed and went to meet Camilla on the terrace for coffee and breakfast. After hugging her good morning, Brenda took a seat to her left. “So glad you could join me this morning.” As Chen, the houseboy, stepped up and poured her coffee, Camilla recommended, “Try the blueberry Belgian waffles, they are delicious.”

“I think I will. Chen?”

“I heard. I’ll tell Matilda now.” Chen bowed and stepped through the French doors.

Camilla set her coffee cup down. “I’m looking forward to the shindig this Saturday. I missed the earlier one this year. It was just too close to the bash we had. You know, I met Ted’s father at such a party over thirty years ago.”

“No, I didn’t. Tell me about the one coming up.”

Camilla’s eyes widened. “This Saturday our neighbors to the west, the Circle G Ranch, are having a festival. The local ranches have a history of getting together one or two times a year for a frolicking good time. Some call them hoedowns, some jamborees. We call ours shindigs. Anyway, I think it would a good way to make the transition from city to ranch gal. I know it helped me some years ago. I made many friends. I know I project a formal image, but at a hoedown I can get down with the best of them. Would you like to attend?”

She pursed her lips. “That sounds nice, but I don’t even have any western clothes.”

Camilla’s eyebrows rose, one more than the other. “None? Not even jeans?”

“Oh sure, I have jeans, but no boots, western shirts or hats.”

Camilla smiled. “Well, we need to get you decked out. When we finish eating, you must come to my wardrobe, where I will turn you into a store-bought cowgirl.”

“Ooh, that sounds like fun. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. Now keep in mind the party will last all day. The day part will mostly be outdoors. Saturday’s weather forecast is in the high nineties, so you’ll need very light clothes during the day and the cowgirl duds at night.”

“I wish Ted, Jasmine and Gabe were here so they could go with us. Brenda, dear. If you want someone to go with, you’re welcome to go with Ian and me.”

“Jasmine tells me you went with Ian when you were young and now all these years later you’re seeing him again. That is so romantic.”

Camilla’s eyes looked maudlin. “Yes we did. Anyway, you’re welcome.”

“I would love to, but I have an escort in mind. What do you think of Billy Joe?”

“Ahh yes, Billy Joe. A fine-looking lad. A bit of a cad, rough around the edges and wild. A wonderful lover though.”

Brenda’s eyebrows rose. “You know?”

Smiling she waved a hand and shook her head. “Not firsthand. I wish, but he’s slept with enough women, including some of my friends, that word gets around. Do you fancy him?”

“Yes, I do. How about Salvador?”

She clasped her hands together in front of her chest. “A marvelous-looking man. You’re not old enough to remember, but he’s the spitting image of Ricardo Montalban in his prime.”

Recognition colored her mind. “I remember him from reruns of Fantasy Island. Salvador does resemble him.”

“Why do you ask?”

“He may escort me too.”

Camilla coughed and her eyes grew wide. “Both of them?”

She nodded.

Camilla’s gaze bored in to her. “Brenda, are you trying to replicate your friend’s situation?”

She pursed her lips. “Not really. I’ve kind of gotten friendly with them.”

“They are both interested in you?”

“Seem to be.”

“So if it happened, you would go with the flow?”

“Could you blame me?”

She put an arm around Brenda. “Heavens no, but if it happens, I may come to you for advice. I’ll say one thing. You and your friend Jasmine are ambitious little things. Now, let’s pick out some things that’ll make your roosters crow.”

Thirty minutes later, courtesy of Camilla, Brenda walked into her bedroom with a western cut red-checkered shirt, a pair of red, fringed cowgirl boots and a red cowgirl hat with a purple feather headband. She dug out her favorite pair of Calvin Klein jeans for her new western outfit. She gazed into the full-length mirror on the backside on her closet door. Suddenly, she couldn’t wait to join in a line dance or swing around the floor.

Set for the night, she stripped down and went through her dresser for light summer clothes for the morning and afternoon part of the shindig. After trying on several combinations of shorts and tops, she settled on a pair of low-rise, cut-off jeans, a beaded, red halter and a pair of canvas sandals with wedge heels. She decided on that combination because it showed her slimmed down legs and abdomen to maximum effect. To finish off the ensemble, she added a Texas Rangers ball cap and big, round rose-tinted sunglasses. *Perfect.*

Brenda had to get some work out for Camilla. She sat at her desk, typed two letters, wrote out a couple dozen checks and made a hair appointment. Working as Camilla’s personal assistant was a sweet job. Before when she was the clerical pool manager, she had to wear a

suit or a dress and drive forty minutes each way. It was like working an extra hour and a half each day. She took the letters and checks to Camilla's office for signatures, but her office was empty. She left them on Camilla's desk and then went looking for her.

Brenda ran into Chen in the kitchen. "Chen, you wouldn't know where Mrs. Dewhurst is, would you?"

"Missy went outside toward the stable."

She thanked him and went out the kitchen door. In addition to the main house, there was the barn, stables and tack room, the bunkhouse, a feed and storage building, pump house and a second garage for ranch equipment. She went to the stables, and asked Carlos, the groom, if he'd seen Camilla and he shook his head. The barn appeared empty. So did the pump house and the bunkhouse. Where could everybody be and where did Camilla go?

With her legs separated and hands on her hips, deciding where to look next, the wind carried a loud wolf-whistle to her ears. She gazed toward the closest of three corrals—the source of the whistle. Billy leaned against the split rail fence, his arm resting on the top rail. On the top rail sat a young, blond-haired cowpoke and sitting on a horse within the corral sat another blond-haired chap wearing chaps. All three were shirtless on the hot Dallas day.

She smiled at Billy and sauntered over.

"Whooweee! Look at you. You're about ready to give me a heart attack flashing all them beautiful naked body parts."

She laughed. Despite being an obvious rake, she felt good around him. Or rather, he made her feel good about herself, something she needed after Kerry destroyed her ego. Billy felt like a soothing ointment that soaked in and worked its magic around the clock.

"That was quite a whistle."

Billy pointed his thumb at the cowpoke on the horse. "Don't look at me. Rodger did it. We call him Rodge for short."

Rodge squeezed his thumb and fingers together on the rim of his straw cowboy hat and tipped it. "Pleased to meet you, ma'am. I must

say between you and that designer lady, the scenery around here is sure looking good lately.”

She felt a flush cross her face and more. “Thank you, Rodge. I like being here.”

“And we like you being here,” said the young man sitting on the fence. “If you ever decide to take another dip in the pool, please let us know. We’d all like to watch.”

The men nodded and chuckled, while the rest of her blushed.

He reached to shake her hand. “Hi, I’m Jeff Finch. Rodge is my younger brother. I didn’t mean to embarrass you, but I gotta tell ya, looking at you, you’re the kind of woman that makes me glad I’m a man.”

She smiled at him and turned to Billy “I’m looking for Camilla.”

“She’s gone into Lewisville. Said something ‘bout getting a new dress for the shindig. I saw her car pull out.” He glanced at his watch. “‘Bout twenty minutes ago. If you don’t mind my asking how come you’re dressed so...so—”

“Provocatively?”

He nodded. “That too, but I was thinking more along the lines of revealing.”

Though it was hot as Hades, chills raced through her as she felt the palm of a large, calloused hand settle on her naked waist a few inches above her left hip. “Ah, you smell as fresh as a rose after a spring shower, my love” Sal whispered into her ear.

She turned in such a way that his hand fell. “Where did you come from?”

“Umm, I was at the bunkhouse and saw a vision of loveliness float by, so I followed you.”

“This is what I plan to wear to the shindig. What do you think?”

“Lovely, right, Billy?”

Billy stepped up beside them. “Absolutely, but at the hoedown that night you’ll want to dress warmer and western.”

“Yes, Camilla told me. I have the perfect outfit for that night.” She took their hands. “Come with me I’ll show you.”

She took them to her room and while they sat on her bed, she changed in the bathroom.

She stepped out and held her arms out to the side. “Ta-da. What do you think?”

Billy’s and Sal’s eyes grew bigger. “Perfect,” they said in unison.

“I was hoping you’d say that. The only problem is I’ve never actually done a line dance.”

They looked at each other and said, “Tee Bones?”

“What?”

Billy elaborated, “Tee Bones. It’s a restaurant and dance saloon. They have dancing every night. How about if we take you there tonight and we’ll get you all lined out?”

Her face lit up. “Oh that sounds perfect. Thanks guys. This means a lot to me.”

Sal flashed a coy smile. “We’re counting on it.”

She scrunched her nose. “It doesn’t mean *that* much.”

* * * *

At four-thirty, they jumped into the ranch’s pick-up and headed into town. When Billy hit the main highway through Lewisville, Sal turned in his seat. “Brenda, my love, Billy explained to me about your special circumstance, and though what happened may have made you very sad, it made me very happy.”

Billy pounded the steering wheel. “Damn, I’m going to have to stop hanging with you. Every time you open your mouth, you stick your foot in it.”

“But why, you should be happy too? If she were happily married, would we be able to take this captivating woman dancing? Would we have the chance to hold her, to kiss her to make beautiful love to her?”

“No, but I made a commitment to Brenda. I will not push myself on her. It needs to be her choice if she wants to take our relationship to the next level.”

Brenda smiled. She got a kick out of their bantering. “That’s true Sal. You are an obvious tomcat, and I need stability.”

Sal turned more toward her and gazed directly at her. “Oh, but my sweet, let me explain. Though it is true I play around, I know when to be serious. With you, I could be serious. I will make the same commitment as Billy.”

“All right, you’re both in such a gentlemanly mood. This girl needs an escort to the Circle G shindig this coming Saturday.”

Simultaneously, they offered, “I’ll take you.”

She laughed. “Actually, I was thinking of both of you.”

* * * *

Tee Bones turned out as pictured, a large cowboy saloon and steakhouse with a hardwood dance floor and a raised band platform. They arrived around five o’clock and seated themselves in a booth convenient to the dance floor.

The air-conditioning, which had been set low, caused the outline of her chilled nipples to show through the fabric of her red halter. She retired to the restroom with her carry-all bag and exchanged her scanty outfit for a fully decked out cowgirl. After they’d eaten a decent steak dinner, Sal ordered a round of drinks.

As the night wore on, Billy and Sal bought her drinks, while flattering and charming her with stories and witticisms. They danced individually at first, and as the night wore on all together. They kissed, fondled, and petted her, hunger winning the battle over the reluctance in her mind. To her shame, she wanted both of these men. *Is this how Jasmine felt that first night?*

Lights were low and smoke wafted through the air, creating a nebulous haze. Their feet barely moved on the dance floor, swaying

back and forth, body parts rubbing to the beat of Gretchen Wilson's *Heaven Help Me*.

Sal stood behind her grinding his rigid manhood into the sway of her back, his lips sending shivers through her, leaving damp kisses on her neck and his hands surrounding each breast. If that wasn't bad enough, Billy's tongue was buried in her mouth while his hands roved her body. It was like they were a ham on rye sandwich and she was the meat. She was in a fog of desire, and when Billy's hand went to her crotch and his middle finger slipped between her legs, rubbing her clit through the fabric, she was practically theirs for the taking.

But what about their commitment?

"Enough!" She shouted as she finally located her resolve. "You both promised not to come on to me unless *I* wanted it."

"But, my sweetheart, don't you want it?" Sal whispered in her ear.

She turned. "Yes...no. Yes, I do, but not now. I didn't ask for it. And I certainly don't want *it*, as you call it, with two men. At least I don't think I do."

Billy whispered in her other ear. "Then pick one of us, baby."

She thought about that. *Could I pick one? The truth is they're too hot to discard one. It would be like having two aces in a poker hand and throwing one away.* "I will not! It's too soon and I just met both of you. I'm so confused." She stormed off the dance floor. Everyone watched her return to the booth, then turned and watched two hot men in hot pursuit.

When they arrived, Brenda had grabbed her carry-all bag and swung the strap over her shoulder. "Let's go."

Billy Joe pleaded. "Brenda, you're not making—"

She turned and stomped out of Tee Bones. *Sense. Yes, I know. I have to get a hold of my feelings, and fast.*

When they caught up, Brenda was waiting outside the locked pick-up truck, impatiently tapping her foot on the ground. When Billy unlocked the doors with the remote, she quickly opened the back door, hopped inside, buckled her seat belt and crossed her arms under

her bosom. Sal started to sit in the other crew cab seat, but Brenda waved him off. “You sit in front with Billy, please. I don’t need any more temptation tonight.”

They drove in silence until about halfway back to the ranch, Billy broke the ice. “Well at least you did good on the line dances.”

She wanted to talk, but didn’t trust herself. Her mind was in turmoil. These two were just too smooth. They were too practiced tonight, both in the booth and on the dance floor. They had her more wound up than she’d ever been. “You guys seem to be pretty close friends.”

She could see Billy looking at her in the rearview mirror, “Yeah, I guess so. We hang around a lot.”

“You go out together looking for girls, don’t you?”

“Occasionally. So?” answered Sal.

“Oh, nothing. I better shut up before I get into territory that’s none of my business.”

Once more Billy’s baby blues scrutinized her in the mirror. “Try us. We’ve got nothing to hide. Right Sal?”

“Right Billy. Nothing to hide.”

“All right. Did you ever screw a woman...at the same time?”

That got to them. After they stopped coughing, Sal asked, “How’d you know?”

“Just had a feeling. Tell me. Was it the woman’s idea or yours?”

“The first time—” Billy started to answer, until Sal reached over and touched his arm.

“I thought you had nothing to hide? So there was more than one time. How many lucky women are there?”

Sal partially turned in his seat and looked at her. “It’s funny you said, ‘lucky women,’ because that’s exactly how they think of themselves. Now, I have a question. As we promised, we will not come on to you. Tonight, the way you responded to our kisses and touches, it seemed as if you wanted our affection. However, if you’re not romantically inclined toward either of us, we’d like to know. And

if you are interested in only one of us, you owe it to us to make it known.”

Brenda fidgeted around. “I’m sorry. I’m just not in a position to answer you at this time.”

* * * *

Early the next morning, a knock on her door woke Brenda. “Who is it?”

“It’s Billy, I brought some coffee and an apology.”

She scooted up and after making sure the sheet covered her breasts, leaned against the headboard. “Come in. It isn’t locked.”

The door opened a couple feet and his head and about half of his body leaned in. His head was bowed and eyes raised, almost as if in contrition. “Just wanted to make sure you weren’t gonna throw something at me.”

She laughed and bid him to enter.

He stepped up beside the bed and handed her a cup of steaming coffee. She took it and took a sip. “Mmm. That hits the spot.” She patted the side of the bed. “Sit down. What’re you apologizing for?”

He sat down and folded one leg under the other so he could face her. “For last night, when we both practically attacked you.”

How sweet. “Don’t worry about it. To a point I enjoyed it. We all got a little carried away.”

“You have to understand, Sal and I both find you very attractive. I’d hoped Sal wouldn’t be the picture, but I knew once he got a look at you, there’d be no stopping him.”

She took a sip of the delicious coffee. “Actually, I’m thrilled to have two such handsome men attracted to me, but I’m not interested in one night stands. My feeling of self-worth took a severe beating with what you call ‘the wedding mess’ three weeks ago. While your and Sal’s interest is reinforcing, the bottom line is you’re a couple of

rangers. I can't afford to get romantically involved with a man whose main goal in life is sexual gratification from the *lay de jour*."

Billy took her hand. "No, please let me explain. I don't know if there's such a thing as love at first sight, but when first I saw you at the airport, I burst out in a cold sweat and couldn't catch my breath. One glimpse of you and my world flipped upside down. You wondered why I walked behind you. It was to give my heart a chance to calm down. I wanted you, and still want you like I've never wanted a woman. But I also knew because of what happened, I needed proceed carefully.

"Yes, I've been a skirt chaser, but I can't do anything about that. However, I swear, with you by my side, I would be a different man, a one-woman man."

She looked at him closely. This wasn't a line. He believed it, but whether he could change was another matter. "I can tell you mean what you're saying, but whether you can actually change remains to—"

Someone interrupted with a knock at the door. Grimacing with annoyance, Brenda asked, "Who is it?"

"Sal."

"Shit, I gotta go."

"Stay right where you are. The door is open Sal."

Sal opened the door, and seeing Billy, he paused. "I see my pal Billy beat me here. I'll come back later."

"No, please, come in."

"Are you sure?"

Brenda raised her hand and waved him in. "Yes, please. Billy was just telling me his thoughts. I'd like to hear yours."

"Okay." As he stepped in, he held a breakfast tray with a bud vase and a single red rose. "I hope you're hungry."

Now that he'd brought it up, she realized she was starved. "Yes, thank you."

“Good, I had Matilda rustle these up for you.” He folded tray legs down and before she even saw what he brought, her stomach growled from the aroma of bacon and eggs. Setting the tray over her lap, he kissed her on the lips. “Enjoy.”

As she took her first bite of bacon, Sal took exactly the same position as Billy on the other side of the bed. “Now, what has my competition told you about me?”

“Actually, Billy barely mentioned you. What were you going to tell me, Sal?”

That bright, wide, winsome smile formed on his face. “Ah, I had so much fun with you last night, I wanted you to know, even Billy. My love, the fact that my friend is as captivated by you as I, makes things awkward. I hate to see him hurt, but I intend to win your heart.”

“And I hate to see you hurt, Sal, because I’m just as determined.”

“You see my dear, why it so important that you pick one of us.”

Brenda smirked. Remembering how down she was after her wedding fiasco, she wondered *could it get any better than this?* “That’s the problem. I can’t pick between you. You’re both too good to be true.”

He took Brenda’s hand in his. “Then, we must spend every available moment together until you are able to choose.”

This was a problem she didn’t know how to resolve. “Billy, would move that the tray away?” He did and returned to his position on the bed. “If I spend even more time with you, what if I grow even closer to both of you?”

Sal looked at Billy. “You know the answer to that. What do you think?”

Billy shrugged.

Brenda lifted her knees and wrapped her arms around them. “What? What’s the answer?”

Billy combed his fingers through his thick mane. “Don’t worry. If it comes to that. Sal and I will discuss it together, but for right now,

you need to get dressed and come with us. That sexy little outfit you wore yesterday will work just fine.”

Sal kissed the ends of his fingers and flicked them open. “Yes, you were exquisite.”

“Sorry, the cutoffs are dirty.”

“Then surprise us. How about you Sal?”

“Sure.” Sal and Billy began to pull on her arms.

Panicked, she said, “Wait! I’m not wearing any clothes.”

“You’re not?”

She shook her head.

Billy and Sal’s gaze met and with a smirk on their faces, they nodded. Then they proceeded to pull the bed coverings off Brenda and laughed as she scampered into the bathroom. She opened the door enough for her smiling face to show. “Assholes.”

Chapter 3

Brenda decided to dress more feminine. She wore a red two-piece dress with white trim consisting of an above knee full skirt and low cut halter. She also wore the red cowboy boots and hat.

“Now that you’ve both seen me naked, do you both still want me?”

Billy shifted his eyes from the road to her. “More than ever. Baby, your body is divine.”

From the back seat, Sal chirped in, “for sure. I can’t wait to...ah, I better not say it before I get in trouble.”

Brenda rolled her eyes. “You’re already in trouble, both of you, for pulling that sheet off me. Go ahead and say it.”

Before Sal could continue, Billy barged in, “What about me?”

“Sure, you too.”

“I don’t know about Billy, but I can’t wait hold your beautiful breasts and wrap my lips around your light pink nipples.”

Brenda’s pulse quickened as her nipples hardened, and then Billy spoke up. “And Sal, did you see that beautiful, trimmed blonde hair on her mound? I can’t wait to lick, the sweet little bud just below.”

She once again pictured these men eating her and sucking on her nipple, only this time it was the reverse of the restaurant. As blood rushed to her clitoris, a pleasant but demanding itch grew inside her core. It was more of what happened at the restaurant and she had to stop it.

In the rearview mirror, she saw the naughty grin on Sal’s face. “Billy can you imagine how tight that—”

“Enough! Okay guys you’ve had your fun. You both have filthy minds.”

Billy, the quiet one, leaned over. “Yeah, ain’t it great?”

Jeeze, they have an answer for everything. Brenda squeezed her legs together and crossed one over the other for good measure. “No more talk of sex, please!” and finished with a ‘so there’ nod.

After they’d driven a few miles in silence, Brenda ventured, “Are you guys going to tell me where we’re going?”

Billy batted his big blue eyes at her. “To a rodeo, sweets. Sal’s entered in calf roping-tie down and steer wrestling and I’m entered in saddle bronc riding.”

Brenda perked up. “Really, that sounds like a lot of fun. I can’t wait.”

“You know, my darling, If we win, you owe it to reward us.”

Billy laughed. “That’s using the ole’ seductive noggin.”

She turned and glared at him. “Is that right?”

Sal’s intense brown-eyed gaze zeroed in on her. “Yes, it is. It might even help you choose.”

It was getting near the moment of truth. Every time one of these virile hunks said something suggestive, somewhere in her body she reacted. Her stomach, heart, lungs and mind experienced wild swings of emotion, not to mention her vagina, clitoris, breasts all ached with need. She had to do something, but wasn’t sure what. “I’ll think about it.”

“Ho ho,” Billy exclaimed, “I can already taste her sweet pussy juices.”

“One more outbreak like that,” she yelled, while picturing Billy with a gleaming wet chin smiling up at her from between her legs, “and I won’t even think about it.”

* * * *

The rodeo was located on the Denton fairgrounds. Billy and Sal dropped her in the lounge area and headed toward the men's facility. "Before we change, I would like to clear up what you were getting at earlier in Brenda's bedroom."

"I thought it was pretty clear."

Billy edged up to Sal and grabbed his arm. "Why don't you make it crystal clear by spelling it out?"

"Well, it's very simple, really. If Brenda cannot pick between us, what are the alternatives?"

Sal pulled Billy's hand from his arm and turned toward him. Billy asked incredulously, "Share her?"

"Exactly, we've done it before and loved it."

Billy was getting agitated. "Yes, but this is different. Those women were bar hoppers looking for a good time. Brenda is permanent. She's not a one night stand. There's a difference sharing a woman you find attractive once or twice, and sharing a woman you love permanently."

"I agree, and if you win her heart, all is well with you. But what if I win her heart?"

Billy's jaw tensed. "It wouldn't matter if you would have minded your own business."

"Dammit Billy, I love you buddy, but you're not making sense. It's not like a one-of-a-kind item in Wal-Mart, where you grab it, run up to the checkout stand and buy it. 'I saw her first' doesn't work in love. Now, I repeat my question, what if I win her heart?"

"I would die."

"There you go. And so would I. Therefore as much as it would hurt at first, I'd be willing to share Brenda with you, but you have to be on board too."

"All right. I'm on board with Brenda. I love ya too, but I don't trust you. You know I can kick your ass, and if you ever pull any shit on that woman, I swear to God I'll wipe the ground with your ass."

"Agreed." Sal put out his hand and Billy shook it.

“Let’s get ready.”

* * * *

She waited in a ‘wives and girlfriends’ lounge for Billy and Sal to get ready for the rodeo. After twenty-five minutes, Billy, looking dapper, came into the lounge wearing leather chaps and vest over his denim outfit. He walked up to her and said, “I can’t wait for tonight. How about a kiss for good luck?”

He flashed a wicked grin as she stepped up to him and he handed his cowboy hat to another woman. “Would you hold this for me for just a minute, while I kiss the girl of my dreams?”

The woman smiled and took his beige hat. Before Brenda knew what hit her, he wrapped his arm around her and bent her backward, Hollywood movie-style for a languorous, tongue-filled, good luck kiss. When he straightened her back up, Brenda had to pick her hat up off the floor and catch her breath. If the way her pulse beat was any indication, her body might win the battle of wills over her mind if he won his event.

Billy took his hat back. “Thank you, ma’am.”

Before Brenda had a chance to ask about Sal, he waved goodbye and walked through the lounge doors. Immediately, four or five women surrounded her and bombarded her with questions. Apparently, Billy was popular with the girlfriends and even the wives of the other riders and rodeo personnel.

It wasn’t even two minutes before Sal arrived. She was still surrounded by the women, so Sal inquired, “Brenda?”

She answered, “I’m right here.” The group parted to check out the new male voice. Sal was dressed similarly, except he had a red and white checkered shirt, black hat and black chinks with fringe.

She swore she heard a few sighs as he walked up to her. “How ’bout a kiss for luck?”

Brenda eased up to him. “Sure.”

He removed his black hat. “Carol, would you hold this for me while I taste Brenda’s luscious mouth?”

She snickered and grabbed his hat. “Sure Sal.”

Brenda expected to be bent backward, but instead, his arms wrapped around her waist. As she put her arms around his shoulders, he lifted her and slowly turned, his tongue playfully entering her mouth. This time she heard a chorus of “ahs” from the women.

Sal set her down, but before releasing her he whispered in her ear. “I know you want me as much as I want you, so I’m going to win one of these events for us.” He took his hat back and placed it on his head. He tipped his hat to the group and said “Ladies,” before disappearing through the door.

* * * *

All the women sat as a group in the front four rows at the center of the grandstand. Most of them acted friendly towards Brenda. Carla and Jo Ann were especially nice, but a few were unfriendly. She felt sure either of her beaus or maybe both had slept with them. As a group, they headed to their designated seats and once they sat, she applied sunscreen over herself. She’d just placed the sunscreen back in her carry-all bag when the cell phone rang. “Hello?”

“Hey, Brenda. It’s Billy.”

“Hi, Billy, what’s up?”

“Where are you? My horse came up lame and was scratched, so I was going to sit by you.”

“Oh, that’s nice. I mean that you want to sit by me, not that your horse has been scratched.”

“I know, Babe. Are there any seats?”

“No sorry, there aren’t any vacant seats here.”

“That’s too bad. What about nearby?”

She turned and looked behind her in both directions and saw a vacant seat. She got the attention of the occupants on each side and asked, "Is that seat available?"

The middle-aged man said, "It my wife's seat..."

"Oh."

"But she's sick and couldn't make it. Why?"

"I have a good friend that wants to sit near me."

He waved. "Tell her to come on down."

"My friend's a man."

"No problem. Give me someone to talk with. Tell him to come down to Section G, Row E, Seat 22. In fact I'll slide over to Miriam's and he can be almost behind you. It's seat 23."

"Thank you so much. You're a sweetheart."

"You're welcome. I hope you don't think I'm being fresh, but you're a sweetheart too." He winked.

"Did you get that Billy?"

"What, that you're a sweetheart?"

She laughed shrilly. "No. There's a seat you can have in Section G, Row E, Seat 23."

"Got it, I'll be there in fifteen."

She no sooner disconnected than her phone rang again.

"Yes, Billy. What'd you forget?"

"Bren?"

"Jasmine?"

"Yes, I hadn't heard from you for a couple days. Anything new?"

"I don't even know where to start. I've been out with Billy Joe and his friend Salvador Rivas. In fact I'm at the rodeo with them right now."

"Salvador Rivas. I don't know him. Just a second."

Brenda heard Jaz ask one of her husbands, "Gabe, do I know Salvador Rivas?"

"No, Sweetheart, Sal pals around with Billy Joe. He's a good-looking Don Juan type."

"I guess I never met him, Brenda. Gabe says he's a Don Juan, too. Are you sure you know what you're getting into."

"God, I hope so. I'm drawn to these guys like a moth to a flame. They both claim to be serious about me, but who knows."

Jaz snickered. "So, have you...you know...have you done the deed yet?"

She laughed loudly. "Oh, Jaz, I almost did last night. I wanted to. They wanted to, but it was our first real date. But tonight's another matter. We'll see what happens."

"Way to go, girl. I can see you're getting back in the groove. Wait a minute. Did you say 'they'?"

"Uh-huh! I was out with both of them, learning the line dance for this Saturday's shindig."

"Are you going to pick one?"

"Tried. I can't. Now, I have an idea what you went through."

"Well you better check out their bedside manners before you go any further with them."

"Don't need to. They come with references. All I need to do is pick one, and I can't."

"Then let me remind you what someone you know once told me. 'If one would be good. Two would be twice as good.'"

She giggled. "Yes, I remember. I'll keep it in mind. What have you been doing?"

"We decided to go island hopping. We're in Molokai right now. I wish we had come here first. It's more rustic and much more private. We've yet to make love in our room. Honey, I have to tell you, there's nothing like having two men making love to you in the jungle while being pelted by tiny droplets in a tropical shower."

"Sounds dreamy. I still think about a ménage, and obviously it's an option here under the circumstances, but I just can't picture actually doing it."

She bit down on her bottom lip as Carla gave her a strange look. Not one of disapproval, but one of curiosity.

“If you really want it, it’ll come. Don’t force it, and when the opportunity presents itself, you’ll know if it’s right for you. I’ll let you get back to the rodeo. I love you. Give Camilla my love. Tell her we’re having a blast and we’re going to be gone another week to ten days.”

“Okay, don’t get worn out.”

Jasmine giggled. “Isn’t that the truth? It seems like almost every day I’m tender. I think we’re going to have to initiate ‘Oral Day.’”

Brenda snickered. “Bye, I love you.”

Carla was still looking for answers, so Brenda said under her breath, “That’s my best friend. She and her two husbands said marriage vows and are honeymooning in Hawaii. She tells me being with two men you love is like nothing else in the world. Frankly, I wouldn’t mind trying two men myself, but I probably don’t have the nerve.”

She giggled. “I would too. What red-blooded woman wouldn’t? Let me give you my card. Let’s keep in touch.”

When the first event, barrel racing, started everyone applauded. Jo Ann turned and said something, but the noise drowned it out. She handed her card to Brenda, who nodded and took it.

* * * *

Billy arrived the same time the rodeo event began. As the man said, Billy’s seat was almost directly behind her. Since no one she knew was in the barrel race, she wasn’t interested. Nor was she interested in bronc riding since they scratched Billy’s horse. The only thing she was interested in was Sal’s events, calf roping and steer wrestling. The third set was steer wrestling, and Billy’s rodeo program said Sal was sixth of eight entrants. Five point four seconds was the lead time when Sal’s turn came. Billy said that would be hard to beat, so she crossed her fingers, wrists and even her legs.

Sal’s ride was phenomenal. It seemed quick—very quick.

Billy leaned forward. "That was under five seconds. Mark my words."

When his time came in at 4.48 seconds, she jumped up and down excitedly. Billy, who was also excited, swooped her up into his arms and hugged the breath out of her. She felt so good in his arms, she kissed him long and passionately. He kissed her back with gusto. She wanted to do more, but when she felt the burgeoning bulge in his jeans digging into her bare belly, she pulled away and sat back in her seat.

Billy was no longer worried. He leaned forward. "You know, it's unlikely either of the next two riders will beat his time."

She nodded happily. "Yes, isn't it great?"

"It's wonderful, but that's not what I'm getting at."

Billy was talking about the reward. Sal was right. It freed her. It was no longer her decision. "He's going to want to fuck me, isn't he?"

Billy blanched when she said fuck. "Yes."

"Would it be all right if I did?"

"It's not my call. It's between you and him. However, if you do, I would like a chance, too. Sal's smoother than me with words, but a couple of the ladies who have slept with both of us, told me I made them feel better."

"Yes, of course, how could I pick if something as important as that was left out?"

* * * *

No one even came close to his time. Sal won the calf roping, too. Billy said it was as if he was possessed, that Sal'd never done anything close to that before. The incentive of sex with her dangling in his mind probably spurred him on.

When the rodeo was over, Billy and Brenda waited for Sal at the employee entrance. Sal flashed his signature smile to Brenda, but detoured to Billy. He playfully rubbed his knuckles into Billy's scalp.

“What happened to you? I was looking for you, but you never rode. I was hoping you’d win too so we’d really have beautiful Brenda over barrel.”

His gaze traveled to her. He walked up and edged in really close. Sal swung her sideways banging her bare back against the cool concrete. In a frenzy, his lips merged with hers, his tongue whipsawing around her mouth until it found hers. He pushed her halter up, leaving her breasts exposed to his hands and the gaze of anyone who happened to pass. His fingers toyed with her left nipple while his mouth glommed her right one. In addition, the hard bulge in his pants pushed into her loins, sending lusty signals to her core, forcing her to push back into his thrusts. He was dry fucking her in public, but her pussy was anything but dry. She began to panic, both wanting him and realizing they stood in open view and almost not caring.

Finally, propriety won out and she shoved him away. “What are you doing? There are people here.”

He eased up close and placed an arm against the wall on each side of her. “I’m sorry. I’m just so pumped and so attracted to you. Do you know this the first time I won an event, and I won two?”

She shook her head.

“Well, it is, and you were my inspiration and good luck charm. Now, I’m ready to party like I’ve never partied. And I’m lucky enough to have you with me. Are you ready to celebrate with me tonight?”

She nodded. “I think so.”

“I mean celebrate *all the way*.” To her surprise, he waved Billy over. “Billy, are you ready for that?”

Billy stared longingly at her. “Sure thing Sal.”

Sal swung his attention back to Brenda. “You know what I’m getting at, right? Me and you and Billy. All three of us together!”

The heat in her core was building. The idea of including Billy made it even more enticing. “As long as it’s not a one time fling.”

“It’s not, you are our loved one. We’re going to want you over and over.” He took her hand. “Let’s go celebrate.”

As they headed for the truck, Brenda, nervous but smiling, grasped Billy’s hand.

Chapter 4

If a threesome was what Brenda wanted, why was she so nervous? It wasn't as if she was about to lose her virginity. Maybe it was innocence. Sal, the big winner, called the shots. He insisted on driving to Rockin' Rodeo, a western saloon and dance hall, not unlike Tee Bones. On the way, he stopped at the Denton Holiday Inn and rented a room for the night with a king-sized bed and a whirlpool tub. Billy wanted to chip in, but Sal insisted. "Billy boy. If you just picked up our drinks, that'd make me real happy."

Brenda was thankful they were starting the party in a saloon. Three or four margaritas would probably loosen her up.

Rockin' Rodeo wasn't much different from Tee Bones, with a hardwood dance floor and a raised band platform. They arrived around five o'clock and seated themselves in a booth convenient to the dance floor, and since it was two for one happy hour, ordered two drinks each.

Like Tee Bones, the air-conditioning was set low, which caused her cold, hard nipples to tent the fabric of her red halter. Unfortunately, Brenda had no idea they would be partying in a cold saloon, so hadn't brought a change of clothes. Sal wearing a vest, gave his shirt to Brenda to wear.

After they'd had dinner, Sal ordered another round of drinks, and the three began cozying up to one another.

As Sal had foretold, the hunger in her body had won the battle over the reluctance in her mind. With great enthusiasm, reinforced by three frozen margaritas, she began to look forward to the sexy celebration.

Sal took a swig of beer and turned back to her, nudging his face into the crook of her neck, while Billy nibbled on her ear lobe. She sighed appreciatively at the aroma of their musky scent, but it was Sal's warm breath on her neck that piqued her nipples. A tingling began deep in her womb, which ignited into an ember of desire. Billy sucked her bottom lip into his mouth and nibbled on it. His smooth, wet tongue parted her lips and invaded her mouth. Her pulse quickened and pussy clenched. His hand wandering over her breasts excited her. He was a wicked boy and to her surprise, this appealed to her. Discovering she was braless, he teased the nipple through the thin fabric before moving down. She sucked in a huge breath as Sal's daring hand moved between her knees, lifting the hem of her of her skirt. The heat in her core continued to grow, bursting into a smoldering flame of passion as he shunt her humid panties aside and caressed her carefully-trimmed bush of curly, blonde hair.

As his clever fingers split her nether-lips, probing the edges of her hungry recess. Brenda closed her eyes and pictured them naked. Her breathing ceased when his wonderful fingers found her clit. She reeled from dizzying sensations, as the ball of fire in her womb grew ever more demanding. Her body was humming as violent sensations pent up inside, demanded release. It was driving her bonkers.

So many hands, so many lips and two cocks to go. She was a wreck and lovin' it. So be it. Two, make that three, could play this game. Always good at algebra, Brenda's hands, a and b, wandered to their cocks, x and y. Through their slacks she squeezed and stroked their hardness, making them stretch even more as their lengthy phalluses reached for the sky. *What was that?* A gasp from Sal, a moan from Billy. She must be getting to them, because Billy's sucking of her nipple and Sal's dipping finger both slowed. But it hadn't stopped, and by now her pussy was nothing but liquid fire, ready to be reamed and tongued.

Her fingers took hold of the zipper, and with sighs of anticipation from her men, she slowly dragged the zippers down, slipped her

hands inside and stroked them. Billy's lips let go of her nipple as his head flew backward and Sal stiffened in more ways than one. She whispered breathily, loud enough for each to hear, "Boys I've had all I can take, so unless you're both prepared to *fuck* me on this table, let's go to the hotel where we can do this right. Are you ready?"

She laughed when they both stood up. They were ready all right.

Sal asked Billy to drive while he took her in the back seat. Sal and Brenda didn't get very far since the hotel was only ten minutes from Rockin' Rodeo, but she was so worked up, he did manage to give Brenda her first orgasm with his fingers.

In the hotel room she wasn't sure where to start, but remembering it had a whirlpool tub, she suggested they start there. "I've got an idea Sal. Why don't we ease into this by starting in the whirlpool?"

"I like that idea. Lead the way."

When they were in the bathroom, she turned the tub filler on, added a little lavender-scented bubble bath and engaged the in-line heater. The whole time she did this her guys started to play grab ass. Billy even reached up her dress and plucked at her panty crotch. "Man, them panties sure are wet."

"Yeah, I wonder why. How come you're walking around with a bulge in your pants? Sal, too. Just go stand over by the vanities and behave yourself...for now."

After they both leaned against the lavs, she sat on the tub platform and pulled her shoes off. "She's got pretty feet, don't you think, Sal?"

"Abso-fucking-lutely, partner. Gorgeous legs too."

She sat on the tub deck rolling her eyes as she removed her second shoe. She threw it at Sal, and naturally, Mr. Rodeo King caught it and sniffed the instep. "Now, little lady, I'd really appreciate it if you'd throw your wet panties my way."

So she did, as hard as she could. And of course, he caught them, too.

Brenda shook her head and rolled her eyes.

“Wait until she takes the dress off. I know you saw it this morning, but her ass is so fine, it defies description.”

“Yeah, and her tits. God I love those perky handfuls of soft, pliable flesh with those cute, little, light pink nipples jutting out.”

She knew they planned to engage in lustful carnal pleasures, but their bantering about her body parts got to her. “What am I, a slab of meat? I hope you guys can deliver as good as you talk.” She’d already taken Sal’s shirt off in the truck, so all she had left was her skirt and halter. She held the short hem of her skirt up and stepped into the water. She pulled the skirt down enough to step out, discarding it on the floor. Quickly before the ‘ooh’s’ could fully form on their gaping mouths, she reclined into the water. After removing her halter, she slid down enough that her breasts slipped under the water. Relaxing in the tub, she activated the whirlpool jets, forcefully blowing air and water, creating a warm, sensual, swirling setting. The pump made the water choppy. Her breasts felt buoyant and she felt the stirring of lust building between her legs.

“Last one in is a rotten egg.”

She laughed as they shed their clothes almost faster than Sal pulled the half-ton bull down by the horns. In no more than five or six seconds they were both naked—although, she found out later Billy still had a sock on—and snuggled into the tub, hands and arms zeroing in on her erogenous zones. She gasped when Billy shoved two thick fingers into her. As Sal’s sensuous fingers flicked her protruding left nipple, he whispered in her ear, “I’m going to suck on your hot little clit and drive you crazy.” A sudden flush passed through her body, terminating in the places that made her squirm.

Sal slipped his arm around her shoulders. Billy slid his arm low around her waist and snuggled into her neck, causing goose bumps to form on her arms. As Billy fingered her pussy, her mouth sought his. When their lips met, his tongue languidly licked her lips and darted into the soft, sensuous valley between her lip and gums. As Billy’s tongue swabbed her ivory barrier looking for passage to her mouth,

she stiffened in reaction to Sal's moist tongue in her ear. Her soft moans died on Billy's lips as she allowed his smooth tongue to slip into her mouth. When Sal fondled her clitoris, her breathing ceased.

Everything seemed to be happening much faster than being with one man, and she became overwhelmed. It seemed as if she rested in a fog, and the steam rising from the hot water wasn't helping. She needed to slow down so she stood and addressed Sal. "I think I'm ready for you to drive me crazy. Can we adjourn to—?"

Sal stood, put one arm at the base of her ass, one on her back and swept her out of the water. As her arm went around his neck, he carefully stepped over the tub deck onto the step and then the floor. "Billy, could you bring towels for all of us?"

"Sure thing."

Billy set a towel on the king-sized bed. Since the bed had a footboard as well as a headboard, Sal laid her down horizontally. Their eyes seemed to smolder with need as they scanned her curves. They took a towel and dried every inch of her with extra emphasis on her breasts and between her legs. Then they dried themselves, though much less thoroughly.

Sal grabbed a pillow and laid it on the floor. "Billy, would you place a pillow under our baby's head?"

Our baby. She liked that.

"With pleasure."

Sal lifted her legs and placed his arms around her thighs, pulling her toward him until her ass almost hung off the bed. He then spread her feet wide apart on the edge of the bed. Billy and Sal both leaned over, their wide eyes scrutinizing her wide-open pussy. It sat front and center to four prying eyes. Billy scratched his head, saying, "Ain't that somethin'?"

Her pussy's inner workings had never been so exposed to anyone. She got a perverse joy out of showing off the object of her lovers' desire and pleasure.

"Billy, would you like a sample before I get started?"

“Yeah, I would.” Billy knelt on the pillow, placed his left hand over her mound and strummed her clit with his thumb. A sigh escaped her lips, but turned into a groan when his thumb moved over and dipped into her wet pussy, pulling forth the abundance of cream and spread it up and down her slit. He leaned in, his mouth inches from her and inhaled deeply. “Mmmm, mmm. She smells so tasty.” His tongue darted out and he slid it up the entire length of her sex—anus to clit—with the tip of his tongue circling her clit. Short of breath and shuddering, she gasped for air.

“Okay, I’ll take over now.”

With a look of disappointment on his face, Billy rose and Sal settled onto the pillow front and center.

Billy got on the bed near her head. On his knees, his large cock and scrotum hovering over her looked imposing. She heard him sigh as she reached up and grabbed him, flexing her hand around him, squeezing and releasing.

As a warm up, Sal kissed and laved the insides of her upper legs, occasionally nibbling on her flesh. She giggled nervously. “Go ahead and laugh,” he cautioned, half-joking, “soon enough, you’ll be screaming.” Her giggles turned to sighs when Sal followed by inserting a finger. When he inserted a second thick finger, her sighs turned to whimpers.

Billy spread his legs wide and leaned back so his tight ass rested upon his heels. Even as she watched Sal with keen interest, she stroked Billy’s rigid masculinity, causing him to close eyes and moan. In return, he kneaded her breast and teased her nipple, adding to her erotic stimuli.

The hunger for Sal’s soft lips upon her clit was agonizing. He probably could have made her come from his fingers alone, but then he took her hot, sensitive bud into his warm, hungry mouth, swabbing as if it was the best thing he’d ever tasted.

Slowly moving her head from side to side, her breathing seemed to abandon her when his tongue teased the tender tip of her silky bud. She arched her back and combed her fingers through his thick hair.

Billy leaned over to kiss her. Brenda's arm rose to encircle his neck when his lips met hers. His tongue sought entrance and her mouth obliging, opened for him. Her moan became lost within as his tongue plundered the hot recesses of her mouth.

Basking in the blissful feeling of Sal's luscious lips suddenly surrounding and sucking on her swollen nub, she scrunched her body, arched her back and grabbed a fistful of hair.

She looked at Billy breathlessly between moans and said, "Baby...I want to suck on you." He scooted up, so when she turned her mouth, his cock sat right there. He pushed in and out, fucking her mouth.

Meanwhile Sal slipped his tongue in her dripping pussy, followed by slow wet laps up and down her clit. He had her so friggin' hot she felt like she might burst into flame from spontaneous combustion. She reached down and touched his cheeks. She traced the lines of his handsome face with her fingers.

Brenda reveled in the taste of Billy's cock and having his thick sex gliding in and out of her mouth. Billy's groans grew louder and his thrusts seemed frenzied and erratic. "Oh, fuck baby, I'm coming." As he came, a large groan issued forth. She thought he would come in her mouth, and was surprised when he pulled his cock out of her mouth. Some of it landed on the pillow, on her cheek, in her hair, and over her chest during the last throes of his orgasm.

Billy ran his fingers gently through her hair. "That was wonderful." He leaned down to kiss her tenderly.

She wrapped a hand around his neck and opened her lips for more passion. As his tongue slid into her mouth and played with her tongue, her arousal emerged in the form of a deep moan.

She reached down her body with her newly freed hand until it came to Sal's face. With her fingers she could feel Sal's tongue laving

her sensitive bud and her fingers joined in the pleasure of his oral ministrations, becoming wet with her free-flowing juices. Suddenly, she had an urge to taste what Sal tasted, so she raised one of her hands to her mouth and sucked her fingers.

After their passionate kiss, Billy scooted down beside her, his sensual fingers teasing her nipples. Her excitement soared as his hands wandered over her twin mounds, fingers twisting, pinching and rubbing her hard, jutting nipples. Every nerve of her body felt sensitized, primed for an exquisite climatic finish.

Wanting even greater contact with her clit, she reached down, grabbed the back of Sal's head and pulled him even deeper into her hot wet pussy. Sal and Billy had her slow cooking at medium temperature, and they kept turning up the heat until she seemed ready to boil over, and she was ready to blow her lid.

A smooth wave of tingly pleasure came over her, languorously spreading over her entire body and then *bam!* "Oh, yeah! That's it, Sal, Oh, yeah. Oh, God. I'm coming!" She yelled as she went ballistic, thrashing and convulsing wildly, scratching Sal's shoulders while squeezing his head in her thighs. She rocked back and forth so hard it was a wonder he didn't get whiplash. Rocking her head, fighting against the rapture that ran through her so strong it threatened to make her pass out.

After Brenda came, Billy and she cuddled, but Sal wasn't buying it. He pulled her left leg, which was wrapped around Billy, and opened her wide. He inserted two fingers in her still wet, still expanded pussy and stroked her tenderly while rubbing his thumb over her swollen clit. Though she thought her massive climax had exhausted her, she began to get aroused. She set near the edge of the bed. Sal stepped between her legs and used his cock to massage her sensitive bud. She didn't know if it felt good to him, but it drove her crazy. She could feel the heat building between her legs as salacious urges shot out to the very edges of her body. She raised her hips and moved them in a circle like motion to let him know she was ready and

waiting. Hungrily she pushed it out and up. He chuckled. “You want it, don’t you, baby?”

“Uh-huh!”

He stopped and replaced his cock with his thumb, moving it in a swinging motion up and down on her tender little bud.

Her need overpowered her. She could feel her warm blood flowing faster and faster through her veins and her breathing reduced to a series of short breaths. “Please,” she chirped, sounding closer to a musical instrument than a word.

Continuing to stroke her nub with his thumb, he laughed. “Did you say please?”

“Yes, please!”

“Okay. Tell me what you want.”

He made her beg for it, but she didn’t care. He made her feel wonderful and he deserved repayment. “I want you to shove your hard cock inside me and fuck me!”

Once more, he spread her legs wide. Positioning the crown of his cock at the entrance of her deep recess, he shoved his groin forward and found relief. His wonderful cock languorously slid into the wet depth of her pussy, filling it and satisfying her need. Stroking her at a leisurely pace, he said, “Whatever milady needs. Would you like me to fuck you fast or slow?”

As she was about to answer, a tickly new sensation coursed through her, from her breasts to her womb, capturing her attention. Billy sucked on one of her nipples and rolled a finger around the other. Sighing from this newfound pleasure, she stroked Billy’s beautiful golden-brown mane while she answered Sal. “Slow but gradually speed up.”

“As you wish, milady.” Sal’s cock continued to glide in and out at a leisurely pace, stretching her wide. He held her hips in place as he buried his thick girth into her hot moist cavern. On each inward stroke he sent her to the verge of ecstasy, trapping her sensitive clit between

them in a sensuous embrace. Words could not describe how good he felt inside her.

Slowly, Sal increased the tempo, causing the heat to build between them in more ways than friction. She crossed her feet above his sexy little buns, pulling him into her center even more and quickening the luscious sensations. The seemingly endless sweet torture pushed her to the brink of orgasm. Every nerve of her body was sensitized, primed for an epic climactic finish.

“What a sweet, tight, fucking little pussy you have, baby. I hope Billy and I don’t wear it out.”

That statement was the first indication that Sal would accept a three-way arrangement. It also set her off to nirvana as the tingly feelings in her nether regions exploded, sending waves of delightful joy throughout her body. As her back arched, her entire bottom rose off the bed supported by her legs, which wrapped around Sal and his shaft buried deep in her runaway pussy. Poor Billy, still sucking on her nipples alternating between them, as the exquisite pulsations rushed through her, he took the brunt of her exuberant reaction. Her head rocked back and forth. Her fingers reached out for something to dig into and Billy’s head and shoulders were the closest thing. She was afraid she brutalized her consort as her long feminine nails dug into his scalp and back.

As she finished her orgasm, Sal experienced his own rite of ecstasy, grinding his cock into her. She could feel his cock throbbing inside her as he came into what she hoped was the condom he surely wore.

When she finished, she embraced Billy, hugging him and kissing him. When Sal pulled out, she sighed in relief as his cock wore a condom. He pushed her farther onto the bed so her legs weren’t dangling. Sal climbed aboard and their first three-way embrace thrilled her.

Three! What a magic number. What a lucky number. The only thing they didn’t try was double penetration. Sal and Billy agreed she

had to work up to it, and they needed to get a special lubricant. Nevertheless, her men, she loved the sound of that, said it didn't matter and they were perfectly satisfied. They should be. On the way to eight glorious climaxes, they each went bonkers three times.

Not surprising, her pussy felt sore. No wonder, she figured she must have received roughly a thousand thrusts from two glorious cocks. Oh, how she loved those feel-good objects. Now, she knew what Jaz meant when told her she'd gotten tender.

She was worn out and more than satisfied, but most of all she felt thrilled. She'd just experienced a fantasy she'd dreamed about since she was a teen—a ménage a trois, and it was everything she'd imagined. What's more, it looked like many more ménages would be in her future, since Billy and Sal favored living together polyamorously. Both of them admitted they initially felt jealous, but they both said it wasn't long before they got used to the idea of being turned on more than turned off.

Afterward, Sal felt like going out, but she wanted to chill and relax. After all, they had her pretty wound up for the better part of six hours. Billy didn't care, so they all just lay in bed, sipped wine, and discussed innocuous things while fondling each other—subjects like the weather and ranch gossip to keep from arousing each other. It wasn't long before they all fell asleep for their first night together.

Chapter 5

Brenda recalled a famous quote attributed to Robert Burns, “The best laid plans of mice and men often go astray.” It seems that is what happened to her. When Sal won the steer-wrestling event, she knew she was in trouble. He wanted her and she desperately wanted him and Billy too. Brenda knew she couldn’t put either of them off much longer, so she planned on telling him they would sleep together after the shindig, in six days. She never got the chance. How was she to know Sal would be so forceful, so masculine, so fucking alpha? Then since he won two events, he brought in Billy. What could she say? All reticence dissolved. She belonged to them, putty in their hands, and she’d never been happier.

When morning came, Brenda hated to leave. She wanted to make love again, and they did. It had to be quick because Billy and Sal had to move some cattle to a new pasture, and the rest of the hands would be waiting. After stopping for breakfast, they hurried back to the ranch.

She hopped out of the truck and kissed both men goodbye.

After kissing Billy, he said. “We’ll see you at my apartment later, right?”

She cast a coy smile. “Count on it.”

As she ran up the stairs, she noticed curtains moving in one of the windows.

It wasn’t lost on Camilla that she hadn’t made it home the previous night. As Brenda walked through the front door and the foyer, Camilla made her presence known. “Ah-hem.” She glanced into the great room. Camilla sat in the nearest davenport with an all-

knowing grin on her face. “Hello, Brenda, won’t you join me in a cup of tea?”

Trapped. What could she do? She lowered her carry-all bag from her shoulder to her hand and walked in for a cup of tea. “Hi.”

Camilla’s eyes twinkled with mischief as she poured a cup for her. “Lemon or sugar?”

“Lemon, please.”

She squeezed a sliced lemon in the tea and passed the cup and saucer to her. “Thank you.”

“You’re very welcome, dear. I love to sit in this room so much more now that Jasmine has transformed it into a lovely retreat. Tell me, did you go on a date yesterday?”

She set the saucer down and took a sip of tea. “Yes, Billy and Sal were contestants in a rodeo yesterday, so I went to watch them.”

“Oh, did you have a good time?”

Brenda suspected, with good reason, that she meant good time as a euphemism for ‘get laid.’ After taking another sip of the tea, she answered her. “Oh, yes, Sal won the steer wrestling and calf roping events. We celebrated all night long.”

Camilla dipped her head. “So I see.”

A flush of heat rose from her neck to forehead.

Her grin changed to a friendly smile. “Jasmine knows this, but I don’t believe I ever mentioned it to you. Socially, I’m conservative, but when it comes to sex, I’m the opposite. I’m very open-minded.”

She didn’t have to say a thing. Camilla’s eyes said it all. She had that ‘I know what you’ve been doing, you lucky dog’ look on her face. With the unasked question on Camilla’s face as plain as day, Brenda answered. “Yes, Camilla. I was seduced by two hapless men into a threesome and had indescribably, delicious sex all night long.”

Without a stitch of jealousy on her face, her effusive smile grew as wide as the Grand Canyon. “Oh, you lucky devil.” She raised enough to reach over and embrace her. “I hoped that’s where you

were. You don't have to tell me everything. Just tell me if it makes you feel as wonderful as Jasmine says."

She looked around to make sure Chen wasn't near. "Absolutely! I felt like a queen. No, make that a goddess. If it's something you've been dreaming about, you won't be disappointed."

Are you going to stay together like Theodore, Jasmine and Gabriel?"

"It looks that way. We'll stay here, probably in Billy Joe's apartment, and—"

"No, that's much too small for three people. Take Gabriel's apartment. He won't need it any more."

"Thank you so much, I'll go tell Billy Joe right now and I need to make a few calls, including one to someone who's not as open-minded as you." She stood and mouthed, "My mother."

Camilla smiled for a second then got serious. "Sit down please. I have one other thing to tell you and then you can go."

Brenda sat down and waited. "There has been a delay in your annulment. It seems your husband is fighting it."

She felt a look of incredulity cross her face. "Why? How can he fight it? He was unfaithful to me in the first two hours of our marriage. He doesn't want me."

"He came here yesterday, looking for you. Officially, he's denying he'd been unfaithful, unofficially he says he made an error in judgment. He wants reconciliation."

"No, there's no way. Too much water has crossed under the bridge since then. In the sixteen days since the wedding, I've almost doubled the number of men I've been with, both of whom are better in bed, more affectionate and more attentive than he was. How can he deny it? Jaz and my Aunt Hilda saw him humping Karen doggy style in the coat closet."

"He claims they made a mistake. That they were merely kissing."

"He admits that? Isn't that almost as bad? Hiding on his wedding day in a coat closet kissing the maid of honor? Would that also show

mental incapacity? That he really doesn't understand what a marriage contract means?"

"It might have been, had we alleged that, but we alleged sexual intercourse."

"Can we change it?"

"If we withdraw this complaint, yes. But, infidelity is much stronger than merely kissing and they might not grant it on the basis of kissing."

"Okay fine, but there are witnesses that saw him screwing my maid of honor?"

"Yes, and his lawyer claims the witnesses are biased in your favor because you're related to one and the other was your bridesmaid."

"Does the judge think they're going to perjure themselves for me? What can I do?"

Camilla leaned forward. "Did anyone else see them?"

Flustered, Brenda waved her hands in the air. "I don't know. I suppose I could call Jaz and ask her. I'd have to wait a couple hours though because it's only around six o'clock there now."

"Well, if no one else saw anything, you may have to call the girl."

"Karen? Eew. I so don't want to talk to that two-timing bitch."

"You may have to."

* * * *

She went to her room and punched in Jaz's number. It rang for about eight rings and then she got her voicemail. "Hi, Jaz, It's Bren. Have some things to talk about, so give me a ring when you wake up. Love ya, girl."

She decided to talk to Billy and called his cell phone.

"Hello."

"Baby, it's Bren. I need to talk to you."

"Can it wait 'til we come in for lunch? I'm in the middle of something."

“Sure.”

“Great. We’ll be there about one. I guess I can say it now. I love you.”

She felt the corners of her lips curling upward. “I love you, too.”

She hung up and spent the next two hours on the phone trying to get donations for The Daughter’s of the Alamo’s new pet project—a new shelter for abused women and children. Camilla, who was the current president, was the driving force behind this worthy cause.

A little past one Billy knocked and stepped in before she could answer. “Hi sugar, I’m here.”

“Oh good. Where’s Sal?”

“He stayed behind and went after a few strays. Why the long face? Is sumthin’ wrong?”

She rose and embraced him. “That obvious, huh? Yeah, my groom is fighting the annulment. He’s claiming they’d only been kissing.”

“Aw shit. Don’t worry. You’ll get it.”

“I hope so. Camilla said he came to the ranch yesterday looking for me. She said he’s hoping for reconciliation.”

Billy’s blue eyes narrowed, and nostrils flared, he snarled. “If that son-of-a-bitch comes here again you come and get me. You hear?”

She smiled. “You going to beat him up?”

He nodded vigorously. “Yep, that boy needs a serious ass kicking.”

“He’s bigger than you.”

“Doesn’t matter. Nobody’s beat me yet, and with that two timing idiot, I have some extra incentive. He hurt the woman I love.”

She felt a swirling in her chest, her heart feeling as if it swelled. She raised her hand to his face and her fingers brushed lightly over his cheek. “I do have some good news though.”

“What’s that?”

“Camilla said since Gabe won’t need his apartment anymore, we could move in there.”

He scratched his beautiful golden brown mane. “Boss lady knows about us?”

“Ah-huh. I told her. About Sal too.”

“Really? We’ll be the second threesome on the ranch and she doesn’t care?”

“Nope. And between you and me, she’s looking to make it three.”

“Whooo wee. Three wild and wooly threesomes. Camilla might have to change the name of the place to 3X3 Ranch.”

She bit her lower lip to keep from laughing. “Billy, you are evil.”

“Hell, we’d all be evil according to the preachers. Six blissfully happy men and three classy women ruling the roost with their sore pussies.”

She swung her hand halfheartedly at his filthy mouth, but he caught it in his fist. His smile disarmed her. “My pussy may be sore, but my pussy isn’t ruling anything. It’s merely available to the men I love. You’re free to leave anytime you want.”

“No, I’m not.”

“Yes, you are.”

“Only if you ordered me to.” He grasped her other wrist tightly. He pushed her into the wall and raised her hands against the wall above her head. His mouth took hers, passionately crushing her lips, while his tongue visited every corner of her mouth. When he finished he pulled back, staring intensely at her through narrowed eyes. “Don’t you know? I would do anything for you.” His jaw tensed and teeth gritted. “If you asked, I would beat Kerry to death.”

“Well, I wouldn’t want you to. Stop talking nonsense.”

He released her wrists and his lips crushed against hers again in a second brutal, passionate kiss. She responded with equal passion, and his tongue swabbed her mouth. She wrapped her hands around his neck, fingers sifting through his mane. He circled her waist with his arm and crushed her body to his frame. Suddenly, she became airborne as he swung her clockwise in a dizzying circle. Breaking the kiss, they both laughed like children on a carnival ride.

Lightheaded, they fell on the bed, still laughing. When the room stopped spinning she looked at him.

He rose on an elbow and looked down at her. It was comforting to know that at least one person in the whole world loved her so much they would do anything for her. She reached up to his smooth, shaved cheek, her fingers caressing his handsome face. “I do love you. I can’t wait for tonight when Sal gets here. I need to feel your strength pulsing inside me. Could you make love to me? Even if it’s only for five minutes.”

“Can’t, have to get back to work, plus it’d have to be all right with Sal.”

She teased Billy. “You know we really ought to get this clarified. There may times like right now where you and I feel needy and Sal isn’t around. Same with Sal and me. You wouldn’t mind right?”

Billy furrowed his brow. “Not unless you made a habit of it.”

Brenda bit her lip to keep from laughing. “Good. I want you to know that I wouldn’t care if you and Sal were feeling needy and I wasn’t around.”

Billy’s jaw dropped open seconds before a giant smile formed. Then he laughed and wagged a finger at her. “You are a naughty girl. Fuck it. Let’s do it and give Sal a one free lay card. Get in the shower, while I call him and make sure it’s all right.”

She turned on the shower and undressed. When the water was warm enough she hopped in the shower and lathered up with a Dove bar. She shampooed her hair, got soap in her eye and reached for a towel. Billy grabbed her wrist and peeked through the shower curtain. “He said it was all right, but he wants ten free lay cards.”

Her mouth opened at the absurdity of the demand. “That’s not right. Maybe we should—”

She paused when Billy started laughing. “Ooh you.” She punched his shoulder. “What did he really say?”

He stepped through the curtain and took the soap from her. “He said he had no problem. He might like to be alone with you occasionally, too. As long as neither us gets carried away.”

As the water rained down on them, Billy washed himself with a soft scrub brush and did the same to her, in all the right places. He scrubbed down her naked body and certainly knew how to push her buttons.

“Mmmm, I love to touch and feel your breasts.” He bent down and took one of her light pink nipples between his lips. “And I really like to suck on your sexy nipples, too.”

Whimpering, she pushed her chest outward, shoving her hard, distended nipple against his warm, wet mouth. Her hands went to his scalp, fingers combing through his long wet mane. Breathily, she warned him, “Yeah, well, it’s making me fucking hot. So you better plan on delivering the good stuff soon!”

While sucking her nipple, he washed her back and ass with the brush. “Mmmm, that feels good.” Then the brush moved to her nether regions. “Ummm, that drives me crazy.”

“Drives me crazy too. I’ll wash your sweet cunt with my hand and get it all hot and wet, so we can have a hot wet fuck.”

Without warning, as his soapy fingers fondled her sensitive privates, she attacked him, her tongue down his throat, and her hands everywhere. He caught his breath when her legs wrapped around his backside, arms around his neck and her inflamed wet pussy ground into his stiff prick. She broke their kiss. “Oh, Billy, you feel so good. Ahhh! Oooh, God, you feel so good. Fuck me, Billy. Jesus, I wish this could go on forever.”

Apparently overwhelmed, but finally catching up with her passion, he thrust his cock into her hungry slit. With her tongue back in his mouth, her whole torso began undulating. Her soft breasts pressed against his hard, manly chest. Boiling, he turned the water temperature down to cool the heat that dissipated from them.

She panted from lust. As he continued to stroke her torrid pussy, she met every thrust with one of her own, as her whole body seemed to react to his probes. He moved her directly under the tepid water now ushering from the showerhead, drenching both of them. That seemed to reinvigorate her libido. “Jesus, Billy, is there a sexier place to fuck than under running water in a shower?” She bit his ear.

“Ow.”

Then his neck. “Ow, you’re a God damn alley cat.”

“Damn right, and you’re loving it. God, I love your sleek, wet, slippery body. Fuck, fuck, fuck me, baby.” With his long, thick shaft gliding in and out of her ravenous pussy, her panting became gasps and soon she felt tendrils of pleasure coursing through her to every outpost in her body. It didn’t take long before she came. In a reflexive action, she pulled her head away from him and banged it against the shower wall. It only seemed to intensify her climax as waves of pure ecstasy lapped against her mind like an irrevocable tide. Brightness appeared behind her eyelids as an orgasm raced through her. She screamed out her release into the hard-running stream.

Billy gritted his teeth and closed his eyes against the feel of her pussy as it clamped down on his cock. She could tell he felt every pulse of her channel and every wave as it raced through her. Her pussy pumped along his shaft, taking everything he gave, sucking the liquid life from his testicles. With a shout of his own, he pressed deep, emptying his seed deep into her hot channel.

Their quickie lasted more like twenty minutes.

Both having many things to do, Billy headed back to the range, while she remained in her office doing work for Camilla, making two appointments and setting up a meeting. In the middle of the second of four letters she had to write, her musical ring tone went off. “This is Brenda Evans, can I help you?”

“Hi, Bren. I got your message. What would you like to talk about?”

“Sorry to bother you again on you honeymoon.”

“Don’t be silly. I expect and want you to keep in touch. Besides, if you hadn’t called me, I’d have called you, because I have some news of my own.”

“What news?”

“You first.”

“My snake of a groom is fighting the annulment.”

“Wha-a-t? When he’d been caught *flagrante delicto*, with his pants down?”

“I’m afraid so. He’s saying he’d only been kissing that ex-friend of mine. The bitch!”

“What about us? We saw it.”

“Apparently his attorney has cast doubt on you and Hilda, because, you’re a friend and Hilda’s a relative. That’s one of the reasons I called. Did anyone else see or hear anything?”

“Other guests might have seen it, but I knew none of them and—wait, a waitress saw it. I’m pretty sure. You should check with your caterer.”

“I’ll do that. Let me call them then I’ll call you right back. This has me upset right now, but I do have some good news to tell you.”

“So do I.”

“Really? Give me an hour and I’ll call back. Luv ya.”

“Luv ya, too.”

Brenda called the caterer and they said no one saw anything, but a couple of the servers heard muffled moans of passion behind the door. They told her they would get statements from them and fax them to her.

She hoped that would be enough, but wasn’t sure. Besides she had some unfinished business with a bitch named Karen.

“Hello?”

“Karen, it’s Bren.” All she heard was breathing.

“Are you there?”

“I’m not sorry.”

“Not sorry for what? Kissing Kerry?”

“Kissing him? What are you talking about? We fucked. At your wedding reception, and here at my house. Kerry loves me. He says that as soon as he’s rid of you, he’ll move in here and we’ll get married.”

“I didn’t know he felt that way.”

“I know. We’d been seeing each other for weeks and Kerry kept giving you hints that he didn’t want to get married, but you were too much in love to see the writing on the wall.”

He did give her hints, she had to admit. “Tell me Karen, why hasn’t Kerry moved in with you already?”

She snarled. “You know why, you bitch. Because you’re holding up the annulment.”

“Actually, it’s Kerry that’s been holding up the annulment, but I think I can move it along now so you two can be together. I can see you two deserve each other. Goodbye.”

“What d’ya me—”

Her closing remark got cut off, but it didn’t matter. She hit the red button, picked up the recorder, rewound the conversation and listened to it. Perfect. It wasn’t legally obtained, and wouldn’t hold up in a court of law, but this wasn’t a trial. It would be more like a hearing and she just needed to back up the witness statements, and while she was at it, she hoped to throw a little grief Kerry’s way.

She grabbed the recorder, the appointment book and her one completed letter and headed for Camilla’s office.

“I got to hand it to you, Brenda. This is brilliant. I doubt if we’ll have any problem convincing the judge of what really happened now.” She laughed. “That is if Kerry doesn’t suddenly and mysteriously back off altogether and sign the annulment papers.” Camilla rose and came around her desk. “You handled this extremely well. I’m proud of you.” She embraced her. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I need to call our lawyer.”

* * * *

Back in her suite, she punched in Jaz's pre-programmed number.
"Hello?"

"Hi Jaz."

"Brenda. I've racking my brain trying to think of someth—"

"Sweetheart, don't worry about it. I got it handled. I called up Karen and recorded the conversation. I got the goods, and as a bonus, probably made life miserable for Kerry."

"Oh, Bren. That is wonderful. Now, don't keep me in suspense. How's your love life?"

Her lips spread wide. "Oh Jaz, I wish you could see my smile. My love life is full. Very, very full. Kind of like yours. Very, very full."

She could hear Jaz laughing. She laughed a good while then said, "You did it, you had a threesome. I couldn't be happier for you. Do you like it as much as I do?"

"Oh, Jaz, it is so awesome, there are no words to cover it. The only thing that comes to my mind is *superfragilisticexpialidocious!*"

Jaz laughed again. "Isn't that the truth? I take it you were with the two you mentioned?"

"Ah-huh. In the end it was Sal who forced the issue. He won two events at a rodeo, and said I would celebrate with him in a motel room. Billy too. That was the icing. I only have so much will power, which I might add had been eroding for days."

"Oh, Bren, that is so fantastic. We'll be back in six days. I want to hear everything when I get back. In the meantime, I have to tell you my fantabulous news... Are you sitting down?"

"Yes, I'm sitting down."

Chapter 6

“I’m going to have a baby.”

“A baby!” She jumped up and screamed. She could hear Jaz doing the same thing in Molokai.

“That is so fantastic. When did—?”

Camilla barged in. “What’s the matter? I heard screaming.”

Seeing the happiness plastered on Brenda’s face, Camilla’s mouth fell open in apparent surprise.

Brenda bounced over to Camilla, put her arm around her, and kissed her cheek.

On the phone, Jaz tried to get her attention, “Brenda, are you there? What’s going on?”

She spoke into the mouthpiece. “Your mother-in-law just came in. I’m going to put this on speaker. Tell her what you told me.”

“Camilla, can you hear me?”

“Yes, child, I hear you.”

“I’m going to have a baby.”

She watched Camilla. When what Jaz said soaked in, her mouth fell open and her eyes grew.

“Did you hear me? Hello?”

“I’m here. Sorry, I’m a little shocked. When did you find out?”

“A couple of hours ago. About a week ago my breasts started feeling tender, so I tried one of those early pregnancy tests, but it came back negative. I tried three days later with the same result, but yesterday it showed positive so I made an appointment at Planned Parenthood later that day to verify the test. They called me not long ago with the blessed news.”

Tears streamed from Camilla's eyes. "Oh, Jasmine, You don't know how happy you made me."

"I think I do, Mother."

"Jasmine, you are as much a daughter to me as if you came out of my womb. I don't suppose you know who the father is?"

Jaz laughed. "I've been wondering that myself. I do have it narrowed down to two men, though."

Camilla and Brenda both laughed. "It doesn't matter, dear. We can find out later, if need be."

Without any warning, Jaz started sobbing. Finally, she managed to say. "I'm crying from...*sniff*...happiness. I seem to be getting very...*sniff*...emotional right now. You are my two favorite women...*sniff sniff*...and I love you both. I have to hang up now. Goodbye."

After Jaz hung up, she was shocked and pleased by what her classy employer said. "Looks like all that fucking around has paid off. Brenda dear, would you join me in my office for bit of bubbly? I've had a bottle of Dom Perignon for years waiting for an occasion just like this."

"I'd be happy to. After all, I have a celebration of my own."

She cocked her head and flashed a sly smile. "Yes, you do. Shall we?"

Chen and the others must have wondered what had happened to the crazy women when they played some oldies at about eighty decibels and danced. When they weren't dancing, they sang and told dirty jokes. Camilla got on the Internet and pulled up pictures of naked men. While they were appealing, with their flaccid or sky-high penises, she decided she liked her guys just as much.

After the second bottle of bubbly, Camilla fell asleep and Brenda seemed close when Sal and Billy found them. Brenda asked Sal to carry Camilla to her bedroom and find the maid to get her ready for the night. Billy helped her to their new apartment. When Sal arrived, they asked why she and Camilla drank so much. When she couldn't

give a coherent answer, they undressed her and put her to bed. She woke up once and heard them partying themselves. She smiled at the thought of them getting along so well, and fell asleep.

* * * *

The next morning, their first in the new apartment, was a blur. Not being much of a drinker, her excess partying, and she suspected Camilla's too, affected her adversely. She never left the bed except to run to the restroom, and her head felt like the size of a watermelon.

Unannounced to her, Sal had quizzed Billy about their quickie. Apparently, he laughed and said that sounded like fun, so as soon as Brenda felt good enough Sal redeemed his free lay card with another quickie shower fuck. Needless to say, that morning started off much more auspicious than the previous morning. Being cowhands, her men were up with the rooster and out after her second shower interlude in a day, if you forget the lost day. Thinking, *what a way to start the day*, she went to her closet and got dressed.

Afterward, she went to her suite in the main house, which under the new circumstances, she didn't really need anymore. At least she didn't need the bedroom anymore. She decided to get Camilla's permission at breakfast to keep the office part. Meanwhile, she sat at her desktop computer, read the news and then her email.

Dearest Bren, I hope things are going better for you. It seems the Evanses are having a particularly trying run of luck when it comes to love. Two days ago, I found Janette, my fiancée, and Gordy, my best friend, in our bed together.

Needless to say, the wedding is off. Thank God I didn't get as far as you did before I found out. After going with Janette for two years, I'm not used to the singles scene anymore. I guess I'll have to get used to it all over.

Have you heard whether the Internet dating services are worth while? Did you get your annulment yet? I miss you. Come and see me some time.

Love my li'l sister, Jack

Poor baby. She started to write a response, then remembered Carla and Jo Ann from the rodeo. Would either of them find Jack interesting? He was dreamy. Maybe not as dreamy as Ted or Gabe or even Sal, but women thought he was hot. Jaz thought he was hot. Smart too. Since he'd been engaged, she didn't think about Jaz and him. She erased what she'd written and started over.

Dear big brother, I have a feeling we Evanses are not good at reading the obvious. Now, that you are no longer engaged, I feel free to tell you, I felt the same bad vibes from Janette that you felt from Kerry. Good riddance to both of them.

No, I have not gotten my annulment yet, but it is imminent. Don't worry about me though. I have found love anew, and I hope with all my heart, it is true love, though unconventional. I will tell you about it the next time I see you in person.

In the meantime, there is a woman out there for you. A wonderful person and nice-looking, too. I know it.

All my love. Li'l sis.

Next, she dug out the two business cards she'd received at the Denton Fairgrounds.

Carla Carlson. She liked that name, plus she seemed nice and was good looking. Flight Attendant, Southwest Airlines. Hmm, not bad. She looked at the other card of Jo Ann Gleason. She liked that name, too. Cheerleader, Dallas Cowboys. Wow, she remembered now. JoAnn was also extremely attractive.

After going through the rest of her emails, she headed for breakfast on the terrace and her usual meeting with Camilla. She kissed her on the cheek and sat beside her. “Morning Camilla.”

Camilla stared at her with narrowed eyes. “Are you alright child? I never saw you all day yesterday.”

“I’m sorry. I was sick as a dog. Too much champagne, too much partying. But I’m fine today.”

“Good. Coffee?”

Brenda nodded. “Please.”

She poured coffee from the carafe into the cup in front of Brenda. “I had a bad evening and morning myself. Would you like something to eat?”

“No thanks. I’ll just fix some of this toast.”

“Brenda. How did I get to bed?”

Brenda poured cream into her coffee and picked up the cup. “Sal.”

Camilla leaned forward. “Sal carried me to bed?”

She took a sip from her cup. “Ah-huh.”

The lady blushed. “How embarrassing. And he put my nightgown on?”

“Oh, no. I asked him to find a maid to get you ready for bed.”

She wiped her forehead. “That’s a relief. I would like have been awake while he carried me, though. He’s such a handsome bugger.”

“You seem so vibrant today.”

“Ha, I am looking forward to something.”

“Is that right? Tell me.”

“It isn’t up in the ménage league, but I too have amorous aspirations on my mind today.” Brenda’s brows sagged and continued a twinkle continued in Camilla’s eyes. “Tonight, I have a date with Ian McKeever. As you know, Ian and I went together many years ago. He, a dashing entrepreneur and I, the reigning Miss Texas.”

Brenda’s jaw dropped. “You were Miss Texas?”

“Yes, 1967. Ian asked me to marry him, but I was full of myself, too busy breaking hearts to settle down. I married Ted’s father two

years later, and after the divorce, Ian was the one man I regretted letting slip through my fingers. Now I've come full circle. Speaking *sotto voce*, she added, "If my memory serves me, Ian is a wonderful lover."

"Goodness, Camilla, he sounds wonderful."

She clasped her hands together. "He is. I will give you a full report tomorrow."

"Is everything still in order with your situation?"

"I think so. They could have been schtupping a houseful of women in the next room and I wouldn't have known it, yesterday. Sal made love to me this morning in the shower."

She raised a single eyebrow. "Without the third?"

"We have an agreement. It's allowed in cases of extreme need, with reciprocity of course."

She pursed her lips and cupped her chin with her hand as if thinking. "And this morning was need?"

"Reciprocity."

"A-hah! That makes sense." Brenda must have appeared bemused. "It's hard to picture need first thing in the morning."

When she left Camilla, Brenda went back to her office hoping to finish the emails she'd started. First she needed to take care of the additional things Camilla had just requested. By lunchtime she was almost done, so she called Matilda.

"Hi Matilda, this is Brenda. Could you send Chen up here with a Caesar salad, some of your famous garlic bread and an iced tea? Thanks, you're a sweetheart."

Fifteen minutes later, someone knocked on the door. "Come in, it's open."

As expected, it was Chen. "I brought lunch." He set the tray on the side of the desk, said "Enjoy," and left.

Matilda added a small slice of the delicious, fattening chocolate cake. Then Brenda recalled what Billy said the first day, that seemed

so long ago. “*When you love chocolate it means you are extremely passionate.*” Perhaps she would savor a couple of bites.

After finishing her meal, she set the business cards on the desk and sent an email to Jo Ann Gleason and Carla Carlson, when someone knocked insistently on the door.

“Who is it?”

“It’s Chen, Miss Brenda. Missy says you must come. Please hurry. Stop the fight.”

Chapter 7

She opened the door and stared at Chen. His wide eyes showed panic. “What fight?”

“I dunno. Missy says you must come, please!”

“Where?”

“Side of the house by the kitchen door. Missy is there. Hurry!”

Chen jogged down the hall and she followed, past the great room through the foyer and dining room into the kitchen. Full-figured Matilda stood looking out the door.

“Where’s the fight?” Brenda asked.

Matilda turned to her and pointed her thumb over her shoulder. “Out there, but it’s mostly over. It wasn’t much of a fight, anyway.”

Brenda looked out the door. Camilla and six of the ranch hands stood in a loose circle. She looked closely and couldn’t believe her eyes. She ran down the stairs and tried to stop Billy from kicking her husband in the face, but she arrived a second too late. Kerry was bloodied and trying to get off the ground. “Stop it!” Brenda yelled. She tugged Billy’s arm as hard as she could, finally getting his attention. He looked as if he was surprised. “Stop it I said! You’re both grown men.”

Billy moved his mouth around and spit tobacco juice in Kerry’s eye. Sal laughed and said, “Good shot, Billy.” The rest of the group nodded and murmured in agreement.

“This piece of crap started it.”

Kerry, who looked like he’d just been in the ring with Muhammad Ali in his prime, addressed her. “I did not. I just came here to talk with you.”

Camilla stepped up beside her. "He did start it. He came here highfalutin, screaming and calling you names. He said you caused trouble with his girlfriend, so I asked Billy Joe to escort him to his car and follow him to the gate."

Kerry half-yelled and half-cried. "Bastard damn near broke my kneecap!"

Billy turned to Brenda with a scowl on his face. "Where'd you find this slimeball? Under a rock? Besides being a name-calling cheater, he can't fight worth a shit. He called you a bitch and a bum lay. I know from experience that ain't true. I bet *he's* the bum lay."

The group chuckled and she turned red, but she couldn't deny it. After being with Sal and Billy, Kerry was the bum lay.

She changed the subject. "Did you kick him in the knee?"

"Damn right. I had his arm in a hammerlock while leading him to his car, and he claimed I was breaking his arm. He said, 'All right, I'll leave. Just let go of my arm.' So I did, and he turned around and charged me. That's when I kicked him in the knee. He fell down holding his knee and whining like a little baby. I asked him if he would leave then and he nodded. But when he got up, he took a wild, swing at me. So I hit 'im, left, right, right, left, right and the rest is history." He turned and gazed at her. His eyes sparkled and his lips curved upward into a naughty smile. "I enjoyed every blow too, except my knuckles are hurting." He showed her his hands and the knuckles looked scraped up and a little bloody. Billy clarified that. "The blood's his."

Rodge's brother, Jeff, verified the story. "That's just the way it happened, ma'am. I saw the whole thing."

"Well, let's help him up and get him to his car."

Camilla put a hand on her shoulder. "Can't." Surprised, Brenda stared at her. "I called the sheriff's department. They're on the way. He's going to jail. He acted abusive, disruptive and he attacked Billy Joe."

Brenda scrutinized Kerry's condition, with a swollen black eye, a most likely broken nose and a bloody lip. Numerous abrasions were visible. Billy, on the other hand, appeared unharmed. "But Billy doesn't have a scratch on him?"

"No thanks to your husband." Camilla took her arm. "Come with me."

As they started away from the group, Camilla said, "I think we should let our troublemaker stew in jail for a day or two. It just might make him see reason." She raised her eyebrows. "About a certain document."

Suddenly, flashing red and blue lights reflected off the buildings. They turned and saw a sheriff's patrol car. "I have to go and talk with them. Would you like to come?"

Brenda nodded.

Two sheriff's deputies took Kerry to jail for disturbing the peace, trespassing and simple assault. Another patrol car came and also took Billy in for questioning. The deputies had trouble believing Billy's story when the alleged attacker looked like he'd been run over by a truck while the victim, except for his hands, remained unscathed.

Well, Billy did say he'd never been bested.

Camilla, Sal, Rodge and Brenda went to the sheriff's station. Camilla's attorney, Dominic DeSalva, met them there and Camilla conferred with him. He went and talked to one of the higher-ups. When he came back he told them, "They're not planning on holding him. There is a question of unnecessary force, but since the assailant caused the ruckus on private property, instigated the fight and apparently continued to fight after given every opportunity to leave, they won't charge Mr. Watkins with anything."

Brenda breathed a sigh of relief.

Camilla said, "Good, where's Billy now?"

"They're interviewing him. They just want to get the story straight. He'll be out in a few minutes." Dominic lowered his voice. "I

did get a rather interesting phone call though. Chris Hampton, the accused's attorney, is en route and asked me to wait until he arrived."

The smile on Camilla's face was simply devilish. "He wants a quid pro quo."

Dominic nodded and smiled, too. "I suspect so. Do I have both of your permissions to negotiate an accord? Dropping the charges for signing the annulment papers?"

"Of course. That's what we are hoping for."

Brenda turned to the lawyer. "Yes, I just want to be done with him. I just can't believe I thought I loved that schmuck."

Shortly thereafter, Billy came out, a grin on his handsome face and they all headed for Camilla's car.

About halfway home, Camilla's cell phone rang. She talked for a few minutes and handed the phone to Brenda. "It's Dominic, he wants to speak with you."

She took the phone. "Hello?"

"We got it. He signed the annulment papers in exchange for dropping all charges." He sounded excited. "Now, I have a suggestion to make. I think I should ask the court to issue a 'stay away order' against your husband."

"If that means he has to stay away from me, I'm all for it."

"Good, I'll make the application to the court tomorrow. Congratulations, you are a free woman."

"Oh thank you, and thank you for the work you've done on my behalf."

"My pleasure. Goodnight."

"Goodnight."

She was so pleased she felt like celebrating. But not the dressed dinner-drink-and-dancing kind of celebrating. There'd be plenty of time for that later. No, she wanted the hot kissing, sucking and fucking kind of celebrating.

Then her mind wandered back where it hadn't been since she found her own three-way—to Jaz's bedroom, her ménage a trois and

the double penetration she witnessed by accident. She kept thinking about how sexy it looked all the way home. She still hadn't done that. She wanted to try it.

* * * *

When they got home, she teased Billy. "So you know I'm not a bum fuck, huh?" She gave him her alpha woman stance—feet apart, hands on hips and head cocked ten degrees. "Well, baby doll, just what am I?"

He chortled. "Well, baby, with or without Sal, you're the wildest piece of ass I've ever had the pleasure of fucking, and I've fucked a few. Not to mention you have the sexiest and tastiest cunt I've ever eaten. You give me back everything I give you and more. You are a handful and I'm lovin' it. I'm livin' the dream, baby, and the dream is you!"

Brenda ran her soft fingers along his cheek. "You're sweet, and tonight I'm a free woman, thanks in part to you, and I want to celebrate. I want to reward you." She kissed Billy passionately to give him a preview of what she had in mind. "What do you think of anal sex?"

Billy scratched his head. "We talked about before. I know Sal would like to do it, but it's not necessary, and if you want to do it, preparation is necessary."

"If you both could be in me at the same time, you'd like it?"

"As long as it didn't hurt you, I'd like it. I wouldn't want to do anything that hurt you."

"Well, there's only one way to find out. I'm off to the adult store in Lewisville to buy the lubricant you and Sal said we need."

She headed towards the door and Billy shouted, "No wait!"

Brenda turned expectantly. "Yes?"

"Are you sure you want to do this? Sal and I are both larger than average and you may not be able to take us there."

Her nostrils flared. “The way I see it we’ll never know until we try.”

She stepped outside and Billy stopped her from closing the door. “If you’re dead set on trying it, I have what we need.”

She smiled and stepped inside. “Oh, you beautiful man.” She kissed him. “I was dreading going in the adult store and buying lubricant. I can already feel you in me.”

He grinned. “I can hardly wait. Is that my reward for kicking the shit out of your weak-assed husband?”

She answered coyly. “A little, but he’s not my husband. Not anymore. He never was. He’s a person without standing, a *persona non gratis*. No, I’m going to let you do this as a reward for being you—one of the two most wonderful men in this world.”

“Since you’re determined, I should prepare you. Let’s go into the bedroom.

“Take off your clothes and get on your knees on the bed.”

She began to take off her clothes.

It’s amazing how I’ve shed not only my modesty, but my inhibitions.

“I’m going to be doing some things to you that you may find embarrassing. Then again anal sex is embarrassing at first.”

Naked, she hopped on the bed. “I can understand why, but it’s the only way we’re going to do it, so I’m ready.”

He smiled.

When she was fully undressed, she got on the bed and rose to her knees. After placing her hands on the bed, she lowered herself to her elbows, and spread her knees apart. “Like this?”

“Perfect. Now don’t move.”

With her head turned toward Billy, she noticed he was holding a red object that resembled a carpenter’s plumb bob. “What are you holding?”

“It’s an anal plug. I’ll slip it in you after you’re expanded enough. Then we’ll leave it in until Sal get’s back. Then, we can see if you’re ready for anal sex. Okay, I’m gonna start now. So don’t be surprised.”

After a few seconds, she jumped when a cool, slick finger slid into her anus and moved in and out. It wasn’t awful, and she thought it might feel good when she got used to it. Just a few seconds later, two fingers slid into her pussy, sending involuntary joyous spasms through her body. “You can help me out by playing with your clit.”

She reached down and fondled her bud as more sensations coursed through her. As her fingers moved down her slit they grew wet from pussy juices as they worked there way down, coating her clit.

With his finger all the way in, Billy moved it in a circle. “I’m not hurting you, am I?”

Between Billy fingering her ass and pussy and she massaging her own clit, Brenda was getting wound up and could barely speak. “No, I’m fine.”

“We’re almost there, baby.” He pulled the finger out and replaced it with two. “How’s that?”

“Ooh!” She stiffened from the new and larger intrusion. “It hurts a little, but I’m getting used to it. Are you hard?”

“Am I. Like a rock.” As he had with a single finger, he continued to expand her behind with the two fingers.

She shook her buttocks slightly. “Why are you moving?”

“I’m trying to get used to your fingers up you know where and I’m getting randy from you ramming my pussy and me playing with my clit. Do you think it would be all right for you bury your lovely cock in my pussy?”

“I reckon, you seem ready.” His fingers came out of her pussy and a few seconds later, she sighed as his cock glided into her slick recess.

He stroked her slowly but steadily, and Brenda moaned from all the wonderful familiar and new sensations racing through her. “Oh baby, it’s all feeling good. Even your fingers.”

“Then you must be ready for finger number three.” Without another word, Billy removed the two fingers and with the next thrust of his cock into her pussy, he thrust three fingers into her anus.

Brenda jumped and howled, “Awhoooo!”

He quickly pulled the fingers out.

“Hey, why did you do that?”

“It hurt you, I could tell.”

“Yeah, Babe, it hurt, but it shocked me more than it hurt. It’s nothing I can’t stand.” He slowly pushed his fingers back in her. “That’s good. I think I’m ready for that red thing now.”

Spasms of pleasure rippled through her as impending climax built momentum. Just as he inserted the plug, she started to come. His actions brought forth an eruption of wild, orgasmic joy. “Oh yes baby. That’s it. Oh my God, Billy. I’m about to explode.” A shockingly strong wave of tingly, tickly sensations pulsed through her, spreading over her entire body. She gasped, panting as her release slammed through her. Pure ecstasy raced through her, causing her to scream out her gratification. She couldn’t hold it. She shrieked her beatitude as the erotic sensations crested in her womb.

“It’s in.” he announced proudly, just as she rolled over onto the bed sideways in a fetal position convulsing from her rite of ecstasy and the foreign object in her ass.

After she’d calmed somewhat, Billy fluffed some pillows for her and rested them against the headboard. However, sitting with the plug up her butt was uncomfortable, so she lay prone with her head on a pillow at the foot of the bed.

Before Sal came home, he made a trip to Lewisville and picked up her favorite, Chinese takeout. She figured Billy must have told him because he came in with a smile on his face. “What are you smiling about?”

“Seeing you naked always brings a smile to my face. You know how I love your ass. What’s this?”

She felt him tap a finger on the plastic stopper sticking out of her butt. "It's a gateway to a new dimension."

He laughed. "You got that right, Babe, a new dimension of sex." He bent down and kissed her. "I love you."

"And I love you. I heard you went out and bought Chinese."

"Indeed. I brought Mongolian beef, lemon chicken, general's chicken, shrimp fried rice and egg-drop soup. What would you like?"

"A little of each."

About thirty minutes later, all three seemed anxious to enjoy the results of Brenda and Billy's handiwork. Sal and Billy stripped down, sat on each side of Brenda and began caressing her tenderly as they started their lovemaking.

Brenda felt nervous. *Can I do it? Will it hurt? What if I hate it?* She turned over onto her back.

Sal and Billy reclined beside her. It was almost as if Sal read her mind. "If it hurts or if you hate it, tell us. We'll stop. You are more important than anything. All right?"

She nodded.

"Good." Sal's lips brushed hers. His tongue laved her lips before he dipped his head to her shoulder and tattooed a line of sensuous kisses across her neck and up to her ear. A flush of excitement passed through her body, ending in erogenous places that made her writhe. On the other side of her, Billy buried his face in her neck, his hot breath sending ripples of erotic pleasure down her back.

She reached out between each of their legs, grabbing their cocks and smiled as she felt them stiffen. Her breath shortened and her pulse sped as Billy's luscious mouth descended upon her jutting nipples and Sal's magnificent fingers descended to her nether regions to perform his magic.

Moisture collected on the walls of Brenda's vagina as the familiar erotic haze descended on her. The bombardment of carnal delights continued in the form of lips, hands and tongues. All she needed was cocks and double penetration. "I want you to do me right now."

Brenda rolled over onto her knees. Her head and chest were down and her ass was raised into the air. Billy got behind her and parted her knees. He reached under the lip of the plug and twisted it out.

Brenda knew the moment of truth was here. She so wanted to do for Billy and Sal what many women do for their men.

Billy made sure the opening in her anus was still large. Checking to make sure she was still lubricated, he inserted his forefinger into her dark channel. It was. "Does that feel all right?"

"Yes, it feels much better than before. C'mon baby, I can't wait."

"Patience. We don't want to get careless." He took the tube of lube, poured a moderate amount on his cock and spread it around. He aimed his cock at the expanded opening and slowly pushed forward about three inches.

Brenda gasped.

"Did that hurt?" asked Sal.

It did, but she said no. "It's just very filling."

Billy pushed again and went in a couple more inches, pulled back an inch and pushed again almost all the way. "I'm almost all the way in, baby. How does it feel?"

"Wonderful. I can't wait to have Sal's cock in me, too."

"Good, Let me test you with a few strokes and if everything is okay, we'll try it."

Billy stroked her a half dozen times and she said, "Ooh" with each thrust.

When he pulled out, Billy gave her a light slap on her butt. "It looks like you're good to go."

Sal lay on the bed next to Brenda with his lower legs off the edge. Brenda straddled him and lowered herself upon his cock until it was buried in her juicy haven. She began moving up and down.

Billy clamped a hand on her ass. "Whoohoo, my little bucking philly! You're going to have to slow down a bit if you want me to join your party."

She stopped and stuck her ass up in the air. Billy stuck a finger in her to check the lubrication before he reintroduced his cock into Brenda's anus.

Brenda wasn't able move around much. She was pinned in place while her men pounded her relentlessly with their eight-inch shafts. Sal entered her from the front and Billy from the rear.

Sal French kissed her while his forefinger ran pleasure circles around her nipples. She felt full, and numb from the plethora of carnal sensations. She wondered if she'd be able to have an orgasm, as if the anal sex would cancel out the vaginal sex, when it came upon her. "Oh, yeah! That's it guys, Oh, yeah. Oh, God. I think I'm coming." A smooth wave of tingly pleasure came over her, languorously spreading over her entire body and then *bam!* Radiance once more erupted behind her eyes and morphed into a fall of confetti as her orgasm raced through her, forcing her shriek out. She went ballistic, thrashing out of control.

Seconds before she'd calmed down, Sal tensed and yelled, "God, I'm coming too!" Jerking around erratically, she felt spurts of his semen shooting into the latex barrier.

Then it was Billy's turn. His strong hands on her hips pulled her ass in tight as he pounded her asshole. His cock pulsating for a good thirty seconds while he thrashed and convulsed behind her. He bent down over her back scratching and biting her until he finished, and they all rolled onto the bed in a pile.

All and all, their session was successful. She wanted to go again, but they thought that was enough for the first time.

Chapter 8

Between her lovers needs and working for Camilla, the rest of the week whizzed by, and the weekend rolled around before Brenda realized it. She joined Camilla on the terrace and gave her a hug from behind. “Good morning, Camilla.” She went around table and took her usual seat to Camilla’s left. “Are you ready for the shindig today?”

“As ready as I’ll ever be, I guess.”

Pouring coffee in her cup, Camilla asked, “Are you hungry?”

Brenda glanced at her half empty plate. “No thanks. I’ll just have coffee and orange juice.”

Camilla took a bite. “It’s too bad Ted, Jasmine and Gabe aren’t back yet. Ted and Gabe love shindigs, and Jasmine has never been to one.”

Brenda shook her head. “I know. When will they be back? Tomorrow? It is a shame.”

“Monday I think. I’m sure they want to relax after being on such an energetic and exhausting trip.”

Her brows dipped and then she laughed. “Have you been talking to Jasmine?”

Camilla took another bite. “Mmmm, that’s good. Of course, she’s the daughter I never had. You too, Brenda. I’m very fond of you.”

Brenda took a sip of her orange juice. “That reminds me. You never told me, how your date with Ian McKeever went? Does your man friend Geoffrey know?”

“Heavens no. A woman doesn’t lay all her cards on the table. Geoffrey, as you know, is quite a bit younger than I am. We have an agreement, but we don’t get permission from each other to go out.

“My date with Ian was quite nice, but no, even though we had been lovers before our respective marriages, we didn’t sleep together. Ian is too much of a gentleman to come-on to me during our first few dates.”

Brenda could tell that disappointed her. “Old school conservative, huh? That’s unfortunate.”

Her cheeks rose as she smiled broadly. “Isn’t it? She winked again. “At least one of us got lucky. On a regular basis, too from what I can tell.”

Remembering her five nights of ecstasy, she moved her hands excitedly. “You have no idea. Besides being the sexiest thing I’ve ever done, it is therapeutic. I no longer feel like the scorned woman. They really want me. It completed what Jaz started in Honolulu.”

Camilla’s brow furrowed. “I don’t understand.”

“I was really bummed out by what happened to me. Not so much about what happened, but my own stupidity. People warned me and even I saw signs, which I chose to ignore. I moped around for five days, in Hawaii, barely eating. Jaz, Ted and Gabe were worried. Poor thing, she even thought I might try to kill myself.

“Finally, on the sixth day, Jaz got me to talk. She told me I was lucky to get rid of Kerry and I had plenty to celebrate. When she told me she’d spend the rest of the day with me, it was like the cloud of depression evaporated. We put on our bathing suits and went down to the beach. After dinner that night, we went dancing. I danced so much and so many men were interested in me it did wonders for my ego. I came back to Dallas a new woman.

“Isn’t Mr. McKeever taking you to the shindig?”

She grinned and raised her brows. “He is, and I’m hoping...”

She blotted her lips with the napkin. “Don’t worry Camilla, love is in the air. Tell me, what time will the shindig start?”

“I can’t speak for the Circle G schedule, but when we have a shindig, we start at ten. Until about two, we gear the events more toward juveniles, though many adults without children come to have lunch. At two, the adult events begin and last until six when dinner is available. Of course, hamburgers and hot dogs are available all day long. The dancing starts at eight.”

“I hope it’s all right, but I invited my brother all the way from Abilene. He just broke up with his fiancée and I wanted to get him in action again. I also invited two women I met at the rodeo.”

“I’m sure it’ll be all right. As it is, there’s usually a shortage of single women at the dance anyway.”

“Well I better get ready. I don’t want Jack to get there and not know anyone. I see you there.”

“Okay, don’t look for us until late.”

She hugged and cheek kissed Camilla and headed to their apartment.

* * * *

She called Jack and found out he was about three hours from Dallas. *Good, that means he won’t be there until after noon.* Billy and Sal were playing cards. “Okay lovers. It’s time to think about getting ready.”

Sal looked up at her. “What’s the hurry? The grownup stuff doesn’t start until three or so.”

“I invited my brother and a couple gals from the rodeo, so I need to be there. If you want, you and Billy can come later.”

Billy played a card and looked up. “I have an idea, babe. Why don’t you take a seat and we’ll play strip poker?”

Sal chuckled. “Yeah, there you go, buddy. Then we’ll all pile in the bed and play hide the wienie.”

“I have a better idea. When we get her buck naked, we set her right up here on this table and devour her sweet cunt.”

Suddenly, getting to the shindig didn't seem as important to Brenda as her pulse rising at the idea of strip poker with sex as a reward.

"Great idea, Billy. She could be our love slave, and the winner of each hand gets to do what he wants with her."

Brenda's pussy heated with an exquisite surge of lust. As she visualized herself lying naked on the table with her men, wetness began to saturate her core.

Billy shuffled the cards. "Yeah that'd be great. I can think of all kinds of things I'd like to try on her pretty pink pussy."

Brenda liked this idea. "Sounds intriguing, but what if I win? Are you going to get on the table for me?"

Sal shook his head. "Not this time my darling. You are the queen of the strip poker game. It all centers on you."

"Why play? I may as well take my clothes off and get on the table."

"That is your choice, my love."

Billy pulled a chair out. "C'mon baby, we have plenty of time."

She sat in the chair. "All right, but I'm going to clean your clocks before you do your dirty things to me. Let me have the cards."

Because Brenda only had five things on to their seven, she found herself naked and shivering on the table in short order. The shivering came from the excitement of displaying herself, and she was curious about what they would do to her.

At first things went normal. Billy, after studying her pussy for a few seconds, tongued her clit and fingered her pussy while Sal kissed and fondled her breasts. Next Sal took a turn dining on her, while Billy sucked on her nipples and she climaxed.

They forgot the card game by then and they took turns with her. Billy pulled to the edge of the table so her head dangled. His dick was good and hard and he stuck it in her mouth. However, at that awkward angle she could feel her bottom teeth rubbing the tender underside of his cock.

Giving up, he went around to the other side of the table. Brenda's pussy was hot and leaking creme and her clit ached for affection, so Billy thrust himself into her. She gasped at his sweet intrusion and wrapped her legs around him pulling him in with each stroke. She felt herself getting even wetter, sensed her juices coating his cock as he slid in deeper.

Sal joined in massaging her upper body including sucking on her tits. Erotic tendrils of passion soared through her body. With each thrust of Billy's splendid shaft, his pelvis caressed her sensitive clitoris sending sparks of pleasure to the furthest reaches of her body.

Thrilling spasms rippled through her core as an impending climax built layer upon layer. Within a couple short minutes, they came together. Blood simmered beneath her skin, and Billy thrust through the waves of her orgasm, catching her throbbing clit on every down stroke. Her head thrashed from side to side and her arms slapped the table.

After Billy pulled away, Sal said, "My darling, are you ready for me?"

"Of course. But let's do something different. The table is too wobbly to do that again." She lifted both arms in the air. "Help me off would you?"

Sal and Billy each grabbed an arm and whisked her off. She turned and laid over the table, positioning her head on her crossed arms. She spread her legs a few feet apart. "How's that?"

Sal laughed. "Very inviting, my love." He stood behind her. She licked her lips in excitement as she felt him settle the crown at the entrance to her deep recess. Still lubricated, he slid his cock into her on the first try. It felt heavenly when his cock slid into her inflamed slit. His slow strokes cruised into piston-like thrusts and the walls of her pussy hummed with desire.

Meanwhile, Billy was adding to her pleasures by kissing her neck and shoulders, helped out but massaging and tapping her clit in time with Sal's deep strokes. He pounded into her harder and faster. She

welcomed every pounding thrust until he stiffened behind her, his cock throbbing within her channel. “Oh baby, I’m coming!” She could feel his pulsating within her. His hold loosened on her hips and she began to move with him, lifting her hips to meet his convulsive thrusts.

Soon she was coming, too. Waves of ecstasy lapped against her mind like an immutable tide. Screaming out her release into the hard running stream, brightness exploded behind her eyes as her orgasm raced through her.

With both of her partners having climaxed, they resorted to foreign objects for penetration. Sal, to her mortification, found her vibrator. When she got past the discomfiture of the situation, she warmed up and had a wonderful orgasm.

Billy rubbed ice over her nipples hardening them to the point of losing all sensitivity. Then his tongue lightly flicked over the numb buds. Pervading warmth spread through her breasts. Enticing tingles flitted through her body. But when Sal wanted to rub ice on her lower areas, she decided it was time to stop.

“I think this game has gone on long enough. I enjoyed it at first, but you need to put more thought into what you’d like to do with me.” She got off the table, grabbed the rest of her clothes and went into the bedroom.

Fifteen minutes later, she came out in her daytime shindig outfit. “I’m going now. Come over when you want.”

Sal and Billy looked up. Billy said, “You look nice, babe. We’ll be there after three.”

* * * *

She wasn’t so worried about Carla or Jo Ann. Good-looking girls can pick, choose and worm their way in where they want to be, but Jack wasn’t particularly outgoing, and she wanted to be there for him.

It was only a ten-minute drive from their ranch to the Circle G. When Brenda arrived, the makeshift parking was almost full with what she estimated was a hundred vehicles. She felt fortunate to find a vacant space near the front and swung her little sports car in. She raised the top, locked it, and left her change of clothes in the small trunk. Then she walked into the shindig.

Just like at Tawny Hills, the accessory buildings lined both sides of a makeshift roadway. That roadway was only open to foot traffic and golf carts. In a way, it resembled a carnival, sans the rides, with game booths and hawkers on both sides. Scores of adults and children walked the pedestrian promenade.

She called her brother again, hoping he could direct her to his location. “Jack, it’s Brenda. I keep getting your voice mail. I’m at the shindig now, and I’m trying to find out if you are too. Please call me as soon as you get this message.”

She walked down the path scrutinizing every passerby and each booth for Jack. She wished she would have asked what he wore, so she wouldn’t have to look every man in the face with his body type. She went into the canteen and walked down each aisle. Still no Jack.

God, I hope nothing happened to him. Next, she walked to the playground where it was unlikely Jack would be. Several people gathered around the horseshoe pits, but not Jack. She checked out a softball game in progress, and again no Jack. After that, she checked out the picnic-style games. Currently, a tug of war and a three-legged race was in progress. She was sure he’d be into a tug of war game, but he wasn’t there either.

Not having any luck, she retraced her steps all the way to the entrance.

Brenda wasn’t quite in a panic mood yet, but she was close. It was after three o’clock and no word or sign of her brother. Once more, she dialed her phone.

“Hello.”

“Sal? Listen. I’ve been looking for my brother for hours and I can’t find him. Could you and Billy come and help me find him?”

“Actually, sweetheart, we’re almost there.”

“Oh, great. I’m by the entrance. I’ll just wait for you.”

Realizing they had no idea what he looked like, she dug the wallet out of her handbag and removed two pictures of Jack. Five minutes later, Sal and Billy walked in and kissed her. She handed each a picture. “These pictures are five years old, but he hasn’t changed much.”

Billy dipped his head and smiled. “Good-looking guy. It must be a family trait.”

“Maybe. He is good looking, but he’s not blond. He’s six years older than me, too.”

Sal put a comforting arm around her. “What do you want us to do, baby?”

“You take the grounds in back and to the left, where the horseshoe throwing and softball game are in progress.”

“Horseshoes?” Sal wiggled his brows. “My specialty.”

“How about after we find Jack? Billy, I want you to search the carney promenade. I need something to drink, so I’ll go and check the canteen. Oh, and check the men’s rooms.”

They took off walking and she headed to the canteen. The minute she walked into the tent, something else struck her. She hadn’t seen Carla or Jo Ann either. How strange. They all had indicated they were coming, and Jack even said he was on his way. Waiting in line to get an iced tea, she reached into her purse and pulled out the phone. She scrolled down to the Cs found Carla’s number.

“Hello?”

“Carla, It’s Brenda”

“Hi.?”

“Are you at the shindig?”

“Ah-huh. Been here since eleven. You’re not going to believe this, but I ran into an old boyfriend I hadn’t seen in six years. He’s the one who got away.” She giggled. “We’ve been catching up.”

Hmmm, so much for Jack and Carla. “That’s wonderful news Carla. Congratulations.”

“Yes, isn’t that something.”

“Yes. I haven’t seen Jo Ann either. Is she here?”

“I think so. She was hitting it off pretty good with a couple of nice-looking cowboys.” She giggled again. “And you know how much she likes cowboys—Dallas Cowboys that is.”

Doesn’t look so hot for Jack and Jo Ann either. “Thanks Carla. Have fun with your old boyfriend.”

“Oh, I am.”

Damn. It looked like she brought Jack out on a wild goose chase, and she couldn’t even find him to keep him company.

* * * *

At a quarter past four, Brenda met with Billy in front of the canteen. “Sorry, Babe. I looked everywhere and couldn’t find him. It sure is hot. I wish I would have brought a bathing suit like some did.”

“There’re people swimming?”

“Yeah, I didn’t see ’em, but I heard ’em. Behind the fence at the ranch pool. They have a guard at the entrance and you have to be wearing a suit to get in.”

“Where’s Sal?”

He shook his head. “Pitching shoes, I think.”

Brenda’s brow furrowed. “Do me a favor. Go back to our apartment and get our bathing suits and some towels. Where exactly is the pool?”

“It’s behind the main house, but from this side you only see fence. You have to walk around the fence, and the entrance is on the other side.”

Brenda had a hunch that's where she would find Jack. "I'll get Sal. Meet us at the pool gate as soon as you can."

"All right. Take me about twenty-five minutes."

She waved a hand. "Hurry."

Billy ran toward the entrance while she turned and headed to find her other man.

She walked up to Sal, who was about to pitch a shoe. "Did you find my brother?"

He threw the iron shoe and it clanked around the stake. "No, baby. There was no sign of him."

He stepped aside while the next guy threw a shoe. "I want you to come with me to the swimming pool. Billy went to get our suits and will meet us there."

It was Sal's turn again. "I could use a dip. It's hotter than blazes out here. Let me throw this ringer first." She nodded. Sal tossed the shoe and smiled. "Let's go."

Chapter 9

Back on the promenade, they hadn't walked thirty yards when Sal wanted to get a drink. We headed for the nearest refreshment booth.

As the clerk brought their drinks, Sal added, "Give me a bag of those peanuts too. You hungry, hon? You want something?"

She did feel hungry. "I think I'll have a bag of popcorn to tide me over until dinner."

The clerk said, "Here's your peanuts. I'll get the popcorn."

Back in a jiffy, he handed the bag to Brenda. "That'll be seven fifty."

After getting his change back, Sal pointed to an empty bench under a shady Texas Honey Mesquite tree. When she sat, she saw a glimpse of long blonde hair on the backside of the tree trunk. Taking another look, she asked, "Carla?"

The woman and her companion turned. "Brenda!" Carla exclaimed. "There you are. I've been looking for you. Is that one of your men? Umm, yummy." She turned. "Honey, I'd like you to meet—"

"Brenda. My *sister*! What does one of her men mean?"

This was too weird. Jack was Carla's former boyfriend? She had to get this straightened out, so after introducing Sal to them, he called Billy with the change of plans and they headed to the canteen.

"Will somebody please explain to me why I didn't know about Carla? And if you were so crazy about each other, why did you break up?"

Jack laid a hand on Carla's leg. "Why don't you let me explain this, sweetheart." He gazed at his sister. "Bren, when Carla and I were

involved, I no longer lived at home, so it isn't anything you would have been aware of. In addition, you were living on campus in Austin, so you were away for the couple times I brought Carla home and introduced her to mom and dad. Now, you tell me what Carla meant when she—"

Carla interrupted him. "Oh chill out, sweetheart. Brenda has entered into a polyamorous relationship with two loving men. I'm actually a bit envious of her, but finding you again is a nice substitute."

Jack's eyes widened. "You would want to be with two men?"

"Yeah, I could dig it. Don't tell me you haven't thought of two women."

"I, well. You know...it's different..."

She waved her hands as if simulating a music conductor. "Ya ya. It's always different with men. To answer the second part of your question, Brenda, our romance started to unravel when Jack's employer moved him a hundred eighty miles away. We didn't think it would make a difference, but we went from seeing each other every night to weekends to every other week. However, the real *coup de gras* came when I went to flight training school in Florida for six weeks, and another six weeks of hands-on training. It was pretty much over by then, but flying all over the country killed..."

Carla looked up at Billy, who'd just arrived. "Ah, is this the other one?"

Brenda smiled proudly and wrapped her hands around his arm. "It is. Carla, Jack, meet Billy Joe Watkins."

While Billy and Jack shook hands, Carla whispered, "Ooh, you are a fortunate lady. Two men and both hunks."

Jack wrapped an arm around Carla. "I heard that. Aren't I a hunk?"

She smiled and ran her forefinger along his lips. "That you are, and I am fortunate too, since I now have one more hunk than I came with."

He leaned in closer, speaking softly into her ear. “Isn’t one good enough for you?”

She giggled. “Ooh, that tickles. I don’t know. I let you know after tonight. We may have to clone you.”

* * * *

Starting at six o’clock, those who had dinner tickets received crunchy fried chicken, Texas-style beans, cole slaw and shoestring fries. After eating, the five of them sat around and enjoyed a few draught beers. Being a cheap drunk, and not particularly fond of beer, Brenda nursed hers. It made her feel good knowing she invited Carla to the shindig to meet Jack, and how surprised she was when she found out they were former lovers. Well, her one attempt at being cupid had panned out. Then she thought of Jo Ann, the buxom cheerleader. *Where is she?*

Sal leaned over and whispered, “We should think about heading to the barn to get good seats for the dance. Did you bring your cowgirl outfit? In another hour it’s going to be cooling off pretty good.”

She nodded. “I left it in the car.”

“Why don’t you change in the ladies room while we go save a table?”

Brenda put on her outfit while the rest of the group headed for the barn and makeshift dance hall. When she got there, the band had already started. Looking for her party, she once again was shocked. No, make that stupefied. Her party had grown by three. There sat Jo Ann, and sitting on either side fawning over her, were the Finch brothers, Jeff and Rodge.

When she saw Brenda, she flashed a twenty-gallon smile to go with her ten-gallon hat. “Brenda, I finally found you. Sit down by me, will you? Tell me what you’ve been doing.” She stood and took Brenda’s hand. “Actually, let’s visit the girl’s room.”

In the restroom, Jo Ann hugged Brenda. "I'm so glad I found you. We need to talk." She paused to run her hands under a cold-water faucet. "I'd like to wipe cool paper towel over my whole face, but it'd mess up my make-up." She ran a wet towel over her temples, behind her ears, on her neck and over the part of her chest above her low-cut blouse. "Those boys have been turning up some serious heat on me." She touched her arm. "I love your men, by the way. Simply gorgeous."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome. I understand you know Rodge and Jeff?"

Brenda raised her hands chest high, palms to the ceiling. "Ah, somewhat. In passing. I've never had a sit down talk with them."

"Well, I'll assume they're all right. Here's the deal. I was going with the second string quarterback, and he suddenly wanted to start dating again. I think another cheerleader named Bambi is after him, but that's another matter. I'd trade my quarterback for two handsome cowboys in a New York minute. Trouble is, I'm innocent when it comes to threesomes. I want to know what you know about ménage à trois."

She laughed. "Which is very little. Jo Ann, It's only been six days since I first went to bed with them."

"Okay fine, you still know more than me. Jeff says you have a friend in a polyamorous situation, too."

"Yes."

"Does she like it?"

"Loves it. If that's all you want to know, so do I."

"That's nice to know, but there's more. These guys are pushing me to go to a motel with them so they can punch my ticket. I want it as much as they do, but I don't want a 'it's been nice' parting in the morning. Should I hold off?"

"I did for about four days, but my friend took them home the first night. However, she wasn't planning on anything permanent. It just worked out that way."

“It sounds like there’s no way to play it. It’s a crap shoot.”

“What do they say?”

“They haven’t.”

“Ask them. Mine said they were definitely looking for long term, and they were rangers.”

“I think I will. If they say they are, I’ll do it. The worse I can come out of it is a thrilling experience. Let’s go back.”

As the night wore on, the three groups of lovebirds swung and line danced the night away. In the case of Brenda and Jo Ann, there were several sandwich dances as well. Jack and Carla were the first to leave. They left after thanking Brenda profusely for re-uniting them. Carla had a gait in her step.

The next to leave were Jo Ann and her cowboys. As Billy gave Jeff the key to his old apartment, Jo Ann winked and gave Brenda two thumbs up.

This was going to be interesting. Two threesomes, one on each side of paper thin walls. “Why did you do that? Don’t they have beds in the bunkhouse?”

“Yes, twin beds. Have you ever tried to get three grownups in a twin bed? Plus it’s a dorm. They share the room with five other guys.”

By the time Brenda and her beaus got home, they were at it hot and heavy next door, so they joined right in. She only hoped the noise they made in return aroused Jo Ann and her guys next door as much as their noise had turned her on.

Epilogue

Brenda awoke the next morning between her two horny hunks pleased as punch. She had done her good deed. She helped reunite her older brother with a lost love. He looked so happy when he and Carla left for her place. She sat up in bed, and eased out from under the covers, careful not to disturb the sleeping beauties. She stood and walked the narrow pathway between them, jumping off from the footboard.

She went into the bathroom. Then there was the other big surprise of the night. Jo Ann Gleason right next door with Jeffery and Roger Finch in a ménage a trois last night. She snickered. They might have to change the ranch name to 3X3 Ranch, like Billy joked about, after all. Brenda brushed her teeth, washed her face, got dressed and was off to see Camilla.

She hadn't seen Camilla all night. Had she not gone? Camilla had been looking forward to it so much, Brenda doubted she hadn't gone. Unless Ian had gotten sick.

She entered the house through the kitchen and her stomach growled from all the delectable aromas that teased her nostrils. "Hi Matilda. Smells delicious as usual."

She smiled. "I think that's lunch you smell. One of my specialties, Chicken Cordon Bleu. Don't miss it."

"I won't thanks. Is Camilla on the terrace?"

Matilda winked. "It's not raining is it?"

"Not when I came in it wasn't."

Instead of going straight to the outside dining area, she took a detour to her suite. When she tried it, the door to the bedroom was

locked, so she went into the office. She wanted to get the romance book she'd been reading out of her old bedroom, so she opened the connecting door and received the shock of her life. Geoffrey, Camilla's lover, was asleep in the bed. She quickly and quietly shut the door. What could be going on? She specifically said Ian McKeever was taking her to the shindig.

When she stepped out of her office, she got her second shock. Coming out of Camilla's bedroom was Ian. He smiled and nodded when their gazes met, and then headed full speed ahead toward the entrance foyer.

This was bizarre. The only person who had the answers was Camilla, so she continued on to the terrace. As she stepped through the French doors, Camilla did something she'd never done in all the meals they'd shared. She had a proverbial, 'cat who swallowed the canary' look on her face. "Brenda. I'm so happy you're here. I have so much to tell you. Please be seated, child." She eased up to her employer and cheek kissed her.

Camilla held her hand. "Brenda, I'm so happy, I feel as if my heart could burst. What I tell you is in strict confidence. You have shared your happiness with me, so I will do the same with you. I had a ménage a trois last night."

Brenda's eyes bugged and her jaw dropped. "No! That is so wonderful." She rose and hugged Camilla, ending the embrace with a kiss on both cheeks. "Welcome to the club."

As Brenda sat back down, Camilla nodded. "Thank you and you were right. It makes you feel like a goddess. I seem to have fallen into it. I'd been out with Ian four times, including last night, and each time it was like sex was the last thing on his mind. I confronted him about it. It was very hard for him to tell me, but I finally found out he is impotent. He has been that way for several years."

"I don't understand, if—"

"I know, you will when I finish. He became impotent with his late wife Emily, and that is the part he didn't want to tell me. He used to

bring a surrogate lover in to service her. As she had intercourse with another, he would do things to her like kissing and playing with her nipples. Watching would get him excited, and when he became fully aroused, he would join in or even take over.”

“Sweetheart, that is what we did last night. When I found out at the shindig, I called Geoffrey and had him meet me here. I talked to him alone and explained what I wanted from him. Naturally, he balked. That’s when I told him where he stood.”

Brenda interrupted. “And what was that?”

“That for the last ten months he has been my...person of convenience. That he can continue to be my lover in tandem with my boyfriend, or I’ll find another stud.”

“And it worked?”

Camilla nodded vigorously. “After watching Geoffrey banging away for only five minutes, he was as hard as the Rock of Gibraltar. They took turns with me for over an hour. I know that’s not long as a standard for younger generations, but it’s an eternity for someone who will soon be old enough for Medicare. That’s a state secret, by the way.

“I’m sorry, but I did some things you may not like. Ian is going to be visiting a lot, and I need Geoffrey at my beck and call, so I made him my personal assistant and gave him your bedroom.”

“You’re firing me?”

“No, dear. I’m promoting you. With my new love interests, I will no longer have the inclination for day-to-day operation of the ranch. Therefore you will be the new Tawny Hills Ranch Manager at \$150,000 a year and you will report to Gabe and Ted.”

Brenda got so excited she cried and put her arms around Camilla. “Camilla, you are so good to me. I could never have hoped for an employer and friend like you.”

“Like I said the other day, you and Jasmine are as close to me as daughters I never had.”

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Having my first book, *Jasmine's Urban Cowboys*, published was a dream come true. It was the first of a series entitled Sensual Awakenings. *Sharing Brenda* is my second book in the series.

I write about ménages because, although I've not been fortunate to participate in one (one can dream, can't they?), nothing seems sexier or stimulates my imagination more than my heroine enjoying two or more hunky partners of the opposite sex. Grrrrrrrrr!

I spend winters in Sin City and summers in Northern Arizona. Don't be surprised if I use those places as settings for my upcoming books. I lived near Dallas a few years ago, so that's why I used it as the setting for my Sensual Awakening series.

Also by Laura Ashton

Sensual Awakenings 1: *Jasmine's Urban Cowboys*

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