

Siren Publishing

Ménage Amour

WANTED BY

OUTLAWS

Natalie Acres



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Chapter One

“Evenin’ ma’am.” A short, pudgy man with a muddy star didn’t wait for an invitation. He stepped inside the minute Emily Masterson opened the rickety door.

“Marshall.” She lowered her eyes and tilted her head to the side trying to escape the stench of whiskey before she moved out of his way. Might as well step aside, the man with the notorious and rude reputation almost plowed right over her.

“What brings you out here this evening?” She forced a smile but with the rumble in her belly, she knew his visit wasn’t what she’d classify as a social call.

Marshall Coe never bothered to answer. He took his own sweet time looking around her small cabin. One step here and another over there, he peeked into a bedroom before he climbed a short ladder located in the corner. He turned his head to the left and then snapped it to the right. He gave the place a good suspicious once-over.

With a huff, he inched back down the same way he went up. His gaze drifted over Emily with particular time spent at the neckline of her nightdress. She nervously tugged at the thin collar.

With a leap backwards, he leaned outside the cabin, careful to keep his hands on the doorframe. “Boys, they’ve been here. Come on in and let’s have a chat with Ms. Masterson.”

“Who are you talking about?” She didn’t raise her voice but the alarm sounded out when she hit a higher note. “No one has been here. No one at all.”

The other men traipsed inside and never bothered to wipe their feet. No one made eye contact or provided a polite introduction. The Marshall slammed the door so hard it shook and then nodded toward the men who joined him.

There were four of them, none looking particularly friendly. Two of them took her arms and quickly pinned them to the wall right beside her hips. The other two made themselves at home. One went through her personal things while the other disappeared into the narrow loft.

“Stop this! Please! Take your hands off me!”

One of the Marshall’s bandits smacked his lips while the other ran his index finger over her collarbone. “Coe, you were right. She’s just what I’ve been a wantin’.”

The Marshall’s lopsided smile made her stomach churn. He nodded and rolled back on the chair legs. He further studied her for himself. “Been havin’ all sorts of complaints in Central City.

“This one doesn’t know how we handle whores here in Colorado. Ain’t no way for a woman to know these things if she lives all the way out here in the middle of nowhere. She lives by her lonesome and waits for her no-good outlaws. Ain’t that right, Ms. Emily Masterson?”

She shook her head. “No, it’s not. I am alone, Marshall, but I rarely have company and not the kind you’re implying.”

“Ms. Masterson, we’ve been hearing all sorts of things but in the past, we ain’t had any trouble, now have we?”

She swallowed stiffly. “No...No, sir....I...I don’t plan to start giving you any now.”

Marshall Coe had a bad reputation, one she realized held true. She quickly understood how much the odds stacked against her the second he arrived with his bandits. He was a disgrace to the badge. The evil look in his eyes, the expression washing across his swollen cheeks, and his firmly set jaw let her know she was in for some real trouble. She realized her predicament.

Grim, real grim.

“We’re out here tonight looking for three outlaws.”

“I...haven’t...”

He puffed his cheeks, took an agitated and exaggerated deep breath, nodded quickly, and waited. The man holding her from the right immediately began to feel her up and down. His calloused hands ran over her arm and flesh before squeezing her breast, groping her and himself at the same time.

She held her head high and tried to sink into a safe place somewhere deep inside of her mind. The place they’d never be able to find or destroy just because they touched her body and she resigned to the fact quickly. They were there for more than outlaws. They came for her.

They wouldn’t leave without what they were there for, because each of these rogues rode out of Central City with a perverse man’s goal. If she cared to guess, and she didn’t, they probably didn’t give a mule’s behind about outlaws.

“Miss Masterson, can I speak now?” The Marshall flipped something off his coat and tried to act like he remained forever bored.

Her breathing labored, she blinked her eyes and then verbally agreed. “Yes.”

He slowly stood and then paced around the room. “These men you’ve been harboring here are dangerous. They rape innocent women and steal their animals. They prey on widows and women living alone.” He grinned and abruptly stopped in front of her. “These fellas take their turns,” his motives revealed, he let it sink in before he finished, “one man at a time.”

The beastly human to her left ran his knuckles up and down the contour of her ribcage. He growled at her ear and then nipped at the lobe. She squirmed but she didn't fight. She refused to react in the way they expected, the way they wanted, and apparently craved.

"Hard to say what they would've done to you, a woman like you, living out here all alone. We came in and saved the day, saved you from yourself, and those dirty rotten outlaws."

Marshall Coe sat back down again and added more with a wink, "It's just a damn shame we didn't get here in time to save you from everything. No, we may have saved your life, but we couldn't protect you from the things they were able to do to you before we arrived."

Emily closed her eyes and resisted the urge, and the sudden need, to scream. Two pairs of hands ripped the only gown she owned away from her trembling body and everything quickly turned into a chaotic blur.

* * * *

Luke pulled a large blanket from Emily's bed. "This is my fault."

Clay and his other cousin, Levi, watched from across the room. They didn't dare move closer. Luke's rage was unmatched after a battle and enough blood spilled there. They shed it the hard way, after a good 'ole gun fight with a few knives thrown in for a better show. Too bad their lone audience passed out prior to their arrival.

"Is she gonna be all right?" Clay asked.

Luke's eyes showed his fury as he gathered her in his arms. "I don't know. Damn it to hell! I should've been here!"

"You've been shadowing her for months now, but you didn't know this was gonna happen. No one whispered a word about it in town," Clay said.

"That's true, Luke. Most of the time when Coe and his men are traveling out, the buzz is everywhere. It didn't happen this time. You can't blame yourself." Levi started dragging the bodies toward the

door. "At least they didn't...well you know. I don't think no one got to her that way."

Luke wrapped Emily tight against his body. "God, I hope not." He kissed her on the forehead. "I don't know if I could stand it if somebody hurt her."

Clay poked Levi in the ribs. "What'd I tell ya?"

"Yeah, looks about like what you said," Levi grumbled.

Luke swiped her hair away from sticky cheeks stained from plenty of tears, no doubt. "She's so beautiful and really fragile. Just look at her. She's so close to perfect."

Luke looked away from her then. The seething continued and after a few moments of silence, he spat off once more. "Get those bastards up and let me kill 'em again!"

He started to cradle her harder against his body. He rocked her back and forth and back and forth. Her shape formed to his and he tried to soothe her with some nervous humming. Truth told, he couldn't carry a tune.

Her long strawberry blond hair roped over his arms, fanning out over his thighs as he held her. The stench of blood lingered everywhere and with the swelling under her rosy red cheeks, Luke probably wanted another good fight, and someone among the living to blame.

"Damn it, boy. She's not a prize you found in the middle of the field somewhere, or a child. Now go put her in the bedroom. Let's get these dead bodies out of here before she wakes up and wonders what she missed." Clay took charge. Right now, Luke most likely didn't want to hear him speak. He planned to hold his woman and rock her into comfort and he wanted to do it in silence.

Too damn bad.

Emily started to mumble and then jerk. "Help...me," she croaked out the request before she rolled her head against Luke's shirt.

Nothing moved in the room while she mumbled. Luke patted her head and Clay looked on.

“Shh...It’s Luke, Emily. I’m here. Shh...We killed ‘em all, Emily. You’re safe now.”

Levi kicked at the dirt floor swept tight to perfection. “Go put her in bed, Luke. Give us a hand here.” He sounded angry, pissed off and ready to fight somebody else too. They’d fought plenty when they first arrived, several on the outside and a few more in Emily’s cabin.

Oh yeah, the dead ones picked the wrong woman.

Clay glanced over his shoulder before he loaded the smallest of the bunch over his back and tossed him on the porch. He turned around to find another corpse to carry, and grumbled as he lifted and tossed the deceased.

Levi’s lips formed a tight line. He stuck his hands in his pockets while he glared at his cousin. Anger washed over him and Clay noticed. Levi wanted to comfort Emily too.

“Here, help me.” Luke handed off Emily and if Clay had to guess, he did it for a test if nothing more. Luke once mentioned what he’d suspected for awhile. There wasn’t proof, no way to know for sure whether or not his cousin shared the same enthusiasm, a similar attraction for Emily. Now, all their cards were face up on the table.

Clay and Luke loaded the remaining bodies in the wagon. After they removed the evidence of death, they returned to wipe down the area and swipe away the blood, so Emily wouldn’t see it.

Luke walked into Emily’s confining bedroom. Levi wasn’t sitting in the chair next to the bed, but instead he sat on the mattress with his hand in hers.

“Were you ever going to tell me?” Luke asked.

“Tell you what?” Levi looked up, reluctantly tearing his gaze from the sleeping wonder in front of him—Emily.

Tension separated the cowboys, on some level. Right now, neither one of them needed to fight out their differences. They were both smart enough to realize when rage existed like this, it was better to walk away. Better still, maybe even run. This kind of fury often got a

man killed when a woman brought about certain feelings hardly understood.

Clay motioned for them, and they both stepped out of her room. “Boys, before you decide to roll around on the ground out here, I think there’s a thing or two we all need to discuss.”

Luke and Levi exchanged glares but the stark anger they kept in reserve suddenly changed and they found a new direction to point it. The target had a name, his. He saw them headed straight for him.

“You been coming out here too, Clay?” Luke cautiously asked.

“Well?” Levi waited.

“You two are something else, you know that?” Clay glanced from one cousin to the next. “You were ready to kick each other’s ass and now you’re both looking at me like you don’t know if you want my blood or my scalp.”

Luke’s lips formed a tight line. Clay had a way with the ladies. If he was visiting Emily, he was fucking Emily. He’d bet on it.

“You seeing her?” Levi apparently suspected the same thing.

“Yeah, ‘bout like the two of you. Sittin’ right here on this here porch and lookin’ at the prettiest woman I ever did see. She brings out that fine china teacup when I come to call. We sit here for a few minutes and I try to work my thick fingers through the tiny handle without breaking it.”

Luke grinned for a second. He had the same trouble with Emily’s china, no doubt.

“Sweet talkin’ her pants right off of her too, I’d reckon.” Levi stalked off the porch.

“What the hell are you mad about?” Luke hollered after him. “I told you two what my intentions are, were. Hell, you know what I mean and what did you do?”

“I got to her as soon as possible. I tell ya, I did,” Clay admitted. “I ain’t gonna deny it and I don’t care if you like it or not. When you said you figured on one day marrying her, I had to see for myself

what kind of woman cracked a man's nuts without laying a finger on 'em."

"Why? Why the hell would you do something like this?" Luke asked.

"Oh come on, Luke. We've shared women before, and it ain't ever been a problem."

"It's not the same." Luke took the reins of the wagon and hoisted himself on top of it. "Not a woman in Tombstone or Dodge City or anywhere in Oklahoma looks like that one, and neither one of ya had your mind set on sharin' her, now did ya?"

A blood curling scream interrupted them.

Luke's face lost its color. He jumped from a perched advantage and landed on the porch mere steps in front of his cousins. The three entered her room cautiously.

Emily wept into her palms. Startled, she pulled her hands away from her face and they looked into the eyes of the familiar. Fear and shame stared back.

* * * *

"I...I..." She buried her face again. Oh, this was so bad, so terrible, so awful, and unbearable. She wept and shook, sobbed and rocked. All three stood silently, helplessly; unaware of how much pain she'd endured because they weren't there from the beginning.

Clay, several years older than his cousins, spoke first. "Emily, is there something we can do for you?"

"No!" she wailed from behind her hands. "Yes!" she cried almost immediately.

"Okay, tell us." Luke moved closer. "What do you need, name it and it's yours."

Emily glanced up. She searched their faces for the answers she needed. "I don't know what happened. Do you?"

“What do you mean, you don’t know what happened?” Luke questioned. He looked like a burly bear lurking in her corner. A big man with deep chocolate eyes and coal black hair, most men feared Luke Justice. Emily felt safe around him, most of the time. Right now, he looked mad enough to kill, or maybe like he’d already done some killing.

Clay cleared his throat and translated. “She said she don’t know what happened and that means she don’t remember or care to talk about it. Right, Emily?”

She reluctantly nodded. “I can’t remember anything after...they...put their hands on me.”

Clay set his jaw. Luke clenched his fist and Levi had to turn away from her to hide the anger. She saw the red flush of Levi’s skin before he hid under his mess of brown hair.

“Okay, well then. If you don’t remember, it’s for the best.” Luke took a deep breath and walked over to the window. “We’ve taken care of them, Emily. You don’t have to worry. They won’t ever hurt you again.”

Emily’s breathing increased with each passing second. She felt like she was going to get really, really sick. “So they...”

“Oh, no, he didn’t mean that, uh, we wouldn’t know about that, and uh...” Levi didn’t have a way with words.

“Levi, you and Luke, why don’t you two wait outside?” Clay peered up at Emily from under his long eyelashes. His royal blue eyes pierced through hers. Maybe he realized several men had their way with her. Did he know for sure? Probably so, Clay always knew things. Maybe he wanted to save her the embarrassment of discussing whatever he suspected in front of them.

“I think I’ll stay here with Emily too, if you don’t mind.” Luke crossed his thick arms over his chest but Levi tapped his arm and motioned for him.

“Just give me a few minutes, for crying out loud. What do you think I’m gonna do, jump in bed with her?”

Her eyes dropped and her lip quivered. Luke must've decided with his cousin's remark, Clay dug himself into a shallow grave and he could stay there alone. He disappeared without another word. Emily jerked the covers around her realizing then she was completely nude. She gulped, stared at Clay and then cried more.

"Oh Emily, I didn't mean it." He stuttered and tried again. "I mean, of course if circumstances were different."

She narrowed her eyes in disbelief.

"That is if...you invited me."

She cried only more. "You don't understand."

"Uh, no I don't. You're right. I don't at all but I have a good idea of what went on here. I think maybe we should take you on into Central City to see the doctor."

"What would be worse? Being raped and not remembering or remembering every detail and ...?"

"Emily, did those men have their way with you?" He sat down on her bed and gently placed a hand on the opposite side of her hip. "You can tell me." With his forefinger, he tilted her chin and looked at her with more compassion than she'd ever witnessed in Clay Justice. "I'll help you in any way I can."

"You'll never look at me the same way again, will you?"

"Honey, I'll look at you like I've always looked at you. Were you raped?"

"I don't know! I don't know!" She cried out, flung her arms around his neck and then buried her head into his shoulder.

Unexpectedly, he gripped her hard too. He held her to him for as long as what felt comfortable for both of them and then slowly reached behind his neck and uncurled her fingers. "Emily, you'd know."

"What don't you understand? I don't remember. I think one of them choked me and I fell against something and then I guess it all happened after I lost consciousness."

“The, um, the, uh, fuck or, uh, I mean the, um, sex, is that what you mean ‘happened’?”

Her eyes nearly popped out of her head and then she felt her face heat with embarrassment. “I guess so. Only, I didn’t agree to it if that’s what happened.”

“I know that about you, Emily. Still, you don’t know for sure and ‘course I ain’t a woman but I would care to guess a woman might know if a fella visited ‘tween her legs and all.”

She shook her head. “They had their hands there and they were going to, but no, I don’t know for sure. Like I said, I collapsed during the time when they had their paws all over me.”

“All right then, let’s get you to a doctor. There ain’t any reason for you to be out here wondering whether or not a man or several men did you some harm.”

“I can’t go to the doctor over this.”

“You can’t?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Cause the fact they’re gonna want to see my private areas.”

“Your private areas?”

She nodded.

“And you don’t want a doctor looking at these specific places?”

“Not particularly.”

Clay took a deep breath and then moved from the bed. “Well, I reckon I could try to tell you what it feels like.”

“That would be better than a doctor. I trust you.”

She did trust him and his cousins. Since she’d moved to Colorado, one or all of them paid her visits every few days and they offered her friendship, something she’d never had before in a man, or a woman. Sometimes she even thought of them as family but she’d never tell them as much.

He tapped his chin with his fingers. “Or better still, I reckon Luke or Levi might...”

“They both always said you had experience in these things. Can you do it?”

His jaw twitched. “I’m experienced in a lot of things, Emily but I don’t reckon I know what it feels like to have a pussy, much less one that has just been used up by a few cowboys.”

Her jaw dropped. “Oh no! See, listen at you! Ewe, this is worse than I thought. Used up? Now you think I’m damaged forever? I want to die, just die, I tell you.”

Before he thought, he grabbed her and held her tight. “Emily, I’m sorry. Right now, I don’t have the right words to say. I don’t have any idea of how to make you feel better.”

When he released her, she let the sheet fall, without embarrassment. “Could you tell if you looked at me a little closer, do you think?”

* * * *

Clay turned away with a gulp caught in his lungs. He’d heard of this sort of thing before. After a bump on the head a person could experience something called shock.

Miss Emily Masterson never kissed him before much less showed him her private areas, as she liked to call them. She must be in shock now. It was the only explanation. She didn’t just haul off and show her chest or any other private part to a man. She was a wholesome woman, or at least, she was before those dang men got to her.

He gathered the blanket and tucked it around her. In case she was in shock, he didn’t stare but by God he saw her and if anyone had reason to drop their jaw, he did. Hell, with breasts like hers, he wanted to drop his pants.

He cleared his throat. “Under most circumstances, your kind offer would sound like music to my ears.”

“I’m not going to a doctor,” she stated flatly. “And I’m not coming on to you. I need your help.”

“Are you askin’ me to check you out like a doctor would?”

She nodded.

His heart started to pitter-patter. She sure had one hell of a chest on her. Any other time, he’d love to take her up on any offer to see her body but all things considered, it didn’t seem right. “I ain’t no doctor, Emily.”

She dropped the sheet again. “Then pretend.”

Chapter Two

“She wants me to take a good look at her,” Clay informed the other two because he knew they’d have about fifty fits and draw their guns if they walked in on them while he checked things out.

“What are you saying?” Levi asked.

“Damn boy, are you stupid or something?” Clay paced from one side of the small porch to the other. He turned around and did it again. This time, he had to push by Levi and then Luke.

“You mean she wants you to look her over without her clothes?” Luke asked. “That’s downright ridiculous. She wouldn’t ask you to check out her body if she’d just been touched by all *them* men.”

“She don’t know if she’s been raped or not. She wants to know. I can’t tell her what it feels like.”

Luke sneered. “I damn sure can. I’d feel around for evidence.”

“Yeah, and what about that? How do you know for sure? You don’t have a doctor’s knowledge any more than I do. She needs to go into town and see one.”

“I reckon she does,” Levi said. “I’ll talk to her.”

“No, you’ll convince her. I don’t want to take advantage here. If she’s been raped and I have to stick my finger inside of her, then...”

“That’s it,” Luke said. “Yep, we’d sure know.”

“How’s that?” Levi asked.

Luke frowned. “She’d bleed.”

“Huh?” Levi stayed in the dark. The boy just lacked common sense.

Luke threw his hand against his cousin’s chest. “Did she ever tell you she’s a virgin?”

“Yeah, she did as a matter of fact,” Levi admitted.

“Yep, me too.” Luke turned back to Clay. “I reckon you could tell then. If those fellas touched her, especially if all of ‘em did, then she’d have some uh...problems...hiding it. Anyhow, if she won’t go see the Doc, that’s how you tell.”

“Uh-huh, if I was willing to do it.”

“You’re not?” Luke asked.

Clay immediately changed his mind when he saw the look Luke gave him. He wanted the job of checking her out.

Before one of his cousins beat him to the opportunity, he stepped back inside. “I’ll talk to her.”

“Yeah, I bet you will. I’ll make sure you explain it the way she deserves to hear it. I think this is working out to your advantage a little too well, Clay.”

“Me too,” Levi added. “*A might well*, if you ask me.”

The men slipped back into her bedroom and Emily swiped her palms across her face. “Well?”

“Well, uh, Emily,” Luke began but he stopped abruptly and everyone stared. “Clay wants to tell you something.”

“Yeah, Clay has something to tell you,” Levi agreed.

“Clay?” Emily prodded.

“Well this here is going to be a little uncomfortable for you if I do this so we wanted to ask again if we can take you to the doctor. There’s no way to know without absolute certainty unless—”

“I know you’re going to have to see me. That’s why I dropped the sheet and let you see my breasts. I’m not embarrassed around you. I’ve known you, all of you, for a long time. If anyone is going to look down there, it makes a right sense to me if one of you did it.”

“Does it really?” Luke narrowed his eyes on her and rubbed his chin. Nervously, Levi did the same.

“He’ll have to touch you,” Levi said. “Down there,” he pointed, “as you put it.”

Emily's eyes watered. "You think I'm stupid. All of you! Just...just leave. Go on home. Get out. Get out now! I'm not some stupid whore who doesn't know this."

"Now hold on here a minute, Emily. No one here thinks you're a whore. You've told me and probably them too that you've never laid down with a man and I believe you. I imagine they do too. The problem is, as Levi said," he glared at his cousin for having less than a good way with words, "I can't just look or touch the outside."

She set her jaw defiantly. "You think I don't know this? Forget it. I'll do it myself."

Clay blinked. "Come again?"

Emily shifted on the bed. "If you three will leave, I'll test it myself."

"She means she'll put her fingers up her twat and do it herself," Luke said.

"Dear God woman, is that what you meant?" Clay asked and his dick twitched with a better understanding than what his mind prepared to process.

"Well yes, you sorta leave me without any other choice. Now tell me, what am I looking for exactly?" When she moved again, the three cowboys stared at one another in disbelief. They knew where her fingers were and Clay wondered if his cousins were wishing like hell they were underneath that sheet watching. He did. He ached to see.

"All right boys, show time is over. Wait on the porch. I'm gonna help Emily out here."

Luke glanced down at Clay's breeches. "Help her out? I'll bet you are. One hand on her that she doesn't want and I'll—"

Emily stopped moving her arm downward. "So you'll look at me?"

"Yeah, I'll take a look," Clay tried to act uninterested but the truth was, he couldn't wait now.

"You boys stand out there on the porch. I'll step on out there in a minute."

“See that you do,” Luke growled. “Quick-like.”

Clay watched Emily for a few seconds more before he walked over to the tiny basin, rolled up his sleeves and washed his hands. Her breath quickened behind him.

“I guess now it’s only fair to tell you that I always hoped you’d take me the first time. You or Luke, nothing against Levi but Levi wouldn’t teach me the things a woman needs to learn. ‘Course I never imagined anything like this happening. You know bad circumstances lead to a lot of things, I guess.”

Clay cursed under his breath and stared down at his cock. The bulge in his buckskins couldn’t wait for further exposure. He even saw the ridges. They pressed firmly into the material.

When he glanced into the mirror, he saw how calm she looked now as opposed to a few minutes earlier, and she sure looked pretty there on the bed waiting for him. Her high cheekbones were flushed and defined. Her small nostrils flared with expectation. She appeared excited and he wondered if she turned her bad luck into a good opportunity.

Surely not.

He dried his hands with a small cloth nearby and turned around to face her. “You’re ready for this?”

“Yes, I sure am.” She scooted down the bed. “I’m glad it’s you.”

Hell yes, the way she babbled on, he could’ve sworn she was making this into something more than an examination. “Okay, then. I’m ready.” He hoped to God he didn’t smack his lips.

She tossed the old thin blankets away from her body and there in perfect shape before his very eyes, Clay saw the essence and the beauty of an innocent woman.

“You’re blushing,” she said without any amusement, something she might have had prior to those cowboys roughing her up.

“I reckon I am,” he replied before he reached behind him and pulled up a chair.

“There’s no reason for it,” she said. “I planned to let you see my private parts in good time, anyhow.”

His heart raced forward and maybe even skipped a few beats. “I’m sure glad to know it, Emily. I don’t want to take advantage of you.”

He tried to focus on her lower half. It wasn’t an easy task. The woman he’d been dying to hold, craving like a crazy man, was more beautiful than words described.

Through gentle eyes, she looked at him for answers. “You wouldn’t dare. I know you better than most people. You care for me. I see it when you look at me. I see it in Luke and Levi too.”

Why she wanted to keep the serious chatter going, he didn’t know so he ignored it. “Move closer to me,” he said before he touched her ankles. “I believe if they’d gotten to you, Emily, you’d know it.”

She scooted down to the edge of the mattress.

“Put your feet on my knees and then spread your legs.”

“You’re gonna look too, aren’t you?” she asked innocently.

“I’m gonna look and feel,” he said. *And maybe even lick too if you ain’t been touched*, he thought.

“Okay, I’m ready,” she said right when her small feet hit his kneecaps. She rolled her hips forward and spread her legs at the same time.

“Oh dear God,” he released a guttural growl. The prettiest little pussy in the world smelled like homemade wine and he inhaled her scent. Right then he knew. She hadn’t been touched.

Immediately, she snapped her legs closed. “What?” she screeched. “Have I been? Have I been...raped?”

He released a hearty breath. “Hell no, or at least I don’t know yet. I just...I, uh...”

When he realized he couldn’t make up an excuse, he grinned. “You gotta...a pretty pussy, that’s all.”

She blushed. “Oh,” she said. “Do you like women with pretty pussies?”

He gulped when he heard her say the word. His cock twitched and his fingers itched now. He wanted to get inside of her so bad, he was nearly numb.

“Well? Do you?”

For a second, he had to think about the question. He snapped back into reality and held onto her ankles. “Yeah, I do. A lot.”

“Oh, so you’ve seen a lot of them?”

“A few,” he said quietly.

“Then you really should know what to look for. I’m ready again.” She stretched her arms over her head and spread her legs. She looked ridiculous and beautiful all at the same time.

“Well,” she cocked her head to the side, “hurry. I need to know.”

“Don’t rush me,” he said. He noticed her curls weren’t damp or sticky with sex’s aftermath. *Thank God*, he thought.

He parted her folds and swirled his finger around the outside of her vagina, just one finger because he didn’t want to penetrate her too fast on the chance someone else beat him to the punch.

She moved a little to the left and he quickly withdrew. “Does it hurt?”

“No, it, uh...never mind.”

He smiled. “Does it feel good?”

They exchanged a knowing glance and he tried again. This time he inched his fingertip beyond the folds and into her center before pressing deep, really deep.

“Oh God,” she whispered.

“Hurts?” He withdrew.

She quickly shook her head and he looked at his finger for any sign of dried blood or spent passion. He didn’t know how else to tell.

“Emily, do you feel like your insides are raw or do you hurt anywhere?”

“No, just my face where they hit me.”

“They hit you?”

“Several times,” she confessed. “And they pushed against my breasts and made them tender.”

He looked at the tits in question. Her nipples were hard. Good and pointed, just like he wanted them. Now, that he was sure they got to her before any man touched her, he let his mind roam. His dick encouraged it, made the proper man demands.

“So, you don’t think they got inside me?”

“No, but let me see again, to make sure.”

She arched her eyebrow. “Are you taking advantage of this situation now?”

“A little but you’ll like it, I promise. This time, I’ll show you why.”

“I know why,” she said. “I’m wet now.”

He felt like one of his cousins just slammed a fist into his chest. “Wet?”

“Uh-huh. I know about that part. Women get wet when they want the man they’re with to handle them and I want you.”

“You do?”

“Yes. Maybe not the sex part yet, but I liked your fingers inside of me.”

“You did.” He wouldn’t argue with a request since his fingers were ready to roam. “Of course you did.” He sure as hell didn’t have a problem doing it again. “Then can I check you out once more?” Since she liked it and all, he felt like it was necessary now.

Nervously, she reached for the thin sheet and covered her breasts. “I’d like it if you did. Just once more to make sure,” she said with a devilish smile.

He parted her folds again, this time with two fingers instead of one. He moved into her with a slow twirl and moved them back and forth. He watched her face for signs of pain, knowing all along the only thing lingering in her expression was pleasure.

“Does it feel good or bad?” he asked the stupid question.

“It would feel better if you used something else too, I bet.”

He earned one hell of a suggestion. His cousins would have a fit if he licked her cunt but she seemed to want it. In fact, she asked for it.

“You mean my cock or my tongue?” His dick pressed against the threads holding his pants together. Oh what he’d give to lose his breeches.

“Your tongue? You mean a man licks a woman down there?”

“Damn, girl.” He stood up and latched her legs around his hips, drawing her closer. His hand worked closer to her body. His fingers twirled and scissored in and out of her tight walls.

Emily trembled. “There’s something wrong. Wait!”

He knew what *was wrong* and he didn’t plan on stopping. Her heat drenched his fingers and he kicked the chair over and out of his way. With his palm under her, cupping her hot pussy, he added another finger and she exploded around him.

Her hips gyrated forward and back. Beads of sweat rolled off her brow. Heavy breathing and the lovely sounds of a woman’s pleasure filled the room. Oh God, he was in trouble now. He was as horny as a man had a right to be when he felt the insides of the woman he wanted most.

“Oh! Wait! Something is so....wrong here! This feels...good.”

She screamed out her pleasure and he heard the sounds of rapid footsteps behind him. Her little neck rolled from one side to the next while he worked her tight snatch with eager fingers moving from one side of her pussy to the other. She bit on her fingers and arched her body to him again and again. Her forehead was damp and her body continually worked his hand.

“Dear God,” Luke said the minute he walked in behind them.

Clay didn’t stop but he saw his cousins in his peripheral vision. Luke ran his palm over his cock and then moved to the bed to sit down beside her. Levi watched from the door.

When her orgasm left her, she collapsed against the bed. Clay withdrew his fingers and closed her knees together.

“I’m sorry, Emily. I shouldn’t have. I told you I didn’t want to take advantage of you and I did.”

“I wanted you to do it.”

“You did?” Luke asked. “If you didn’t, say so and I’ll kick his ass all the way home.”

She giggled. “No, I really liked it. And now I want all of you to do it,” she suggested. “I want you to surround me and make me feel safe again.”

“That made you feel safe?” Levi asked with a dropped jaw.

“Uh-huh,” she said. “I think so and I liked it very much.”

Chapter Three

“Emily.” Luke’s dumb-ass decided to turn her down for all of them. Clay saw it coming a mile away. “Right now, we need to get you cleaned up and fed so you can rest, okay?”

“Yeah, that’s what we should do,” Levi agreed, though somewhat reluctantly.

He wasn’t as stupid as he looked, Clay decided.

“I think the lady said,” Clay started, “she has other ideas.”

Luke glared at him. “You took advantage of her. Levi and I aren’t going to do the same.”

“I wanted his fingers inside of me,” she said. “I asked him to do it.”

“You told him you needed to know if those men outside, dead ones, let me remind you, took something you didn’t give ‘em. That’s what you said. He felt around and decided he couldn’t leave well enough alone,” Luke grumbled. “He’s a selfish bastard when it comes to sex. It’s about him and his wants, nothing else.”

Clay sat down next to her, grabbed her arm and laced his fingers through hers. Luke swiftly picked up the other one with his left hand while stroking her cheek with his right. “Emily, you don’t know what you want right now.”

“She wants us,” Levi said. “I can tell by looking at her.”

Finally, the young gun was catching on. Clay’s heart soared. If Levi was horny, all bets for pulling back were off. He’d had very few rolls in the hay, which meant he sniffed around for pussy more than the other two.

Luke grunted. "Now just how in the hell can you tell just by lookin' at her, smart one? Her entire body's shaking. What do you know?"

Levi took a few steps, pondered the question a second and then replied, "I reckon I know a woman who is pleased with what she received and she looks like she enjoyed Clay a bunch."

"She did," Clay said with a smile.

"It's true," she confirmed. "I want you. All of you."

Emily released his hand and then covered it with her own moving it beneath the white, thin sheet. She looked at Levi and then Clay, deliberately looking away from Luke.

"Damn, Emily. Your body heat feels so nice, sweetheart." Luke closed his eyes and she narrowed her gaze on Clay. With a smile, she tossed the sheet back. Clay and Levi exchanged glances before turning back to watch her move Luke's palm across her belly.

"I'd like to become a woman," she said. "What if those men had done things to me I didn't want them to do? What if I had to find out about a man by force rather than by pleasure?"

Luke pressed against her stomach and clasped her hand with his.

"That might have been bad, Emily." Levi turned to Clay.

"Real bad," she stated.

"You heard her. She wants us to make her a woman." Levi ran his hand over his covered erection. A few more minutes of teasing and looking at her breasts and he might pop every thread holding his cock in place.

Clay glanced out at the wagon and it occurred to him they had a lot to handle before they could take up with the notion of fucking Emily, no matter how horny they were. He pointed outside. "Uh, fellas, I hate to bust up this party since I helped start it but we have a slight problem."

Luke withdrew his hand and looked out the window. "Shit! I almost forgot."

Emily brushed her fingers over her cheek. “Marshall Coe deserved to die for what he did to me.”

“Marshall Coe?” Clay inquired. “What are you talking about?”

“The Marshall brought those cowboys in here. You could see hunger in their eyes. They looked like wild animals that hadn’t been fed and they had a craving for more than sex. They planned to kill me. If you hadn’t showed up when you did,” she shuddered, “I’m sure they would’ve took a knife to me and left me for buzzards...after they did the other first.”

“You ain’t been raped, Emily.” Clay announced again. He was beginning to think Emily used the entire situation to her advantage. Lately, when Clay came to call, he’d noticed her coming on a little stronger. She reminded him frequently of how long they’d known each other. She also let him know several times she was a virgin and she’d probably die a virgin.

If she died a virgin, he’d die with his cock pointed toward the sky.

“Are you sure, Clay?” Luke looked at his cousin and then back to Emily. “I mean, you’re both sure.”

“We’re sure,” he told him.

Levi walked out to the porch and climbed onto the wagon. They watched him check out the deceased.

Luke and Emily exchanged heated stares. “Luke, do you like my body?”

Yep, the woman was taking advantage of the situation. No doubt about it.

Luke cleared his throat. “Yeah, Emily.” He smacked his lips and looked at her tits. “What’s not to like?”

Levi raised a few blankets and then covered the bodies back up one by one before he walked back inside. “Marshall Coe ain’t one of the dead.”

Clay drew his gun, “Check the loft again, under the bed.”

Levi climbed up the ladder and disappeared for a second before he called down to them. “Nope, he ain’t here.”

“Then, he got away somehow,” Luke said. “Fuck!”

“Which means he’ll be back,” Clay advised. “And maybe sooner than we can get these bodies out of here.”

“They’ll hang you,” she said. “When they came in here, they announced they were looking for outlaws. They told me over and over again what they planned to do to me and then pin it on outlaws. Marshall Coe will see you hang if he comes out here. You have to go. Get out of here.”

“Not without you, Emily.” Luke declared with that crazy love-sick expression in his eyes.

“I can’t leave my place here. I’ve settled in and have some roots again,” she whined.

“Dump those bodies out of that wagon,” Clay ordered. “We’re going to move out before they come riding back. When they show up this time, they’ll have a posse and she’s right. We’re getting ready to hang for murder in cold blood. Some of these men are Coe’s friends.”

“No, you go without me,” she said. “I can’t ride with you. I’ll draw too much attention and once they find the bodies here, Coe can make it look like you killed those men and took me. It’s not a good idea. They’ll put a bounty on your head.”

“Then we need to go into town and kill him before he can send a telegraph,” Levi said.

Clay rubbed his chin and shook his head. “It’s too late for that. We’ve been so preoccupied with Emily, we never thought about the chance someone rode away. The whole town probably knows we’re out here and a posse is formed by now.”

“Emily, we don’t have much time. It’s not all that far into town when you’re ridin’ like hell. It’s gonna take them less than two hours to round up men with a lot of guns. Here’s what I want you to do. Can you write?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Then find something to write on or scribble it in your table there. Tell these folks coming for us that Marshall Coe did this and then say

you're riding into town to find some help. They'll waste some time listening to the honorable Marshall plead his case. Then, they'll ride out to look for you so they can ask you face to face to confirm Coe's involvement."

"Levi, take off on her horse and lead out until you pick up Coe's trail and circle back on another path. We're gonna head for Cripple Creek so you'll follow us from a distance long enough to sweep those wheel tracks for a piece."

"Got it." He started off the porch and then turned back. He took off his cowboy hat and held it respectfully in his hands. "Emily, I hope you'll wait for me too before you—"

"Damn it, Levi! Get out of here. We ain't got time to fuck around," Luke hollered at his cousin.

"Get busy with that wagon, Luke," Clay said. "Now Emily, get dressed and grab your things. You're coming with us. Is there anything here you can't live without?"

"Just a few personal items," she whispered. "I'm not coming back here?"

He shook his head, and then bowed it. "Probably not."

"So I'll never have a home again?"

Rock-size tears formed and fell. She swiped them away one by one.

Clay grabbed her wrist and pulled her tight against his chest. "You'll have a home. So help me, if it's the last thing I do, I'll make sure you have a home."

Luke pressed his palm to her cheek before he started to work on the wagon. "We'll all make sure of it, Emily. I swear it too."

* * * *

By the time they were well out of danger and headed toward Cripple Creek, Levi caught up to them. He sported a wide grin when he rode up beside the wagon. "How you doin' Emily?"

"I'm makin' it," she said.

Trying to show off some, he pulled his horse to a slow, gentle gait beside the wagon. He swung his leg over the saddle and then the sideboards and landed beside her, taking the time to tie off his mount, her horse, at the back. In a matter of minutes, the chestnut mare found a new leisurely pace behind them.

"That's some stunt there cowboy, Clay called out over his shoulder. Luke tossed the long reins at his cousin and joined Levi and Emily behind the seat.

"They bedded you down good here, didn't they Emily?" Levi asked with nothing but pure lust in his eyes.

"Yeah, I reckon it's as good as it gets for a woman who just left behind everything she owned in a town she'll never see again."

"Ah now, Emily, don't act like that. You'll break Luke's heart," Levi said. "Besides, why would you want to stay out there in the middle of nowhere in the first place?"

"I had good company from time to time."

"Uh-huh," Levi agreed. "And now you'll have more company than you can stand. Right, Luke?"

"I imagine so," he remarked. "What do you think about it Emily?"

"I think I'm in good hands," she answered.

"Not yet," he said with a wicked smile. "But soon you'll fit right nice in mine."

Emily looked from one cousin to another. Damn if they weren't the cutest men around. How'd she get so lucky? She didn't ask them. No point in giving them a bigger ego than they already had.

"Are we gonna travel all night?"

Luke took his buckskin gloves off and swatted Clay's butt. "What about it, are we gonna stop somewhere or take turns driving these horses?"

"Get some shut eye. We'll stop to water the team here and there. That's gonna be it until we reach Cripple Creek."

“You think that’s gonna be it, do you?” Luke let his eyes drift over Emily’s body. Her breasts pushed through her plain thin dress and she shivered when he stared. She realized her body reacted to Levi and Luke once they moved closer to her.

“How come we’re headed there?” she asked.

“It’s a booming town, we hear. Lots of gold and strangers rushing in and out means we can blend in pretty good, or we should,” Clay shouted over his shoulder before he snapped the reins and encouraged the horses to pick up their pace.

Emily watched her old mare struggle to keep up. “She’s gonna need some rest. I think we’re safe to stop soon, don’t you?”

Levi shook his head. “Can’t be sure, exactly. By the time I started back by your place, I could’ve sworn the earth shook with the sounds of hooves pounding in the distance but it’s hard to say. I guess with the right form of entertainment, anything is possible.”

“Knock it off, Levi,” Luke growled. “Don’t pay him any mind.” He pulled the brim of his hat down over his brow and hunkered down into the depths of his coat about the time Levi draped his arm over Emily’s shoulder.

“Are you cold?” Levi asked.

“Not so much. You can snuggle up under these blankets with me, if you want to.”

Luke tilted his hat up and shot Levi a knowing grin. Levi wrestled with the edge of the material and took her up on the offer. At the same time, Luke followed suit.

The second their bodies were under the blankets, each of them reached for her hands. She held them for a second, shifted and then had a sudden thought. She needed something to amuse her.

She dropped their hands, crossed her own gently over her breasts and allowed them to reach for each other without knowing the difference, at least not at first.

Levi twisted around and a few minutes later, she felt Luke’s arm move with the gentle suggestion. Both cowboys looked startled and

immediately yanked the coverlets down to find they were holding hands with one another.

“What the—” Luke yanked his arm back.

“You were trying to hold my hand!” Levi hollered.

“You stroked my thumb,” he snarled. “Bastard, can’t you keep your hands to yourself?”

Emily giggled until she couldn’t contain it. The more she watched the cowboys blush, the more she felt inspired to let out a rip-roaring good laugh. She started rolling with a good, hearty chuckle.

“I didn’t know you men liked each other so well,” she said.

“Why, you devil woman you.” Luke started tickling her and Levi held her down.

“She’s cute as a little filly.” Levi watched her squirm.

“Yeah, but you have to break the young, you know.”

“Uh-huh, you do,” Clay shouted over his back with a snort. “I reckon you think you’re the man for the job.”

Holding her arms above her head, Levi pinned her wrists under his and watched her chest rise and fall. His gaze remained on her breasts as Luke’s hands went from her ribcage to her nipples.

The laughter fell quiet and she stopped moving. The heat rose between them.

He scraped his thumbs over her nipples again. This time he took it upon himself to do it slow. He moved over them in a circular motion before he pinched them tight.

“That’s sore,” she said. “It hurts.”

“They roughed her up around her tits,” Clay said. “Don’t mess with them.”

“You’re funny, Clay. If you don’t want your cousins touching me, you’d better come on back here and do something about it.”

He pulled back on the reins and stopped the team. “All right. I will. You all want to stop here for the night and risk getting caught by that posse coming? I’m willing to chance it for a roll on the ground all night with Emily but then what? Huh? Marshall Coe is going after

blood—ours *and hers*. Now can you keep the horseplay to a minimum so I can drive these horses?”

“I think it’s gonna be all right, Clay. I swear it. If everything goes according to plan, Coe and his men will find the dead, read her note, and have plenty to keep them busy. They’ll ride back to Central City to look for her.”

“Maybe you’re right but I’m not gonna take a chance. I know the Marshall in Cripple Creek. We won’t have any problems there once I talk to him. You’ll see. This here pleasure can wait.”

She batted her eyes. “And just what if it can’t?”

“I reckon you’ve kept your legs closed for the better part of the last year, the least you can do is wait for me to open them for you again.”

“You’d like it if I waited, wouldn’t you?”

“Flirt,” he said. “And I’d like it very much. I have plans for that pretty little pussy.”

“Yeah, they do too,” she pointed at Luke and then Levi, who quickly nodded.

“You’d better believe I’ve got a mind to do all sorts of man and woman things to her right here in this wagon,” Luke admitted.

With a huff, Clay turned back to the reins and snapped them over the horses. “Let’s get it, boys. I got a woman to breed.”

“Breed?” She looked at Luke. Heaven help her if Levi gave an opinion now.

Levi answered anyhow, “He means screw but he figures you’re the proper type who wouldn’t want to hear it.”

Emily put her hand over her mouth and hid an outburst.

Luke leaned over and whispered, “He doesn’t know how intimate our conversations got, Emily. I never told him.”

She guessed as much. They’d even talked about doing the dirty deed and called it what it was—fucking.

* * * *

After a quiet ride deeper into the darkness on somewhat rough paths, they found a smooth trail and headed for the river. "We gotta let the horses rest for a bit," Clay declared as he hopped down from the wagon.

He peered over at the others and Luke pressed his fingers to his lips. Levi did the same.

"She's asleep?" he asked.

Luke kissed the top of her head. "Looks like it. She's gotta be tired. Think about what she's been through."

"I had a thought," Levi said.

"Let's hear it," Clay called over his shoulder before he started working with the leather harness. "It's sure enough a good one if you have one. Lord knows it's rare when you do."

Levi never acted insulted. "If Emily ain't ever been with a man, then we shouldn't try to take her in this wagon."

"Yep, like I said, if you've got a thought, it's a good one. Since I'm not back there with the three of ya, I couldn't agree more."

Levi hopped out of the wagon and started toward his cousin. "I'm talking about it from a gentleman's standpoint. Assuming I can learn how to act like one with Emily. You know, try to do things right rather than just rush right in, leave money on the table and drop my pants."

"You mean you don't plan to screw her with your boots on?" Luke chuckled as he joined them. He led Emily's horse out in front.

"No, I don't and I don't think you should either."

"Well, I sure would if it was the only way to get to her," Luke admitted.

"It ain't gonna happen," Levi firmly told him. "She deserves better than us groping at her in the middle of some open range. I'm not doing it and you ain't either."

"I *ain't*?" Luke drawled. "What if she reaches over and pats my cock all gentle like, then what?"

Clay nodded in her direction and grinned. "You had a nice nap."

"Yes, I did," she placed her hands on her hips, "and an earful to wake me up."

"Oh," Levi said tugging the lead horse by the leather strap before he pulled him away from the team. "About that—"

"Shut up, Levi," Luke warned. "Just shut up now."

She stretched her arms out in front of her. "So nobody here is interested in fucking me in the wagon?"

"Is that an invitation?" Luke asked.

Clay shook his head. "I know I didn't just hear the most beautiful word in the English language fall from the most gorgeous woman's lips."

Levi stared at her in disbelief too. "You did, I heard it. I swear it. Heard it just as plain and simple as it's spelled."

"And how is it spelled boy smarts?" Luke poked fun at his cousin.

"F-U-K." He was close.

"Shit, Levi. Come on," he said before he grabbed another horse from the team and started for the water.

Clay watched her curiously. "I hesitate to ask you what you make of all this."

"Are you hesitating or asking?" she cocked her hip and put her palm against the curve of her waist.

"You thirsty?" he changed the subject.

"Sure," she said. "I need to fill these canteens too." She pulled two from under some horse supplies at the edge of the blankets.

He held his arms out for her and watched. Emily pretended to leap. She held her arms forward and let them swing back and forth.

"One, two, three. Ready or not, here I come!" She jumped right into his arms.

He lost his balance for a second, but regained it in time to relax with her body. Then he thought what the hell. He fell to the ground with her body right on top of his.

"Good Lord, woman, you could break a man's back."

Tempting lips formed a quick pout. "I'm heavy?"

"A load," he teased.

"That's not funny," she said while she struggled against his grip.

"No, it's not. If I *was you*," he drawled, "and this is just a suggestion, I'd try to get some cowboys to help you work this weight off of ya."

Her mouth dropped into an o-shape and he laughed. "I'm kidding you. I don't see an inch of meat on you." He thought twice and tried to add something a little sexier. "You got all your weight in one place," he said staring at her chest.

Her soft red hair tumbled over his face then and he felt like he'd died in her arms the second it fanned over his cheeks. "They're gonna kill me for this."

"For what?" she asked.

"For this," he dropped his eyes and his fingers stiffly worked at a few buttons. "Want me to stop?"

She shook her head. "But maybe you should."

"Why?"

"Because I'm scared," she said. "I'm worried I won't please you and I also know if I please one of you, I can't do it without hurting the feelings of the other two."

"Is that what you think?"

"Yes," she said. "And I'd like to know what it's like to be with all of you anyway."

"At the same time?"

His dick went wild twitching up a storm underneath his buckskins. He licked his lips and that's when it occurred to him. He'd never kissed her like a man kisses a woman. His mouth watered all the more.

"I'll have to think on it," she said. "After I study on it for a bit, I'll let you know."

"Okay," he said. "Fair enough."

"Clay?" She tried to get up. "You can let me go now. I need to fill the canteens."

He watched her mouth. “Yeah, you need to fetch some water, I reckon.”

“Let me go then,” she whispered.

He bit his lower lip and then moved up, shifted himself against her and slanted his lips over hers for a fulfilling kiss. Long enough to make an impression, but too short to make a lasting one, he kissed her like a woman expects to kiss for the first time. He held her close and tried his damndest not to get carried away. He reminded himself to kiss her like a man kisses a woman he’s not fucked before. A gentleman’s kiss, that’s what he gave her.

Only his mind quickly revisited an image he’d never forget. He wasn’t unfamiliar with her. Only hours earlier, he saw her pretty little pussy close up and so help him, he couldn’t wait to slip inside the tight cave that clung to his fingers and then dripped with her pleasure.

He broke the kiss, forced himself to his feet, and pulled her with him. “Get on down there and get some water and do your business if you gotta go.”

“You coming?” she called out behind her when she started for the others.

“Not yet but when I do, I’ll holler.” And maybe even whistle a sexy little tune.

Chapter Four

Cripple Creek, on first sighting, did not impress Emily in the least. The saloons were on either side of the dirt road leading through the town center and from what she could tell, women were hell bent on selling more than a little sugar.

She kept glancing from Clay to Luke. Levi had control of the team for most of the day and he was ready to find a hotel. Emily understood all of his reasons. He said he was tuckered out but she knew better. He wanted to find a bed for the best of intended purposes.

A painted sign hung lopsided, but barely, over a nailed-up board that used to read 'rent a girl'. It now advertised 'furnished rooms'. Clay shrugged when Levi stopped the wagon in front of the place.

Emily smoothed her hands over her dress. "I'm not staying here," she announced.

Clay's mouth looked like it shrugged. His top lip curled under his teeth before he dared to ask. "Do you mind to tell me what's wrong with this place?"

She glared at the two story building. "It looks like it's old and ready to fall down."

"It's not gonna collapse and the sign says 'furnished rooms'. I doubt you wanna sleep on the floor somewhere."

"No, and I don't want to sleep in a bed where a whore used to sleep." She pointed to the sign. "Did you notice what it said there before?"

"Yep, sure enough, I read it," Levi said jumping down. "It's one of the reasons I think we should stay here."

"Wrong thing to say, bright one," Luke said.

"Honey, in case you didn't know, that's probably been some time ago. Those rent-a-girl signs are hardly appropriate in this town anymore."

"What's so special about this town now?" she asked.

An old man sat on the front porch with his legs crossed at his ankles and he thoughtfully observed them. "Gold," he said, "and plenty of it."

The fella kept his focus on her after she made such an open accusation about his establishment. He probably considered it an outright slander to the working class that once occupied his rooms.

"Clay, you and Luke promised me a home," she purred.

"Hell, honey, we're hardly in position to find one just two or three minutes after riding into town. Besides, I'd like to wash up, get a bite to eat, and a good, long—"

"Watch it, Clay," Luke warned. "I don't think she's in the mood right now."

She crossed her arms. "No, I'm not."

"Suit yourself." Clay shrugged. "Come on, Levi. Let Luke handle her. I don't do well with mad hens."

Before he walked away from her, she picked up a canteen and slung it at him. "Damn you, Clay. You said, you'd find me a home and you didn't say *nothing at all* about making me sleep where whores once slept."

"Well, since you put it that way, woman." Clay ran his hand over his face and smiled mischievously. "I'll just tell ya. I don't think the women who stayed here got a lot of sleepin' done. There was plenty of fuckin' if I had to guess."

The fellow in the chair, kicked his feet up, folded his arms across his chest and watched with adamant curiosity and amusement. "There's a hotel about another two or three buildings down here on the left. Trouble with that, missy," he rubbernecked it enough to see her,

"that's where the whores stay now. You might not want your fellow around the kind we have here."

"Don't worry about my fellas," she said without thinking.

"Well, I'll be damned." He stuck a straw in the corner of his mouth. "You're one yourself."

"Here, now!" Clay shouted at him.

"Well, ain't she? If she's spreading her legs for all of you, that's a might judgmental of her to call our gals around here whores."

"She's not sleeping with any of us... yet," Clay complained as he walked into the rundown building. "You care to show her one of your rooms?"

"Sure, I'll be happy to do that right after our servants get back from picking the splinters out of the last ass we kissed around here."

Brooding now, Luke stepped forward. "What's your name?"

"Percy. I own this joint and have a right mind to do all right with it every now and then. The rooms are clean, the beds are made with fresh sheets, and the price is right. For what you want to do with her, I imagine it's gonna suit."

Luke pursed his lips and reminded Clay. "She don't wanna stay here."

"It's either here or under the open sky. Tell her that and see if she don't change her mind," Clay snapped.

Luke swatted his hat in his hand, ran his fingers through his hair and headed back outside. "Clay said here or the open sky, take your pick."

She quickly stood up to argue but then sank back to the blankets. "I'll take the open sky, thank you very much."

Levi yanked her up and pulled her over his shoulder all in one move. "I think not, Miss Masterson. I am pretty damn tired. The livery stable is over there across the street and they have clean rooms and a bed here, which I plan to use with you. We're staying." He kicked up some dirt and made his way to the plank porch. "And we're

gonna need two rooms," he said to the man who introduced himself as Percy.

"Put me down now," she ordered as she kicked.

"Stop moving around this very second or I'll slide my hand under your dress and fuck you with my fingers right here and now."

Her body stopped twitching at once. "You'll pay for this" she promised through gritted teeth.

"I hope so, Emily. We all hope so."

"Two rooms?" Percy asked.

"Yes, side by side if you got it," Clay added.

The older man pursed his lips and narrowed his gaze. "What will you give me for the owner's special?" He tried to up-sell his upgraded accommodations, probably his own private quarters within the rooming house.

Luke considered the newly presented option before he responded. "This owner's suite, is it here or somewhere close to town?"

"Oh no, boy, it's my house. It's right over there."

The man pointed a good two hundred yards to the tiny cottage. The only thing going for it was the fact that it seemed to have some privacy.

"How much you want for it a night?" Clay asked.

"What do you say we take it out in trade? How many nights do you reckon you'll need a place?"

Percy gave Emily a toothless grin and she slid her hands down Levi's back to grab hold of his hard ass. She closed her eyes and released a sigh. Touching him was better than sipping on his dick covered in chocolate, and she really had a sweet tooth. She also wanted to suck Levi's cock more than she wanted to lick on those expensive balls of chocolate covered candies.

"We don't know how long we're going to stay yet, Percy," Luke said. "What's the rate for your place?"

He nodded toward Emily. "Your woman's got a dirty mind, I see, but when I mentioned a trade, I got something better to trade for than a piece of used pussy."

Her mouth dropped and Levi pinched her on the ass.

"Stop it," she gritted out

"Not a word," he cautioned. "We're trying to get you that home you seem to want. Hush up now, and listen."

Clay stepped forward brooding with every step. "Let's get one thing straight here, Percy. We ain't laid a hand on Emily here. She's a friend of ours. Me and the boys are cousins and we just look after her."

"I see," he rubbed his chin. "Seems somebody likes to look out for her ass more than any other part of her, and I can sure understand why. Never you mind, let's go on down here and talk a little business." He started toward the cottage or what Emily considered a large shack. At least it had some potential.

Levi didn't let her feet touch the ground until she promised to behave herself. She decided he'd scolded her like a small child. He was going to pay for such a mistake. She knew how a woman made a man pay. She still had her virginity but it didn't make her completely stupid.

After her feet were on the ground again, she walked behind Levi and Luke and couldn't help but notice how good they looked in their breeches. She wondered if something was wrong with her. What woman got her thrills, her true jollies, by staring at a man's ass? Maybe she wasn't normal or maybe, she thought, she blossomed all at one time. It didn't matter. As luck would have it, three men seemed eager to deflower her.

Without thinking, she felt of her chin. Thank God, she hadn't started drooling yet. She imagined it was possible, to slobber and such, over a good man.

"So I heard your woman...uh, I mean your friend mention something about a home. If you're interested, then I might be inclined

to rent or sell this place to you. Are you planning on putting down a few roots here?" Percy asked the difficult questions, no doubt.

Luke shot Clay a cold stare and in turn Levi gave them each a sappy smile. Mockingly, he turned to Emily. "You reckon we're planning on putting down roots here, Emily?"

"Levi, what is wrong with you?" Luke asked. "I've never heard you talk so much in your sorry life."

Emily nudged him in the ribs. "Yeah, Levi. What's wrong with you?"

Since they didn't know Percy from an outlaw on a wanted poster, Emily knew better than to ask such a question. She'd get an answer, all right.

"Some good looking woman promised to blow me until I was too tired to get it stiff again," he gave the answer, as she suspected, verbatim. He said it precisely as she'd whispered it in his ear earlier. Leave it to Levi.

Luke grabbed her wrist and pulled her out of view by tugging her to the rear of the house while Percy walked inside with Clay and Levi on his heels.

Pressing her against the wood siding, he watched her closely. "Did you say that?"

She batted her eyes. "Maybe."

"You did," he said, taking a minute to digest it. "Damn it! What's the matter with you?"

She grinned. "I've said the same things to you before too."

"You ain't ever promised to blow me until I was too tired to get it hard for ya again."

"Remember the talk we used to have on my porch?"

"Yeah, but we always talked about maybe fucking. You never promised to suck my dick like what you promised Levi and I got a bigger one than he does. I swear you might like it better."

They stared at each other for a long moment of silence. She tried to pull away and he dragged her body over the ridge of his cock and held her tight against him.

In an instant, everything about him turned sexual. "I'm going to clean you up in Percy's big bathtub, Emily, and if he don't have one, I'll find a river nearby to take you to—just me and you. Then, I'm going to do the kind of things to you that you let Clay do when he played doctor only I'm not going to stop until I come inside of your pussy. Even then, afterwards I mean, I won't leave you. It's safe to say, I plan to stay awhile."

She smiled as he made his little come-on promises. They'd played seducing games of what-if sitting on her front porch. Lately, when they talked sexy-like to one another, he'd left her panting for the real thing, truly dying for his cock and now was no different. She almost reached for it then and there.

He cupped her neck from the front. He didn't choke her but of course, anyone passing by might think he was, but there wasn't much foot traffic this time of day and Percy's house set over the hill and out of sight.

Gazing into her eyes, she saw the lust, no mistake about it. "Tell me what you told Levi."

"You already know. He just told you exactly what I said."

"Did you mean it?"

She wanted to tease him all the more. "Every word of it."

"Is that offer good for one and all?" he asked with a slow grind against her lower half.

"Depends on the man, Luke," she hummed.

"It does, does it?"

"Oh yeah, most definitely, it depends on the man."

"And you think you're ready to handle all of us?" he asked.

"Sure," she said. "Ready to ride all night long too. That is, if you're ready to break in a new filly. Are you, Luke?"

"Ready to give all of us a good bucking, you say?"

“Uh-huh,” she brushed something off of his shirt as she spoke to him quietly.

“Why the sudden change now, Emily? I’ve been a tryin’ to get you to pay attention to how bad I want you for nearly a year. Why now?”

Emily noticed how his voice changed then. The sincerity in the way he questioned her and the way his gaze misted over too made her warm all over, hot in a few spots. Her pussy felt wet enough to flood all of Cripple Creek and her nipples hurt, throbbed for his careful caress.

He licked his lips and his thumbs pressed into a gentle massage at the base of her neck, right above her collarbone. “Tell me, honey.”

“Because I finally know what I want. It took those men coming into my house to make me see it. All I thought about when they had their hands on me was how my first time was gonna be with men who didn’t care one thing about me. It made me sick...when they were touching me, Luke. I kept thinking about you and—

His lips covered hers and he stopped her from saying any other name. She felt sure of it. He kissed her mouth shut and then he licked his way right into it and he didn’t stop with a simple man’s kiss.

* * * *

When their lips parted, he released a hearty sigh. “Woman, you sure are something special.”

She glanced down and before she looked up again, he took her chin and pushed it up with his forefinger. His velvet mouth opened against her parted lips as his tongue stroked inside her mouth. His tongue whipped in and out of her mouth insinuating sex, the rough and passionate kind that made a woman’s knees weak and a man’s penis hard—rock hard.

Luke pressed his palm against his cock to keep it from mashing against her stomach. He fought for strength and tried to manage his

weaknesses around her. God help him he might come in his pants if he didn't get inside of her.

"Emily, help me understand how this is going to work," he whispered as his tongue went to her ear. "Do you want us all together at the same time or are you going to take us separately, one man at a time. I know you've thought about it. Have you dreamed about it?" God help him, he wanted her to tell him exactly how she'd imagined them.

Before she answered, he slapped his mouth against hers again and this time his kiss—and hers—were so hungry, it frightened him. She grabbed his head and held him to her and when she did, he lost his balance. He flipped her around and pressed her hard against the house with the weight of his entire body.

With his forehead to hers, he nuzzled her cheek turning his face left to right. "You've got my dick hard, Emily." He jerked his arm away from himself and let his cock mash into her belly. "You feel that?"

She looked at him through long eyelashes. He saw a twinge, just a little etching of fear sparkle in the depths of her eyes. "You won't hurt me with it," she said with a wicked smile. "I mean, it's so big, you won't—"

"No, never," he replied. "I just want to love you with it."

"Love me, how?" she whispered before she brought his lips to hers once more. "Tell me, Luke. Tell me all the ways you can love me with your body."

He drew back away from their kiss and watched her. Her mouth opened and closed while she tried to draw him in for another sensual kiss.

Right then, he saw the thing he'd always suspected in her. She needed a man to love. She wanted someone to take care of her. She'd always been so grateful when he'd stopped by her place, like she was starved for attention, some kind of interaction with other people.

He wanted to connect with her in a way she'd never forget. As luck would have it, he might get his chance in a matter of a few short hours, if not a couple of minutes.

He grabbed her hand and held it to his lips. "Do something for me," he said. "I want you to feel me. Put your hand inside my pants."

She chuckled, a deep sassy laughter, carnal and sexy in every way. "Percy is showing Clay and Levi around. They'll look for us."

"I don't care if they find us as long as your hand is on my cock...now." He clasped her hand with his and guided it to his belt. He moved his fingertips to her wrist and held her to him.

Her mouth fell open and with a heated gasp, she moved her fingers lower until she was confined in the crowded space of his breeches. She gulped when she felt his thick meat swell in her hand.

"Oh my," she whispered. "This is different."

He chuckled. "You think something is wrong with it?"

"No, it's just...not what I thought it would feel like. "You're hard and big, round and long."

She didn't move with it and he encouraged her, heaven help him he tried hard, to get her to stroke. He moved into her a little more and then swayed backwards too but his damn pants were far too tight and they were particularly snug in just the right spot.

"Wrap your hand around my dick, Emily. Then, pull it nice and slow," he whispered as he covered her with hungry nips. "You won't hurt me, darlin' just move your hand with me."

She peered down. The little thing wanted to see it. He didn't blame her much. If she was pure and all, she had to have a curious nature.

Emily tightened her grip and pumped. He closed his eyes and leaned into her mouth again. His tongue stroked hers, and he thrust past her lips and teeth. God he was hungry, so damn thirsty.

She pulled him all the way through her fist as she rolled his flesh up and down, kneading him enough to make sure the texture of his

skin moved with her perfect hand job. Oh hell, he was going to come in his buckskins if she didn't stop.

"That's good, isn't it?" she congratulated herself openly breaking free of their kiss once again. "You like it, I know you do."

"I love it," he freely admitted. "Do you like feeling me, sugar?"

"Oh yes," she said. "Very much... I've waited a long time, Luke."

"I know you have darlin' and I've waited too." His thighs bunched and he thrust into her hand feeling his face draw with the pressure building.

"That's it, Emily. Just a little more." Damn it! He needed to come. Why the hell didn't he just shoot off in her hand and let her feel him, every drop he had to give.

He worked his hips and somehow pulled away from her when he needed to control his cock most. "Ah, baby, this could get so hot between me and you."

"You think so? Do you like it that much?"

"Can't you tell?" he questioned leaning back to study her face but still moving his hips and giving her more and more, every inch of him spilled into her tiny hand. He made the painful effort to move away from her, and it took some doing on his part, whenever he felt a drizzle of pre-cum at the tip.

Her eyes widened when he felt a little excess the third time he seeped into her palm.

"What's wrong, honey? You know what you're feeling don't you?"

"I know," she said and went for his lips again.

She didn't have a clue.

"You're going to have to either lock your mouth around my dick or let me get inside of you, Emily. I'm gonna have to come. Will you suck my cock for me, baby?"

"Do you want me to do it right here?"

He looked around the corner and then pressed her tight against his chest and held her there. "You know I do. I want to fuck you so bad

right now. I need to get inside your tight little pussy and just feel you come with me, you know?"

She nodded.

No, she didn't know. He was going to get inside of her and fuck the daylight and the sweetness out of her.

He reminded himself when he looked into the kind eyes of gentle innocence. She didn't know and yet he was getting all worked up to lay his meat to her, right here in front of a town they'd just discovered. What kind of man was he? What kind of friendship had he started with Emily just to toss it to the wind in one weakened moment?

They heard voices and Luke jerked. It forced Emily to lose her hold on him. She looked at her fingers and noticed the moisture on them. He held his breath wondering if she'd wipe them off on her dress disgusted by the sticky substance on her index finger and middle knuckle.

Instead, the little thing sucked her fingers in between her lips and he watched in true appreciation. "Oh shit. I can't believe you just did that," he said.

Her eyebrows gathered and she started to say something. Her mouth had already formed the words and she started to speak but it was too late.

He took her mouth and claimed it, really possessed it this time as he trapped her fingers against her lips and sucked them as they kissed. He tapped her tongue and licked his way into her mouth sucking on the tip and releasing it before moving outward, kissing her jaw line and chin. He held the nape of her neck tight refusing to allow her the freedom to break their moment.

The voices were louder now and Luke didn't care. He rewarded a woman who justly deserved it. "I'm going to fall in love with you if it's the last thing I do," he said.

"You have to give me more than words, cowboy," she teased.

Levi rounded the corner. "There you are."

“Shit!” Luke pushed away from her but still kept his hands on her when he turned her around to face his cousin. He continued to caress her hips and bottom as he held Levi in a knowing stare.

“Well, I’ll be damned.”

Emily smirked. “It’s not what you think.”

“It’s exactly what he thinks,” Luke corrected.

Levi shifted his weight back and forth between his planted feet. “Clay is settling up with Percy. Turns out his wife just passed away and the whole place is tidy on the inside. Percy’s not a bad fellow and the place is as neat as a—”

Levi stopped talking and started watching.

Emily stood in front of Luke with her hand behind her back stoking him. Luke realized her arm moving up and down with her elbow bending forward and back told enough of a tale.

“What ‘cha doing there, Emily?” Levi asked.

He moved closer and sandwiched her with his cousin. He tilted her chin using one hand and squeezed her firm breast with another.

She moaned. “That’s gonna cost you.”

“I can pay, Emily. In more ways than you can imagine, I can pay you with every inch rubbing up against my pocket.”

Luke grunted. “Damn, you sure are full of yourself today, huh?”

“I’m full of something, that’s for sure,” Levi said with a twinkle in his eye. “Emily, you know what it is, don’t ‘cha?”

Her arm started moving and she pressed the back of her head against Luke’s shoulder. He pressed his lips to the nape of her neck and she moaned out loud. It sounded like a thirsty cry, a lonesome sound leaving the lungs of a woman who wanted but didn’t know how to act on her hunger.

Levi stroked her cheek and then lowered his head. “Emily, let me and Luke take care of you.”

“Can you do that, Emily?” Luke asked. “Will you, sweetheart?”

Luke glanced up and saw Percy heading up the hill. Clay was with him waving his hands behind his back, fanning them really. He

glanced over his shoulder only once and he looked like a mad rooster teetering off in a direction where he didn't want to go. He obediently followed Percy back to the rooming house.

Levi kissed her cheek. "Don't start without me. I'll be right back. I'm gonna find out what we're doing about this here house so we can carry you off to bed as fast as we can."

Luke shook his head. "I thought, on occasion, you had some common sense. A woman don't wanna hear how quick a man is gonna fuck her."

Levi stared at her blankly. "You don't?"

"I kind of like it, actually," she said before she cut her eyes back toward Levi. "It makes me feel wanted."

He cleared his throat. "You're wanted, Emily. Tell her, Luke."

"I don't have to tell her. I plan on showing her." His knees locked the second he bent down and he rose back up with Emily in his arms. "And I'm gonna do it right now."

Chapter Five

The second he put her down, he clasped his hands behind her neck and drew her into a kiss. “My mouth is going to stay on you so much that I become a habit, a sip you can’t miss in the morning or live without in the evening.”

She broke the connection with a grin. “We promised not to start anything without Levi.”

“I never promised a damn thing and besides, every time I turn around that little shit is telling us not to start without him. Hell, in case you haven’t noticed, he can’t sit still long enough to think about fucking a woman.”

“Is that right?”

“Yeah, I mean come on now. He could’ve stayed right where he was a few minutes ago and the two of us would be screaming for Oh Susanna about right now.”

“Who’s Susanna?”

“Scratch it. It’s a song, a melody that stays in my head when I come, generally.”

“You mean another woman’s name comes to mind in the minutes of passion?”

“Yeah,” he said with a smile. “I mean, no...it’s a song. You ain’t heard of Oh Susanna?”

“No,” she replied. “Who is she?”

“Ah now. You ain’t heard the lyrics of Oh Susanna? It goes something like ‘Oh Susanna oh don’t you cry for me’, I’m coming in Colorado with a woman on her knees...Oh Susanna—”

She laughed and headed inside. “That’s not the way the song goes.”

Luke followed her. “Ah, so you have heard of it?”

“Yes, I have. And the song goes something different from the way you sing it.”

“Well, that’s the way I think of it when the time is right,” he admitted with a devilish grin.

She slowly walked around Percy’s place. “I feel like I’m in somebody else’s home.” She took a closer look at the china in the cupboard.

“You won’t for long.” Levi rejoined them with a wide smile plastered across his face. “Clay is up there at the old hotel talkin’ to Percy. I reckon by the sounds of it, he’s gonna buy the house for ya.”

She stared at him in disbelief. “I’d like to talk to him before he makes a final decision. Percy is gonna charge him plenty for this place.”

Luke shook his head. “I don’t think so, Emily. Besides, it don’t matter to us none. We have almost every dime we ever earned.”

“You mean took?” She swallowed hard when she corrected him. They seldom discussed what the Justice trio did for a living.

Levi stole a glance at his cousin. “Here, now. Where’d you get such a notion?”

“It’s true, isn’t it?” She sat down on a stool in the middle of the large open room. “I mean, don’t you rob stagecoaches and rich people?”

“We’ve been known to, what about it?” Clay’s voice came from behind her and startled her into standing.

“I didn’t see you there,” she stated. “I...”

“Don’t worry about him, Emily. He’s always this way when he lets go of the gold in his pocket,” Levi explained.

Clay walked over to the window and kept his back to her. “Let’s get one thing straight here, Emily. I just bought this here house for you. I did it only ‘cause you told me you wanted a home.

“Me and the boys don’t care much for staying anywhere long but Cripple Creek is a nice enough place. We’re gonna try it for a piece, see how things move along for us, I reckon...just for a little while though, you might as well understand these things now. Anyhow, it’s yours now, I reckon.”

“I didn’t mean for you to buy a place and give it to me. I just wanted to have a place to call home,” she explained.

Luke grabbed her around the shoulders and pulled her into a tight hug. “Well, now you do.”

“Listen here, Emily,” Clay held a firm tone. “We can promise you all sorts of things, and right now, seeing as we want to bed you, we might even convince you to believe some of what we say. Truth is, none of us could tell you whether or not we meant them. We ain’t the kind of men to settle down and make a woman think she’s got any kind of future with us. You understand what I’m saying here?”

She swallowed stiffly and fought back tears. Then, she nodded quickly. “I’ll...I’ll stay until you get tired of me.”

Luke set his jaw. “Is this necessary, *right now*?”

“I imagine now is as good a time as any,” Clay informed. “See, Emily, I think too much of ya and feel like we have to set things straight. Before we take advantage of you, take your body and all, I gotta tell ya the way it is. I’m only doin’ it ‘cause we’re all friends here. We ain’t got no reason to have secrets and lies between us.”

“Uh-huh, and your timing sucks, Clay,” Luke told him. “If you only knew how much.”

“It’s okay,” Emily patted Luke’s arm and smiled at Levi before she walked over to Clay and wrapped her arms around his waist. She kissed his chin and rested her head on his chest. “I know you’d never want to keep me, Clay. All those women you’ve had in your life, whispering sweet nothings in your ear, those women know more about what you want and they can give you what you need.”

He quickly untangled her body and removed her grip from him. “What the hell are you talking about?”

She blinked. "I know you don't want to keep me around because I'm not like those fancy women you're used to and it's okay. You're right. We're all friends." She swallowed her pride and damn near swallowed her tongue too. "Now, I'll hurry back here shortly. I have a few things I wanna ask Percy." She backed away from them then and kept her head down.

"Wait there, a second," Clay told her. "You got it wrong, honey."

"I think I've got it right enough. Now, don't any of you fret because I'll come on back and start some supper as soon as I talk to Percy."

"Now what the hell do you need to talk to him about?" Clay inquired.

"It's about a few things a woman needs to know and nothing more." She tried to square her shoulders, lift her chin and act as prideful as she ever had in her life.

Luke reached for her but she rushed by him. The tears she held while she listened to Clay's confession fell fast. By the time she scooted up the hillside and made it to the booming saloon, her face was completely damp.

* * * *

"I got a mind to kick your ass," Luke snapped. "What the hell were you thinking?"

"She deserves a man's honesty," Clay deadpanned.

"What the hell for?" Levi asked. "She knows what we do for a livin', she said so herself. Now how come we gotta tell her we're gonna leave her all alone?"

Luke paced the floor. "That was the damn dumbest thing you've ever done in your life. If you'd only watched her with me and Levi earlier, you'd know how stupid you are about right now."

“You want me to make her think I bought her this house and the four of us are just gonna live right here? Maybe pretend like we’re strangely married or something?”

“It sounded pretty good to me,” Levi said.

“Of course you’d think so, Levi,” Clay smarted off and didn’t give a damn about his feelings. “You ain’t never had a family and you’re lookin’ to make one with a girl who don’t have the first idea of what she’s doing here. We can say we ain’t taking advantage of her if it makes us feel better, and it does.

“The truth is, we’re robbing her as much as we’ve ever robbed anyone. We’re gonna take her purity, give her a few hard fucks, and then walk the hell right on out. We always do it. After all these years, she ain’t gonna change the way we do things once we get what we want.”

“Speak for yourself,” Luke said slapping his hand against the doorframe. “Now I’ve got a mind to go find her. If she comes back here first, try to let Levi do the talkin’ and say you’re sorry too.”

“Luke, listen, I ain’t gonna lie to her,” Clay said.

“You just did cousin,” Luke informed. “See, I don’t plan on leaving here unless Emily is with me.”

“Me either,” Levi quickly added. “I like having her around and as long as she likes having me around too, I’m gonna stick close.”

“Uh-huh,” Clay muttered. “And what are you gonna do when they have a noose ready for us? That Marshall Coe and his men will eventually find their way here. What then?”

“Thought you had a friend in high places in this here town?” Levi asked.

“I do but I’m planning for the worst. Percy said he’s a crooked bastard if there ever was one in Cripple Creek.”

“That’s the kind of fella we need on our side,” Levi reminded. “Maybe that’s why you and him are friends anyhow.”

“Maybe, but a crook typically bends both ways when money or power is involved.”

Luke rubbed his chin. "We'll worry about it when the time comes. For now, I'm gonna go fetch Emily. Levi, you get that big tub there in the corner ready for her. I plan to take good care of her tonight."

Clay took a deep breath. "You two really think she's gonna let us all have her on the same night?"

Levi rapidly nodded. "She said so, didn't she, Luke?"

"In so many words."

"Is that right?" Clay asked.

"Yep, that's about the jest of what she allowed." Luke patted his cock. "But if she changes her mind, I can tell you for certain that I'm not the one who will step aside tonight."

Clay stomped across the cabin. "Get the horses up to the livery stable and I'll go find her. I'll bring her back and try to explain things to her."

"How do you explain true stupidity?" Luke asked.

"It ain't easy," Levi told him. "I try to explain myself all the time and you two always make me feel like I'm dumber than dumb when I try. Clay here is one stupid ass for running Emily off. He can't explain it, can you Clay?"

"No brains-of- the-bunch, I can't. But I reckon I can bring her back here and let you two make things right with her tonight if I can't manage."

"I hope you can't," Luke told him. "I'd rather share with Levi than you right now."

Clay took his hat off in passing and slapped Luke over the head with it. "I hope for once I have a way with words as much as I do with my cock. If I do, then one thing is certain, I'll get in 'tween Emily's legs first and I'll stay for as long as she'll have me."

"Yeah," Levi grumbled. "Until you pack up and move on. Remember? You always do it. Now's not any different."

Chapter Six

Marshall Coe stood in front of an angry crowd. They were waiting for answers and he had a lot of them but there were few he'd ever feel obligated to offer to an idiot and he headed up a town full of them.

He always thought he was a little sharper than the next guy but somehow those Justice boys outsmarted him and those good old boys—God rest their souls—who rode out to Emily Masterson's place with him. Now their bodies were stacked high in his brother-in-law's wagon and the whole town wanted answers. Hell, if they knew the truth, they'd settle for his hide instead.

The farmers stood with torches lit and pitchforks shaking. A few odd remarks, those that insinuated he wasn't worth believing fell into the open air.

"What do you have to say for yourself, Marshall?" someone hollered.

"Yeah, Marshall, Miss Masterson fled out of fear and said she'd head back here. No one has seen her!" a woman shouted out this time. Her man, whoever the unlucky bastard was, should put a gag on her or stuff his dick in her mouth.

He scanned the crowd to see if he could locate the voice. He'd like to shove his cock in a woman's mouth who needed a lesson or two taught.

"Explain why a nice woman like that gal would leave behind a note pointing her finger at you!" Another woman screamed out. Lunacy existed everywhere now. When men allowed their women to speak for them, the whole town faced deterioration.

“I don’t give a damn what that carving said. Anyone could’ve whittled away just anything in wood. Don’t you people know this?” The Marshall walked from one side of the covered porch to the other.

The crowd was split down the middle. Some pointed and accused him while others shouted for a posse.

“It’s those Justice boys again,” Marshall Coe said. “We’ve allowed them to come into our towns and steal from us. They rob our trains and our stagecoaches. We give them permission. We sure don’t stop them. Now, they are taking off with our women!”

The Marshall tried to stir a lot of commotion and during his rant, still another feisty woman hollered out, “Marshall! Marshall! That’s not true and you know it. It’s you and your men who do the raping and I’ll bet it’s you and your men who do the robbing.”

“Who said that?” he demanded as he marched down the rickety steps in front of the jail “Answer me!”

Men, women, and children turned around and looked behind them before they turned to face the Marshall again. He stormed through the crowd. “Whoever said that...you don’t know what you’re saying! I’ll lock ya up and find a charge to pin on ya because it’s lies. All of it! Nothing but lies!”

By the time he made it to the platform in front of the Sheriff’s office, the voice in the crowd sounded off again. “I ought to know. You and your boys raped me!”

No one turned around this time. Instead, the whole place fell silent. This time, the anger kicked up a notch and the entire town looked to one man for answers.

“Well, Marshall,” a farmer said. “What do you have to say for yourself?”

He backed into the building and clung to the door. “I say we need to form a posse and those who accuse the innocent should have the guts to show their face! And until they do, don’t bother me. Get a posse together and come find me.”

* * * *

Clay spotted her at the piano the second he walked inside the crowded saloon. A few friendly folks smiled and a cowboy or two said 'howdy' as he passed.

"Emily?" He tapped her shoulder and the woman turned around.

"Name's not Emily, sugar," the gal said. "You must be looking for a young, pretty little thing that just took off upstairs in search of a room."

Dear God, his eyes must've played a few too many tricks on him. The first woman he spotted with long red hair, he called his Emily without paying any mind to the way the woman dressed. He stared at her blankly.

The woman snapped her fingers in front of his face. "Is that the one you want?"

He shook his head for a second, maybe from shock. No, he was definitely in shock if he took one look at this gal and thought of Emily. This one had beautiful ruby hair but she was at least forty-five, a used-up whore with wrinkles in all the right places. She had a nice smile though and big breasts.

Clay liked whores with a good chest and nice facial expressions. He knew from experience those who smiled and laughed a lot had one hell of a good time in bed. He focused on her breasts. Her tits looked mighty nice pushed up high above her collar and for a second, he forgot about Emily, just a second and only because he was first and always...a horny man.

"What did you say? She went upstairs?"

"Sure did, sugar. She's with our barkeep. She's in real good hands with him," she said with a wicked smile. "He's got what every gal her age needs, a lot in the breeches and the stamina to make a trained whore into a very appreciative woman."

The whore's words were like a knife to the gut. Clay took the wooden stairs two at a time as he went upstairs to find her. He looked

back downstairs over the saloon and realized the locals were paying him far too much attention.

“Emily?” he whispered as he walked down the hallway. “Emily!” He made the effort to raise his voice a notch and snapped out her name a time or two more. The last thing he wanted to do was cause alarm in a town where he’d prefer to go unnoticed as much as possible.

He walked to the end of the hall and spotted her reflection in the mirror. She stood in front of a made-up blonde woman, a real busty whore with a painted on smile. Her hair was piled on top of her head and she was working to pin it tighter so it would stay there.

“So your fellows bought Percy’s place?” she asked.

“Yes,” Emily replied. “Only they ain’t my fellows. See, that’s how come your boss said for me to talk to you. He said you’d teach me how to make them my fellas.”

The woman turned around to face her and Clay ducked out of sight. “Honey, he ain’t my boss. He works the bar here. I pretty much work for myself. I’m the only one. I’ve been here long enough to be used up by every good cowboy in the country so I get some privileges.”

“Oh,” Emily said with a loud gulp.

Clay stretched his neck to watch them and swapped out vantage points. Sometimes, he spied through the door and other times, he watched them in the mirror opposite them. He tried to control his breathing so they wouldn’t hear him.

“All right then. What are you here for exactly? You gotta be specific. Do you want me to tell you what your men are going to do to you or do you want to bring one of them over here so I can show you how it’s done. You can watch me with one or two of them and see for yourself.”

Emily stared at her in disbelief. “You mean you’d fuck them in front of me?”

“I’ll fuck anything in front of anyone for a price, sweetie.”

At least the woman was an honest whore, if nothing else.

"I don't know if I could watch you," Emily stood a little straighter and then continued, "I mean, I don't know if I could stand it to see you with them."

The whore held out her hands and looked at her fingernails. "So what, you want me to get a cowboy downstairs to let you watch?"

"Yeah, that's what I had in mind," Emily said. "If I watch you with one of your customers, do you think I'll see everything I need to see?"

"Honey," the whore touched her cheek, "what is it exactly that you want to see? Do you want to see a man's dick or do you want to see the way a woman is supposed to react when she has one in front of her? Do you want to watch me suck cock or are you afraid you won't do something right, act sexy enough for your cowboys?"

"Maybe that's it," she admitted before she sat down on the edge of the whore's bed.

Clay had to smile to himself as he watched her look around nervously, smooth her palms over the coverlet where she sat and then immediately stand up again. Since he knew how Emily felt about sleeping in a bed where whores had played, the whole scene tickled him plumb too death.

"You're afraid if you don't learn from me that one day, one or all of them will end up here with me or one of the girls, right?"

She nodded. "I couldn't stand it if I did it wrong the first time and they came up here afterwards."

The whore laughed. "Yeah, well you're not alone, sugar. Every woman in this town calls me a lowdown whore and half of them have good reason."

"But you are a whore," Emily told her innocently.

"This ain't news to me, sweetie," she said with a wide grin. "The thing is, whore or not, no woman wants to wear the title."

"Oh," Emily responded. "I figured you expected it."

“Yeah, I guess. Thing is, I know people—women especially—talk behind my back and when it’s really ugly, I prefer it that way. See, if I heard it to my face, I guess a lot of women here would end up committing suicide ‘cause I wouldn’t take it lying down. You know?”

“Oh,” she said. “No, I don’t.”

The whore sighed. “Here’s the thing. These women out there beyond the saloon, they say all sorts of nasty things behind my back. Thing is if they dared say some of it to my face, I’d tell them lots of goodies about their men. Things like what their husbands say to me when I’m sucking cock or the way they pull my hair when they drive their dicks to the back of my throat. I’d let them have a good idea of what kind of sex drives their men into my bed and why they keep coming back for more.

“So you see,” she continued. “It’s better if I don’t know everything that’s said because I don’t like this retaliation business. It don’t pay well in the end and when a woman has a man to use for revenge, she can go for the heart and rip it out nine times out of ten.”

Clay watched Emily, really studied her. She digested the lesson from the wise, or rather... the used.

“Listen sugar, go on back down there and love on your cowboys. Try it by yourself. Tell ‘em what you’ve told me. If you can’t get it right the first time, then come on back up here and we’ll talk. I’ll let you watch me with one of your cowboys or one of mine. How’s that?”

“I guess it sounds good,” she said.

“But not good enough.” Clay stepped out where both of them could see him and he did it without thinking. He was as horny as a man in search of pussy for the very first time. And now his woman and her new friend had his undivided attention.

* * * *

Clay's cock pressed against his breeches. He inched inside the whore's room and cautiously closed the door.

"Speak of the devil," the whore said. "I imagine by the look on his face and show of his excitement, he's yours?"

Emily and Clay exchanged a heated stare.

"Well, Emily. Am I?"

"Uh, I...I..."

The whore nodded her head with each 'I' waiting for her to go on, actually anticipating the words Emily couldn't bring herself to say.

"You what, honey?" the whore asked.

"I...it doesn't matter one way or the other."

Clay grinned. "Don't care either way, do you, Emily?"

She shook her head. "Why would I care? You don't set down roots without yanking 'em right back up."

The blonde started for the door. "I'm gonna take a few hours for myself. If you two want my room for a bit, I'll just—"

Clay grabbed her arm with one hand and tugged some gold pieces from his pocket with the other. He tossed them on her dresser and Emily's eyes widened.

"Oh," the woman said. "I can sure stay put for that kind of gold too."

Emily didn't know how much was there but it looked like a lot to her and it made a clanking noise when it hit the top of the whore's dresser. One of the pieces fell to the floor with a soft clang and Clay picked it up and tossed it with the other coins.

"What's it gonna be, Emily? You want me to fuck her while you watch or do you want to fuck me and have her watch and give you a few pointers?"

The whore smiled. "Oh now, sugar, I like the way your man thinks," she drawled. "I can't recall a time when I was paid to watch."

"I guess not," Clay said before he released his grip. "First time for everything though, right?"

“You followed me!” Emily accused her heart racing against her chest and vibrating so strong, she felt the beat of it against her ribcage.

“Nope, didn’t have to, Emily. Besides, if you ever wanna hide in this town, you’ll have to cut off all of your hair or shove it in a hat. With your hair color, never mind that little body of yours, everything about you paints a memory.”

“Ain’t that sweet.” The whore batted her eyes at Clay. “So what’s your pleasure, cowboy? Wanna fuck me or her?” She rolled her tongue over her lower lip. “Or do we all fuck each other?”

Emily turned on her. “Do *you* mind?”

“Sugar, you’re in my room and you came to me. Your man here followed you and was kind enough to put money on the dresser. Now somebody, either me or you is gonna get fucked. I don’t care either way but I don’t like to waste time deciding business matters.”

She patted Clay’s arm. “What about it, cowboy?”

“Emily?”

“I’m ready to go.” She shifted her weight and held her head high forcing her shoulders back with the announcement.

“You’re plumb ready, right now, huh?”

“Yes, Clay. I am.” She started for the door and he grabbed her around the waist. “I don’t know, Emily. I like the idea of staying for a bit and I gotta tell you,” he eyed the whore, “I like the idea of three.”

He winked at the whore and she pinched his cheek. “Oh, I could have a good time with you, cowboy.”

“Is she gonna watch, Emily?” His eyes glazed over as he held her and Emily brought her arm up to smack him.

He stopped her and drew her closer, pinning her arms to her sides. “Me and you or her and us?”

“Let me go, Clay,” she whispered.

“Suit yourself.” He released his hold on her and grabbed the whore instead. His lips crashed against hers and she moaned out loud with the dramatic gesture.

He pressed her against the wall and held her there with one hand flat against her belly and the other working fast to untie his buckskins.

“Clay,” she muttered. “Please don’t do this.”

He stopped kissing the woman he held and by the time he stared back at Emily, his cock was in his hand. He rubbed it up against the woman’s dress and she took the lead while he glared at Emily.

“I’m getting off, Emily. Either your hand, your mouth, your body...or hers. It don’t matter to me either way, to hear you tell it.”

She tried to understand where his anger came from but it was no use. She looked down at the whore’s hand watching as she tugged and released the hard length of flesh expanding in her hand.

“Clay...”

The whore released his cock and raised her skirts, her petticoat and dress wadded up in her fist. “Cowboy, if you don’t mind my saying so, I’d rather her choose me for your kind of size.”

Beads of sweat covered his brow as he braced himself against the wall, one palm on one side of her head and the other on her waist.

“Sugar, it’s only business,” she said to Emily as she tried to encourage Clay to take her. She couldn’t help herself, the whore was panting, maybe even drooling.

“Emily?”

“Fuck you, Clay!” She ran out the door as fast as she could. When she passed them, she could tell, he’d already started the fucking. He had a willing participant and the woman was all too willing to earn her wages. After all, she said she liked his size.

Emily trotted down the stairs and headed toward the back of the saloon. She bumped into the wall as she turned the corner and fell straight into Luke’s waiting arms.

Chapter Seven

Luke gripped her shoulders. “Emily, what is it?”

She looked up at him for a second and then buried her face in her hands. “I don’t want to talk about it. I just can’t talk about it. I hate him! I just hate him!”

Clay grinned as he tossed his hat on his head and strolled by her and Luke with a gentle gait and a plain devious smile. “Gee, Emily, I’m sorry to hear that, especially since the whore back there is saying the same thing about right now.”

She blinked twice and watched him keep his back to her as he marched on out of the barroom. She followed him down the dusty street with her fists drawn tight and ready to strike. She wanted to hit something, preferably him.

“Don’t you walk right by me cocky-like, after you fuck a whore and blame me because you did it!”

“You did what?” Luke asked Clay as they walked down the dirt road headed back for their place, the one Percy sold them long before they should’ve bought it.

For every stride Clay took, she skipped two or three to keep up. She did it sideways, trying to talk to him while they headed home.

“Don’t listen to her,” Clay spoke over her. “She don’t know the first thing about what she’s talking about.”

“The hell I don’t. You paid her and you said her or me. When I didn’t, you had her moaning out in some kind of pain before I got out of the room.”

Luke took a deep breath and looked away. “Dear God, Clay.”

Clay stopped walking and stared at her. "That's what you think I did?"

"I know what I saw," she muttered.

"The hell you do. What you saw was a good act. What you deserved is what you thought you witnessed in the first place."

"What are the two of you rambling on about?" Levi asked the second they walked inside the cabin. "I could hear you when you were up there on the hillside."

"He fucked a whore," Luke told Levi.

"I didn't fuck a whore," Clay said. "Good Lord, why would I go and do something stupid like that when I got the only woman I want standing right here beside me."

"You fucked her. She held your cock in her hands. I saw it!" she screamed.

Levi looked at Luke. "Then yeah, he probably screwed her if you saw that much. I know if a woman takes me that far, she'd better bend over and get ready. I ain't gonna let her touch it if she ain't gonna let me stroke it."

"Levi!" she spouted on. "Now is not a good time for your spitter-spatter to flap."

Clay shook his head real quick and Luke grinned. They had some sort of unspoken signal between them. She marched across the room and eyed the bathtub.

"Is that for me?" she asked.

"Why yes, Miss Emily, it is," Clay drawled. "I guess I had time to fuck a whore after all if I'd known Levi here was going to—"

Levi looked at him dumbfounded. "You or Luke one told me to get her tub ready. You knew I'd take care of it. What's a whore got to do with any of this?"

"He wanted me to watch him with some...some...woman!"

"No, she wanted a whore to teach her how to fuck," Clay informed. "And the gal at the saloon offered to fuck us in front of her but the jealous little thing had a problem with it. Didn't you, Emily?"

“I didn’t want her to teach me by touching you!”

“And just what did you want, Emily?” His voice lowered. He stepped toward her and her hands flew to his chest.

“Don’t you come near me,” she warned.

“Why not? I didn’t get inside of that woman because I didn’t want inside of her. I only want you. I’m here to tell you, me and you—we’re gonna happen and it’s gonna happen just as soon as we get you cleaned up.” He pursed his lips and muttered.

“To think you went to a whore and asked her how to love on a man. Do you know how cotton pickin’ stupid that is?” He scowled and went on, “All you had to do was ask one of us instead of going to the very town we live in to ask for a demonstration. You all but asked for trouble with a capital T-R-B-L-E.”

Emily rolled her eyes. “I don’t know why I’d think any of you can bed a woman when not a one of you can spell.”

Emily looked down at herself and noticed how her arms were black and blue, still dirty from the rumble she had with Marshall Coe and his boys. She could barely tell where the bruises were because of the dirt but she knew they were there. Her body was one large painful reminder.

“Maybe I can’t spell well but I can fuck well. Ask anyone I’ve been with and they’ll tell you,” he said.

“I imagine the list would be too long, Clay.” She stomped over to a nearby chair, held onto it and discarded her boots.

“Yep, it would be but that was before I met you. Emily. I promise you, my dick ain’t been inside of any woman’s pussy in days. I swear it.”

“I *saw you*,” she whispered. “With my own eyes.”

He dragged her to him and held her close. Tilting her chin up, he looked in her eyes. “You saw me playing rough. You saw her give me a hand job, but you didn’t see me fuck her. I held my cock away from her. How the hell do you think I made it down the hall so fast?”

She narrowed her eyes on him. "I guess you're like a second man or something. I don't know but I do know what I saw. I'll never forget it."

"I hate that. I do but, honey, I gotta tell ya, I'm good but I don't shoot off that fast. I promise you. And for the record, a man's gotta finish his business when his dick gets inside of a woman's pussy. I was angry at 'cha for going to a whore and asking her how to take care of us. I was damn mad and probably took it too far by playing rough but...ah hell, Emily. There ain't no excuse for my bad behavior."

"No, you're right. You acted like an animal back there."

"You're right, I did." He reached for her and she smacked his hand away.

"I'm still mad, but it don't matter, of course, if I am. After all, you already said, you ain't gonna keep me around for long. That's why you didn't have to fuck her today. You'll go looking for her soon enough. One day, you'll end up there in her bed so at least now I'll know where to find you."

Clay looked at Luke and then Levi. "Did either one of you hear me say something so ridiculous? I mean, did I say anything at all about going back to a whore's bed?"

Luke started to say something and Emily stopped him by raising her hand and spitting her words. "You said, you didn't stay anywhere long and you didn't want to make promises you weren't going to keep."

"That's right, he did, Emily." Levi narrowed his gaze on a disgruntled Clay. "What? You did! You should learn to keep your trap shut if you don't want to back up what you say."

"Come here, Emily." He stalked forward and she backed right up and she kept backing up until she bumped into Luke who held her close but didn't help her escape.

Clay framed her face. “What I want you to know is that I care about you. I care about you as much as these two but you gotta know something about us from the very beginning.”

Levi grunted and Luke held her tighter so Clay could drive home his point. “If it’s not Marshall Coe then tomorrow or next week, maybe even next year, it’s gonna be somebody. We ain’t the kind that can stay put, now. I’m tellin’ ya this ‘cause I don’t want no tears when the time comes for us to leave, you hear?”

She shrugged.

His lips lowered to hers and he kissed the cry away. It hung in her throat but it never fell from her lips and the only thing he tasted when he kissed her was pure sugar.

Chapter Eight

Percy sent the Cripple Creek Marshall down to meet the Justice boys. Emily stayed close so she could hear them talk in private. She didn't believe in giving them the opportunity to candy-coat things for her. Besides, if the Marshall was a turncoat, she wanted to see him headed her way before he struck with force. She wanted to get a good look at him and remember his face.

So far, from what Emily knew about any law enforcer, they all hid behind their guns and ran wild with a badge to protect them from overgrown boy mischief. Often, they took matters too far, like Marshall Coe. She trusted no one except Clay, Luke and Levi. After what she witnessed with Clay and the whore, even he was walking a thin line.

She was relieved to see the Marshall's expression. He acted glad to see Clay and shook hands with Levi and Luke. She heard him say he was happy to meet them and looking forward to meeting their woman. She shook her head when she heard it. News must've traveled fast and Percy probably had everyone in town thinking she was their whore. Well, almost everyone in town. The blonde-haired whore and barkeep at the saloon knew better.

The men discussed something about a judge and from what Emily gathered, the Marshall was going to help them talk to this particular judge the next time he was through Cripple Creek. She hoped so. She'd love to see Marshall Coe get what he had coming to him.

After the Marshall rode away, her three cowboys walked back inside and closed the door. She sat down next to the hearth and stared at the flames underneath the iron kettle.

Clay tousled her hair as he walked by her and then he disappeared into the bedroom. Luke pulled her to him. "Everything is fine now, Emily. The Marshall here is a friend, no doubt about it. A telegraph arrived here hours before we did. He knew we were on our way here, or suspected it anyway. He sent Coe a message and told him he didn't expect Clay or us but if he saw us, he'd let him know."

"He won't," Levi said. "He gave us his word."

She felt a rumble in her stomach, an uneasy stir that caused her to fight back a temporary sickness. She feared the friendly Marshall was playing two sides. Maybe tomorrow she'd feel differently. Maybe she was just paranoid. But what if she was right?

* * * *

"They're in Cripple Creek, boys." The Marshall stepped out of the telegraph office and wiped the sweat from his brow. "Seems they plan to stay too."

"Who sent the telegraph?" one of the cowboys asked. "If I'm going to ride to Cripple Creek, I want to know you received the information from a trusted source."

"Oh, I believe this one here is as trusted as we get. It's a surprise and I'll tell you all about it as we ride."

"Marshall Coe, is the girl with them?" a farmer asked.

Marshall Coe studied the farmer for a long time before he replied. "I'm afraid the girl is dead."

"I'll be damned," someone else said. "They killed her?"

Marshall Coe looked down at his feet and studied his dirty boots before looking up again. "I'm afraid so. Looks like they had their way with her, cut her up and left her somewhere in between here and Cripple Creek."

"How the hell would you know that?" another farmer asked.

The Marshall slowly descended from the steps and walked out into the dirt road with a group of ten or twelve men. "The man who

sent the telegraph told quite a tale. Those Justice boys are nothing more than vicious outlaws and cold-blood killers. It's up to us to stop them."

Once they walked over to the jail, he strode three steps and turned to face his small army. "Are you boys with me?"

A few said 'yes' and the others nodded.

"All right then. We ride at daybreak tomorrow. Go kiss your women good-bye and tell them to pray for a safe return. We're going to need God and luck on our side when we face off with the Justice gang."

* * * *

Clay watched Levi pour the last kettle of boiling water into Emily's bath. One of his cousins, Levi if he cared to guess, purchased a thin white gown and then draped the damn thing over the tub. Naturally, the blasted thing ended up wet. Luke and Levi dumped one bucket of hot water after the next into the iron clawfoot bathtub and failed to notice when the white mass floated around on top.

"You gonna sit there all day and watch or are you gonna help?" Levi asked.

"Planned on sitting right here until I join Emily in that big bathtub the two of you were kind enough to fill," Clay said. "That is if I can get in there without getting tangled in that white sheet there."

"Shit!" Luke said. "That was the dry gown I had for her. I gave her one to put on now and wanted her to have another one to try when she stepped out. Damn it." He rolled his sleeves up and grabbed the short nightdress. After he knotted it up and wrung it one way and then the other, he hung it on a nearby chair and scooted it close to the fire.

"Yeah, I appreciate you taking the time to fill my bath. Emily and I will enjoy it," Clay continued to taunt.

"When outlaws are heroes is when you'll get that far, cousin," Luke barked. "If anyone is slipping on the porcelain covering this iron

tub, it's me." With a throaty call he added more, "And I plan to go head first, by the way."

"I know three outlaws who are *my heroes*," Emily said in a small voice.

They all turned to find her behind them. Levi dropped his bucket. Luke lowered his jaw and Clay nearly swallowed his tongue.

There, in the dim candlelight, Emily stood in a sheer nightdress. Clay saw the contour of her body and itched to touch her. "You look beautiful, Emily."

Luke held one hand over his heart and reached for her with the other. "Your bath is ready."

Clay grinned. Damn if his cousins didn't look plumb silly holding their hats in hand directly over their cocks. He understood, of course. Why wouldn't they? Their breeches covered a rise but it hardly concealed a fully loaded weapon.

Emily took Luke's hand and he led her to her bath. She dipped her fingers in the water and then allowed her hand to drift through the wild flowers floating to the top.

"It's hot," she said with a bashful expression covering her face and sincerity lingering in her eyes. They weren't really looking at her eyes. Clay loved the hell out of his cousins right then. They chose the ideal gown for the perfect little woman.

"I'd say," Clay remarked as he loosened the top buttons on his shirt. "It's damn hot in this room too."

"Is it too warm, Emily?" Levi asked. "I can cool it off for you, if you need me to."

Her eyes sparkled. Her nipples pressed through the material and her voice changed. It sounded raspy, needy, and sexual in every way. "I can wait. Ease into the water once I'm used to it."

Levi paced nervously from one side of the room to the other. "Okay, let me move that screen there for you and you can have some privacy."

Clay felt his jaw twitch. Damn Levi. He tried too hard to accommodate her and each time he did, it cost the rest of them. He was going to have to sit him down and explain a thing or two to him.

Emily pulled her hair back and somehow tied it in place on the back of her head. She wrapped it around in a loop of sorts and then tucked the strands into the center.

Grabbing both sides of her gown, she hiked the dress up to her knees and sat on the thick rim of the white porcelain finish. "I used to dream of these tubs. The kind, like this one that has a slanted back," she paused, pursed her lips and giggled. "I used to dream I'd fall asleep and almost drown. A handsome cowboy would come along and look in my window. He'd save me right before my nose filled with water and I choked to my untimely death."

"That's sort of a bad fantasy," Levi squinted his eyes.

"I'm sure glad to know we've made at least one dream come true," Luke said. "Now, Emily once you get in the tub, you pretend you're asleep and I'll pretend to save you. After all, Clay already got to pretend he was a doctor. It's my turn for make-believe next."

Clay chuckled. "I kind of like the idea I first had."

"Which notion are you talking about?" Luke asked.

Levi glared at him. "I know which one."

"You ain't bathing with her," Luke informed.

"Emily?" Clay asked.

"Don't give me that Emily nonsense now. I'm still a little pissed off at you, Clay Justice."

"Don't be mad now, woman because I have plenty of ways to make you glad and..." he reminded. "You damn well know it, don't you?"

She closed her eyes and the prettiest shade of red splattered across her cheeks and the blush matched her hair. "Clay, now stop it, why don't 'cha?"

“No. I can’t do it. In fact, after what you’ve put me through over the last year or so, I dare say I won’t stop until you spread those pretty thighs for me and let me sink in between them.”

Levi grabbed the side of the oriental dressing screen and started his grumbling. Clay understood it. Levi and Luke always grunted and groaned when they thought Clay was trying to move in on their territory.

“One of you care to help me move this?” Levi looked at Clay and Clay narrowed his eyes on Emily.

She tilted her head and ran her fingertips over the rounded head of the tub. “Clay?”

“Emily.” He deadpanned. They understood one another and right now, he wanted to watch her bathe. By damned, the little vixen wanted him to watch. She wanted all of them to watch.

She looked down at her gown and then with a heated stare, she tilted her chin and stared back at Clay once more. “Clay, do you want to help Levi?”

Levi tugged at the screen. The flimsy three-fold partition was bulky more than heavy.

Clay licked his lower lip and his gaze fell to her breasts. “No, Emily. I don’t have the first inclination to help him right now if you’d like to know the honest truth.”

Luke knew his tone and he stopped in the middle of the floor, just long enough to give his cousin a blank stare. Luke’s lips turned up with approval and a lot of anticipation before he shook his head at Levi. “Leave the damn screen where it is.” He grabbed two chairs and dragged them across the floor.

* * * *

Emily knelt beside the tub. She propped her chin up on the side and plucked a couple of the flowers from the water. She was so tired and yet excitement kept her focused on the men in front of her. This

was the night she'd become a real woman. This was the night she'd find out what it felt like to be wanted by outlaws.

Levi arched a brow. "Is the water still too hot?"

"Levi, shut up about the damn water," Clay said.

Levi frowned. "I want Emily to—"

"Undress," Clay suggested.

Levi misinterpreted. His hand fell to his buckskins and he started to untie them.

"Not you, dimwit." Clay sat down and splayed his legs open. His moist lips parted and his hungry eyes made her want to rip her gown to shreds but she practiced forced restraint. She'd waited for months and a few more hours wouldn't kill her. Besides, they went to a lot of trouble to draw her a hot bath.

She gripped the side of the tub and pushed herself up. With her back to them, she took a deep breath, crossed her arms and started to lift the thin material away from her body.

"Wait," Clay said. "Turn around."

She gulped. He wanted to see her breasts and she was afraid if he watched her undress, stared at her hard nipples, he'd know how badly she already wanted them.

"Emily, honey," Luke drawled. "Turn around for us, sugar."

She drew her last breath of pure air and took a step back. She nervously pinched the gown at her sides and then raised it up inch by agonizing inch. Levi made a sound effect or two. Luke leaned back in his chair and Clay—God help her—stroked himself right in front of her.

After the white nightdress cleared her belly, he stood up and crept forward. "Come here," he said. "Let me help you."

He kept some distance between them as he lifted her arms and slowly removed the only covering she had. "There," he said. "That's better, isn't it?"

"Much better," she agreed but she lowered her eyes and suddenly didn't know what they expected her to do next.

“Check the water, Levi. Make sure I won’t burn her when I put her in it.” He bent his knees and pulled her into his arms in a cradle position.

“I can do this by myself,” she said.

“I’m sure you can,” he told her. “But you’ll enjoy it more if I help you.”

Luke must’ve read Clay’s mind because he stripped off behind them before she realized he was nude. He made a big splash, shifted his hips and reached for her.

“Damn you,” Clay gritted his teeth.

“You were going to do the same thing, Clay. I just strip faster.”

With her hand to her mouth, she shyly eyed Luke through her long hair. She cleared her throat and looked away on a gulp when she spotted his long and truly beautiful cock.

The second she saw Luke’s size, it made her wish for all sorts of possibilities. She wanted to ask him to stand so she could see how long it was and how far it extended. Then she wanted to ask him to let her taste him because she knew if she sipped from his stalk, the three Justice men wouldn’t want to take things slow.

She said absolutely nothing. Instead, she raised her head from Clay’s arms again and this time she stretched her neck to see the thick dark red engorged head aimed back at her.

“Luke,” she said on a gasp. “It’s...big.”

His manly chuckle drew her to him. She reached for him and he brought her hand to his thick lips. “Yeah darlin’, it is.”

“Oh please,” Clay said. “You ain’t seen nothing yet, sugar.”

“Then show me,” she said as she tried to reach for his belt.

“Honey, trust me. I will. And soon.” Clay held her back, arched it to him so he could pull one of her hard nipples straight into his hot mouth.

“Oh God!” she swallowed tightly and cried out at the same time. She sounded too desperate, so womanly, and so ready to fuck. It

didn't even dawn on her how ready she was to give herself to them until she sounded out with certainty.

Clay stepped closer to the tub and this time Luke caught her head. Instead of taking her, he kissed her. He gave her an upside down kiss as he made love to her mouth in a truly awkward position. He held her neck, braced her for the kiss and fed from her lips.

Clay's nips were as good as any kiss too. He licked around her breast before pulling her nipple in between his teeth. The way he stroked over her flesh made her squirm instantly but when he nibbled, acted like he might bite it, her reflexes brought her nearly out of his arms.

"Hold still, sugar," Clay told her on a mumble. A few more licks and he moved to the other side. The nipple he deserted burned.

"Please. Put me down."

"Levi." Clay nuzzled her nipple and turned his head long enough to hold her hips higher. "Come here, Levi."

Levi stared at her body and moved closer. His gaze was so fierce, she felt his desire burning in the way he watched her. Between his icy-hot stares and what the other two were already doing to her body, she felt like a hot fountain just spewed from her pussy.

Levi grabbed her legs and parted them, he cupped her ass and his finger dug into her skin, parting her rear without thinking about the consequences. She squealed out immediately and he flinched but he didn't stop. His fingers moved up and down her crack, tempting her with dirty forbidden pleasures.

Her body felt like it floated on air. Luke held her cheeks now and he continued to work his tongue in and out of her mouth with sweet deliverance in mind. If a woman had orgasms from kissing, Luke prepared her for multiples.

Clay nipped and kissed from one breast to the next and when he left one nipple, he rolled it continually between his finger and thumb grinning at her for a second in pure satisfaction before he bit or played

with the other one. Levi lowered his head and kissed a vertical line over her belly.

Moaning, she resorted to begging. "I need someone to fuck me. Tonight, please. One of you have to fuck me, tonight."

Luke stopped kissing her and Levi backed away from her releasing the hold he had on her bottom. Clay lowered her into the bath water and stepped back to watch her with Luke.

"I thought you planned to have us all," Levi said.

"I do but I meant..."

"You meant what, sweetheart?" Luke asked as he moved her hair out of the way and kissed passed her neck and down to her shoulder blades. "Tell us, Emily."

"Oh God, I don't know how to say it when your lips are on me," she whispered quietly as her hands propelled over her legs and her palms settled on her knees. She spread her legs wide and leaned against Luke, rolling her head to the side while he nibbled at her ear.

"Does that feel good, sweetheart?" Clay grabbed the old ladder-back chair and placed it next to the tub. He sat down next to them and took his shirt off, leaning into the tub after he did.

"This thing isn't big enough for all four of us." Luke shifted his cock behind her ass.

"Oh!" she responded loudly when she felt his thick meaty flesh push against her bottom. "That's nice."

"Nice, huh?" He kissed her shoulder and drew her tight against his chest cupping her full breasts when he did, lifting them high above water level.

Levi stood at the foot of the tub. "Part her pussy lips. I want to see her. Clay says she has the prettiest little pussy he's ever seen."

"Clay." She blushed. "Do you really think so?"

"Damn straight. And I've seen plenty."

She blinked and shook her head. "Try not to remind me right now, please."

Clay's fingers drifted through the water. "Listen, Emily. We gotta get a few things straight here. After we make you a non-virgin, you won't be in position to judge anyone, you know?"

Luke nibbled at her earlobe and then licked around the contour of her ear shape. "He means once you fuck us all, at the same time, you won't be exactly innocent. We're going to make sure of it."

Her nipples throbbed and a piercing pain there made her look down. Luke grabbed one and twisted it gently.

"Damn if her nipples didn't just perk right forward the second you whispered sweet nothings in her ear."

"What the hell did you say to her anyway?" Levi inquired.

Luke grinned and Clay shook his head. "She liked it, Levi. That's all that matters. Look at her nipples now. They're ready for a man's tongue."

Placing his hands on her shoulders, Luke massaged her back and Clay placed his fingers on her kneecap, spreading her open more than she already was positioned.

"Can you see her, Levi?"

He stretched his neck, knelt to the tub and stared straight into her pussy. "No," he said without one inch of honesty because she knew he could see whatever Clay saw too.

"Push her up," Clay told Luke.

He lifted her from her hips and held her up to Levi. "Is that better?"

Her mouth fell open when she heard Levi smack his lips. "Bring her over here."

"Uh...now?" Luke didn't like the idea and he immediately fisted his cock to her lower back.

"Yeah, now. I wanna taste of her cunt."

"That's real romantic-like, Levi," Luke told him but he pushed her hips higher and Clay gave her hips added support.

Bracing herself against the balls of her feet, she pressed her weight on the soles of her feet and shifted her hips.

“Oh yeah,” Levi said. “That’s one pretty pussy.” He lowered his head and by the time he kissed his way to her vagina, his mouth was wet and hungry.

He bit at her inner thigh and then fingered the outside of her opening. He used the pads of his fingers to test the boundaries, only there weren’t rules in place to stop him. She wanted him to touch her and she moaned as she leaned on Luke’s shoulder, spread her legs and watched him.

“Please, Levi.”

“Do you want me to kiss you there or finger you?”

“Oh, you can kiss me there.”

“Damn,” Clay said. “I was standing at the wrong end of the tub.” He held her up though and Levi’s mouth dropped.

He kissed her mound and then licked his way through the damp curls. With his thumb mashed against her clit, he sipped on her pussy and left his lips on the outside of her vagina. Once or twice, his tongue tapped through her opening. She moaned, he moaned and the other two grunted. She didn’t blame them. They weren’t really getting much out of the deal.

After a few seconds of teasing, Emily decided Levi didn’t lick pussy as well as what she thought but it didn’t matter. She knew one or two men who’d know just how to do it right.

Levi gave up the task of pleasing her and pressed down on her knees before he pushed away from the tub. “Damn it, boys, we gotta get her out of there or I’ll come in my breeches.”

“Levi, I do believe you left our girl wanting here.”

Luke grinned at Clay. “I bet she needs a man bad now.”

She moved her hand around her back and pumped Luke’s swollen cock in her hand. “I need all of you right now.” She only stroked him for a second before Clay pressed his fingers into her pussy and twirled them higher and higher into her channel.

“What does that feel like?” He licked his lips while he watched her.

She tried to form words. She failed. She tried again and he pressed his fingers higher. She failed a second time and gave it up.

Her nipples were on fire and no one gave them the attention they needed. She pinched them herself as she watched Clay's hand and ground her body into his palm.

"Emily." Clay stopped moving his fingers into her body. "What's it feel like, sugar? Does it feel nice? Real nice?"

"Yes, I think it's about to feel like it did the first time you did it."

"I'm glad you told me." He withdrew his hand.

"What? You aren't going to do it again?" she asked with a splash.

"Honey, when you come this time, either a mouth is going to lick you dry or your sleek pussy is gonna milk one of our cocks. That's the way we're playing today."

"Then get me out of this bathtub because I need to find that feeling again."

"I just bet you do, Emily, but first me and Clay are gonna bathe you proper." Luke pressed his palms to her shoulders trying to keep her with him, positioned right in front of his dick.

"Bathe me proper?" She laughed.

"You better believe it."

"You can bathe her all you want to, but I gotta get her lips around this here dick of mine," Levi said before he scurried around and finally kicked off his boots, stripped his shirt over his head, and dropped his pants.

"Want me to suck it?" she asked.

Levi stepped closer and took her head in between his hands. "You sure would like to, wouldn't you?" He took hold of her ears and guided her closer. She lowered her mouth to the tip and right when she did, Luke spanked her. He slapped more water than ass.

"Ouch!" she cried out before she whipped her neck around to glare at him. "I don't like spankings," she warned.

"You don't?"

"No, I don't. What did you do that for?"

Clay grinned. "Let me see how bad she hated it." When his fingers plunged into her pussy this time, she cried out. He didn't sink into her cave slow this time. Instead, he started fucking her hard with his hand.

"Fuck his cock with your mouth," Luke said.

"Do it," Levi encouraged before he dragged the tip over her lips.

She sucked the head in between her lips and arched her back again.

"Oh, she hated it so much, she wants you to spank her again," Clay said slowing his fingers down to twirl the outside.

Luke growled as he stood up in the tub, pulling her up on all fours in a better position. "Up you go," he said with a laugh. She moved her bottom forward and back as she sucked on Levi's cock.

"Watch the teeth...ouch! Holy sweet fucking mercy. Here now, go slow. Suck, don't bite." He gripped his cock and pulled away from her. "Keep those teeth back when you suck cock, baby."

She kissed the end and licked around the slit. So what? She needed to learn to suck a man's dick and he needed to learn to eat pussy. They'd learn together. In the upcoming weeks, they'd have plenty of practice.

With a splash, Luke stepped out of the tub. He left one foot in and one foot remained on the floor. Caressing her hips, his hands were everywhere and they moved around her body fast. She pulled Levi's cock back into her mouth and sucked deep taking him all the way to her throat.

"Oh dear God, that's good." His thighs bunched and he drove into her mouth. She glanced up at him when his pace changed. He had this downright wicked grin on his face. Beads of sweat rolled off his forehead and chest and he held onto her shoulders.

"Take it easy there, Levi. She's going to hurt herself with her titties bouncing against the side of the tub."

"I'll kiss 'em and make it better," he promised.

Luke pressed his cock to her hip. “Wanna stop licking his dick for a minute and come on over here and suck on mine.”

“Shit no!” Levi grabbed her ears and plunged harder. “I’m coming sweetheart. Gonna fill your mouth full. Swallow it. Just swallow it.” He thrust harder and harder against her throat.

She kept a swallow reflex but she didn’t taste anything different until all at once, Levi moaned out loud, gripped her head harder in between his hands and just fucked the daylights out of her mouth. His warm milk oozed down her throat and she gagged at first but she had no other choice but to swallow and within seconds, she wanted him to blast more of himself right into her mouth. Levi Justice was an acquired taste and she was completely hooked on his flavor.

Chapter Nine

Marshall Davis had never witnessed anything so perverse in all of his life. He stood at the window watching as the Justice boys did anything they wanted to the woman living with them. Percy was right. They were using the girl as a sex slave of sorts but she looked like she enjoyed it.

He ought to be shot for watching three men take advantage of a young woman like that but he felt little remorse. She sure did look pretty sucking the younger Justice's cock. Her hips moved as she scooted forward and back and her breasts jiggled just a little. Oh hell, what tits. He couldn't think now. Watching the whole show had made him crazy and from the looks of things, they weren't through with her yet.

He moved to the side of the house and looked in the bedroom window. They didn't have her there yet but that's where they were headed. He didn't have to wonder. He slumped down beside the old cabin and drew out his cock. Thank God it was pitch black and no one could see him. After watching those Justice boys spank and finger that little gal, he had to spank something too.

With his cock in hand, he closed his eyes and pulled his small dick out. The whores in town even told him how small he was but right now, he felt large and mean. He'd never had such a hard-on for a woman in his life.

He closed his eyes tighter, imagining the long red hair of Emily Masterson weaving around him. He opened his mouth and imagined her breasts hovering over him. Maybe she'd lactate. Nah, probably not. Besides, she'd probably never had a child, but he loved a

lactating female and this was his fantasy. He stuck his tongue out to thin air and pulled his meat into his palm.

“Oh shit!” he came within seconds. It was enough to get him going but not enough to sate. When he heard them in the bedroom, he stuffed his cock back in his breeches and slowly peered over the windowsill.

* * * *

They put her down and spread her open. She giggled when she thought about how silly she must look. Her hands were high above her head and her legs were wide, spread out as far as they could position them.

“What are you doing?” she asked Levi when he brought out some rope and wrapped a cloth around it.

“Clay wants you tied up.”

She quickly tried to sit up but Luke stalked forward and pressed her against the mattress. “Are you scared?”

“Yes! I don’t want to be tied up,” she said.

“Don’t you trust us?”

“Not when I’m tied up.”

“Emily, trust me, you’ll love it.”

“No, I won’t love it. I’m scared, Luke.”

“Levi,” Luke nodded. “Both wrists.”

She twisted and turned and complained. “I don’t like this one bit.”

“You didn’t like having your bottom smacked either but it worked out well for your pussy. The little thing was wringing wet from what Clay said.”

She gulped when Levi straddled her chest and let his cock hit her chin. “Damn, Levi, you do have a big cock.”

Luke stood back and proudly fisted his erection. “What do you think about this one, Emily?”

She blinked. "You know what I think about your cock, Luke. I think you've got a thick one too." And he did. His was a peculiar shape almost. It was as thick and wide as it was long but big and beefy came to mind the second she felt it. Now, just looking at him made her mouth water.

Luke sat on the bed and Levi followed suit. They both held her legs at her ankles.

"What on earth are you doing now?"

Clay appeared at the door. He leaned against the doorframe and gave her the best view of his physique. Damn if he didn't look tough and solid. His cock, while large, wasn't fully erect while he stood there but once he took his hand to it, she saw the way it swelled to an enormous size.

"I'm going to eat your pussy," he said as he walked toward the bed. "And I'm going to make you scream, beg, and come with my lips on you, Emily."

She gulped. "Clay." She was frightened now...and excited. A gush of fluid seeped from her body and suddenly she trembled.

"Don't be scared, little Emily. This is what you wanted. You said you wanted all three of us and you wanted us at the same time so I gotta get you ready for us, baby. Make sure you can handle all of us at one time."

"Oh," she said.

"Do you understand why Emily?" Luke asked.

"Yes," she said.

She didn't have a clue. Clay would teach her. He'd teach her how to become a woman. He didn't need some used up whore teaching his woman how to fuck.

Clay placed on knee on the bed and he looked at her vagina. "You're so wet, Emily. Did you know your excitement is leaking out of your pussy?"

She felt her skin heat and another gush. Damn it.

“That’s right. Get it wet for me. Stare at any cock you choose and imagine the ways we want to use you. That’s what works, baby. Let me see you.” He licked his lips and then lowered his mouth to her belly. He braced himself against the bed, placing both palms on either side of her hips.

With a pucker, he blew hot air all over her mound and she felt the tiny wisps of hairs move with the exposure. He did it again and chill bumps popped up on her skin.

“Clay,” she muttered. “Are you going to finger me?”

“No, darlin’, I’m going to make you one hell of a soupy meal.”

He dropped his head, his tongue darted in and out and he lapped. God help her, his tongue uncurled into her pussy and it felt like it kept twirling and curling in and out of her without a rest.

“Clay!” She jerked against her hand restraints. Levi and Luke held her ankles tighter.

“Relax,” Luke told her. “Just let him have you, Emily. He’s taking care of you.”

She opened her mouth. Staring at the purplish stalk Luke sported, she licked her lips. “Please, let me taste...oh God, Clay! Clay!”

“That’s it, sugar. Let him have your honey.”

Her hips jerked and Luke must have known his timing was perfect. He released her leg, straddled her chest and by the time she was screaming with the first orgasm, his cock was there at her lips. When she came again, she’d make damn sure to take him with her.

* * * *

The Marshall stood on his tip-toes watching. They tied the girl up and she smiled the whole time. Damn if those outlaws didn’t have one wicked woman on their hands. He’d never watched a woman respond so well to restraints but she cried out in pleasure while Clay ate her pussy.

Damn, what he'd give to have been right there. He'd have sucked on those pretty little diamond nipples. Yeah, that's what he would've done.

He watched her rise and fall as Clay tongued her and he didn't know how in hell's fury the other two kept their dicks from twitching at her lips. After she came the first time, he saw how quick Luke got on top of her. He looked like a horny toad now. Hell, he must've rubbed her lips raw by now.

Marshall Davis slumped against the cabin again and reached inside his pants. He wondered if he could knock on the door and they'd welcome him to join them. He doubted it. Damn, what he'd give to fuck a woman like their woman.

Most of the time, women didn't look at him and think about sex. Then again, with three men doing all sorts of things to that one inside, he wondered if she had a preference. He peered over again and took a hard look at the cock sizes in that room.

Hell no, he'd just watch, wait, crave, and get himself off. At least no one knew he was there and if they did, it didn't matter. They'd soon hang anyway. He just had to figure out a way to stop Marshall Coe from taking the woman once he arrived. The woman wasn't going anywhere with Coe and he'd let him know the second he saw him. After Clay and his cousins left with the Marshall or hung right there in his town, he was going to fuck Miss Emily Masterson's grief right out of her. He just hoped like hell she didn't mind his little cock.

He closed his eyes and gave himself another few tugs.

* * * *

Luke fisted his cock at her mouth. She eyed the mushroom tip and then licked the slit again. "I want you to suck it, darlin'. Can you suck for me?"

She shook her head. "I want you to lick my nipples," she said. "While Clay's..."

“While Clay’s what, sugar?” Luke encouraged.

“You know!” she exclaimed. “God, you know.” Her body started to tremble again. Clay’s tongue whipped at her. If one man on God’s earth knew what he was doing to a woman, Clay Justice knew. He licked at her walls and went deep as he licked her.

“Tell me or I won’t suck on your beautiful titties,” he teased.

“Levi, will you do it?” she whined.

“Hell no,” he said. “Luke’s straddling ‘em, so it’s him. Now, tell him what he wants to know.” He rubbed his cock over her wrist and then released one of them. “Give me a hand job, Emily.”

Levi pushed his shaft into her hand and Luke asked again, “Tell me what Clay’s doing to you.”

“He’s eating my pussy,” she said with a smile.

“Good girl.” Luke lowered his mouth to hers and then nibbled at her lips. She tugged at Levi’s cock while Luke kissed her, his cock hanging at her chest.

“Now see, was that hard?”

“No, but you are,” she said with a smile. “Very hard.”

“You’re right, Emily. And I’m going to fuck you very hard. How’s that sound?”

She nodded her consent and around the same time she felt, the desertion. Clay wasn’t in between her legs anymore and Luke scooted down the bed and her body. Kissing her nipples, he popped each with a kiss, a slow lick and then moved on, but he didn’t revisit her vagina with his lips. Instead, he braced himself over her.

“Emily, I’m gonna hurt you but you’ll forgive me,” he said.

She nodded. “I heard it...Oh God! Not yet!”

He looked at her with surprise. “Honey, the tip is the only thing in.”

“I don’t care. I don’t care. It hurts.”

He shook his head and then inched in a little more. “That hurts?”

She quickly shook her head and then nodded.

“Well, which is it?” Clay said in surprise too. “I mean I’m staring at the two of you and so help me, he’s not in there like you’re squealing about.”

She gulped and then looked at Levi. “Is he?” she whispered.

“Hell, how would I know? I’m at the wrong end.”

She released his cock and stared at him.

“Shit, Emily.”

With a deep breath, Levi backed away from her and walked to the foot of the bed. “Nope, he’s only inside of you this much.” He indicated less than an inch, an exaggeration she was sure of, when he held his forefinger and thumb barely apart.

Levi sat down on the bed, parallel with her torso. He pinched her nipple and lowered his head to bite at the other one. Clay was at the head of the bed now and he crawled up on his knees. “Suck my dick, Emily. Don’t think about him. Just suck my dick.”

She smiled, licked the top and then wrapped her lips around Clay in a show of appreciation for the way he licked her pussy earlier. Within seconds, Luke inched inside of her again and this time, she had no doubt. With a sudden pop, a loud one, she released Clay and screamed out. “Brimstone and Hell! Get out of me!”

“Not on your life or Clay’s,” he grinned before he started to move inside her walls and within a few minutes she was clawing at him. She’d never felt anything like it. He was locked in between her legs stroking at her pussy like he’d done it a million times before. Sure, it burned like hell at first. Sure, it choked her to death when she thought she felt him in her gut as much as in her vagina. But now, heaven was found and she felt like she floated on clouds.

Luke took a slow grind approach to fucking her and for some reason, she felt like there might be a little more to the fucking thing than a slow move. “You can go faster,” she told him.

“Fuck her hard, Luke,” Levi encouraged.

Sure enough, she was right. He fucked her hard and deep and her walls milked his cock until she exploded around him.

* * * *

“You’re pretty when you come,” Clay told her as he watched her face wrinkle up and enjoy the satisfaction.

“She is, *ain’t she*? Levi added.

Luke collapsed against her chest and nuzzled her breasts. “Damn woman, that’s one pleasurable pussy you’ve got there.”

“Thank you,” she said before she stretched her neck and pulled Clay’s cock into her mouth again.

He stroked her forehead while he watched her open and close around him. “What a pretty sight,” he said as he slowly moved in between her jaws. He licked at his lips and locked gazes with her. He gripped the headboard tightly and listened to Luke lapping at her nipples. Her pointed little beads turning into true hard pebbles, the way he liked a woman’s nipples.

She sucked him from base to tip and rolled her tongue over his veins. He let her lead for a few minutes but when she released him and then sucked at his sack. All was lost then and there.

”Take me back in your mouth. Do it. Quick.” His pace was broken and his control, shattered. He needed to come and come now.

She sucked him back inside her cheeks and he swelled them plenty as he pounded against her throat, not caring that his balls slapped against her chin enough to make a frightening noise.

“Damn it! Suck!” He clutched the bedpost and rode into her mouth. “That’s it, ah yeah. Good baby. Suck it. That’s it. Shit!” He creamed the back of her throat and he rode it out until every drop of his seed was swallowed and savored.

Then, out of nowhere, a loud knock interrupted them.

* * * *

“Evenin’, Marshall,” she drawled when she opened the door fully clothed in a dull grey skirt and white blouse.

He could see her nipples protruding through the material and he had to smile. She didn’t know her modesty would never be appreciated now. He’d seen those tits. He’d wrapped his cock in hand and came with her name on his lips because he’d watched her with those outlaws.

“Miss Masterson.” He tilted his hat and then took it off. The least he could do was show some measure of respect. If he knew Clay and his cousins, they weren’t sure who to expect so they were somewhere in the house with guns in hand. Knowing Clay, a few knives too. He never fought particularly fair.

“Would you like to come in?” she reluctantly asked.

“Am I interrupting something?” he asked and watched as her cheeks flushed. “I mean I can come back tomorrow.”

“Is it important?” she asked politely.

Oh, he was going to have some fun with Miss Emily Masterson. She was the kind of woman he could entertain.

“Why yes, Miss Masterson, it is. Very important.”

She narrowed her eyes on him. She understood. The little hell cat knew without a doubt and it showed in her beautifully flushed ivory skin. She moved to the side and called over her shoulder. “Clay, Luke, Levi. It’s the Marshall.”

With a polite hand held out, she invited him inside. “Come on in and I’ll put some coffee on.”

“Are you sure I’m not interrupting something important?” he devilishly asked again.

She twisted around and caught him off guard. “What do you think you interrupted, Marshall?” She glared at him and placed both hands on her hips. Around the same time, Levi appeared, fully clothed. He reached over the table and shook hands with Marshall Davis.

“Good to see you tonight. What can I help you with?” he asked.

Marshall Davis looked at Emily from head to toe. "I'm not sure if it's something you can help me with or not. I'll have to take it up with Miss Masterson and Clay but I imagine we can work something out."

He watched his words sink in and he resisted the temptation to touch her. "Is Clay around or not?" He looked back toward the bedroom.

"He'll be right out," Levi said.

Luke and Clay walked out together. Both tried to act like he'd just stirred the dead. Luke's hair was messed up and Clay yawned repetitively.

"Marshall," Clay shook his hand and then Luke did the same.

"Good time to knock off the act boys," he said. "Now I know I didn't wake you." He licked his lips and studied Emily. "I don't think any of you have had much rest tonight, right, Miss Masterson?"

Clay and Luke studied her too. Luke walked over to her and whispered something in her ear and she handed him the kettle. "Marshall," she said in passing while bowing her head in shame, no doubt. He hoped it was shame. A whore like Miss Masterson ought to feel some measure of it after what he'd watched her do.

"You didn't have to send her away," Marshall Davis said.

"Actually, we did," Levi crossed his arms and stood near the door.

"What brings you out here tonight?" Clay always shot straight from the hip and didn't waste time doing it.

"Well, boys, I have a proposition," he said.

"It couldn't wait until morning?" Clay asked.

"No, 'fraid it couldn't wait another minute after what I saw here tonight."

Levi and Clay exchanged glances and Luke gaped at the floor. He looked downright mad and Marshall Davis quickly decided, Luke was the smoking gun before one was ever fired.

The cabin fell quiet and no one said a word for a few minutes.

Finally, Marshall Davis cleared his throat. "I want you to share Miss Masterson with me, Clay."

“The hell you say,” Luke clenched his fist and headed for him but Clay stopped him by slinging his arm back all at one time.

“In exchange for what?” he asked.

“Your life,” he said, “and yours,” he nodded toward Levi and then Luke. “All of you are facing a posse and they’ll be here before you can get away now. I’ll make all of your problems go away if you’ll give me a few hours with Miss Masterson.”

“A few hours?” Clay grunted. “I know better.”

“I do too,” Luke said seething.

“Well, I’ll be damned. I took her for a whore but you boys care about her, huh?”

Levi blind-sided him with a sucker punch. “She ain’t a whore, you sorry low-down son-of-a-bitch.”

“Shit!” He held his jaw and glared at Levi. “Let’s not forget whose town you’re in, boy!”

He heard the clicking sound of a gun and froze before he rose up again. He looked over his shoulder but Clay wasn’t the one who had him. He looked around to his right and as luck would have it, the whore-in-question had him in her sights.

Luke sat down on a chair near the bathtub. He propped his elbow on the side and glared at Marshall Davis. “Now what do we do? Looks like you done went and made our woman angry. That doesn’t sit well with me, Marshall.”

“Me either,” Levi said still brooding.

“Clay, come on now.” He glanced at Emily and back at Clay. “Ask her to put the gun down.”

“Ask her yourself.”

“Miss Masterson....”

“It was whore a minute ago and now the formalities. Hell, from what I understand, you want to fuck me so might as well call me Emily. Let’s get it out of the way so you can go on your way.”

“You’re gonna fuck me with a gun in hand?” he asked.

Luke grinned. “Appears that’s what she’s offering.”

"It is," she grunted. "Only way I fuck some sorry bastard like you is if I can do it to save these fellas and if I can keep a gun on you on the same time."

Marshall Davis put his hands up in the air. "Hold on there a minute. Truth is, I don't have a way with the ladies. Can I tell you what brought me inside here tonight?"

"You dropped the tough act awful quick. I always thought you might be a weasel," she said.

"I know what brought you inside here tonight," Clay said. "I saw you peeking in the window."

Emily's lips formed a tight line. "What the hell, Clay?"

"Shit, Emily. Do you wanna know when I saw him?"

She narrowed her eyes on him and then glanced back at her intended target. "When did you see him? Tell me when."

Luke chuckled. "I know when. Hell, I can't blame him. If I was coming, I wouldn't stop for a peeping Tom."

"I ain't a peeping Tom," he told them.

"The hell you ain't, Marshall," she said.

Clay studied him. "We used to be friends," he informed.

"As far as I'm concerned, we still are." He grinned. "That is as long as you're still living."

"See, you didn't come here for no other reason but to bully us," she shook her gun at him. "You ain't hard to look at either. If you'd approached us a bit differently, then who knows, maybe I'd considered it but not now. No way in hell."

"Then your men are gonna hang at sunset tomorrow," he told her without one inch of regret.

She looked at Luke and then Clay. "Well?"

Clay shrugged. "I never knew with one hundred percent assurance that he wouldn't turn on me. I'm not surprised."

"Marshall Coe and his men are riding hard trying to make it here by sunrise. If you leave and head their direction, they'll catch you on

the way out. If you head the opposite direction, I'll have my men follow you and either way, I'm still interested in pursuing Emily."

"And if we stay and fight?" Clay asked.

"You'll die this time, Clay. You know me. I don't lie to you. There are enough men coming for you that the only way to change things for you now is to swear you're gone and have the townspeople support the story too."

Emily glared at them. "Is this true?"

Levi walked away from them shaking his head. He turned back before he walked out the door. "Surely to hell and back again you ain't thinking about taking him up on the offer."

"It's up to Emily," Luke said before he looked at her dead-on. "But I say no. I'd rather die knowing you're our woman than watch him take you and try to..."

Emily dropped the gun.

"Good choice," Marshall Davis said.

"There'll be some rules," she said. "I don't want you kissing me. I don't want you sucking on my breasts. Just fuck me and go."

Luke rose and walked over to her. "Emily—"

"He's gonna follow his word or, Marshall Davis, you won't have to worry none about these boys killing you. I'll kill you. Do we understand each other?"

Clay shook his head. "The only way you're doing this is if you want to do it, Emily. We've fought our way away from posses before and —"

"No." She stopped him. "I've lost one home this week because of a crooked Marshall and I'm not letting another one run us out of town. Now, I'll fuck you, Marshall Davis, and I won't have a hard time with it. Like I said, you're not hard to look at but you will convince that posse that we've already moved on and then we're going to make Cripple Creek our home."

“That means, you’d better get what you want from me the first time because you’re gonna see me again around town and this here thing is only gonna happen once. Understand?”

Clay gritted his teeth and Levi walked the hell on out.

“I don’t like it,” Luke said. “We got no guarantees here.”

“You have my word,” Marshall Davis said. “I don’t want to see you boys hang but I have to tell you, I’ve got a fancy for your woman.”

“You wouldn’t have had a notion like this at all if you hadn’t been peeking in windows when you should’ve been up there at the jail guarding your town.”

“I suppose you’re right but I had suspicions. I happened by when I heard the woman yell so I moved closer.”

“You moved closer to see if I was yelling out in pain?”

“That’s right,” he said.

“I highly doubt it because if anything, I was screaming out in pleasure.”

“I hope to hear it again,” he said.

“You won’t,” she told him flatly. “At least not while your dick is the one stroking me.”

Chapter Ten

Marshall Coe and his men stopped at a steady stream to take a nap and let their horses rest. One of the farmers was disturbed by the whole posse business and he let Coe know it.

“We never did see signs of a struggle along the trail, Marshall,” he said. “We’ve all been looking for the woman’s body or her bloody clothing, maybe even a corpse. We haven’t seen anything.”

Marshall Coe studied the blatant idiot. “No, probably not. Those fellas may have left her body and the buzzards got it or maybe because she was cut up so bad, the people in Cripple Creek took pity and gave her a proper burial. I hope so, don’t you?”

“She was a good girl, Marshall.”

“How the hell would you know?” Marshall Coe inquired.

“When my Martha Ann was dying, she brought her soup and hot coffee every day when I was in the fields. I’d come in and find it on the table. Poor thing couldn’t cook much but what she had to do with, she helped us out in our time of need.”

“Yeah, well them Justice boys are gonna pay now, aren’t they?”

The farmer nodded. “I don’t believe in killin’ but understand, if they hurt Emily Masterson, then I believe it’s time for somebody to teach them a lesson.”

Marshall Coe listened to the old farmer ramble. “Charlie, have you ever shot a man before?”

“No, sireee. I lived by keeping my hands busy and my mind occupied. I don’t believe in killing but this here with Emily Masterson has really disturbed me. We gotta make them pay for what they did to her.”

“You’re right,” Marshall Coe tugged the brim of his hat over his eyes. “And when the Marshall there tells you how bad they cut her up, you’re gonna see their blood spill. You’ll help them shed some of it won’t you, Charlie?”

“Yes, Marshall. I will.”

* * * *

Emily had a sheet snug over her chest. Clay watched her from the corner of the room.

“You’re sure, you’re okay with this?”

“Yes, but I wish he’d hurry,” she said.

“What’s the rush?” he asked.

“I want to get this over with so we can get back to doing what the four of us were doing.” She folded her hands over her breasts and that’s when Clay noticed she was trembling. He went to her then and took her hands in his.

Rubbing her arms, he smiled. “You thought he was handsome the first time you saw him anyway.”

“Yeah, but that’s not the point.”

“You were attracted to him. I saw you patting your hair in the mirror. Why do you think Luke told you to stay inside?”

“You didn’t want him to see me?”

“Nope, we didn’t plan on sharing with nobody else.”

“Then do me a favor and don’t make too many enemies in the future.”

“You got it. Emily, you don’t have to do this.”

“I know. I want to do it.”

“You think he’s sexy, do ya?”

“No, Clay, but there are some things you do for your family. You make sacrifices for them by grinning and bearing it, no matter what it is.”

His lips twitched and he reached under the sheets. Her firm stomach was flat and her skin felt cold to the touch, not hot like it had been earlier. He pressed down on her mound. "Are you wet, Emily?"

"No," she said.

"Let me make you wet, sugar," he said as he twirled his finger around her opening. "Shift your weight and spread your hips for me."

She took a deep breath and with a frown still glued to her face, she parted her legs for him. He pressed into her dry cave. "Damn," he said.

"You like it when I'm not wet?"

"I gotta tell you, I don't like it so much but I'd give anything to fuck you while you're like this."

He felt a splurge of heat from her vagina but she was still tight, so fucking tight. He wiggled his fingers higher into her pussy and then stood up. Watching her in the candlelight, he undressed.

"Clay, you don't have to try and..."

"Shh..." He gently smiled. "I don't want to hear you talk unless you're coming and telling me all about it."

"Okay," she said. "Where is the Marshall?"

"Do we care?"

"No," she said. "But Clay?"

"Remember, not a word." He pressed his fingertips to his lips and then eased on the bed. "Not one word, okay sugar."

He held himself to her opening and pressed inside her walls. He gritted his back teeth. "Oh damn, Emily. You feel so good, baby. *Hot fucking damn.*"

He started to move, slow at first but the way she felt all hot and tight only drove him further over the edge and she did it quick. He yanked her legs behind his back and kissed her nipples.

"Clay?"

"Uh-huh, baby. It's good, isn't sugar?"

She nodded. "Good, real good." But then she pointed to Marshall Davis.

* * * *

Clay rolled off of her and stayed at her side. His cock hung between his legs and he made the average man look small. The thick purple stalk oozed with his pre-cum and a little bubble at the tip made Emily's mouth water.

His fingers lightly skimmed over her nipple and he ducked his head to pull one in between his teeth. "The woman said these tits are off-limits," he muttered against her breast. "Got it?" He looked at Marshall Davis.

The Marshall nodded. She hated that she said such a thing now. Marshall Davis wasn't a bad looking man and Emily had heard of worse deals made before between men and their women. She rolled closer to Clay and whispered. "Where are Levi and Luke?"

"They can't watch, baby."

She looked at him, framed his face and then kissed his lips. "But you'll never leave me, will you Clay?"

"Emily..."

"Tell me, promise me right now."

"Honey, I'll never leave you if I don't have to leave, but that's the best I can do."

"Then promise me if you ever have to leave that you'll take me with you."

Clay held her close and cupped her bottom, moving her closer to his shaft. "Damn I want to finish fucking you so bad it hurts." He kissed the top of her head and moved to the side of the bed gripping his cock in one hand and squeezing her nipple with the other.

"She's yours for a couple of fucks, that's it."

"You want to join us?" the Marshall asked. "I mean, Emily here feels comfortable with you so might as well stay with us."

"Oh, I'm staying all right but I didn't plan on joining you."

"Will you, Clay?" she turned back to Marshall Davis. "Can he?"

At that moment, she saw a small flicker of kindness in the Marshall's eyes. Like she'd told him, she might have found him attractive enough without ultimatums and now she felt certain of it.

Clay pulled her from the bed and sat down with his back against the post, kind of at an angle. He smirked when he stared at his former friend's size. "Stiff, are ya?"

Emily hoped to hell he wasn't serious. He had the kind of penis a woman could blink and miss. She didn't know what he expected so she decided to pretend like she was the whore she met in the saloon. She might as well role play and have fun with it. After she saw he wasn't as vile as he wanted them to think, she felt more at ease.

"So Marshall, what's it going to be? Do I fuck you or do you want me to suck your cock?" She might have said teeny-weeny penis but why go for the man's belt before he used it on her?

She saw him gulp. His Adam's apple moved up and down rapidly and he quickly grabbed his dick at the base. Clay's lips curved in a lopsided smile. She glanced over at him. He looked so confident and relaxed now. He played with his balls and stroked his cock like he was only there to observe.

Like hell. After she had him inside of her, she was going to let him finish her. A man with a cock like Clay's needed a woman's pussy to satisfy him. She wanted to spend her life pleasing him and enjoying *his size*, as the whore at the saloon so graciously stated.

"What do you want me to do, Clay?"

"I want to fuck your ass while you suck his cock." He didn't waste time telling her.

"Is that all right, Marshall?" His sarcastic tone grated against her nerves.

"Suits me," he said gripping his cock harder.

"Holding it back, ain't 'cha?" Clay asked him pointedly.

She smiled, rolled over to her stomach and let Clay position her. "Stand over there at the foot of the bed," Clay said. "I gotta get her ready."

“She takes it up the ass?”

“Never has before, I don’t reckon but she will tonight, won’t you baby?” He rubbed his hand over her hip.

“Spank me,” she muttered.

“What?” Clay asked. “I don’t think I heard you right.”

“Please, spank me, Clay. It makes me wet.” She looked at the Marshall and his tip oozed with his excitement. It came in a steady stream.

She smacked her lips and wagged her tongue at him. Clay’s hand came down across her flank. “Shit! Not that hard.” Her pussy was flaming hot now. “On second thought. Harder. Smack my ass and make it sting.”

He did it twice.

“Again.” She moaned.

Twice more.

“Ah Clay, I’m so wet now.” She licked her lips and stared at the Marshall’s dick.

Marshall Davis grabbed her hand and cupped it under his sac. “I like a woman to hold me here when she sucks my dick.”

She licked the tip and cupped his balls. Clay ran his finger over her ass and dipped it into her crack. “Bend over a little more and spread your hips.”

Emily did what he told her to do and three of his fingers waited to part her. Running his fingers from her pussy to her ass, he used her juices to saturate her untouched hole. It wasn’t hard to prepare her body because she kept leaking fluids.

“You’re excited, aren’t you, Emily?” He bit her hip and she wiggled her bottom. He struck her globe with his palm once more. “Behave.”

Marshall Davis moved his cock to her mouth. It wasn’t big at all and Emily couldn’t help but smile when he slid past her lips. It was like having two thumbs in her mouth as opposed to choice beefy

males but at least he appreciated her. He came in her mouth the second she closed her jaws. She didn't have to work him over.

Clay laughed and paddled her cheek with his open palm again. "Now look what you did, Emily. You made the Marshall come before he wanted to come. Get him hard again."

He slid into her ass as soon as he gave the instructions and she cried out in agony. "Clay! Wait! It hurts!"

Marshall Davis, wrapped her arms around his waist and glared at Clay. "You're hurting her," he said as he let her mash her breasts against him. She enjoyed feeling him hold her, caress her, and oddly enough...it was comforting.

"She's gonna be fine." He smacked her hip again. "Damn, Emily. Your ass is so tight. I'm the first, that's for sure."

Of course he was the first, and she had to be dumber than dumb to let him go first in anything. His dick was as large as a damn donkey's.

Emily kept one arm around Marshall Davis's waist and greedily pulled at his cock. Her pussy was on fire. She wanted something to stroke her walls. She dropped her head and sucked on Marshall Davis's diminished size and moved her hand to her vagina. She spread her pussy lips and started fucking herself. Clay stopped moving altogether.

"What are you doing, Emily?"

"I'm...I'm horny. I needed something in my pussy," she purred.

"We can fix that, can't we Marshall Davis?"

He grinned. "If she'll let me suck on those titties, I'll take care of it."

She glanced over her shoulder and Clay patted her bottom before he pulled her on top of him. With his back against the bed and hers flat against his chest, he reminded her. "This time, it's up to you. I'm not the one who made the rules. You did."

She withdrew her damp fingers and held her breasts up higher than her natural firmness provided. The Marshall dipped his head but

didn't go for her nipples first. Instead, he licked her fingers clean and then sucked on her middle finger and nipple at the same time.

"She's got the perfect set, huh?" Clay said proudly before he thrust into her little hole again.

"Perfect, indeed," he said as he sucked. He licked his way around her nipples and then dropped his pursuits in order to hold his cock. He rolled over to the side of the bed. "I need to come again. Do you want me to fuck your pussy or do you want Clay to fuck it?"

Considering the matter of size, she chose Clay. He was damn near ripping through her ass and the Marshall hardly had a penis worth noticing. His cock might have a true purpose after all. It was the perfect size for her ass, she decided.

Clay stopped stroking her. "Get me a cloth over there, sugar," he said. "Come here and clean me up."

She did as he requested and then let him pull her to him again. He caressed her back and then positioned her over him. He looked over her shoulder. "When I tell you to fuck, go deep, because otherwise, you may get left out." He gave her a devilish grin and then smacked her pussy.

"Clay!"

"You love it."

"I love you," she said. "I always..."

He lapped at her lips and then pushed her away. "Fuck now, Marshall." He slid right between her cheeks and Clay let him get his cock in place before he pushed all the way inside too. Almost immediately, they had a see-saw effect going.

"Good hell," she said. "This is almost better than oral sex." Clay wagged his tongue and she immediately changed her mind. "Well, almost."

She held onto his shoulders and the Marshall kissed her back. He reared his arm back and slapped her hip and it drew a yelp and a buck. Her uncontrollable reflexes made her into a sexual creature she didn't recognize.

“Easy now, baby. Let me fuck you nice and slow,” Clay said.

Emily stared into his royal blue eyes and wanted to stay there forever. It didn’t matter if they made a deal with the devil because right now, Satan was fucking her ass mighty fine. In fact, since he had a little cock, he belonged in a woman’s ass and if he behaved himself, she might let him join them from time to time.

The thought stilled her motions. She stopped moving and the men quit thrusting.

“Is something wrong, Emily?” Clay asked.

“I need to come, like this.” She called over her shoulder. “Don’t you dare get off until I do!”

Clay released a guttural growl, held her waist and fucked her hard. “Come on baby. Milk it for me. Milk it good, Emily. Oh yeah, it’s so good, isn’t it, darlin’?”

The dirty talk left her without her mind. Her body was in control now and the Marshall grabbed her hair at just the right time. He yanked it hard too and her nipples spiked in spite of it.

Clay stared down at their bodies with a dropped jaw. “Damn, you ought to see this, Emily. God, your pussy looks so beautiful taking my dick. Spread wider, baby. Spread it now.”

The Marshall hissed in her ear. “This won’t be the last time, will it, Emily?” He pumped his small dick inside of her hole and it did feel so good. She liked his cock for her ass. He touched the places he needed to touch but he was too small to rip into her like Clay.

“That’s right, little Emily. Feed me your pussy, baby. Ah sugar, I feel that cream flowing over my cock.”

Marshall Davis tugged at her locks again. He nipped at her ear, swatted her behind, and came at least two or three times. And she exploded all around them with an earth-shattering orgasm she was hell bent and sure everyone in Cripple Creek enjoyed too.

Chapter Eleven

Luke stood in the doorway. “Well, ain’t this sweet?”

Three bodies were entwined on the bed, passed out from overexertion and far too much sex.

Emily rubbed her eyes and tried to focus on him. “Luke, is something wrong?”

“Oh no, just that the Marshall there made himself right at home with my woman and the dumb bastard did it in my bed for longer than I had planned.” He looked straight ahead. “Levi, get some water back on. I’m gonna bathe Emily and then we’re going to finish what we started before we were so rudely interrupted.”

Marshall Davis kept his arm over her waist and Clay finally had the good sense to knock his arm away. Luke and Levi weren’t present during their lovemaking and they couldn’t possibly know what went on or even understand how right this all felt.

“When you three are ready, come on out here.” Luke walked away from the door. Stomped better described it.

“Clay,” she said. “I want the Marshall to stay with us.”

With a grumble, he pulled her over him. “Fuck me again and I’ll think about it.” He dropped his head to her chest and sucked her nipples. She moved her hands across his skin, his taut muscles flexing against her touch.

“Clay, I’m serious,” she said.

“Baby, feel between my legs and tell me if I’m playing here or not.”

“Will you think about it?”

“I’ll do better than that. I’ll talk about it just as soon as you slide that hot little bread puddin’ over my dick again. How’s....oh God, baby, that’s perfect.” Mid-sentence she slid down on him and he grabbed her hips and hammered into her.

The next thing she knew, Clay was fucking her wild. He rolled forward with her body and locked her legs around his waist and screwed right into her wet channel. Marshall Davis tossed a pillow against the headboard and watched, holding himself as he tried to resist asking for permission to join them.

Clay stood with her and she begged for more. “Harder, Clay...take me harder. Over there,” she pointed, “against the wall.”

“Holy shit!” Levi said when he walked in and saw them.

Clay pushed her back to the wall and she used his thick thighs to brace her feet. She pressed against him, gripped his shoulders while he held her there and just fucked and fucked.

“Damn Clay, you’ll hurt her.”

“Hurt me, Clay. Rip me apart so I know you’ve been inside of me.” She gasped realizing why she asked. While she was fucking him hard and wild, men were on their horses riding just as fast as they could. They had guns in their hands, death on their mind, and blood...they tasted Justice blood.

Luke stormed in the room then. “Share much, cousin?” he said as he stripped. Levi didn’t need a cue either. By the time Clay finished, Levi and Luke were waiting and hardly in the position to wait long.

Clay kissed her. He didn’t linger there. He didn’t add tongue and teeth but he kissed her. He swallowed hard and then pressed his forehead to hers. “I’ll never leave your side. I promise and I mean it.”

She smiled and patted his face. “And Marshall Davis?”

“Call me Davis, it’s the first name,” he said from behind them. He looked at Luke and Levi, shot them a stupid grin. “And I’ll be happy to stay for as long as you want me.”

“Then you best be moving along,” Levi told him.

* * * *

It took her longer than she'd hoped to talk Levi and Luke into accepting Davis. They all agreed in the end and it turned into one hell of a sex party in celebration. Davis agreed that with the mining town booming, Cripple Creek needed a few more men of the law and he didn't see why Luke, Levi, and Clay couldn't join him as acting lawmen.

Her outlaws were going to live honest lives as lawmen and for once in their years, they'd stand on the right side of the gun. Clay was the only one who didn't seem to like the idea of being a good guy. He said he enjoyed the chase too much to give up stagecoach robberies altogether.

In the end, they promised to play games with stagecoaches and runaway damsels in distress. Not that they'd ever do it but Clay's cock stood up and paid attention with the promise of sex games so he reluctantly agreed to give up the life of crime.

Now, they wanted to see how well she handled them in bed and she was ready for them. "I want Davis in my ass. He does well from behind." She winked and then she pointed to Levi. "We'll fuck first and then Luke, you can too," she said before waving her finger toward Clay. "I want that dick in between my cheeks."

"Not a problem, sugar." Clay bit down on her fingers.

Positioning was the difficult task and since she'd decided she was going to become a pro at sex, and it was her body that the men were after, she decided she'd try to think of what worked best for her. They'd just have to work with her.

Davis was a fairly big man. He had broad shoulders, a little table gut, something she'd have to work off of him and a willingness to please her, she quickly found out. Too bad he had the itsy bitsy cock because it didn't match his other body parts.

"Davis, lay down on the bed."

“Glad to do it,” he said taking his cock in hand. She let out a big sigh. “Do you have to come already?” she asked.

He winked but didn’t reply. The bad thing about Davis was that he came the second he stared at her tits but the good thing about him was his ability to get hard all over again. She could live with that.

After he was on his back, she stretched out across him and braced her palm flat against the bed. Davis nibbled at her ear. “I could come now.”

She didn’t doubt it for a second once he started humping against her hip.

“Dear God, wait a second,” she said. “Come here, Davis.”

She felt the amusement in the room but she didn’t bother to turn around and look at the others. Instead, she tickled his balls, dropped her head and sucked in his come right in the nick of time.

“Damn girl, I stay horny around you,” he said appreciatively as he pressed her head closer and closer to his groin.

“I’m sure you do,” she said with a smile after she released him. She wiped her chin and moved over him again. He was soft when she first stretched out and Levi was as hard as steel.

“You two scoot down here so I don’t have my face in Clay’s ass.”

“He has a pretty ass,” she said reaching over and giving it a love pat.

“Watch it, Emily. I may spank yours before I let them fuck you.” Clay winked and Luke stood sulking still because he had to wait in the shadows until Levi finished. By the looks of the drizzle coming from Levi’s cock, he wouldn’t wait long.

With Davis’s back against the bed and his knees draped over the mattress, Emily did the same. With her bottom against Davis, she allowed her knees to bend and Levi stood ready to fuck her.

Clay grinned. “Giddy up, cowboy.” He swung his leg over her middle and put his cock straight between her lips. Levi entered her without any intentions of slowing the fuck down.

Clay squeezed the side of her breasts with his knees and Davis penetrated her small ring with his dick. She swallowed Clay's cock as much as he gave her and he withdrew again. Once he bent down to kiss her. Davis and Levi both complained because the move caused everyone to lose their rhythm and he did it right as they found it, which only stiffened the blow.

"I love..."

Her eyes were wide when he said the right word but he only winked, twisted her nipple with a saucy pinch and then fucked her mouth harder, with more precision. His balls slapped against her chin. God, she loved the way the man moved into her mouth when she sucked his cock.

"Good baby. You like it. I see it in your eyes," he said biting on his lower lip. Levi grunted and slid up and down stroking her pussy and hitting that right spot. The spot a man often works to find but seldom manipulates at the right time unless he's a skilled lover.

Levi must've been more skilled than she thought. With a gag reflex, she spit out the cock-in-mouth and begged. "Levi, that's it! Don't stop fucking me right there! Ah...oh....sh...it...Levi!"

"Here." Clay looked desperate now and he fed her his cock. He drove into her mouth hammering against her throat as Davis cried out, grabbed her hips and fucked like hell.

Clay and Davis were still moving when Levi moved out of the way and let Luke take his place. Emily felt like she was flying, soaring, reaching and then Clay shot his cum at the back of her throat and brought with it a tasteful change.

The salty substance from Clay's cock and the smell of sex filled the air. Davis grunted and moaned. "Coming...coming...I'm coming!"

Again, she thought. It was okay though. She sure liked the way he worked her ass.

Clay slid to the side leaving Davis and Luke to finish her. But Luke was greedy and he needed her right then. He grabbed her from

the bed, cupped her bottom and carried her into the living room. In front of the hearth, he laid her down and hammered hard and furious into her pussy leaving her screaming, reaching, begging...for still more.

* * * *

Luke screwed her so hard that it didn't dawn on him to what extent he'd fucked her until he saw the sun rising and heard the pounding of a different sort.

"Luke?" she questioned him and he shook his head, the beads of sweat spraying across the air.

"Shit! Riders!" he screamed for the others realizing when they didn't join them earlier that the reason was because they had fallen asleep.

With scattered clothes everywhere, he picked up his breeches, and hurried into the bedroom. He tossed the covers back and stared at the bodies laying there in all different directions. He stuffed his cock in his breeches and paraded around the room.

"Damn it. Get up! Riders are coming!"

The men looked at each other and then all three made a leap for their clothes all at one time.

"All right, pay attention, Davis. This has to go the way we've planned or else it will backfire. I'll promise you Emily won't have nothing to do with you if this goes the wrong way."

"I'm sure of it too," Davis said shooting Emily a sideways glance.

Clay and the rest of them dressed fast. "We can't do much to help you from down here but go see Percy first, send him to the livery stable. Tell him to convince Martin up there that you bought the horses and sold us some of yours. Then, you go to the jail and wait. They'll search the town. Percy needs to make Marshall Coe believe this here house is yours. They won't search the Marshall's place but they'll check everywhere else."

The pounding came closer. Levi listened. "Twelve riders," he said. "Maybe thirteen."

"Fine, we can take that many," Clay said. "So don't fuck up, Davis or you'll clean up a blood bath here today and then send dead men back to their widows."

Chapter Twelve

Marshall Davis stepped out on his porch and stretched far and wide, making a show out of the whole charade. With one-eye open, he squinted against the morning sun and counted as the angry posse flew by the house Percy once owned. Slow and sure, without the cause or the reason to hurry now since they'd all looked his way in passing, he started up the hillside.

Percy was on the front porch of the old rooming house. Davis passed off Clay's words of wisdom or trickery, he wasn't sure which and made his way across the dusty street.

"Marshall Coe?" he said.

Coe turned around in his saddle. "That's me."

Marshall Davis nodded once or twice. "Well, I reckon so. I see the badge now."

"I saw you down there on your porch too. Marshalls around here live better than they do in our parts," he said.

Marshall Davis nodded. "I reckon these mining people wanna keep their lawmen happy around here. Best I can figure."

"Is that right?" Coe asked glancing around nervously. "Nice town you got here," he said.

"We make it all right for now. As long as gold is pulled out of these mines, I guess we'll continue to do for a piece."

"Where's our men?" one of the posse members asked.

"I reckon if you ride now, you're about a day behind them," he said cautiously.

“What do you mean we’re a day behind them?” Marshall Coe asked angrily. “You damn well knew we were riding in here to take them back with us. Where the hell did they go?”

“Couldn’t lock ‘em up here,” he said.

“Why the hell not?” Coe grunted out his inquiry. “That there’s a jail and you’re the Marshall, ain’t ‘cha?”

“I suppose I am but I didn’t have charges to file here in Cripple Creek,” Marshall Davis said.

“What do you mean you didn’t have charges to file in Cripple Creek?” Charlie, the farmer, asked. “I thought you knew the Justice boys cut up the woman and left her to die.”

Marshall Coe glared at Marshall Davis and he knew right then that the anger steaming out of the ears from those riding in the posse was there because they were sorely misinformed.

“What woman?” he asked.

Coe narrowed his eyes on Marshall Davis. “I reckon it don’t matter what the telegraph said *or what is and what ain’t now*. If they rode on out of here free as birds, we’ll have to catch up to them on a trail somewhere.”

“You might do it but I can tell you all right now. You ain’t gonna find a dead woman with those Justice boys.”

“We ain’t?” Charlie looked over at the others in their group and then looked back at Marshall Coe. “How come?”

Marshall Coe dropped his head. “Because, Charlie, they cut her up and left her for dead.” He took a deep breath and then pointedly asked. “Which way did they go and when did they leave?”

Marshall Justice rarely stood a long-standing Marshall down, no matter how crooked he was. Most of the older Marshalls could pull rank and make it stick. They always knew someone who could cause the younger ones some trouble. He didn’t care. Something about Coe using Emily to lie to his posse really didn’t sit well with him.

“Tell me more about this woman, Charlie,” he said.

Charlie smiled. "She took good care of me and my wife when the wife was passing. She brought her soup and made her fresh coffee every day. She was a fine looking woman too, Marshall. She would have made some man a mighty fine wife."

"Uh-huh, I know her." He looked down and then snapped his head right back up for effect. "Red hair?"

"You better believe it and ivory snow skin. A real pretty woman and a really sweet person." Charlie beamed when he talked about her.

"I imagine so."

"Too bad those outlaws cut her up and killed her."

"Charlie, she ain't dead. In fact, she's riding with them and very much alive."

Charlie narrowed his eyes on the Marshall. "Are you sure?"

"Why hell no, he doesn't know what he's saying," Marshall Coe answered for him.

"The hell I don't. A man remembers a woman like her."

"I don't think Miss Emily would take up with them fellas."

Marshall Davis eyed Marshall Coe. "She would if she was running from the right side of the law and afraid of her own shadow."

"What's that supposed to mean, Marshall?" another cowboy asked as he shifted in his saddle.

"Marshall Coe, why don't you step on off that horse there and let's me and you have a few words."

Marshall Davis backed away from Coe's horse and he glanced over at the telegraph office where Percy now stood taking a good look at the men there. If all went well, poor Percy would never know how Davis used him, almost as a human target.

Marshall Coe slid off the saddle and they took a walk down the street. "Got something on your mind, young'un?" He tried the tactic some of the older Marshalls used sometimes. When they were crooked as all hell, they tried to act like the young straight-up lawmakers were too wet behind the ears to know the difference between legal and illegal, right and wrong.

“Yeah, I do. And I hope you’ll listen and listen good.” He stopped in the middle of the street and nodded toward Percy. “That there’s a man of good time. He has a telegraph to send on my behalf in the event of my death.”

“You gonna die soon, Marshall?” Coe asked.

“Maybe, but it’d be a shame, Marshall Coe because if I die here today, you’re gonna hang for something I’m not sure you did.”

“What are you talking about?”

Marshall Davis thought back to the way Clay told him about Emily and his heart pounded into his chest. He wanted to kill the man with his own bloody hands but he knew the Marshall’s men would gun him down in the street. He’d play it safe and hopefully Percy’s presence would help make Coe a believer.

“Marshall Coe, I talked to Emily Masterson and those outlaws of hers. They aren’t harming her but they did save her. Now, I don’t know if you shot them fellas raping her or not but—”

“Nobody raped that girl! Hell, she passed out on them...from what I understand from the survivor...she...”

“Stop talking, Marshall, and start riding. Men like you make the bile rise in my throat and so help me if I ever see your blasted hide in my town again, I’ll have men waiting with guns coming at you from every direction. Do I make myself clear?”

“You got no idea who you’re talking to, boy,” Marshall Coe said.

“Oh no? I bet they do.” He nodded in his posse’s direction. “When I tell them what I know about Emily Masterson, the sweet little woman-child who made a dying woman comfortable and gave her poor husband something fond to remember about those dying days, I imagine they’ll look at you and know precisely who they’re speaking to. From what I understand this sort of thing happens a lot to your women folk.”

“You’re going to take the word of a no-count whore?”

“Emily Masterson, by what your rider said, is no man’s whore.”

Marshall Coe curled his upper lip under his teeth and grunted. "Tell that to those outlaws riding with her, or should I say 'fucking' her? They've made her one or else she wouldn't be riding with Clay Justice. You can count on that."

He turned his back and teetered his pudgy ass back down the street. A few minutes later, they rode back out the same way they came in. Right by the house where the Justice gang now lived.

* * * *

Emily, Clay, Levi, Luke, and Davis stood in the back yard watching as the riders finally made it to the far end of the open range. A few more gallops straight ahead and the posse would disappear onto another stretch of wide open land.

"Think they'll be back?" Levi asked.

"Don't think so," Davis said

Clay stared straight ahead. "Coe will. One day when we least expect him, he'll ride this way again."

"Why?" Levi asked. "There's nothing for him here to find now, if he believed Davis."

Luke gave his cousin a pat to the back. "One day, he'll hear different and figure we got the best of him. He'll come riding back and we'll be waiting."

"I don't know," Davis said. "I don't think so. Marshall Coe almost got away with the perfect crime and then it backfired. Sometimes when a person has to look at their demons and meet them head on, they get so scared, they start running the other way and they never look back."

"So you think he's had a change of heart and he's ready to become a better man?"

"I never said that, Clay."

"I'd never want you to believe it. Remember, I knew the man," Emily stated.

“Oh, that reminds me,” Davis smiled. “I have some news for you, Emily. Clay here said you blacked out when those men attacked you and that you never could figure out whether or not you were raped.”

Emily grinned. “Oh, I know I wasn’t raped.”

Clay, Luke, and Levi stared at her blankly.

“I had to figure out a way to stop all the games and I just figured playing doctor would move things along.”

Clay’s lips curved in a smile. “I knew it.”

“You rascal woman, you,” Levi said as he poked her in the ribs.

Luke rubbed his chin. “You had him check you out though.”

“Well yeah. I had to choose one of you.”

“Why’d you choose him?” Levi inquired.

“He was the only one dumb enough to fall right in between a woman’s spread legs without asking a whole lot of questions.”

They all laughed and Levi pointed at him. “For once, I’m not the dumb one.”

Clay chuckled. “Oh, but you are, cousin. I took the first peek at Emily’s hidden treasure.”

“And you found gold there, huh?” Davis asked.

“A lot of it,” she reminded with a wink.

“You’re spanked,” Luke told her.

“I hope with four strong fellas around, I’m more than spanked.” She lifted her skirts and ran for the house. She was wanted by outlaws and even the Marshall qualified as one now when he was in their bed. She had a good feeling, he’d visit there a lot.

THE END



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