

Siren Publishing

*Ménage Amour*

**Elle Saint James**

**BADLANDS 1**

**Mail Order  
BRIDE**

*for Two*

# MAIL ORDER BRIDE FOR TWO

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**Elle Saint James**

MENAGE AMOUR



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
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# **DEDICATION**

To Wendi Darlin for her dedication to the craft, her unfailing support of me in all writing things and for being my great friend.

Thank you.

Elle

# MAIL ORDER BRIDE FOR TWO

*Badlands 1*

ELLE SAINT JAMES  
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## Chapter 1

*Badlands of South Dakota 1890*

“Shit, how much longer do we have to wait for her to show up?” Logan Granger snatched the tan Stetson from his head and slapped it against his leg in frustration. A plume of dust rose, reminding him that he’d been away from home too long. It had been a lengthy week of disappointment and endless waiting for the daily train to show up.

“I doubt she leapt off the train to beat it here on foot.” Derek Brand, his best friend and business partner shifted his shoulder more firmly against the wall of the train station and released a long sigh. Derek had the patience of Job. Maybe his Texas upbringing had a hand in the way he led his life. Slow, smooth and quiet.

“Very funny.”

The railroad station in Campbell’s Valley wasn’t as busy as expected for this time of day. Likely it was because the train was late. Again.

Jasper Coggon, a lawyer from the East who now lived locally, had gone to New York City and arranged the private bride contract for

them. He told them just enough to get their spirits fired up and nothing more.

Logan adjusted his pants as the thought of a regular female sharing their life crossed his mind for the thousandth time that day. The train carrying their mail order bride was late and if it didn't show up in another hour, they'd have to spend another night at the hotel. All alone. Again. The wire confirming that their expected visitor, Miss Miranda Herrington, was on her way hadn't been specific regarding the day she would arrive just generalized dates spanning a week when she might appear.

Upon his earlier return, Jasper described Miranda as a tall, willowy figured brunette with pale skin and a pleasant disposition. And most importantly for their needs, she'd be willing to provide sexual companionship for both of them.

Today was the last day of the originally stated time frame. If she didn't show up on the last train scheduled, they would have to head back to their ranch. Or one of them would. Logan didn't relish the long ride back home. Especially if he had to make the trip without the mail order bride they'd contracted to secure over five months ago. He was hot, tired, and horny, none of which apparently mattered to Derek.

"We already waited longer than anyone else has," Logan complained. "How can you not be troubled? Show a little enthusiasm."

"I'll be plenty enthusiastic once she gets here, don't you worry."

"Why is it taking so long anyway?"

Derek released another long breath, cleared his throat and finally answered, "I reckon it takes more time to find a woman willing to share and trains are sometimes unpredictable, but better than traveling on foot. Settle down."

"If you're about to tell me that 'patience is a virtue' I'm going to cram my fist in your mouth."

"The phrase had occurred to me, but I've changed my mind since

you're so wound up." Derek reached up to adjust his hat. He tilted the bill lower on his forehead shading his eyes from view.

"How can you be so laid-back? Doesn't your cock ache from lack of use?"

"My cock is none of your business."

"At least until she arrives. Then both of our cocks will be in business."

Derek lifted the brim of his hat, caught Logan's gaze and rolled his eyes. "Shut up, Logan. Jesus, get a saloon girl if you can't wait."

"Don't want one. I want our especially selected woman."

In the distance the siren call of a train whistle echoed through the valley and both of them stood a little straighter in anticipation.

"Hellfire and damnation. The train is finally here." Logan sprang forward and leaned over the edge of the train station platform as if it would help him see the coming conveyance. It wouldn't, but it made him feel better to watch.

"Sounds like it." Derek didn't move. Typical.

The two of them were as opposite in looks as night and day. Derek was as dark as he was light in eyes, hair color and skin tone. Several unfortunate idiots in the past had mentioned that Derek likely had Indian blood running through his veins with his coloring.

The fact that he was also a great tracker didn't help contradict the label. More than one gun battle had resulted from words spoken in anger any time Derek won a hand of cards or beat someone fair and square in a horse race. The losers always tried to insult him as if that would help their foolish cause. It didn't. And the fact that he was likely the fastest gun in the entire Dakota Territory didn't help any bigoted opinions either.

Logan knew Derek's parents weren't from any Indian nation. As children, they'd traveled in the same wagon train headed for Kansas and California. With visions of rich gold stakes, large land claims or any number of inducements to go west and beat the oppressive living strictures in the east, neither family had actually made it to their

ultimate western destination.

During the wagon train journey their families had been on years before, they'd forged a friendship that would never be broken with either time or distance. While their respective parents hadn't gotten the dreams they'd sought, as orphans left to fend for themselves, Logan and Derek had eventually made a very good life for themselves in the Dakota Territory.

With a sluggishness Logan could barely tolerate without shooting off a few rounds of his gun for spite, the train finally pulled into the station. After several people departed and either went on home or met with others who'd gathered on the platform when they heard the train whistle, Logan and Derek still stood alone.

The train conductor stepped down from the cab of the passenger car behind a young couple with a small child in tow.

Logan approached him. "Please tell me that there are still more people about to come off of the train."

The conductor harrumphed and ignored his statement. "Can you fetch the sheriff? There's been an unfortunate accident that I need to report."

"What happened?"

"A girl went missing off of the train. A witness claims she flung herself off the moving passenger car as we passed the last bridge, twenty miles back. Happened sometime before dawn."

Logan felt a headache creep into his brain and a similar feeling socked him in the gut.

"What was the name of the jumper?"

"Not rightly sure I can divulge that just yet. I'll wait for the sheriff, if you don't mind?"

"Well, I do mind. What was her name?"

From behind them a very sweet and innocent sounding female voice said, "Her name was Miss Miranda Herrington."

## Chapter 2

Clarissa Barnes watched as two of the most handsome cowboys she'd ever laid eyes on turned slowly to face her. Light and dark. One of each. Very intriguing. She swallowed hard at the intense gaze they leveled in her direction. "As a matter of fact, I'm the witness to her death. I saw her jump."

The blond cowboy's eyebrows went north. "Why in the hell did she jump?"

She straightened her spine wishing, her corset weren't so tight and answered his aggressively blunt question. "I believe she was headed here for an arranged marriage, but she had changed her mind."

"And death was preferable to marriage?"

She shrugged. "I'm sure it wasn't personal."

"Well, it's pretty damn personal to me since I was supposed to marry her."

Clarissa felt heat creep up to her cheeks, which had absolutely nothing to do with the sweltering temperature. After a long pause she whispered, "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to be the bearer of bad news."

"Miss Barnes?" a familiar voice called from the direction of the station door. Mr. Coggon had arrived to take her to the man *she* had contracted to marry. Clyde something or other. It didn't matter. For as much as this place seemed like the end of the earth, Clarissa had absolutely nowhere else to go.

Clyde had paid for her to come here so they could meet and become acquainted. He'd agreed to a one week grace period. If they got along, then they would get married. If he didn't like her, he'd send her back to New York with meager funds to set her on a new path. If

for any reason she didn't like him, she'd have to pay back all the expense money he'd proffered thus far.

For her part, Clarissa planned to make every effort to like Clyde. She'd spent every moment of her long trip contemplating what the worst possible scenario would be to keep her from marrying Clyde. Given her dire circumstances, there was very little to sway her from completing this contract. If he didn't seem as interested, she planned a seduction he wouldn't be able to resist. She'd heard quite a few tales of passion and intrigue from the women at the manor residence where she used to work as maid's helper.

The ugly truth she carried close was that she didn't have the money to pay Clyde back or the means to procure any additional funds. Going back to New York was out of the question due to the unfortunate incident at her last place of employment. Thus, her only option at this point in time was to get married to a complete stranger named Clyde. She only hoped her desperation didn't warn him off.

"Mr. Coggon, thank you for meeting me." She looked over his shoulder expecting to find her future husband-to-be trailing along eager to greet her. The lawyer arrived alone. "Where is Clyde?"

He cleared his throat. "There has been a slight change of plans, Miss Barnes."

"Oh. Are we meeting him elsewhere?" She searched the area looking for a hotel or eating establishment.

Mr. Coggon removed his tattered bowler slowly and the expression on his face didn't bode well for good news.

"Clyde wanted me to tell you how sorry he is for the inconvenience, but he no longer is in the market for a bride."

"What? Why not? I don't understand."

The lawyer turned away, having caught sight of the two cowboys close by. He nodded at them. "Gentlemen."

"We need to talk to you, Coggon." The blond looked her over again from head to toes. His eyes seemingly pierced a hole through her body. Clarissa didn't know why he was so intriguing. He was a

stranger. Then again, so was Clyde.

“Please, Mr. Coggon. I’ve come all this way. Couldn’t he at least meet me before making a final decision?”

“Well, you see, that’s the problem. I doubt his new wife, Dora, would let him consider you.”

Her eyes rounded in shock. “His *new* wife?”

“Yes. Unfortunately, when the train was late, old Clyde waited at the whore...uh...that is to say, he waited at the local dance hall and...” He trailed off as if unwilling to finish the sentence and impart the final death blow in her miserable life.

Shaken, but undaunted, Clarissa straightened her spine. “And he what?”

“He married the girl he was *staying* with while he waited for you. I’m so sorry to bring you bad news. If only you hadn’t been delayed on your trip things might have turned out differently.”

Clarissa felt the heat of complete and utter embarrassment for a second time since disembarking the train. “Are you telling me that because I’m a few days late, he married a whore instead of waiting for me to arrive?”

Mr. Coggon had the decency to look embarrassed. “Well. Yes, ma’am. That’s exactly what happened.”

“Clyde Jenkins is an ass. You’re better off without him.” The blond man inserted his opinion into her private conversation heading straight to Hades.

Clarissa whirled to face the two cowboys who’d spoken. “Oh really? So you truly believe that I’m better off now that I’ve given up absolutely everything I knew before, uprooted myself to travel hundreds of miles across country only to be told I’m not needed anymore because my train was late?”

The blond exchanged a wary glance with his dark friend before both of them put their considerably intent focus on her face. Drilling what could only be construed as a very interested masculine look her way, they then nodded.

“To my way of thinking, it’s better than being told your intended would rather be dead than to meet you.”

Clarissa gazed into his deep blue eyes and softened her attitude. “I guess you’ve got a point there.” Her gaze then strayed to her toes peeking out from the edge of her long travel-wrinkled skirt as she contemplated what in the world to do next. “I’m sorry.”

“No need to apologize, ma’am. Perhaps we could help each other out since we’re both in dire straights. It seems to me that you don’t have a husband-to-be any longer. Meanwhile, we’re missing a wife. Perhaps we could come to some sort of arrangement between us.”

Mr. Coggon stepped between them suddenly and said, “Miss Barnes. I don’t think you’d be interested in either of these two gentlemen. I’m not sure what happened to the woman they were waiting for, but please reconsider.”

Clarissa studied each of the men in turn and had to disagree with the lawyer on this point. Each of these men was very interesting. The blond man had an engaging face, an easy smile and baby blue eyes that spoke to her on a visceral level she couldn’t rationalize. The taller one who hadn’t spoken yet was completely opposite to his friend. He sported dark hair, dark eyes and a mesmerizing gaze that drilled deeply into her soul. The word *sinful* came to mind when she looked at his face shadowed in stubble. He looked like a rogue gunslinger.

“Miss Barnes, please listen to me. These men have something special in mind.”

Holding a hand up to Mr. Coggon’s further interruption, she clutched her bulky traveling bag against her side and approached the two intriguing men. “Well, *I’m* special. What sort of arrangement did you have in mind?”

The blond grinned and stepped far too close. In a low sexy tone, he said, “Spend the day with us and see if you’re interested. It wasn’t like you even knew Clyde or that he was an ass.” The scent of leather, campfire smoke, and another intriguing masculine fragrance clung to him and wafted close enough for her to be further engaged.

“Miss Barnes, you’re making a terrible mistake. These men...” Mr. Coggon interrupted again and this time the silent, dark warrior before her silenced him with a harsh look.

“Mr. Coggon is trying to tell you something important,” the blond man said quietly.

Clarissa decided on her own that the information Mr. Coggon was trying to convey likely had to do with how sinfully attractive they were. Perhaps they were sharpshooters and led dangerous lives. She didn’t care what their occupation was. She wanted, no, she *needed* a husband.

“Be that as it may. I’d love to spend the day with the two of you. At the end of that time, I’ve no doubt I’d be able to choose one of the two of you to...” she trailed off because the blond shook his head in the negative.

“I’m sorry, but that’s not possible. The thing is we had a special condition attached to our mail order bride.”

She searched his eyes for explanation. “I don’t understand. What condition?”

The dark warrior moved entirely too close, crowding her against the blond man and finally spoke for the first time. “We ordered a bride for the both of us. We’d want to share you. In bed.” His quiet deep voice held her entranced. “Still want to spend the day with us?”

Clarissa didn’t understand at first. Her eyes narrowed. “Both of you? At the same time?” The understanding of their quest registered in her shocked brain first and likely in her heated face with bold clarity soon after. But even as she rebelled against very idea of two men sharing her bed, the thought also sent a bold streak of desire pumping through her veins. How could she submit to two different men? At the same time?

“Are you still interested? Because we certainly are.”

“I don’t even know your names.” It was a foolish statement because she was already considering the idea regardless of how wicked it sounded. How brash of her to consider two men sharing her

bed and not even know their names.

“I’m Logan Granger,” the blond said with a grin. Pointing to the dark stranger he added, “And this is Derek Brand.”

“Pleased to meet you. I’m Clarissa Barnes.”

“So what do you say, Clarissa? Want to spend the day with us? Decide if you’re interested?”

“Miss Barnes, I must protest.” Mr. Coggon attempted to step between them, but Derek put an arm up to bar his approach.

Clarissa whirled to the left and zeroed her gaze on the lawyer now sporting a frown. “If anyone has the right to protest it is me, Mr. Coggon. I’ve traveled a very long way only to be summarily told I’m not needed any longer due to the short attention span of the man you selected to be my husband.

“If these two gentlemen are looking for a wife then the least I can do is spend the day in their company and decide if the conditions to their arrangement will be suitable for my needs.”

“In other words, get lost, Jasper.” Logan lifted one hand and waved goodbye to the flustered lawyer. He leaned in close enough to kiss her, but veered to whisper in her ear, “Let’s talk about *your* needs.”

The breath from his lips brushed the shell of her ear. It not only tickled, Clarissa felt a sharp pang low in her belly at the closeness of his body to hers. A fluttery feeling she’d never had before tingled her skin.

“I need a husband,” she whispered back.

“What else do you need?” He inhaled deeply and his lips brushed against her hair. She stifled the urge to shiver with longing. To her right, Derek moved slightly closer to the two of them practically embracing on the train station platform. Scandalous desire and sincere longing pounded a rhythm across her body at the thought of being intimate with two men.

“I need a place to belong.”

“Perhaps you belong with us. Let us show you.”

She lifted her head to gaze into Logan's engaging blue eyes. She turned to look into Derek's luscious brown eyes before saying, "Yes. I'd like for you to show me. However, I want to ensure that a marriage will take place. I don't wish to be anyone's doxy."

"Of course. We can go get hitched right now, if you want."

Clarissa thought for a moment over the word "hitched." Marrying them made the arrangement permanent. Then again, if she didn't marry them, what would she do? She couldn't go back to New York. Clyde wasn't an option and with that initial contract broken also went her one week of getting used to the idea of a man sharing her bed. Before they changed their minds, she needed to establish a future. Any future, surprise or not, was better than what faced her if she didn't make the effort.

Two men certainly wasn't what she'd planned, but something elusive in the way they looked at her said this unusual agreement should at least be considered. It might even be the right thing to do. She didn't want to go back to New York. She had no family. She didn't have any money. The two men offering a chance were incredibly attractive. Plus, there was something in the way they regarded her that made her feel protected and safe. How long since she'd felt really safe?

Quickly mulling over her bleak choices, she made a decision. "Yes. I do wish to get married now. I'd like for this arrangement to be official. Please."

Logan grinned and offered her an arm. Derek took her traveling bag from her and leaned in to kiss her cheek. He whispered, "You won't be sorry. We'll take good care of you."

"That would be nice for a change." She placed her hand on Logan's arm, satisfied she'd made the best agreement given her circumstances.

Clarissa wasn't sure exactly what to expect in the marriage bed anyway. Well, that wasn't entirely true. She knew the mechanics of what went on between women and men during the most intimate of

moments. She'd seen a very dramatic representation of the sex act once.

Plus, there was the time she'd almost participated in a form of the act. She shivered and discarded the memory of that ruinous event.

These two men weren't frightening. Operating on instinct alone, she marched forward to a new and unexpected life.

They made arrangements for the rest of her luggage to be delivered to the local hotel and led her to the only church in town. Before God, Derek and the minister's wife, she swore to love, honor and obey Logan Granger. When the minister announced that they were man and wife and he could "kiss the bride," Logan pecked the corner of her mouth. Derek stepped closer and also pecked her on the cheek for what he called "a congratulations kiss." Thirty minutes later she wore two interlocking gold bands, one from each man, on the third finger of her left hand and mentally tested her new name, Clarissa Granger.

Derek didn't seem to be bothered that she didn't share his name. It was understood. She belonged to both men regardless of her name. And for the first time in a long while, she felt secure.

An additional thrill of anticipatory excitement unwound throughout her body as visions of the coming night slid into her mind. The honeymoon promised to be a salacious success.

### Chapter 3

Derek took careful consideration of his new “wife”, Clarissa. The moment she’d spoken at the train platform, her voice had drizzled over him like a cool spring rain after the heat of a long hard ride. She wasn’t a tall, willowy brunette like the description of the woman they’d been expecting. Honey-haired, medium height and curvy in all the right places, Clarissa was an unexpected surprise. Like expecting leftover, warmed up chopped meat for supper and getting a juicy beef steak to savor instead.

She hadn’t said much after leaving the minister. Although, she hadn’t balked during the short ceremony, it wasn’t a stretch to imagine she might think she was in over her head. He planned to make it his goal to ensure that she never had a moment’s fear in that regard.

“Would you like to get something to eat before we adjourn upstairs to our rooms?” Derek asked.

Clarissa visibly startled at his first word. Her soft gaze hit him square in the gut every time she looked in his direction. He felt the pangs of love and protection begin to filter around his heart. This was a woman he could fall in love with very easily, if he hadn’t started already.

“I don’t think I could eat, but thank you all the same.”

Logan led the way to the hotel. They’d already decided to enter through the side door so as not to call attention to the three of them going upstairs. The nosy busybodies in town didn’t need any fresh fodder for their gossip mills.

Derek watched Clarissa carefully. Her demeanor and the rigid set

of her body suggested she was trying to bear up to what came next with false bravado. She didn't need it though.

"You don't have to be frightened."

Her breath shot out like a quiet huff of disbelief and her amber gaze drilled through him like a firebrand. "I appreciate that, but deeds speak louder than words."

Derek's sudden half-smile seemed to put her at ease. "Got it. I'll make sure my deeds mirror my words whenever we're together."

Logan held the door for her once they arrived at the room. Clarissa hesitated for a moment in the doorway, but then entered quickly.

The large, soft inviting brass bed centered in the room greeted them. Derek couldn't wait to begin the honeymoon. Once the door shut behind them, Derek placed her bags near the door and moved closer to take care of what he considered unfinished business between them. Her attention was focused on the bed, her expression that of someone having second thoughts about their recent actions.

"May I have a kiss?" Again she startled as he spoke.

Clarissa inhaled deeply and glanced at Logan, who grinned. She turned to face him. "Certainly."

Derek didn't want to frighten her, but he *did* want to make his point. Kissing was important. The first passionate kiss shared between a man and a woman was especially imperative to his way of thinking. The peck he gave her on her cheek at the church didn't count.

Cupping her face in his large hands, he lowered his mouth slowly. He stopped a breath from her lips taking a moment to anticipate what she would taste like. Her fingers rose from her sides and gripped his forearms before he connected.

Derek completed the connection. Blissfully soft and yielding lips met his in a lip-lock he wouldn't ever forget. He licked her mouth open with his tongue to invade the warm space inside. She tasted delicious. For the first time since seeing her, Derek allowed his ardor free reign. His cock hardened immediately the moment her tongue

touched his. Languidly expressive at the outset, their first kiss soon intensified. Her fingers tightened on his arms as her body relaxed against his chest.

Derek slid one hand around her shoulders to pull her closer into his frame. She moaned into his mouth and his hips pressed forward of their own accord. His cock was fully unfurled and ready to make her his bride in the flesh. He wouldn't allow his unruly dick to guide him, but the interesting morning starting with the endless wait, the announcement of no bride to suddenly acquiring the best bride imaginable seeped into his mind.

Clarissa backed up a step and pulled him with her. Her legs bumped into the foot of the bed and she startled enough to break their kiss. Panting softly, she lifted her face to look deeply into his eyes. "I'm frightened of the way you make me feel."

"You have nothing to fear from me or Logan, I swear it." His hand brushed down her lovely face. He lowered his mouth to hers and again kissed her until she relaxed against him again.

Derek sensed Logan watching them. The sexual visuals gliding across his mind involving the three of them with regard to the coming afternoon and evening aroused him to a level he'd never been before. He pulled away and released her lips with regret.

"I believe Logan would like to kiss you again, too."

She blinked and turned her gaze to Logan. "You two get acquainted while I get undressed." If the notion of him taking his clothes off made her uncomfortable, she didn't show it.

Logan stepped into the space he deserted. His arms wrapped solidly around her before he lowered his lips to hers. The bulge evident in his britches told Derek that Logan was just as anxious to get this honeymoon underway.

\* \* \* \*

Clarissa kissed Logan and for the second time since she'd entered

the hotel room, she was surprised. Derek's kiss had been aggressive, overwhelming and passionate. Logan's lips aroused her to a fever pitch as well, but in a completely different way. His kiss was languorous, engaging and irresistible.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Derek remove his shirt and lost all train of thought. Logan paused long enough to see what caught her eye but resumed kissing her as if he saw a man undressing every day. Perhaps he did. However, Clarissa did not. She stiffened in his arms and pulled away. "I need to tell you something."

"Okay."

"I've heard that most women who opt for this life are of a certain type and I just wanted to let you know that I'm not that type."

The two men exchanged puzzled glances. Derek finished unbuttoning the top part of his shirt and pulled it off over his head. Muscles rippled beneath his chest, belly and arms distracting her for a moment at the sheer beauty of the male body. The few scars he bore didn't deflect any appreciation for his physique, but instead, only added interest.

"What type are you?" Derek asked. He zeroed his gaze on her and started unfastening his gun belt.

Clarissa glanced away, reluctant to tear her gaze from his beautiful body. She suspected Logan's body was muscularly built in a similar way after holding them both.

Logan grinned at her and she forgot the question.

He leaned in and whispered, "It doesn't matter to us what type of woman you are as long as you're willing."

"I'm a virgin," she blurted. "I know some mail order brides who aren't and that's why they choose this life, but I'm different. And I—"

"That's fine. Don't worry." Logan kissed her again and she forgot everything else until a half-dressed Derek slid an arm around her back, burrowed his face into her neck and kissed a sensitive spot below her ear.

With the both of them so close, her heartbeat increased to an

alarming rate.

“Let me help you get undressed while Logan gets comfortable.”

Logan stepped away and Clarissa was distracted by Derek’s seduction. Before she realized his intention, her hair spilled out of its twist and a couple of the pins holding it in place fell to the floor. His nimble fingers pulled the remaining ones out and dumped them on a table near the end of the bed. She shook her hair out, reveling in the freedom of her hair flowing loose from the tight bun.

He turned back and started unbuttoning her dress. By the time Logan returned, Derek had her down to only a thin shift, her constricting corset and her stockings. The rest of her petticoats and her traveling dress were placed delicately on a chair near the table. Behind her was the large bed. Would all three of them fit?

She trembled in anticipation of what was to come. One man was alarming enough. The idea of two sent her heart into palpitations.

“We want you to feel comfortable being naked with us from the start.” Logan had removed every stitch and his cock brushed her hip as he hugged her.

“Let’s move closer to the bed,” Derek said and shucked off his pants. He helped her remove the rest of her things, including the tight corset, until the three of them were completely naked.

Derek pulled her into his arms and kissed her lips again. Behind her, Logan hugged up close until she was sandwiched between the two of them. With so much masculine flesh surrounding her, it was difficult not to feel overwhelmed and yet protected at the same time.

“We’re going to take this slow for the first time. We want you to relax.”

Logan sat on the bed and pulled her onto his lap. His cock dented the space along one side of her spine. Derek, meanwhile, bent to kiss her. Calloused hands cupped her breasts, as the engaging kiss continued and the sensation was remarkable. A heat flared deeply within her body. Her womb tightened and a rush of wetness coated her intimate feminine core. When Derek’s hands brushed her face, she

realized Logan's hands were the ones teasing her nipples and another wash of arousal tore through her body. The very idea of being intimate with two men was exhilarating.

Derek pulled his lips from hers slowly and smiled. He soon got on his knees next to the bed and put his hands on her inner thighs.

"Open your thighs a little bit more for me."

Clarissa widened her legs. Still seated on Logan's lap, his fingers still gently tweaked her nipples sending spiraling arousal to the space between her legs.

"Suck on her nipples, Derek. Tell me what they taste like." Logan's low spoken words accompanied his bending forward. Clarissa bent as well until her breasts pushed into Derek's face.

Logan's hand slid away from one breast revealing a taut aching nipple. Derek drew the tip into his warm mouth. The sensation of suction he exerted was almost unbearable. Not with pain, but with the most acute pleasure she'd ever enjoyed. His tongue licked across the rigid tip repeatedly sending streaks of warmth to the very core of her being.

Clarissa felt Logan's free hand slip to the space between her legs. His fingers delved into her most intimate folds and she resisted the sincere urge to leap out of bed. His finger glanced over a very sensitive place causing her to moan out loud.

Derek pulled his mouth from her breast. "She tastes like honey. But I see you've found something better."

"She's very wet for us, Derek."

"Is she? Good. Let me take a taste below."

"What?" Clarissa listened to their banter only barely paying attention as the arousing notion of what they suggested filtered into her mind.

"He's going to lick your clitoris," Logan whispered against her ear. "Trust me, you'll love it."

Logan's hand lifted from between her legs only to be replaced by Derek's mouth. Clarissa dropped her head and watched as he licked

her intimate folds. The sensation of his mouth down there made her heart pound wildly.

Seconds later, he licked the very sensitive place Logan had found earlier. She writhed as Derek's tongue entered her body a few times before he resumed licking the small place Logan called a clitoris. Extraordinary.

A steady buzzing feeling built inside her body the likes of which she'd never felt before in her lonely twenty-four-year life span. Logan's fingers glistened with her juices as he drew them to his mouth. The sound of enjoyment he made accompanied by his stiff cock throbbing against her back sent her to a new level of arousal.

The pleasurable sensation between her legs had reached a crescendo. Erotic waves of delight sent a potent longing higher and higher. Something was coming. Something stupendous.

Once he'd licked her essence from his fingertips, Logan resumed touching her nipples. As if an invisible thread was connected from her nipples to her core, Clarissa experienced nirvana. She arched her back and a small shriek erupted as a prolonged blaze of pleasure enveloped her body.

Wave after wave of tingling release rushed outward to every limb.

Logan's mouth brushed her ear. "Did that feel as good as it sounded?"

Clarissa panted. It was her only response. Derek kissed her belly. "Now she's even wetter."

"Good. It will ease your cock into her virgin space."

"What did you do to me?" Clarissa, weak from their ministrations, wondered if this was the way intimacy was supposed to be. The sex act she'd witnessed was no where near this luxurious description.

"Did you like it?"

She inhaled deeply and responded on a sigh. "Yes."

Derek stood. "Now that you're wetter and more relaxed, we can continue. Do you know what happens between men and women physically?"

“I thought I did, but so far I’m completely shocked at how good it feels. I didn’t expect pleasure.”

“Losing your virginity might sting a little, but not for long. I promise to be as gentle as I can.”

“I’ll be fine.”

Clarissa opened her eyes to see Derek’s immense cock lining up with the apex of her open legs. He inserted his member slowly into her body as she watched with rapt fascination. In her ear, Logan whispered, “Relax, honey. Just relax.”

The girth of Derek’s cock worried her only momentarily. The size of him filled her tight opening to capacity. The slick moisture she’d expelled helped ease him inside further and further until he hit the wall of her virgin flesh.

Clarissa stiffened her spine and bore up, waiting for him to thrust forward suddenly to breach it, but instead, he put his hand between them. His finger found her clitoris and stroked. Seeing his cock half inside her body was arousing in and of itself. His finger rubbing that sensitive little button sent tingling spirals of arousal through her yet again.

“Do you see him fingering your clit? Can you see his cock ready to pierce you?” Logan’s whispered words aroused her even more. “Come again, honey. We want you to feel really good.”

The ascending desire came more quickly this time. After only a few minutes the same wonderful sensation enveloped her. Clarissa felt the spasm of her inner muscles grip Derek’s cock. He pulled his member out of her and entered again to the rhythm of her pulsing core. After the third such spasm, Derek thrust forward to the hilt and broke through her virginal wall as if it were gossamer.

The pain was minimal and not the agonizing ripping of flesh she’d expected. Not like what she’d been told. Not like what she’d witnessed first hand.

Sex was enjoyable. And *that* realization was the greatest shock of all.

## Chapter 4

“God, she’s tight.” Derek hadn’t moved since burying his cock all the way inside Clarissa’s body. Logan’s dick pulsed at the very idea of what it must feel like. Warm. Wet. Wickedly vise-like.

Logan kissed her neck. “Are you okay, honey?”

“I feel fine. It didn’t hurt at all.”

“I’m glad because Derek’s gonna continue to make love to you while I watch and enjoy. When you’re ready, we’ll switch places because I’d like to do the exact same thing.”

“All...all right.” She sounded satisfied which was music to his ears.

Derek thrust his dick forward into her pussy and pushed Clarissa’s body against his with the most delicious pressure. Logan’s cock was denting the upper part of her ass cheek and if he didn’t keep a rein on his ardor, he might explode before getting inside her body.

Logan sucked in a long deep breath to keep control. He filled his hands with her luscious breasts, tweaking the nipples as Derek found a steady rhythm to his thrusts.

As Derek’s strokes increased and sped up, Logan released one breast and slid his hand down to finger Clarissa’s clit. She was so responsive to their touch. So honest in her reaction. Not at all what he’d expected from her from their first meeting.

Taking on a wife for the both of them seemed more and more like their best idea yet. He couldn’t wait until they got her back to their ranch.

Clarissa shuddered and her spine arched. A little shriek came from her sweet lips as she climaxed. Three thrusts later, Derek stiffened

and his guttural sound of satisfaction washed through Logan as if he'd had the orgasm.

Lightly slumped against him eyes closed and with a smile shaping her lips, Clarissa was the most beautiful woman Logan had ever seen. He hugged her tight and kissed a trail from her neck to her shoulder.

"That was amazing." Derek leaned down and kissed Clarissa's lips as he withdrew his cock. He then walked to the water basin across the room to wet a cloth.

"Whatever I expected with regard to the marriage bed," Clarissa panted as she spoke, "It certainly wasn't what just happened."

Derek returned to the side of the bed to gently wash the few spots of blood and semen from her thighs. "What did you expect?"

A laugh escaped as her eyes opened halfway. "I expected awkwardness, pain and humiliation."

"Why would you ever expect that?" Derek finished cleaning her up.

She shrugged and remained quiet. Derek tipped her chin up and kissed her mouth. Logan thought his cock would burst at witnessing yet another seductive kiss. He stroked her nipples as the kiss lengthened and became more aggressive. He nuzzled the back of her neck as their kiss ensued. She moaned and Logan's cock pulsed with a virulent need.

Derek leaned away. "I believe your husband would like to pleasure you. He's waited so patiently to make love to you." Logan watched Derek put his hand between her legs. "Are you sore down here?"

Clarissa shook her head as a faint blush came into her cheeks. "I feel marvelous down there."

"I'm going to make you feel even better, honey." He shifted his body from beneath hers and left her on her back on the bed with her legs dangling off.

Logan reached for the quilt over the pillow and pulled it back to reveal the sheets. He lifted her from the bed and into his arms for a

tender embrace. He kissed her and she melted into his arms to reciprocate. After several lip-licking moments, he turned and laid her in the bed. Cock pulsing with barely constrained lust, Logan climbed into bed and positioned himself on top of his new lovely, sexy wife. Her soft body was a reverent reminder of how lucky he and Derek had been to convince her to marry them.

Braced on his elbows, Logan gazed into her eyes. She smiled and her lazy satisfied expression warmed his heart. He bent his head and took one firm nipple in his mouth. Derek climbed into bed with them and kissed Clarissa's shoulder before putting his mouth on her other nipple. She made sultry panting noises as they suckled her breasts.

Logan released her pert tip and kneed her legs wider apart. She took the hint and spread her legs apart as if readying for his penetration.

“Are you ready for me, honey?”

“Yes.” Her simple quiet reply sent another bolt of lust trailing down his body.

Derek continued to suck one nipple and reached over to pinch and fondle her other breast. Logan lined his cock up and entered her sweet pussy in one long awaited pleasurable thrust to the hilt.

Her passage was tighter than he'd imagined. Logan sent his gaze to Clarissa's face wanting to ensure she wasn't in any pain.

A satisfied smile greeted him. “The feel of you inside me is almost breathtaking. I never imagined intimacy would be so enjoyable.”

“I'm glad, honey.”

Logan pulled out slowly and pushed back inside the warm nirvana of her pussy. “Derek, why don't you rub her clit? I'd love to hear her come again as I fuck her.”

Without removing his mouth from her breast, Derek sent his fingers down between them to stroke her clitoris. Clarissa's eyes drifted closed and she released a long shuttering sigh. Logan sped up his thrusts to her vocal appreciation.

Stroke after stroke, Logan held onto his climax with the barest of thread of control, waiting for her to come one more time. He wasn't disappointed.

A short satisfied shriek filled the air as her pussy clamped down on his dick in rhythmic pulses. It was all he could do not to blow his wad the moment the first vise-like squeeze of her pussy encompassed his cock.

Her lovely hips gyrating to the rhythm of his thrusts, Logan slammed his cock deep inside her pussy as an orgasm of unfathomable pressure released from his body and into hers. From the top of his head to the tips of his toes, Logan reveled in the long sought climax as if he'd waited a lifetime for it.

His breath coming in short pants, he pierced her one more time and collapsed on her body trapping Derek's hand between them. He didn't seem to care.

"I'll be goddamned if that wasn't the best sex I've ever had in my life."

Derek finally removed his lips from her nipple. "Isn't she the sweetest?"

"I think you two are remarkable men. I'm very fortunate."

"This is only the beginning, honey. You'll want for nothing."

"That would be nice for a change. I've always wanted for pretty much everything." An adorable giggle escaped her lips. "I likely should have inquired before now, but where will we live, if you don't mind my asking?"

"Of course not. We have a ranch about a hard day's ride northwest from here. While I'd love nothing more than to spend a week in this hotel with you, we need to get back home. We've been gone a while."

"I understand. I'm ready to see my new home."

"We'll gather a few supplies before we leave and take two days to get back."

"You don't have to pamper me. I've just traveled for what seemed like forever on a train to get here. If you want to ride hard for a day,

I'll do it."

Derek raised his head and opened his mouth to say something, but a loud knock on their door broke the mood and stifled whatever he was about to say.

## **Chapter 5**

Derek felt Clarissa's lovely body stiffen in surprise as Logan raised his head with an incredulous look on his face.

"Who the fuck is that?" he whispered.

He rolled his eyes and quietly returned, "How should I know?" Derek rolled from the bed and grabbed his clothes and gun belt up quickly. He caught Logan's eye and pointed to the adjoining room. Another loud knock came and Logan nodded at Derek before he turned his head to the door and shouted. "Who is it?"

Derek slid quietly though the door connecting the two rooms shutting it behind him and listened as he put his clothes back on. The walls in this place did not offer too much privacy. Another reason he was ready to get back to their ranch.

"It's me, Jasper. I need to talk to you and Miss Barnes."

Damn it. What did that shyster want?

Logan's surly response, "Her name is Mrs. Granger. Get the fuck away from my door. I'm on my honeymoon."

"Be that as it may, there is the matter of the rest of the payment you owe me."

Derek strapped his gun belt back on and opened the door of his room leading to the hallway.

Dilapidated bowler in hand, Jasper hunkered in the hallway with his ear pressed against the door to the room Logan and Clarissa were in like some sort of pervert.

He smoothed a hand through his hair hoping it didn't look like he'd just been rolling around in bed and said, "Jasper, leave them alone."

The lawyer squealed and jumped half a foot in the air away from the door.

Derek crossed his arms and leaned against the doorframe of his room. “What do you want?”

Jasper squared his body and advanced two steps closer still manhandling his hat. “You still owe me half of the payment for your bride.”

“Oh? Where is she?”

“What?” Jasper sent a puzzled glance over one shoulder at the door behind him. “She’s in there, I assume.”

“No. Not her. Where is Miranda Herrington? You know, Jasper, the woman we paid for you to go to New York and get for us.” Derek bore a gaze through Jasper angry enough to make him swallow hard.

“Well, I don’t rightly know. The conductor said she jumped off of the train.”

“To my way of thinking, we’ve already paid you a shitload of money for nothing in return. *You* weren’t responsible for bringing Clarissa Barnes to us. She came for someone else. And even then, you were about to send her on her merry way back to New York after Clyde was his usual asshole self and couldn’t wait.”

“Well...I...now see here—”

“Don’t waste your breath trying to connive a further fee from us that you didn’t earn, Jasper. Unless you produce the woman we contracted for then the deal is off.”

“But you married another woman.”

“Logan married Clarissa. I’m just a good friend of the family and I happen to co-own, live and work on the same ranch as Logan. We are partners, after all. Don’t go spreading rumors about Logan’s wife being anything but pure and proper, Jasper. That would be a mistake.” Derek punctuated his threat by lowering his hand to rest on the butt of his revolver.

Jasper eyed his gun hand and gulped a few times before he shuffled away to the back exit of the hotel.

Good riddance.

Derek stepped inside the extra room they'd acquired for appearances and shed his gun belt again. There was a private bath downstairs and he'd paid the owner in advance for the use of it for one night. Tonight was the night he had in mind. He strolled through the adjoining door in time to see Logan and Clarissa deeply entrenched in a seductive embrace and kissing as if the world were about to come to an end.

"Watching the two of you makes me horny."

Clarissa startled, but Logan broke the kiss and laughed. "Good. Think now is a good time to arrange some private time in the bathing room?"

"You're reading my mind," Derek murmured.

Clarissa blushed and a timid smile emerged. He couldn't wait to see her beautiful body covered in wet sudsy bubbles.

Perhaps they'd begin her introduction into darker sexual pleasures in the soapy steamy bath house room.

\* \* \* \*

Clarissa slid the provided robe off her shoulders revealing her nudity. The ends of the ties dragged the damp wooden plank flooring until she hung the soft garment on the large nail driven into the wall at eye level. Crossing her arms over her breasts, she turned and faced the two men offering the luxury of a private bath for her pleasure. At least they told her it would be pleasurable. After the day she'd spent in the arms of two very desirable men, she had no doubt pleasure would likely be involved in every aspect of her life going forward with the two of them.

After her first foray into the surprisingly enjoyable sexual antics between men and women, they'd taken her down to dinner. Polite conversation ensued throughout the meal without a hint of discussion revealing the decadent afternoon they'd spent in bed. She was grateful

that they seemed to understand her shy nature with regard to intimacy in public. She learned more about their cattle ranch and the additional information that they also trained horses. Clarissa had never contemplated being a rancher's wife. Of course she also hadn't expected to be married to two men upon her arrival to the vast Dakota lands either. But the unexpected seemed to be the only thing she could count on.

Logan stepped carefully across the wooden planks in the bath house and proffered his hand and she stepped forward.

"Careful getting into the tub, honey, I don't want you to slip." He slid his arm around her waist and hugged her against his half-dressed frame. Skin to skin above the waist, she closed her eyes for a moment as lovely memories of the afternoon filled her mind. Never in her wildest imagination had she thought she'd enjoy the marriage bed, let alone sharing it with two men. For the first time in memory, Clarissa held hope for her future happiness. She vowed to leave her dark history in the past where it belonged.

He kissed the top of her head. "Check to see if the water is warm enough for you."

She lifted her foot over the edge of the metal tub and toed the water. "It's perfect. Thank you. I've never used such a grand space to bathe."

"My pleasure." His deep voice caressed her very soul. She turned her head and he kissed her lips

Logan helped her step carefully into the tub. She sat down and leaned her back against the towel covered slanted edge of one end. Sinking down until her chin brushed the bubbles, Clarissa couldn't help the moan of utter delight, which escaped. Velvety warm water caressed every part of her skin and eased the bone deep ache of the long travel cross country.

The sexual pleasures she'd experienced had taken her by surprise. Her muscles ached in a good way. She cupped a handful of water and bubbles and drizzled it over her face. Followed by another and

another, she soon scrubbed her face as the steamy scent of lemon filled the air around her.

“Lean forward and I’ll wash your hair.”

Clarissa leaned forward as he rubbed a cake of soap between his hands.

Derek approached the other side of the tub. “Let me help you do that.”

Between the two of them they soaked, lathered, gently scrubbed and finally rinsed her long hair. The whole process was completely divine in her estimation. She’d never had anyone take care of her personal bathing needs. If her mother ever did, Clarissa had no memory of it. She only remembered her mother being ill and she’d been the caregiver until she’d finally passed on when Clarissa was twelve.

“How about we help wash your lovely body now?” Derek whispered.

“All right.” Clarissa shifted and came up on her knees out of the still warm bath water. The water lapped against the lower edge of her buttocks and private parts in a most delicious way.

One on either side of her kneeling outside the tub, Logan and Derek took turns with the cake soap and lathered her from ear lobes to hips. Two sets of slightly calloused hands caressed, massaged and stroked her thoroughly. They rinsed her off and Derek leaned in to suck a nipple into his mouth.

Balanced on her knees in the warm water, she slid wet fingers through the locks of his hair at the back of his head. Her eyes slid shut as the suction of his lips on her sensitive nipple shivered her to her very soul. Logan soon put his mouth on her other nipple and sucked. Double the pleasure ran through her.

A low moan escaped her lips. The space between her legs gushed in readiness for what she now knew came next. Exquisite release. Logan released her nipple and trailed kisses to her neck. With one hand soon buried in her wet hair, he tilted her head back and put his

lips on her mouth. She sent a hand to his face as his tongue scorched a path between her lips, exploring every nook and cranny.

So engaged in kissing Logan, Clarissa didn't realize what Derek was up to until his fingers parted her lower lips seeking that small nub of pleasure. She moaned into Logan's mouth as Derek found and rubbed her clitoris gently.

Logan's free hand cupped her breast and his thumb slid over her nipple teasing the tip to the same rhythm as his tongue in her mouth.

Derek's mouth came off her other nipple. He kissed her neck once beneath the sensitive place below her ear. He then blazed a steady path of kisses along her shoulder. Having two men pleasuring her was still a little shocking and likely would be for a long spell of time, but she was certainly getting used to it.

"I'd like to try something new." Derek's low tone caressed her ear.

Logan broke the kiss and smiled. "It might seem a little shocking at first, but eventually we think you'll enjoy it."

Clarissa didn't think she could be any more shocked than she already was, but thus far they hadn't lied to her. Gazing first at Derek and then at Logan, she nodded and said, "I trust you. I'm ready to try anything."

Derek's fingers dipped into her body. Logan's hand joined his below and stroked her clitoris.

"Let's get you good and wet to start off."

She sucked in a deep breath as they manipulated her tender, sensitive flesh. Logan rubbed her clitoris and Derek moved his fingers in and out of her body simulating the act of sex without using his cock.

After only a few strokes her climax rushed up and caught hold with a burst of release so vivid, she had to hold in a scream. Warmth spread from her core and radiated outward to every limb. She held on tightly to each man as sublime pleasure rode over her body in waves. Soon, her body relaxed as her muscles gave way in depleted strength.

“I’m going to put my fingers in a different place to get you ready for some future pleasures.” Derek’s fingers, now wet from her release, moved away from her clitoris, past her vaginal canal and into a very dark and forbidden place.

## Chapter 6

Derek thought he might come in his pants as the very idea of sliding his slick juicy fingers into Clarissa's tight rosette. She jumped as his forefinger merely grazed the puckered dent of her back entrance.

"It's okay. Don't be afraid."

She turned her amber gaze to his face with alarm in her expression. "I don't know if I can do this."

"Relax. We'll make sure you're ready before anything except our fingers go into this space."

"I don't imagine even your fingers will fit." The apprehension in her tone was palpable.

"They will. I promise. Take a breath and let me inside." He inserted the tip of his middle finger past the sphincter muscle and inside her lovely ass up to his first knuckle.

"How does that feel?" Derek could barely move his finger her ass was so tight around it. His cock pulsed below his belt itching to replace his fingers and sink balls deep into her lovely tight backside. But she wasn't ready yet. His cock would have to be patient for now.

"Not so bad." She released a long breath and murmured, "It doesn't hurt. It feels wicked though."

Derek laughed. "Wicked can be very good. Logan is going to join you in the tub. Would that be all right?"

She nodded and Logan released her to finish getting undressed. Derek put his other hand on her clit and rubbed as he worked his finger deeper between her ass cheeks.

\* \* \* \*

Logan stepped into the tub and sank to his knees before her. She was a lovely sight. Skin flushed from the recent climax. A sheen of perspiration coated her body from the remaining warmth of the bath water. Logan's hard cock nudged her thigh as Derek removed his hand from her clit to make room for him. Derek grabbed one breast gently and squeezed as he thumbed her nipple to a pert peak. Clarissa was the most beautiful woman he'd even had the pleasure to make love to.

Hands on her hips, Logan pulled her closer and allowed his cock to slide between her legs. His mouth brushed across hers gently. "Let me inside, honey," he whispered against her lips.

She spread her legs wider in the tub. Logan grabbed his cock and worked it inside her pussy. She was still so fucking tight it was a wonder he didn't shoot off his load the second he got his cock fully pushed into her body.

Derek leaned into her ear to speak. "Logan is going to make love to you and I'm going to work on getting you used to my fingers. One of these days, I'll replace my fingers with my cock and we'll both be able to thrust inside of you at the same time. I can't wait."

As Derek spoke, her pussy clenched around his cock. Apparently the idea of them both having their cocks thrust deep in her pussy and ass didn't scare her off. It excited her.

"I think she likes the idea, Derek. Her pussy is clamping on my cock at the mere mention of both of us deeply embedded inside her body." Logan's heart banged in his chest in excitement of finding such an exquisite beauty to share their life. He couldn't wait until the three of them got back to the ranch and into a regular day-to-day life. Clarissa's willingness to try something he knew must be a very different experience made a thread of adoration unwind in his chest.

"I can feel her pulsing against my finger, too. I know it's a different feeling, but relax and let go, Clarissa. Allow yourself to

enjoy a new sensation.”

She drew in another deep breath. “I’ll try.”

Logan withdrew his cock halfway out of her pussy before sliding it back in. And then he did it again and again. He established a steady pace as Derek finger fucked her sweet ass.

Derek, leaning his forehead on her shoulder, had a hold of one breast as he worked on getting her ass ready for a cock to fit. “I’m going to push another finger inside, Clarissa, don’t tense up.”

Logan kept up a steady rhythm of thrusting his cock into her pussy and watched her lovely face with rapt attention. Her eyes slid shut half-way as Derek worked another finger inside her tight hole.

“I feel all filled up,” she murmured. Her eyes slid open and her sultry gaze lit on Logan’s face.

“You’re so beautiful.” Logan surprised himself with the lovelorn sound in his voice, but the sentiment was sincere.

Her eyes rounded as if surprised to find out he thought her attractive. Behind her, Derek kissed the back of her neck. “I must agree on that account. You’re beautiful inside and out.”

“Thank you.”

Logan leaned forward and kissed her soft mouth. His cock throbbed within the tight walls of her pussy seeking release, but it wasn’t time yet. He released her lips and focused his eyes and attention to where their bodies were joined.

“Rub her clit, Derek. I want her to come again before I do.”

“My pleasure.” Derek’s hand dropped from her breast to between their bodies and began a slow rub of her clit as he watched.

Logan sped up his thrusts. His cock pounded inside her tight pussy with a fervent need to release. Clarissa arched her back thrusting her breasts forward and a low moan came from her lips. Soon after, the tell-tale signs of her pussy clamping down on his cock signaled her release. He pushed his cock one last time and his orgasm exploded in a rush of sensation unequaled in his sexual history. Already on his knees, Logan’s legs shook as he recovered from the

bliss of sex with Clarissa.

Derek removed his hand from between them and settled his arm around Clarissa's waist. He kissed her.

She slumped to one side pressing her shoulder against Derek's chest as a rush of breath escaped. "That was amazing. Simply amazing."

"I'm glad you enjoyed it, honey." Logan released her hips and braced his hands on the sides of the tub. His cock, still semi-hard, slid from her body. He leaned back at the other end of the tub and sank down into the warm water, already half in love with his new wife.

"I have a question." Clarissa half turned and shifted her gaze to Derek.

"Ask anything," he responded. His gaze flicked to Logan once before settling back to Clarissa's face. Her cheeks reddened as if she were embarrassed.

"Remember earlier when you put your mouth on me?"

Derek coughed once and replied, "Vividly."

"Would you like it if I put my mouth on you?"

## Chapter 7

Clarissa knew her question was bold, but Derek still had two of his fingers widening her derriere hole and she decided bold was definitely the way to go with these two.

He coughed again and his eyes widened a notch. "I'd love it."

While she'd witnessed this particular act once, she never thought she'd volunteer to do it. After spending such a salacious day of pleasure with these men, Clarissa wanted to be a little daring. They were being tender and she appreciated it, however, she was not a frail flower. She wanted to believe that she could give them pleasure as well as receive it.

"I would love it, too, in case you wanted to know." Logan's amused tone made Clarissa glance at him and smile before she turned her attention to the still as yet satisfied Derek.

Putting her lips on his cock and sucking it inside her mouth was the naughtiest thing she could think of that might impress them.

And she wanted to impress these two. She wanted a life with these men. They had been nothing but kind, generous and loving and she was grateful.

Clarissa put her hands at Derek's waistband and unfastened his trousers as he gently released his fingers from her stretched rear hole. She reached for his cock and wrapped her hand around the hot, hard length of him. A shudder ran through his body as she squeezed his thick cock one-handed, barely able get her fingers around the girth. The thought of his hard long cock being inserted where his fingers recently resided was a heart-pounding thrill she never expected to desire.

Carefully lowering her head to Derek's cock, she closed her eyes as she slipped his hard length between her lips a few inches. Her tongue grazed the bottom side of his shaft and she did her best to suck as much of him as she could into her mouth. The sound he made was somewhere between a growl and a groan.

She removed her mouth. "Did I hurt you?"

His free hand came to her face. "No, sweetheart. You didn't hurt me. Quite frankly, I was trying not to come in your mouth."

Logan, now resting at the other end of the tub, chuckled, but didn't add any pertinent information.

"I don't understand." Clarissa hadn't ever done this, but had witnessed the act once. The man in question did mention wanting the woman to swallow something, but she never understood what that meant.

"When men have an orgasm, a thick liquid called semen sprays out of the end of their cocks. I don't want you to be surprised if I lose control."

"Do you want to come in my mouth?"

Logan laughed out loud again. "Oh, he wants to all right."

Derek gave him a dirty look. "I *would* like to, but not if it would bother you over much. It isn't something you're required to do."

"Well, now that I know what to expect, I'll be fine. Thank you. I'm ready now. Do you want me to continue?" She tucked this new information away.

"Yes. I do. Very much so."

"Good. I want to please you." She placed her lips around his cock again and sucked in earnest. Clarissa wanted his orgasm to be complete. She wanted him to feel as glorious as she did. She couldn't fit the entire length of his cock in her mouth, so she grabbed one hand around the excess outside her lips and squeezed as she sucked.

"Goddamn, sweetheart, having my dick in your warm tight mouth is almost more than I can take. But don't stop. I adore it."

Logan murmured, "I just had the most vivid gut-wrenching climax

a few minutes ago, but I'm already getting hard again just watching your cock in her mouth."

Clarissa, delighted to have discovered a way to give back pleasure, found a comfortable rhythm and sucked on the velvety hardness of Derek's cock.

She knew Logan watched and that also added a further level of excitement to her action. It wasn't very long before Derek growled in earnest and his semen spurted a hot, salty path deep into her throat. She swallowed twice before releasing his mammoth cock. He slumped over the side of the tub with a satisfied smile across his lips. Clarissa made a mental note of how much he'd enjoyed her bold act. There were other notes in her mind that she contemplated as well. She also looked forward to the time when he used his cock instead of his fingers in her rear hole.

"When I can move again, I'm going to get another bucket of hot water to warm up the bath water."

Logan stood and stepped gingerly from the tub in all his nude glory. "I'll get it. You try and recover."

"Why don't you get into the tub with me, Derek?" Clarissa brushed her fingertips along his temple.

"Love to." He splashed his hand in the water a minute and stood up. His undone pants slid to mid thigh before he shoved them off completely onto the floor.

Logan returned with a steaming bucket of water and dumped the entire thing into the opposite end of the bath tub from where she kneeled. Warm water rushed around Clarissa's calves as Derek, now completely nude, stepped inside the tub and joined her. He sat down and settled at one end of the tub. Clarissa did the same leaning her back against his chest. His arms wrapped around her just beneath her breasts.

"You two enjoy a quiet moment. I'm going to go make sure this remains our private space for another hour." He grabbed a pair of long underwear hanging on a nail and exited the room.

Logan left them soaking in the tub in quiet replete contemplation.

Derek stroked the underside of one breast and asked, “Any regrets, sweetheart?”

“Do you mean about being with two men?”

“Yes.”

Tucked up against Derek made Clarissa feel very safe. She took a deep breath and answered, “At first I was very leery of your proposition, I must admit. But I didn’t truly have a choice and now I know I’ve been very fortunate indeed. You’ve both been so kind, and honestly, I’ve done things that I never expected to enjoy.”

“I don’t mean to be difficult, but what do you mean when you say you didn’t truly have a choice? We never wanted you to feel pressured to do something you didn’t want.”

Clarissa turned her head and glanced into his eyes. “No. You didn’t. I just meant that once I discovered that Clyde was unavailable to marry, I was a little desperate. I had no money and no family. The employment I left before coming here became intolerable and I knew I couldn’t return and expect to find a job. Not after what happened...” Clarissa trailed off not wanting to explain the circumstances of her last employment calamity.

“Why not? After *what* happened?”

Clarissa sighed and wished she hadn’t opened her big mouth. “I’d rather not say.”

“Don’t you trust me?”

“It isn’t that. I *do* trust you. Both of you.”

“Then what is it?”

“I don’t want you to think less of me.” Clarissa toyed with the hair on his chest wishing this conversation would change topics.

“I would never think less of you.”

“You might.”

“Did you kill someone?”

“No!” Her quick strident answer came easily. “Of course not.”

“Then everything else is up for negotiation of understanding. Try

me, sweetheart. I swear you can confide anything to Logan or me. Let's not start our life out with secrets."

Clarissa bit her lower lip. He was right. Harboring secrets was no way to begin a new life. She wanted to believe that she'd been innocent of what had transpired, but doubts as to her culpability nagged at her even now.

Derek grabbed the cake of soap and rubbed it between his large calloused palms very slowly as if to give her time to unburden her soul.

"I was caught in a compromising situation by my former employer."

The soap rubbing stopped. He didn't say anything for several moments. "I don't mean to make light of your secret, but it couldn't have been too compromising."

"What makes you say that?"

His warm gaze slid to hers. "Because I took your virginity."

Narrowing her eyes, Clarissa pondered his response. "Well, impropriety covers much more than that."

"Not in my mind."

She pushed away from him. "Would you have been angry if I hadn't been a virgin?" Wide eyed and staring at his uncomfortable expression, Clarissa had a whole new concern.

"No! Not angry. Not disappointed either. I only would have been livid if another man had forced himself on you."

"Truly?"

"Of course, sweetheart. I don't believe any woman should have to suffer the attentions of a man if she doesn't want him." He reached out and settled her against his body again. She didn't resist.

"Most men don't feel the same way that you do." Clarissa nestled her cheek against his chest and sighed in contentment.

He shrugged. "I'm progressive."

Clarissa pondered this for a few moments.

"Did a man in your past try something you didn't want?"

“Perhaps.”

“Want me to go shoot him?”

“No. I never want to think about him again. I don’t even want to bring the memory to my new life.”

“Understandable. I agree you should leave the past in the past. However, from now on if a man ever mistreats you, I expect you to tell Logan or me about it so that we can deal with the situation accordingly. We want to keep you safe.”

She nodded. “All right. You won’t shoot anyone, will you?”

“I can’t rightly say, sweetheart. Depends on the circumstances.”

Her response was to keep her face as expressionless as possible and utter a small sigh. Unsure how she felt about someone being shot for aggravating her. She allowed the fantasy of Derek and Logan shooting Bernard Pearson and his friend Andrew to swirl around in her head for a moment. They had done more than aggravate her, they’d ruined her life.

“Are you sure you don’t have any regrets?”

“About you and Logan? No.”

Derek put the cake of soap back on the table next to the end of the tub, rinsed his hands off and brushed a thin lock of hair off of her face with his wet fingers. “Then why the sigh?”

She smiled. “I worry that this is a dream. I’ll wake up and find out you two aren’t real and that I’m not really married and about to start a new life.”

A grin peeked out between his beautiful lips. “I hope you still feel that way once we get back to our ranch. It isn’t fancy, but it’s home.”

“I’ve seen fancy. I’m not impressed.”

Derek opened his mouth to say something else, but closed it when the door to the bathing room opened.

\* \* \* \*

Logan strolled back in to the room carrying two new buckets of

hot steaming water. His long underwear barely clung to his hips. One false move or trip and they'd be down around his ankles. But then he was about to take them off anyway.

"I arranged another hour alone. Make room for me in there and I'll warm us all up."

Derek scooted his hips back all the way against the end of the tub. He then raised his knees out of the water and shifted Clarissa between his legs to allow Logan to warm the water.

He poured one bucket in the opposite end of where they sat, shucked his drawers and climbed in to sit in the warmer end of the tub. "Whoeee! The water is hot where I'm sitting. Want to come and join me, honey?"

Clarissa climbed onto her knees, left Derek's arms and moved closer to face Logan. She lowered her face very close to his. Her hands rested on either side of his shoulders at the tub's edge. The tips of her breasts caressed his chest in a most arousing way. His cock thickened in readiness to fuck yet again as she gave him a sexy, winsome smile. She lowered her mouth to his and kissed him with a passion that came as a surprise. He cupped her face in his hands and parted her lips with his tongue for a more seductive kiss.

Derek cleared his throat. "I love the view. Mind if I play?"

Clarissa didn't stop kissing him. She merely thrust her hips backward at Derek.

"I'll have to kiss this fine ass and then perhaps penetrate it with a couple of my fingers."

Logan broke the kiss. "I'll be occupied with her mouth. Have fun."

Clarissa's eyelids dropped half-way giving her a sultry look and making Logan's cock swell to full size. She certainly made loving her very easy.

\* \* \* \*

Clarissa felt Derek's mouth kiss and lick each of her ass cheeks repeatedly. His fingers dipped between her legs to gather the cream forming from the delicious kiss with Logan. One of Logan's hands reached out to tease her nipples. She couldn't help the moan, which resonated from her throat.

Derek slathered her juices across her rosette then worked two fingers into her puckered hole. This time she wasn't surprised. This time she relished the feel of his fingers widening her there. This time she started imagining his cock replacing his fingers.

The kiss with Logan intensified as Derek worked yet another finger between her ass cheeks. When he began moving those fingers in and out of her derriere hole, more fluid gushed from between her lower lips.

Her clitoris twitched with sudden need. Licentious thoughts ran through her mind with each push of Derek's fingers deeper into her ass.

Her tongue tangled with Logan and the very thought of both men thrusting their cocks into her body became a desire she wanted to fulfill.

Clarissa withdrew from Logan and stared deeply into his eyes. "I think I'm ready."

His quick grin made her heart melt just a little more. "Ready for what, honey?"

"For both of you at the same time."

Derek's fingers paused in her ass as if he hadn't quite heard her correctly. Understanding of what she was asking for registered on Logan's face in the most scorching gaze he'd ever sent her way. He wanted it. She'd be willing to bet a large sum that Derek did as well.

Neither man said anything.

"Please. I want to try it just once. I want to know what it feels like with both of you filling me."

Logan didn't remove his mesmerizing gaze from her eyes. "What do you think, Derek? Is she ready for both of us?"

“Maybe. If we use some salve to help ease a way inside back here.”

Clarissa’s heart sped up at the silent victory she envisioned. “Got any salve handy?”

“Yes. I have a tin in my pants pocket.”

Clarissa gave Logan her most seductive smile. “So you were planning ahead?” She shifted her gaze over one shoulder and winked at Derek.

“I’m just always prepared, sweetheart.”

“Get your tin of salve. I want to be loved by both of you at the same time.”

## **Chapter 8**

Derek splashed the surface of the water as he reached for his discarded pants and the tin of salve therein.

Logan kissed her again and also rose up to rest on his knees.

“Derek will enter between your ass cheeks first then I’ll put my cock into your sweet wet pussy. Does that make you wet below, honey?”

She nodded as a sharp ripple of arousal ran through her body.

Derek’s fingers brushed the salve between her cheeks and into her tight rosette. He pushed the center of her back until she bent forward with her ass in the air. Soon the large head of his shaft attempted to enter the tight little pucker hiding dark forbidden pleasure.

Bent over as she was, her mouth ended up only inches from Logan’s hard cock. She leaned forward and took him into her mouth. His reaction was enjoyable to listen to.

“Hellfire and damnation, honey. That feels better than anything I’ve ever felt before.

“Is she sucking your cock?”

“Oh god! Like she was born to do it.”

Derek chuckled. “She was, but only for us.”

He pushed his cock slowly into her ass inch by maddening inch. The feeling was slightly uncomfortable at first, but the erotic nature of the act disguised anything but the illicit excitement pounding in her heart at the mere thought of what he was doing.

He didn’t hurry. He took his time pushing in. Filling her up. Captivating her with a dark burning pleasure she’d never dreamed possible before now.

Once fully embedded, Derek slipped his arm around her waist and pulled her off of Logan's cock.

Derek kissed the back of her neck. "You okay, sweetheart?"

"Yes. I feel very full."

"You're about to get even more filled up. Are you ready for my big cock to slide into your wet pussy?"

"Yes."

"Say it, honey. I want to hear those words cross your lips."

She paused only a moment. "I'm ready for your...big cock to slide into my wet pussy." Saying the words made heat come to her cheeks and a low ripe feeling of lust uncoiled in her belly. Derek's cock was in her ass and Logan was about to fill her pussy. If her heart beat any faster it would likely explode.

Logan grinned and kissed her lips quick and hard. "Good. Music to my ears."

He grabbed his shaft one-handed and directed it into her wet slit. He rubbed her clitoris a couple of times first before his wide cock entered her pussy slowly one inch at a time until she was so full of cock she thought she might burst in half.

Never in a thousand years would she have expected to find herself sandwiched between two incredible men and doubly penetrated. Never in two thousand years would she ever have expected to enjoy it.

\* \* \* \*

Logan, currently balls deep in his perfect wife, had almost come in her mouth when Clarissa put her lips over his cock and started sucking without warning. She licked and sucked on his shaft like she'd done with Derek and certainly gotten his attention. While he would have loved a blow job, he wanted to penetrate her while Derek fucked her ass even more.

Her pussy was so dripping wet, it wasn't difficult to fully embed

his cock into her tight hot cunt. The walls of her pussy were exquisitely unyielding and with Derek's cock all the way in her ass, the fit of his dick was even more vise-like.

A part of him couldn't believe how lucky they'd been to find her. Gratitude and the first pangs of love circled his heart and soul as he eased his cock halfway out of her body. He hadn't expected her to be ready for both of them this fast. The succinct look of unrivaled passion in her eyes belied her initial inexperience. Every moment with her was a joy. Every touch, every kiss, every sigh from her wound further around his heart. He might even love her already. Hell, he did love her already.

His cock eased forward until he was balls deep and resting against her womb.

Once they were both fully seated, Derek waited only a few moments before he moved his cock part way out of her ass. Logan felt the slide halfway out as well as the push back in. A moan escaped Clarissa's lips as he reentered her ass.

"That feels so...so...different," she whispered. "So naughty and good at the same time."

\* \* \* \*

"In this case, naughty and good are one and the same."

Derek had one arm looped around her waist, his cock shoved all the way inside Clarissa's ass and it was the tightest, most engaging ass he'd ever filled.

"Her ass is so sweet, Logan. I think I'm in heaven."

"Her pussy is sweet, too. Extra tight with both of us inside. The pure ecstasy of the three of us together is bliss in the extreme."

Logan pulled his cock out and then pushed back inside again. They took turns slowly fucking her ass and pussy in intervals, neither of them ever completely exiting her body.

Once they had a rhythm, Derek slid his hand down to finger her

clit. She moaned the moment his finger touched her flesh. He couldn't wait for her to come as they both fucked her.

Logan kissed her mouth and pinched the tips of her breasts as he eased his cock inside her tight rear passage trying not to release. After all the times he'd come today, it was amazing that he could even get hard again let alone be ready to blow after only a few strokes.

Clarissa was special. He knew it. It wasn't a stretch to believe he was already falling in love with her. Remembering Logan's goofy expression once she'd stepped off the train, Derek knew *he* was already smitten with their lovely wife.

Derek kissed the back of her neck and nibbled a path along her shoulder. Each little nip he took of her soft skin made Clarissa shudder and moan as she tongue-kissed Logan. Their erotic and seemingly ravenous kiss pushed his libido a little bit harder for imminent completion.

He rubbed her clit a little faster as Logan pierced her with his cock.

\* \* \* \*

Clarissa tilted her head sideways and licked her tongue deeply into Logan's mouth to attempt getting closer to him. His tongue wound around hers with aggressive delight, darting left and right and all around her mouth. He pinched and rubbed her nipple as Derek stroked her clitoris and meanwhile they alternated pushing their cocks deeply into her body.

Her ass was on fire with pleasure and her pussy contracted in near bliss. Each stroke of Derek's finger across her clitoris fueled a blaze in her core. She wanted to climax and feel them both empty into her. She was on the very edge of the most astonishing release. The day before she didn't know what an orgasm was, let alone double penetration, now she planned to demand both on a regular basis.

Her body rippled with waves of the most acute pleasure she'd ever

known.

Derek kissed and suckled the back of her neck again and the sensation of his lips on that sensitive spot sent a shudder down her torso and straight to her clit.

Panting and almost unable to breath, Clarissa broke from the salacious kiss. At the same time, Derek nipped the space halfway between shoulder and neck with his teeth and the shock of that bite sent her over the edge of exquisite release.

Her head tilted back and a small scream erupted from her lips. Her pussy squeezed as best it could onto Logan's cock as an orgasm of unequalled force rocked her body.

"Oh god, she's coming." The murmured announcement from Logan came as Derek growled and hugged her tight. She felt a warmth deep in her ass as he pumped harder and harder.

Logan cupped her head in one hand, his fingers sliding though the locks of wet hair and kissed her so hard their teeth clicked together. The speed of his thrusts increased faster and faster into her pussy. With one final push of his cock deeply inside her body, his entire body stiffened and he groaned into her mouth.

Suspended between the two of them after such an explosive release Clarissa knew she'd slide into a puddle if they weren't holding her up.

Logan shuddered once more. His forehead rested against hers. He pulled his face away to gaze deeply into her eyes. "I love you, honey." And then he kissed her so tenderly, her eyes welled up a little bit in reaction to his declaration.

She loved Logan, too. She loved Derek equally.

Derek leaned his chest into her back. The curly hair tickled the space between her shoulder blades. He squeezed her tight in a hug lasting quite a few minutes as if he was reluctant to ever let her go.

"That goes for me too, sweetheart."

"I never expected to find love when I started this adventure out west, but I have. I can't quite believe it, but I love you both."

Logan slid his cock out of her body and held her as Derek also exited. The bucket of water next to the tub had cooled. She stuck her fingers in to test the temperature.

Logan lifted his head. "Want me to add that bucket to the tub?"

"Would you be willing to pour it over me before letting it run into the tub?"

"You bet, honey. Let me soap you up first."

Derek turned and grabbed the cake of soap from the table. "I'll help you."

The leisurely slide of two sets of hands on her body made Clarissa sleepy.

After they'd all three soaped up and rinsed off with the water, Logan and Derek helped her out of the tub. She could barely keep her eyes open. They took turns drying her off and slid a silky oversized robe over her shoulders before Logan picked her up into his arms to carry her. She would have protested, but she was too tired. Stifling a yawn, she decided being whisked to bed in the arms of her husband was a great idea.

Over his shoulder he told Derek, "I'll take her back to our room."

"Good. I'm going to soak a little until the water turns cold. I'll be upstairs directly."

Clarissa slipped her arms around Logan's neck and rested her head on his wide shoulder. She fell asleep before they made it back to the room, waking only when Logan tucked her into bed, gently kissed her brow and snuggled up next to her beneath the sheets.

"Sleep well, honey. Tomorrow we're heading home," Logan murmured in her ear as she dozed off.

*Home.* An elusive place she had created for herself with an unexpected leap of faith into the arms of two magnificent men and a future where she finally belonged.

## Chapter 9

Early in the predawn morning, after the love-making marathon from the day before, Clarissa woke up nestled between two hard male bodies. The anxious feeling between her legs belied her initial belief that she'd had so much sex the day before she wouldn't want any more for a week.

Lying on one side, her face was buried into Derek's back, she inhaled his male scent and kissed his smooth muscular back. She hadn't even heard him come to bed the night before.

Logan stirred behind her and soon his hand slid from her thigh to around her waist for an early morning hug.

"You awake, honey?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you go back to sleep. The sun isn't even up yet. We want you rested up for the trip home."

"It's fine. I'm used to getting up early."

Clarissa twisted carefully to face him with the limited space between the two large men and realized she was completely naked. Her sharp intake of breath from the shock likely made Logan's eyes pop open. His sincere expression of concern warmed her even more than waking up nude.

"What's wrong?"

"I don't have any clothes on."

He grinned. "Neither do I. Nothing wrong with that."

"I've never slept without at least a nightshirt before."

"You'll get used to it." His eyes slid shut again. He inhaled deeply and remarked, "You sure do smell nice."

“Thanks. So do you.”

She placed her hand carefully on his shoulder. If she rolled only a couple of inches forward, her breasts would touch the wiry hair on his chest. The illicit idea of instigating a sexual act with Logan danced in her mind. A ripple of arousal ran roughshod over her shyness and sent a streak of desire through her body at her audacity.

Sliding closer until the tip of one hard nipple touched his skin, Clarissa nearly fainted from the sensation. She breathed deeply and with it came Logan’s masculine scent, making it all the harder not to want to kiss and touch him.

Clarissa’s clitoris ached for his touch. Yesterday’s sexual awakening had broadened her horizons and she now craved the feelings learned only the day before. Eyes still closed as if in a pleasant slumber, Logan must have read her mind because his hand slid from her hip to between her legs.

“Need a little early morning release, honey?” His eyelids opened barely and a sly smile shaped his lips.

Breath caught in her throat, she nodded and widened her legs to give him easier access.

“Will you suck on my nipples, too? I really like that.” She didn’t know where she’d gotten the bravery to ask for sexual favors, but his eyes slid half-way open in sleepy perusal.

“I’d be delighted to.” He bent his head to the task and soon she rested flat on her back, one side crushed up against a still sleeping Derek. Logan’s fingers parted her lower lips and teased her clitoris as his mouth sucked and nibbled on first one and then her other nipple.

Streaks of pleasure traveled from her breasts to her clitoris and warmed her pussy. After a few seconds of nirvana, Logan lifted his head and grinned. “I need to taste you, honey.” He slid his mouth down her torso, headed straight for the aching spot between her legs. “Move up against the headboard. I need more room,” he whispered.

She slid backwards until her shoulders rested against the pillow-covered headboard.

The coverlet fell to the side of them and onto a still sleeping Derek. Logan put his hands between her legs, pulled her thighs open and bent to lick her clitoris.

The second his tongue touched the sensitive spot, Clarissa sucked in a deep breath as a spasm of pleasure spiraled from her pussy to her aching nipples. A moan escaped her lips the second he licked her folds and thrust his tongue into her pussy. She didn't know how Derek still slept. The thought occurred that he wasn't truly asleep, but instead listened to their early morning sexual foray. Her pussy clenched on Logan's tongue as the prurient nature of their activities regarding an audience excited her to the highest ever level of arousal.

Logan's tongue resumed licking her clitoris, building a scorching climax in mere seconds. Her nipples ached to be touched so she slid her fingers to pinch them herself. She'd become quite a wanton in a short time. The instant her fingers tugged at her aching nipples, Logan sucked her clit into his mouth. The soul-numbing release brought forth a scream from her lips and she felt Derek tremble beside her. Confirming he listened in on her climax sent another wave of the most acute pleasure in rolling through her body.

"Listening to you two makes my dick so hard I'm afraid to move for fear it will explode on the bed beside me," Derek's low toned drawl joined her panting as the only two sounds in the room.

Logan pulled his mouth away from her pussy and grinned. "I wondered how long you were going to pretend to be sleeping."

"Are you two finished? I'm trying to get some rest." His tone sounded amused not perturbed.

Clarissa pushed herself into a sitting position and her gaze caught Logan's erection. He placed a hand on his cock and pumped a few times. Stilling his hand, he closed his eyes and paused.

"I'd like to reciprocate, if you'll let me."

Logan's eyes opened wide. "What?"

"I put my mouth on you yesterday, but I didn't make you come. I'd like the opportunity to do it again."

His eyes glazed over and he nodded. "Okay."

She smiled and bent forward, tucking her legs up under her. He scooted forward until his head rested at the foot of the bed. Clarissa wrapped her hand around his cock and sucked the first few inches of his wide cock into her mouth. Logan moaned as she fastened her lips around to suck. His hips pumped his cock deeper into her mouth.

"Is she sucking your cock again?" Derek sounded aroused and sleepy all at the same time.

"Like an angel because it feels like heaven."

"Mind if I watch?"

"Nope."

Beside her, she felt Derek shift on the bed. With her head in Logan's lap, she couldn't see Derek, but now knew he watched her. The very idea was so exciting her pussy pulsed as if she hadn't already had one orgasm this morning.

She sucked Logan's cock deeper until it almost hit the back of her throat. Hand wrapped around the excess cock unable to fit into her mouth, she squeezed the base of him and sucked deeply.

Logan suddenly stiffened and made a noise somewhere between a growl and a gurgle. A moment later his cum sprayed the back of her throat in warm release. She swallowed and removed her lips from his still stiff cock.

She sat up, leaving Logan sprawled with a seemly content expression on his face. To her left, she noticed Derek gripping his cock with one fist. Eyes glazed over in lust, veins popping in his arm, he looked about ready to climax too.

Clarissa, feeling very bold, asked, "May I relieve you, too?"

Derek's narrow-eyed gaze found her face. He blinked. "You don't have to."

"Are you sure?"

He stared at her without moving and repeated, "You don't have to." The tone of his voice sounded beseeching as if he truly wanted nothing else in the world, but didn't want to ask for it.

“Let me take you in my mouth. I’ll suck on you very hard until you come and I’ll even swallow every drop.”

His response was a groan. He removed his hand from his cock and she quickly bent to the task of satisfying him.

The warmth of smooth firm flesh filled her mouth again. Derek put his hand on her head spearing his fingers through her disarrayed locks as if to hold her in place to ensure she finished. Behind her, Logan wasn’t moving. Perhaps he’d fallen asleep. The thought of satisfying him into a deep slumber kicked her libido up a notch. She turned her complete attention to gratifying the other man in her life.

She sucked Derek’s wide cock into her mouth and after a few moments his hips curled in rhythm to her motion. His ragged breath the only sound in the room, Clarissa relished the power of giving pleasure. Her tongue curled around the end of his cock before she sucked his dick deeply into her mouth again and again. She maintained the grip at the base of his cock and after only a few minutes, Derek sucked in a surprised breath and a low growl exited his lips as his cum trailed down her throat in a rush. She swallowed twice and removed her mouth from him.

Derek collapsed against the bed, covers now shoved at the foot end of the mattress beneath Logan’s head.

“Come here, sweetheart. Snuggle with me a minute.”

Clarissa unfolded her legs and sidled up next to Derek. He wrapped an arm around her shoulder, anchoring her to his side and promptly fell into a deep sleep. She didn’t want to sleep, but relished cuddling next to another man she loved. Loving two men wasn’t as difficult as she’d originally expected.

Derek and Logan’s attitude about this threesome sexual arrangement came across as matter-of-fact. As if the practice was as common as the soil covering the earth.

Today they would take her to their home. Clarissa sighed deeply in contentment and looked forward to beginning a life with these two amazing and intriguing men.

## Chapter 10

Logan found it difficult to keep his hands off of Clarissa even after he'd pleased her early this morning. After the exquisite blow job she'd gifted him with, he had wanted to curl her between them for the remainder of the day. It wasn't that he wanted to have sex with her again, but more he wanted to snuggle up, converse about everything and memorize her life story.

Derek left the room ahead of them to pick up and saddle their horses. The wagon also waited at the livery at the end of the dusty streets of Campbell's Valley. The small bustling town, situated almost halfway between Rapid City and the Badlands along the railroad line, was handy for Logan and Derek's ranch business. While they often traded and did business in Rapid City as well, Campbell's Valley was an easy ride and two days closer.

The rains had been sparse this spring. Logan hoped they would remain at bay until he and Derek got Clarissa back to their ranch and settled in. While Derek loved riding in the rain, Logan did not. And especially not dragging a wagon-load of supplies along in the muddy ruts from previous wagon trips.

Clarissa hadn't said much after they'd eaten a cold breakfast in their room and dressed to leave. He'd love to know what she was thinking. Did she need anything in town before they headed for home? Did she wish to pursue hobbies? He and Derek usually spent all their time with the cattle and horses. Until now he hadn't stopped to consider how she'd want to occupy her time.

"Do you sew?" Logan had been searching for a way to break the ice with regard to her likes and dislikes out of the bedroom. With a

firm grip on her elbow, he led the way to the town's mercantile. Derek would load their monthly supplies on the wagon while Logan settled the account and bought Clarissa something that would make her happy.

"No. I don't really sew, except for mending. I can mend things if you need me to. Do I need to learn how to sew?"

"No. Not unless you want to. I was just going to suggest you pick out some fabric in the mercantile."

"I don't need anything."

"Isn't there something that you just want for the sake of wanting it?"

\* \* \* \*

Clarissa had desperately wanted a home. Logan and Derek were already giving her that boon. She didn't want to demand more. They'd provided her with her very existence.

"You can pick out anything that catches your fancy."

An image flashed in her mind of a flower garden. Growing vegetables was likely more practical especially in the cool climate here. Flowers were simply pretty and of no particular use. She appreciated his gesture, but decided to decline his offer.

"You don't have to get me anything."

Logan paused a few steps from the dry goods store's wooden door. Through the glass paned windows on either side of the door, Clarissa could see trinkets and bolts of fabric and many other household goods on display.

"What if I want to? A dress maybe, or a hat? How about jewelry or a jewelry box? Would you like to look for any of those things?"

Blood rushed to her face at the idea of him buying something as frivolous as a jewelry box. She shook her head. She only had one piece of jewelry not counting her new wedding ring. Hidden in the folds of her skirt's secret pocket was a jeweled pin dotted with pearls

nestled in fine gold filigree that had been her grandmother's and then her mother's before being passed on to Clarissa when her mother died. The precious heirloom that Clarissa kept hidden away for the whole of her life certainly didn't need a whole box to sit alone in.

A jewelry box wasn't something she needed, but perhaps flower seeds were inexpensive.

"Well, I've always wanted—"

"Who do you have there, Logan?" A male voice came from the direction of the store's front door and interrupted her wish for flower seeds.

She turned and saw a man framed in the door of the store. He was tall and thin with dark hair and dull gray eyes. The sparse and irregular facial hair in patches here and there on his face made her wonder if his barber might be angry with him.

Logan's expression darkened. "Clyde. This is Clarissa, my wife."

"Clarissa?" The tall man with stringy brown hair hanging in his eyes sent a quick intense gaze of inspection her direction. "My Clarissa?"

The realization that this odious stranger was the man who'd changed her life so dramatically made Clarissa angry. How dare he refer to her as "his" Clarissa after casting her aside?

She took an angry step forward. "*Your* Clarissa? How dare you? My life was nearly ruined because of you and your short attention span. You couldn't be bothered to wait a few extra days for me to arrive and married someone else. And now you have the audacity to consider me *your* Clarissa? Do not ever refer to me as your anything ever again. Do you understand me? I'm married to Logan and as such, I'm Logan's Clarissa. If you must, you may refer to me as Mrs. Granger, but don't bother speaking to me ever again."

Clyde's gaze widened in surprise as if he were too stupid to understand that his actions had impacted her very existence.

"Well now, wait just a darn minute here. I paid good money, and a lot of it, to bring you all the way out here."

“And you think I should be grateful?”

Clyde glanced at Logan with an odd expression as if to coax another man to agree with him that she was the crazy one in this conversation.

“You abandoned her Clyde. You left her all alone at the train station after she came all the way out here for you. Not very gentlemanly of you.”

“You’re just lucky that Logan and...” she paused deciding quickly not to add Derek’s name to the sentence, “happened to be at the train station to rescue me. Or I don’t know what would have happened to me. It’s clear that you didn’t give any concern over my abandonment.”

“Clyde, you’re upsetting my wife. I’ll ask you nicely not to bother her ever again.”

“That won’t be a problem.” Clyde smashed his hat on his head. “I don’t want to bother with her anymore. I’ve got Dora now and she don’t have such a shrewish tongue.” Without looking at either of them, he strode past them and crossed the street, headed toward the small restaurant there.

“Are you okay?”

“Yes. I’m fine. Upon reflection, I guess I should be very grateful. He abandoned me thoughtlessly, but I have no doubt I’m better off with you and Derek.”

“Thanks, honey.”

“And you’re right. He *is* an ass.”

Logan’s sudden laughter rang out down the street and put a smile on her face. “Now what were we talking about before we were so rudely interrupted?”

“You were trying to convince me to buy something frivolous.”

“Was I? Have I bent you to my will yet?”

“Perhaps.”

Logan opened the door and a bell sounded above her head. He held the door for her to enter and promptly followed her closely as

they went inside. The scents of seemingly a hundred different things vied for attention as she inhaled her first breath inside. Stores like this were plentiful in New York, but she'd never had the funds to buy anything. Window shopping was all she'd ever been able to afford.

She wandered slowly past a table filled with bolts of various colorful cloths that had caught her initial attention. The wall on her right was filled with shelves upon shelves of teapots, glasses, china cups and a variety of other things to make hearth and home more comfortable. To the left were tools, and ready made clothing, some wooden painted toys for small children and large oak barrels filled with hidden treasures.

"Can I help you, folks?"

Clarissa looked up in surprise at the proprietor of the shop she'd not initially seen upon entering. She took a half-step backwards as if he might read her mind and suspect she hadn't a single coin on her person with which to buy even a penny-a-bag treat.

A man stood behind a waist high wooden counter sporting several glass jars filled with licorice, lemon and assorted other candies. He was younger than she would have suspected for being the owner of a shop such as this. A ready smile lit up his features and put her at ease. His light brown hair was burnished with blond strands as if he spent a good time outdoors and not shut away in this store from dawn until dusk.

"Hi, Joe," Logan called out. He lifted his hand in greeting and soon pointed to her. "This is my wife, Clarissa." He squeezed her shoulder. "Clarissa, this is Joe Stanton, an old friend and part owner of this store along with his brother Frank."

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Granger. Logan and I go way back. He's ornery on occasion, but you won't find a better horse trainer this side of the Mississippi."

Clarissa had never needed a horse trainer, but smiled and nodded and tucked away the new information on her husband for later. "Thank you, Mr. Stanton. It's nice to meet you as well."

“Call me, Joe. Everyone does.” He stepped from behind the counter and approached. “Derek is in back loading up your wagon. He asked me to send you out as soon as you arrived.”

“Thanks, Joe. Do me a favor and keep an eye on my wife, will you? And if you can talk her into buying something just put it on our tab.”

“Sure thing.”

Behind them the bell above the door jingled again and a couple came inside. Joe approached them and the three spoke in low tones about feed or something.

Logan leaned in and kissed her mouth. “Will you be okay in here? Should only take us half an hour to load up everything.”

“I’ll be fine. Don’t worry.”

The light cheery bell to the door sounded again and three ladies entered, heading straight for the table with the bolts of cloth. Clarissa drifted to the back of the suddenly very lively store, passing not one but three tables piled with different types of cloth.

The busy little bell above the door pealed once again as she studied the rest of the store’s contents, searching for flower seeds. To her left and behind a tall shelf hiding the front of the store, she found a row of shelves housing some books and stationery, pens and ink for writing and other items found in desks.

Clarissa picked up a dime novel western and scanned the first page. Books were another luxury she’s never been able to afford. Her mother had taught her to read at a very young age, but the only books she’d ever been around were the ones in the library where she’d worked as a maid’s helper.

Upon reflection, spending time alone in the library like a new born hungry pup ready to read any book had led to her ruin. Choosing the library versus the parlor to clean one dreary day had gotten her fired when, Bernard Pearson, the eldest son of the family she worked for came home unexpectedly on holiday from college and promptly ruined her life in a single afternoon.

*Suck my cock until I come and swallow every drop, you whore...*

## **Chapter 11**

The ugly phrase she'd almost forgotten traipsed across her mind with vivid clarity. The scene from only a few months ago, which changed her life forever played out in her head as she stared unseeing at the book in her hand. And in truth it could have been worse. Amy, the maid she trained with for over a year, had suffered far worse a fate when the two young men came strolling into the room that fateful day.

Spring was only a promising hint in the chilly air when, Bernard, arrived home with his equally rich and spoiled friend, Andrew, in tow.

Loud bragging all the way down the family home's central hallway heralded their arrival into the library. Amy apparently, understood what might happen and thrust Clarissa out of sight in a closet with a view. She peeked out of the keyhole in time to see Andrew unzip his pants and demand she "suck his cock" and "swallow what he gave her."

Amy had resisted at first, but then Bernard had shoved her to her knees to aid his reprehensible friend. Still in the closet, Clarissa witnessed oral sex for the first time.

Poor Amy hadn't spent long on her knees long before Andrew grabbed her hair and pulled her off his still stiff cock. Without saying anything, he dragged her up to her feet and promptly pushed Amy over the back of the library's leather sofa. He flipped her skirts up and pushed himself against her over and over.

From the closet, Clarissa witnessed her first ever demonstration of the sex act. When Bernard had opened his trousers and his pink stiff

rod protruded from the front of him, Clarissa had gotten her first look at the male sexual organ first hand.

When he'd thrust his cock toward Amy's mouth from the opposite side of the sofa, Clarissa had fallen against the door in shock and it popped open, revealing her hiding place.

"What are you doing there? Spying on us?"

Hard cock bobbing in his open pants all the way across the room, Bernard grabbed her from the floor and dragged her to the sofa.

"On your knees, whore!" The brandy from his breath would set the room on fire if a single match were lit. Waves of stench poured off of him as if he'd been on a three day drunk and only had arrived to cause trouble.

Amy spoke up quickly as if there weren't a man pounding his cock into her pussy against a sofa. "No. Wait. She's an innocent. Please, Mr. Bernard. Come over here and I'll see to you."

Clarissa was thrust to her knees already by a drunken, angry Bernard. Her words either didn't register or he ignored Amy's plea.

"Suck my cock until I come and swallow every drop, you whore, or so help me god, I'll make you sorry."

He grabbed his cock and thrust it at her face. Before Clarissa had been forced to take his dick into her mouth, the double doors to the library had burst open with a forceful bang.

And that was how Bernard's very prim and prudish mother found the four of them so engaged seconds later when she ushered her three society friends into the library for tea.

Clarissa remembered the rush of relief that had washed down her shaking limbs at being saved from violation by the lady of the house at the last possible moment.

Margaret Pearson was a force to be reckoned with in the upper crust of New York's stalwart society. No slander had ever been attached to her name, at least not until this unfortunate incident.

If witnesses hadn't been present in the form of the committee members of the ladies league and rule number one of their by-laws

had stated members must be imbued with the most sacrosanct of pious behavior, Mrs. Pearson might have been saved the humiliation.

Unfortunately, she was not saved.

Amy was dismissed before she lifted from the sofa or got her knickers back in place. Andrew fastened his trousers and exited without a word, leaving Bernard to face his furious mother alone.

Clarissa had stood on wobbly legs, turned to face Mrs. Pearson with heartfelt gratitude ready to spill from her lips. Before she could utter a word, Mrs. Pearson lifted her arm pointed one bony finger in accusation and said, “Get out of my house this instant!”

“But I didn’t do anything, ma’am. Honestly, I didn’t.”

Her eyes widened as if further incensed that Clarissa would dare speak. Her back snapped straighter before she repeated her command. “You lured my son with your promiscuous slatternly ways. Now get out of my house. And don’t expect any references. If I have anything to say, you’ll not work in the state of New York for the rest of your days.”

Clarissa had run for her very life out of the house she’d been a part of for five years—four as the cook’s scullery maid and one as the maid’s helper. All her hard work for so many years and all for naught.

And the persecution hadn’t ended there. Mrs. Pearson’s threat to see she never worked again was proven in the form of Clarissa being shunned from any and every lowly house job she applied for in the area.

A week later, she ate the last of her food stores in the form of a bruised mushy apple. She then left her room early to avoid the landlady looking for tomorrow’s rent early.

Consoling herself with the fact that her purpose in leaving her room was two-fold, she ducked out the back door without being seen. A note had come the day before in the form of a request to meet from Amy. They met at a quiet café where Amy’s sister worked to discuss what had happened.

Clarissa complained, “I can’t find a position anywhere, Amy. Can

you help me?”

“You must get out of the city, Clarissa,” she’d warned. “The elder Mr. Pearson was in a fierce rage over what happened in the parlor and cut off Bernard without a cent.”

“But Mrs. Pearson let us go and didn’t punish him for what he did.”

Amy shook her head sadly. “He didn’t get punished for what he did, Clarissa. He got punished for getting caught by the friends of his society mother. They are all ruined in society’s eyes. I don’t feel a single bit sorry for them and their imagined plight, but that’s the way things work in this world. The important thing is that Bernard blames *you* for his harsh discipline.”

“Well, it was his own fault. Not mine.”

“Be that as it may, you won’t win this battle. You need to leave town.”

“How? I haven’t a coin to my name. My rent is due tomorrow and with no prospects for work, I can’t pay so I’ll be out of my room. Where can I go?”

“Have you ever thought of being a mail order bride?” She handed Clarissa a notice with an address and her best wishes.

Later that day she’d met Mr. Coggon and become Clyde’s mail order bride. He’d given her a train ticket and a modest amount of money for necessities on the trip.

If Bernard found out the name of her intended, it wouldn’t do him any good. Her connection and long travel to the end of the earth yielded her the perfect life hidden away from anyone in New York.

Once she left this town, and moved to Logan and Derek’s ranch, she might finally feel safe enough from whatever reach Bernard Pearson might have. She was almost free.

A customer came round the corner where Clarissa stood alone thinking thoughts better left in the past. Shaken from her frightful reverie, Clarissa caught sight of the book she held and pushed out a breath of relief.

If not a jewelry box, perhaps Logan wouldn't mind her buying a book to read. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed the customer was closing in on her.

"You ungrateful bitch!"

Clarissa froze and turned to the hateful female stranger now cornering her in the small space. She had hair black as coal and a cold sneer plastered on her red rouged homely face.

"Do I know you?"

"No. But you're about to give me some money or else I'll tell Mr. Bernard Pearson exactly where you are."

## Chapter 12

Clarissa couldn't have been more shocked if a banshee from a fearful nightmare had soared into the room and plucked the thoughts of her dismal past out of her head to tell this hateful shrew. How could a stranger possibly know about Bernard?

Fear sank like a stone and rested uncomfortably at the bottom of her stomach.

"I beg your pardon. But I don't have any money to give you for any reason."

"Well you'd better find some. You owe me...I mean us."

"I don't even know who you are."

"I'm Dora Jenkins. My Clyde paid way too much to bring your high and mighty ass out here. I'm here to tell you that I want all that money back or else I'll send one of them telegraphs to Mr. Bernard Pearson. I'm sure he'd pay handsome to find out where you are."

Unsure how this harridan knew about Bernard, she backed away a half step searching for an escape. Behind her was a wall, to her left was the sales counter, to her right was a seven foot tall shelf and directly in front of her was a harpy from hell. Utterly trapped unless she planned to hike her skirts and vault over the sales counter, Clarissa backed up another step. One more step in reverse and her back would be up against the wall.

The sheer delight of yesterday and this morning with Logan and Derek, which had wrapped around her heart like a warm embrace, was quickly replaced with a dreadful pain like shards of glass thrust hatefully into the same tender space. She should have known a better life would be out of her grasp.

“You married Logan Granger and everyone knows he’s the wealthiest man in the county.”

“Be that as it may, I don’t have any of Logan’s money.”

“How about that wedding ring? That’s probably worth something.”

Clarissa clutched her hand to her chest covering her precious ring with her other fingers. “Are you mad? How would I explain its absence? Don’t you think my husband would notice it was gone immediately?”

Dora’s brow furrowed in puzzlement. After a few seconds she shrugged. “You could say you lost it.”

“I will not.” Clarissa glanced over Dora’s shoulder, suddenly worried that Logan or Derek or even Joe Stanton, the store’s owner, might discover this odious conversation and ask questions she didn’t wish revealed.

“Well, what else do you have with any value? You must have something.”

Clarissa searched her mind for something, anything that might satisfy Dora’s greedy streak. Beyond the clothes on her back, she had nothing. Logan wouldn’t be gone forever loading the wagon. She needed to get rid of this hateful woman right now.

And then an idea struck her and she fairly winced with the dizzy realization of what she’d have to give up to get this woman to go away. The only other thing of value she possessed was her mother’s pearl and gold filigree brooch—the very last connection she had with her long gone family. The singular item of value that she possessed, and had long treasured not because of its financial value but the sentimental value attached, was in jeopardy.

“I have a pearl and gold pin.” Until she said the words out loud, she didn’t think she could possibly give it over.

Dora’s eyes brightened slightly. “Let’s see it.”

Clarissa reached a hand into her skirt pocket. She forced open the concealed slit that exposed another secret pocket hidden within to

retrieve her most cherished memento. She pulled the brooch out of her pocket and opened her hand just as Joe came into view over Dora's bony shoulder.

Distracted by another person in the vicinity, Clarissa was unprepared for Dora to snatch the pin out of her hand.

"Can I help you ladies with anything?" Joe called.

Shameful heat seared Clarissa's cheeks as he approached. Dora eyed her family brooch as a carrion might study a carcass to snap up the most pungent morsel for the first bite. "This'll do for now, but don't think you're off the hook," she whispered. "Next time bring something more valuable."

"Next time?" Clarissa fought the impulse to smack the self-satisfied look off of her rival's homely face.

Joe approached the two of them and smiled in spite of Clarissa's surely anguished expression of guilt and loss. Already missing her precious brooch, she turned her attention to escaping this vile extortion. She shouldn't feel so horrible. It was only an inanimate object and certainly not worth her life. Or the revelation of her secrets.

Dora clamped her thin fingers around the brooch and slid it into her pocket with a gleam of satisfaction in her shifty eyes.

"No. I don't need anything." Clarissa picked up her skirts in two fisted hands and edged past Dora, trying not to touch even the hem of her skirt against the hateful viper. She moved past Joe and into the main part of the store without a destination.

"Mrs. Granger?" Joe called to her before she took two steps. Clarissa steeled herself against the pain causing her eyes to sting with tears and turned to face the shopkeeper.

"Yes?" She blinked a few times to keep the excess moisture in her eyes.

"Logan asked me to bring you out through the back of the store so you don't have to walk around." If Joe knew she was upset, he thankfully didn't show it.

Clarissa forced a smile and nodded. "Thank you very much."

Joe led her past the sales counter, where Dora still lingered with her pilfered spoils. They walked through an open doorway leading through a storage area and out to the back of the store where Logan and Derek loaded a last few items onto a good-sized wagon. The conveyance, filled with many barrels of different sizes and burlap bags of supplies, also carried her traveling trunks near the front by the seat.

Logan grinned. "Did you find anything you wanted, honey?"

*No. I lost something.*

Clarissa shook her head, fearing if she spoke even a single syllable, she'd break down and weep uncontrollably.

Joe disappeared back inside the store leaving her with the two men she loved beyond reason and now feared she'd have to reveal a sordid past in order to keep an extortionist at bay.

Derek finished tying off a rope, which held several items in place on the wagon and approached the edge of the platform where she stood. "You look tired, sweetheart."

She shrugged. "I'm fine. Just ready to be on my way home."

*Home.* Her dream of a new life was now tainted by her distasteful history and a horrid blackmailer.

Derek didn't look convinced from her response, but she was grateful when he took her hand and helped her down the few stairs at the end of the platform without asking further questions.

Logan strolled over, kissed her cheek gently and helped her climb onto the seat of the wagon. She touched her trunks with the palm of one hand for balance wishing her past could be folded up and hidden away as easily as her meager clothing.

In front of the wagon was a team of horses, hitched and ready to go once the supplies were loaded. They whinnied quietly as the breeze stirred and lifted their manes.

Joe appeared on the dock again and motioned the two men back inside the store.

“We’ll just go inside for a minute to settle up with Joe and be on our way in no time.” Logan squeezed her hand once and headed back inside the store behind Joe.

Derek followed after the other two men, leaving her all alone with her unhappy thoughts. Just as well. She took a deep breath and tried not to fret over the idea that she was leaving something very important behind.

The worst part of the whole dreadful situation was that the blackmail would likely never be over. Each time she ventured into town, she’d have to worry about what Dora would exact in silence money.

Keeping Bernard Pearson from finding out where she’d gone would be much costlier than simply giving up the only life she’d ever known and disappearing into the west. She sighed deeply, forcibly unclenched her fisted hands, and wondered how much longer it would take Logan and Derek to settle up with Joe.

The promise of an anonymous new life free from stress and worry disintegrated like butter sizzling across a hot skillet.

Clarissa now dwelled on the disquieting notion of how long Dora might wait before demanding further payment to keep her secret?

## **Chapter 13**

Something was terribly wrong with Clarissa.

Logan saw the change in her attitude the second she'd stepped out to the loading area. First, in her woebegone expression and secondly in the stiff way she held her body as if having borne up to a formidable and distasteful task.

After getting her seated in the wagon, he followed Joe inside the store with Derek close behind and prepared to ask Joe privately what had happened to change her comportment so quickly from enthusiastic to downcast in such a short time.

Before he could form a question, Joe stopped on a dime and whirled to face them. "I need to tell you two something before we go back inside the store. I hope you won't take this the wrong way."

"Does it involve whatever happened to Clarissa?" Derek asked.

So he'd noticed the change in her as well.

"Yes. I believe so. Your wife was perusing the dime novels in the back of the store when Dora Jenkins made a beeline to her and started threatening her."

"What on earth could Dora have to threaten Clarissa with?"

Joe quickly whispered the contents of the conversation and what he'd heard standing on the opposite side of the shelf. From the first vile sentence, to the threat regarding a stranger named Bernard Pearson and finally the precious jewelry payment she'd rendered rather than reveal her secret.

"I didn't mean to eavesdrop you understand. I just thought Dora had a particularly vengeful expression on her face when she arrived in the store. They didn't see me, but I heard every word."

“I’m going to kick Clyde Jenkins’ ass.” Derek moved to stride past Joe to exact his particular brand of retribution.

“Wait a minute. That’s not all.” Joe reached into his pocket and handed the aforementioned pearl and gold brooch to Logan.

“Is this Clarissa’s pin?” He studied the unusual piece of jewelry and calculated it was worth a fair amount of money.

“Yep. Dora asked how much I’d give her in cash for the brooch the second I came back inside the store.”

“How much did you give her?” Logan squeezed his free hand into a fist. He’d never ever hit a woman, but Clyde was still open game.

Joe grinned. “I told her the gold and pearls were fake and that I wasn’t in the business of trading for used goods, but eventually I gave her a dollar to keep her from leaving with it.”

Logan smiled. “But it’s worth more, right?”

“I’m no jewelry expert, but I’d say it’s worth a sight more than a dollar. And given how upset your wife was to hand it over, I suspect it has a more sentimental value rather than any price the gold and pearls could fetch.”

“Put the dollar on our bill.”

“I wouldn’t hear of it. I’m just happy I was able to get it returned to its rightful owner.”

“Thanks, Joe.” Logan turned to Derek. “I think one of us should pay a special visit to the Jenkins’ place and settle this little matter once and for all.”

“I agree. Pay Joe for the supplies and get on the trail back home. I’ll go have a heart-to-heart with Clyde the ass and his thieving wife.”

Logan stuck the pin in his shirt pocket and nodded. “All right. Don’t go easy on them but make sure they understand it would be a mistake to rile us up and make enemies of us.”

Derek narrowed his eyes in a matter-of-fact way as if Logan had just wasted his breath on the last sentence he’d uttered.

“I’ve done this before.” He rolled his eyes. “Just leave my horse tied up at the back of the store and I’ll catch up with the two of you

after I've had a heartfelt conversation with the Jenkins' duo on the subject of blackmail."

"Right. See you on the trail."

Before he turned away, Derek stopped him with a hand to his arm. "When you give it back to her, make sure she understands that she won't have to worry about Dora or Clyde any more."

Logan took the opportunity to roll *his* eyes. "I think I understand the gist of the problem. Of course, I'll tell her that."

Joe piped up. "Not that I'm trying to make a sale, but perhaps your wife would enjoy a dime novel to read to cheer her up on the trip to your ranch."

Logan and Derek exchanged a smile, before Logan answered, "Perhaps she would. Why don't you select a few popular ones and wrap them up?"

\* \* \* \*

Derek had led a very colorful life in his younger days before partnering with Logan and settling in on their ranch near Campbell's Valley. Although he had a way with animals, especially taming wild horses into fine riding stock like Logan did, he considered his skill with a Colt six-shooter much more useful for situations like Dora and Clyde Jenkins.

He doubted Clyde was smart enough or ambitious enough to come up with a plan to blackmail Clarissa all on his own, but Dora was another story. She probably had bigger balls than Clyde when it came to making a buck.

Clyde, a farmer turned gold seeker turned farmer again after he'd burned through his meager claim months earlier, had a small house just outside of town in the opposite direction of the ranch he shared with Logan.

Hand dangling beside his holstered weapon, Derek climbed onto the porch of their place and pounded his fist on the weathered wooden

door.

Clyde opened the door after only a few minutes. “What do you want?” His genuine surprise to see Derek on his doorstep lent credibility to the fact that he didn’t know about his wife’s unlawful activities.

“We need to have a discussion about your wife.”

Clyde’s eyes widened slightly. It was no secret that Dora and Derek hadn’t ever been on the best of terms. She’d chased after him openly and once cornered she explained her intentions of wanting him to woo her when he and Logan came to town. Derek hadn’t been interested in fucking any whores and especially not a devious one with the disposition of an angry rattlesnake.

Dora held this very high opinion of herself which Derek did not share and he’d be damned if he let her continue trouble Clarissa for one second longer.

Clyde sent a cautious glance over his shoulder before turning a wary gaze back on Derek. “What business do you got with her?”

Jealousy streaked his tone and Derek hoped Clyde didn’t suddenly grow balls enough to instigate a physical fight.

“Logan sent me to end the blackmail your wife, Dora, is demanding from his wife, Clarissa.”

The sudden puzzled furrow of his brows told Derek that Clyde wasn’t a part of the scheme.

Derek heard the swish of skirts across the wooden floor and suddenly Dora appeared behind Clyde. A shrill denial fell from her lips before Derek could see all of her.

“I don’t know what you’re talkin’ about.” She’d rushed to the front door with a bright-eyed look of interest in her eyes squarely focused on Derek.

Given her prior interest, Derek had no doubt she’d throw her skirts up and offer herself to him if he merely asked, even if Clyde stood by to watch.

“How do you know about Clarissa’s past?”

“Clarissa’s past?” Clyde turned toward his wife with suspicion. “She don’t know nothin’ about that.”

“Sure she does. Did you tell her or do I need to go talk to Jasper Coggon?”

At the mention of the town’s only lawyer, Dora’s face stilled into a blank and unreadable visage. Her eyes lowered and she sent a sideways glance to Clyde as if she didn’t want him to know about her acquaintance with Jasper. “Like I said before, I don’t know what you’re talkin’ about,” she responded in a low terse voice.

Derek crossed his arms and leaned a shoulder against the doorframe. “You do know who Jasper is, right, Dora?” Everyone in town knew that Dora, with her penchant for chasing down and trying to wed wealthy powerful men, had spend many a night trying to convince the local lawyer to make their arrangement more permanent.

The only question in Derek’s mind was did she find the information about Clarissa on her own or did Jasper help her out of spite? He suspected that Dora was the mastermind behind any and all deviousness in this matter. He knew Jasper was basically a good sort of man. If a bit ambitious when it came to mail order bride contracts, his law business was more sacred. He wouldn’t give over any information on purpose.

Without looking at her husband, Dora said, “Clyde, go out back and chop some wood. We need some more for tonight.”

Clyde stepped back and turned to his wife. “There’s a whole cord of wood stacked up on the back porch, woman. Why do I got to chop more?”

“I want to talk to Mr. Brand for just a second. Run along now.”

Clyde shot a suspicious look at Derek, but bobbed his head and lumbered away. Derek mentally shook his head at the unwarranted trust he put in his evil wife, but it was just as well that Clyde left.

Once Clyde was out of earshot, Derek leaned his head down closer to Dora. “Do not ever repeat what you know about Clarissa’s past or I’ll make you sorry.”

Dora stepped closer and put herself within kissing distance of Derek. “You can’t do anything to make me sorry.” She lifted her face to his and her breath blew across his jaw. “Even if Clyde found out about the arrangement between me and Jasper, he’s too stupid to do anything about it.”

Derek chuckled. “Leave her alone or I’ll tell Clyde that you two aren’t legally married. As a matter of fact, I’ll make sure the whole town knows all about *your* colorful history in Texas before arriving in Campbell’s Valley.”

Dora’s body went rigid. She sputtered, “I don’t...I don’t know what you’re talkin’ about.” It was the third time she’d uttered those words, but Derek still didn’t believe her.

“If you feel the need to send a telegraph to one Bernard Pearson in New York, I’m going to be compelled to send one to Austin, Texas on your behalf. There is a certain town sheriff probably still pining away for his missing wife.”

Her lips puckered into an unflattering shape as if she’d just bitten into something sour. “You wouldn’t dare.”

Derek laughed. “I’d not only send a message, I’d personally throw you over the back of my horse and take you down there myself.”

She shrugged as if she didn’t care, but he could tell by the look in her eyes that her mind was racing with possibilities.

Derek continued, “And wasn’t there another gent in Oklahoma that you—?”

“Fine.” Dora sniffed and crossed her arms. “You’ve made your point. Besides, I don’t have the money to send a telegraph anyway.”

“Well, keep in mind that I’ve got plenty of money to send four or five telegraphs to as many states as needed.”

“Get out.” She grabbed the door and made to shut it in his face.

Derek stopped it with the flat of his hand. “Don’t make the mistake of forgetting this conversation, Dora.”

Dora made an ugly face, but didn’t respond. The door closed with a slam and Derek turned his attention to catching up with Logan and

Clarissa.

Once they got to the cabin and camped for the night, he'd make sure Clarissa knew she didn't have to worry about her past any more. And then he'd do his best to demonstrate what pleasures she had to look forward to in her future.

\* \* \* \*

"Will it still take only day to get to your ranch with the supplies, too?" Clarissa asked as Logan climbed into the wagon.

"No. We'll have to go slower, but it'll only add about a half a day to the journey. We have a small cabin on the edge of our property. We'll stay there tonight and head to the ranch tomorrow morning.

She nodded and smiled, but sadness still rimmed her eyes and tightened her lovely face. Logan grabbed the reins, called out a mellow giddy up to the horses and got the wagon moving.

He wanted to give Clarissa the pin back now so she'd cheer up, but sought a more private venue to do so. He'd wait until they were a few miles out of town and pull over so she wouldn't be miserable for the entire day.

The town slowly disappeared behind them in a cloud of dust made by the wagon wheels. The day was clear and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. Logan planned to stop just around the bend in the well-worn road leading toward their property.

Seated next to him and thus far completely silent as they traveled, Clarissa suddenly put her face in her hands, bent over and started weeping.

Logan halted the horses, set the brake and took his sobbing wife into his arms. He squeezed her tight, hating Dora and Clyde and everyone associated with making her upset. "Don't cry, honey, everything will be just fine. Trust me."

Shoulders trembling, she turned her face into his collar. "Something bad is going to happen and I don't want anything to hurt

you or Derek.”

“Nothing is going to happen to either of us, honey. I promise.”

“But...” She trailed off and whatever she had been about to say dissolved into a torrent of tears that soaked his collar.

Logan pulled away and fished the brooch out of his pocket. “I found something that I think you might want.”

Clarissa straightened. The second she looked down at the pearls and gold centered in his palm, a squeal of surprise escaped her lips. It was the sweetest sound he’d ever heard.

She reached out a tentative hand as if the brooch were an apparition set to disappear before her eyes once she tried to touch it. “How did you get it? I thought it was gone forever.”

“Dora sold it to Joe as soon as you left the store. The truth is he accidentally overheard the conversation the two of you had and thought you might want it back.”

Logan cupped her hand and put the treasured pin in her palm. Her fingers closed over it she brought it protectively to the center of her chest. Her watery gaze lifted to his eyes. She said, “Thank you.” And then her gaze drifted to his mouth.

She leaned forward and kissed him. On her soft lips he tasted the salt of her tears. Logan encircled her with his arms again and intensified the kiss by sliding his tongue gently into her mouth. She reciprocated by touching her sweet tongue against his seductively.

He didn’t know how long they had kissed, but Logan heard the fast staccato of galloping hoof beats approaching the wagon. He broke the kiss in time to see Derek ride alongside of the wagon.

“You didn’t get very far along on the road home.”

“And you didn’t take as long as I expected in town.”

Derek shrugged and smiled.

“Besides, I had a good reason. I stopped to give her back her pin.” Derek’s relaxed demeanor and satisfied expression told Logan that the problem had been subdued, but he asked anyway. “Did you convince Dora to cease her scheming?”

“Yep. Blackmailers like her should consider their own dark past before trying to pry into others lives for profit. With all the dirt I know about her past, she won’t dare try anything.”

“But how did she know about me?”

Derek sighed. “I don’t have proof, but I do have a theory. Dora had an intimate association with Jasper Coggon.” He shrugged. “Hell, maybe she still does. I don’t know, but I believe she likely got into his office and found out just enough to intimidate you.”

“Mr. Coggon didn’t ever say anything about my past. I didn’t think he knew about my problems in New York.”

“Jasper may be a little on the greedy side, but basically he’s okay. He wouldn’t have used it against you.” Derek glanced back at the barely visible town once.

“Yeah, Jasper may be lots of things, but he wouldn’t divulge information intended for blackmail. Not even for Dora.”

“Are you sure she won’t talk or send a message?” Clarissa asked with something akin to hope in her tone.

“Nope. She has too much to lose. I have first hand knowledge of some things in *her* colorful past that she’d just as soon stayed there. Don’t worry, sweetheart, you’re safe. I promise.”

She blew a kiss to Derek and glanced at Logan. “Thank you both. I’m very grateful.”

Derek cleared his throat once. “I won’t demand you tell us anything about why Bernard Pearson frightened you enough to give up something precious, but I hope you’ll trust us enough to share the information eventually.”

Clarissa closed her eyes and nodded once. A lovely smile shaped her mouth before she responded, “I’ll tell you anything you want to know, but please can I confess everything later? Let’s get on home for now. As I may have mentioned a time or two before, I’m very anxious to get started on this wonderful new life of mine.”

Logan grabbed the reins again, released the brake and made a double click sound with his mouth to get the horses moving on the

way home as his lady requested.

Derek's horse ambled along beside the wagon keeping pace.

"I told her we'd stop at the cabin at the edge of the property this evening to camp out before riding on home tomorrow morning."

"Did you tell her about the huge bed we built in the cabin's back room?"

Logan huffed. "No, Mr. Big Mouth, I thought I'd let it be a surprise. Thanks a lot."

Clarissa laughed. "I adore the two of you." She fastened her brooch to the front of her dress and placed her hand on Logan's thigh as they rode along.

"We love you too, sweetheart." Derek winked at her once. "I won't ruin it by identifying the contents in case it's a *surprise*, but Logan picked up a present for you before we left town."

"He did?" The excitement in her voice made Logan's heart ache with love all the way to his soul. She turned an expectant gaze his way and lit up his world with her grin.

"I'll give it to you at the cabin so you'll have something to look forward to when we arrive."

She slid her hand across to his crotch and rubbed his cock, "I already have something to look forward to. Likely more than one something."

Without consciously meaning to, Logan snapped the reins and put the horses into a faster trot. Maybe they'd make record time to the cabin to explore all the things they were all looking forward to tonight.

## **Epilogue**

*A week later at the DL Bar Ranch*

Clarissa sighed in contentment and pushed her shoulder blades into Logan's chest invitingly. At the moment, they were both completely naked and on their knees in the large over-sized, luxurious bed located in their private quarters at the back of the ranch house. With her hair still up in pins, Logan slipped his hands around to cup and caress her breasts and nuzzled her neck nibbling at a particular sensitive spot.

She'd just propositioned him into having his wicked way with her instead of going to sleep. He never denied her sex when she asked. She rarely needed to solicit either him or Derek, but tonight with just the two of them here, she wanted to be held and loved.

"So are you ready for me to do wicked things to you, honey?"

"Yes."

"Then you know what to do."

She smiled and bent forward at the waist thrusting her derriere against his belly and trapping his cock between their heated flesh. He stroked a hand down the length of her spine from neck to crack and ended the journey by rubbing both ass cheeks lovingly.

"You are the most beautiful woman I've ever known."

"Thank you."

Clarissa heard the tell-tale sound of the tin of salve being opened followed by Logan's finger slathering the lubricant across her tiny hole and pushing some of it into the tight rosette of her nether opening.

She resisted the desire to purr as he prepared her for bliss. After he put the lid on the tin, he pulled her back straight again to further ready her request for his cock in her dark rear hole. Even after a week, the thought of it spiraled her desire out of control.

She only wished Derek was here tonight, as well. He would return sometime tomorrow from his two night trip to round up some wild horses, but his absence had a profound impact on her new day-to-day life. She missed him.

They had only been at the ranch for a week, but she'd fallen into a quietly happy routine very quickly. There was a woman married to the ranch's foreman who cleaned the main house. The cook who fed the ranch hands also brought food each night for the three of them at the house. While she enjoyed cooking a few things from time to time, it was nice not to have to do anything if she didn't want to cook. Her days were filled with the leisure to do as she wished for the first time in her life.

On the overnight trip to the DL Bar ranch Clarissa had told them everything about her past. Beyond Derek wanting to go pistol whip Bernard, they'd been very supportive and informed her in no uncertain terms that if anyone from her former life showed up at the ranch they'd be dealt with and for her not to worry ever again.

So she didn't because she believed them and vowed never to waste a single other thought on her past.

Yesterday, before she'd had the chance to ask for a flower garden of her own, she noticed two patches of turned earth on either side of the front walkway and porch ready for planting.

The foreman's wife asked her if she wanted to help with the planting as she preferred tending the vegetable garden near the cook house, but liked to have fresh flowers for the table on occasion.

Logan squeezed her nipples pulling her from the delightful reverie. A riot of pleasure trailed down all the nerve endings in her body as he stroked and pulled her nipples. Her pussy clenched once and gushed juices between her lower lips in anticipation of what was

about to transpire.

“Bend over, honey.” Logan pushed her down to the bed until her cheek rested on the quilt. Her trembling ass in the air, Logan spread her cheeks and the wide head of his cock pressed into her tight hole. The initial sensation was a little frightening until his cock had impaled her a little further inside. She pushed back allowing his slow careful penetration with dark delight lighting a path to her desire.

Once his flat belly rested against her bare ass, he reached a hand around and fingered her clitoris and slowly drew his cock out again. The powerful movement aroused her in a way she never thought to experience.

Logan’s thrusts picked up speed as a hot coil pleasure centered in Clarissa’s body ready to explode in ecstasy.

At least until they heard a noise in the main part of the house. Logan stilled and Clarissa held her breath for a moment.

“What was that?” she finally asked in a whisper.

“Gotta be Derek. No one else would come inside the house.”

Their bedroom door thrust open suddenly and Derek strode in like a dark avenging angel come to witness their salacious sexual activities.

“Whoa! Sorry. Didn’t mean to interrupt.” Grin splitting his luscious lips, Derek eyed them still poised in mid thrust and halted at the door. The three stared at each other for a long while.

Logan broke the silence. “Are you just gonna stand there and watch, or are you coming to join us?”

Derek’s gaze slid from her breasts to the space between her legs. “I see her pussy is available so I’ll join you. Perhaps I’ll lick my fill first. Let me wash up and I’ll be back in a few minutes. Carry on.” With a sly grin, he pulled the dusty Stetson from his head and hung it on the hook by the door along with his long black duster. Seconds later he disappeared into the specially built wash room attached to their bedroom.

Logan resumed pushing his cock deeply into her ass again and

groaned once he was fully seated. “You’re so fucking tight, it’s a wonder I don’t explode the second my cock is all the way inside.”

She giggled. “That’s what you always say.”

“It’s always true, honey.” He circled an arm around her waist and lifted her so she rested against his chest. The angle of his cock in her ass sent pleasure sizzling from her core to every limb. Still impaled inside, Logan turned her so that her knees rested six inches from the edge of their bed.

Derek came back into the bedroom wearing only his pants. He strolled over to the bed and bent to kiss Clarissa’s lips. The leisurely kiss ended far too soon.

He cupped her breasts and thumbed the nipples. “Now this is why I came home early. I missed you too much.” Brushing his mouth along her jaw with a trail of sweet kisses, he found her mouth and parted her lips with his tongue for a sultry kiss meant to arouse her to a fevered pitch. Her pussy clenched and a rush of wetness coated her insides. Her clit ached for release.

Derek ended the kiss and smiled. “I see you left the hairpins for me to take out.”

Logan laughed. “I just hadn’t gotten to it yet.”

He pulled the pins from her coil until locks fell around her shoulders. “Now I’m ready to pleasure you, sweetheart.”

“I’m ready for that, too. As a matter of fact, I’m about to burst from readiness.”

Derek trailed kisses from her chin to her breasts, taking first one nipple into his mouth and then the other. Logan continued to press his cock into the dark hot space between her ass cheeks. Without Derek holding her up she would have launched off of the bed.

Sinking to his knees onto the hard-wood floor next to the bed, Derek put his hands on her inner thighs, his mouth on her pussy and licked his tongue deeply inside her body. Her head fell back on Logan’s shoulder as he proceeded to suck her clitoris between his lips. After only a few pulls of suction from his lips she screamed her

utterly decadent release into the air between them.

Waves of pleasure engulfed her body and senses. Logan continued his slow cock stroke in her ass. She was vaguely aware of Derek standing, slipping his pants off to join them on the bed and then pushing his wide, warm cock into her butter-slick pussy.

Logan's thrusts sped up as Derek alternated his deep strokes inside her pussy.

Still lightheaded from her orgasm, Clarissa wrapped one arm behind her to hug Logan and slipped the other around Derek's neck to secure them both to her body as they loved her.

Derek growled once and muttered a few unintelligible words before his body stiffened. He pushed one last time in her slippery pussy, his rigid cock still as hard as if he hadn't climaxed enough to reduce it. He kissed her mouth, as Logan started shaking and soon murmured, "Goddammit, you feel so good. Fuck yeah, honey." He pushed deep one last time and also held his cock deeply in her body.

"Have I mentioned that I love you, sweetheart?" Derek peppered her face with kisses.

"Not today. Not until now." She laughed when he nipped the tip of her chin.

Logan dropped a wet kiss on her shoulder and nuzzled her neck with his scratchy facial hair until she giggled. "I love you, honey."

"You know I love you both as well."

Clarissa absolutely loved these men with all her heart and soul. She adored her new life as a ranch wife. Just now as she shared her body very intimately with both of the men she treasured, she knew she'd live her life happily ever after just like in those dime novels they'd purchased for her last week as a surprise.

**THE END**

[www.ElleSaintJames.com](http://www.ElleSaintJames.com)

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

There are rumors that Elle Saint James used to live in Intercourse, PA where she devoured gothic novels filled with seductive heroes seeking redemption from feisty heroines. This was where her erotic writing imagination was developed.

Others are convinced Elle Saint James spends her afternoons supervising the cleaning of her personal dungeon and her nights directing the delicious torture that goes on there. Fortunately, her slaves take dictation, enabling her to write while otherwise engaged.

However, neither of these scenarios are entirely true.

The majesty of the Rocky Mountains, as well as her gorgeous husband, serve to inspire Elle Saint James' dark and deliciously sexy novels. She writes for those who are not afraid to take a walk on the wild side and explore more erotically charged sexual adventures in reading.



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