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Riding Double



Eve Adams

RIDING DOUBLE

Riding Series 1

Eve Adams

MENAGE AMOUR



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DEDICATION

For my family and friends, who offered up their time with me so I could spend it researching and writing this story; and to Dan, my real live cowboy and the inspiration for all my heroes.

And to Siren-Bookstrand, Inc, for giving me the opportunity to share my stories with you.

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Riding Series 1

EVE ADAMS
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Chapter 1

Trent Harris hadn't taken his eyes off her since arriving at the bar. She'd always had the power to bring him to his knees with nothing more than a hint of a smile. Skye Taylor had been the bane of his existence ever since she was three years old. Now all grown up, she'd matured from an annoying kid constantly following him around, to a highly sexy, seductive woman. Oh yeah. Skye Taylor was *all* woman.

"Do you want another round, Skye?"

Skye lifted her thick, mesmerizing chocolate gaze up to the bartender. With a flip of her gorgeous caramel hair that always seemed to have kisses of sunshine glimmering in it, even in the dark bar, she shook her head. "No thanks, Barn. I'm going to have to walk home as it is."

"You sure?" Barn prodded. "Them guys at the end of the bar are still wanting to buy you a drink."

She darted her flirty gaze at Trent and flashed him her killer smile that always made him forget how to take a breath. A mix of fury, hunger, and healthy lust invaded his senses whenever she smiled at him like that. "What do you think, Trent? Should I let them?"

Trent ignored the pinch in his gut and hid his harsh reaction to her question behind a grin. Hell no, he didn't want them to buy her a

drink. His entire body tensed at the thought of her so much as feigning interest in anyone but him. If she only knew what her little act did to him, how it tore at his heart and jarred his soul, maybe she'd think twice about asking him questions like that.

She already had his body aching, his cock engorged and throbbing. Skye loved to tempt the opposite sex, especially when she had a few shots of tequila in her. Seductively dangerous cold sober, liquor her up and she became the poster child for tempting sex, raw and primitive.

"Up to you, darlin'. If you feel like taking on a group of," he glanced down at the end of the bar to count how many pairs of ogling eyes focused on the candy standing next to him and tried to play down the erratic rhythm of his heart, "three men, more power to you."

Those full, sensual lips she owned pulled into a sexy curl. Dear God in heaven. She'd had him on the edge all night, daring him to take their arrangement a step further each and every torturous moment. The blood pounding in his cock made him so hard he hurt. "You aren't going to stand up for me?"

He shook his head, knowing exactly what she tried to do. No way would he let her pull him into another bar fight over her. His split lip had finally healed from the last one. "I'm not even going to *speak* up for you, Skye. You can handle your own."

"You got that straight," she agreed with a nod. It knocked her straw cowboy hat down on her delicious forehead and she gave him a wink that immediately boiled his balls as she straightened her hat back up. A ribbon of her caramel silk caught in the hat. "I've been kicking your ass since you were six years old."

"Only 'cause I let you." He reached over and wrapped her hair around his finger, slowly lowering his finger down to her cheek. Her heated gaze never left his as he tenderly brushed her hair along her jaw line. Barely breathing, he teased her flesh with the ends of her silky waves, tickling her neck. He longed to take the same path with his tongue. Blinking out of their erotic connection, he pulled back and

dropped her hair. He had the power to tease her just as well as she did him. Shrugging, he sat back on his barstool and tucked his starving need for her back behind his guarded senses. "Besides, you were three. I can't fight a three-year-old."

She tipped her hat at him and grinned, which hit him like a bolt of lightning straight to his cock, hardening it further. She didn't even have to try and she still had him insane with lust. Turning away from the bar, she leaned back on her elbows and gave him a slow and steady once-over that had him swallowing to wet his suddenly dry throat. "Aren't you even the least bit worried about me?"

Goddamn her. She knew exactly what she did to him when she looked at him like that, batting those enormous brown eyes like a little kitten. He hated the way that mock innocence shining in her eyes held his attention, how *she* held his attention. He knew better than to believe she had an innocent bone in that sweet body. Still, he couldn't help but want to protect her. She was too soft, too fragile.

He groaned against his throbbing erection, low and strained, and quickly recovered by grabbing his bottle and taking a long pull from his beer. He needed to get her out of here before he ripped both their clothes off and fucked her right here in front of God and everyone else.

When she offered him a pouty look, he wanted to suck her lower lip between his teeth and nibble on her flesh. He'd start at her sensual mouth and slowly descend down until he buried himself in the blistering heat between her thighs. Only then would he be convinced of her safety, at least until the next time she decided to flirt with every man in the bar just to get a rise out of him.

"I'm more worried about those guys when you give them that look."

She feigned innocence. "What look?"

"That look. Right there. They'll all have blue balls for a week." He blew out a slight breath to even the tension coiling in his gut. Skye Taylor knew what she did to men, especially to him. She had the

enchanted power to make a man come with nothing more than a kiss and a smile, and she knew it.

And he hated her for it.

"Tell them I like my tequila straight up," she stated in her husky, sexy-as-sin voice. Leaning toward Trent, she gave him a wink that squeezed his balls and made his dick twitch. "No chaser."

"Barn?" Trent waved at the bartender to flag him down. The man looked exactly like Barney Fife, bug eyes and all. Everyone called him Barn because of it. He'd been around since Lincoln was president, no doubt. No one really knew his real name, and he seemed to like it that way.

"What's up?"

"The lady would like one last shot of tequila." He grinned when Skye stood rigid, her full lips parted slightly, her pretty brow furrowed in confusion.

"Wait. I said to tell them." She pointed at the three men at the end of the bar, all whose eyes had never left her sweet ass since they stepped foot inside The Front a few hours ago. The biggest one spotted Skye pointing at them and must have figured that as an invitation. He pushed away from the bar and started to make his way over to them.

Oh shit. The guy looked like he could be part of the defensive line for the Seattle Seahawks. Hell, he could be the entire line by himself. He was that big. Trent closed his eyes and secretly cursed Skye for sucking him into what would no doubt end up as another bar brawl. He wished he didn't have a violent need to protect her, to keep everyone's hands off her but his. If the man so much as whispered a thought of touching her, Trent would rip his fucking arm off and beat him to death with it.

"Don't bust up my bar again, Trent." Barn warned him as his bug-eyed gaze watched the man approach them. "I just got those stools replaced."

"Tell Skye to behave then." Trent clenched his hands into fists and

offered the giant guy a smile and curt nod as he stopped in front of Skye. He gave Trent a cursory glance before centering all of his attention on the flirty cowgirl in front of him. Fury tore through him, but he kept it under control. For now.

"Hi, beautiful. You got a name?" Jesus, this man even had a big voice.

Skye smiled and spiked her brow. "I do." She then turned her back to him and stole a look at Trent to judge his reaction. She had to have seen him tense, poised and ready to rip off the linebacker's head and any other asshole's that tried to touch her.

Just don't touch her. Trent waited to see what the man did after Skye turned her back on him. Judging by the way the visible heat crept up his enormous neck, he didn't take it well.

"I asked you a question."

Without turning back around, she flipped her hair up at him and leaned on one leg, accentuating the perfect curve of her ass. "And I gave you an answer."

"You call that an answer?" Clearly agitated, the man took a step toward her. *One more step, buddy. I dare you.*

"If you want a different answer," she countered, "ask a different girl."

Trent could have wrung her neck for that. She purposely provoked him, damn her. "She's a little drunk," Trent cut in. "Why not go back over to your side? She isn't looking for trouble." *She is trouble.*

The man didn't even acknowledge him. "Come on, sweetheart. Tell me your name. I'll buy you a drink."

Slowly, seductively, Skye turned around to face him and leaned her elbows back on the bar. Blinking, she traced his frame and had to tilt her head to look him in the eye. "What are you, like seven feet tall?"

"And hung like a horse," he added. Trent rolled his eyes and shook his head. What an asshole. In what alternate universe did this guy think a line like that worked on women? The man adjusted his

groin to draw her gaze to his dick. It didn't work. Instead, Skye kept her gaze glued to his face. "Would you like to find out, sweetheart?"

"Hmm." She licked her lips and sucked her lower one between her teeth. "Tempting, but I just met you. Besides, you don't even know my name."

"Why should that matter?"

She smiled, which drew a smile from the man. Straightening up, she thrust out her chin. Ah, hell. She just entered the first stage of her fighting pose. Trent tensed. "What is it you really want? Because I'm sure you won't be satisfied with just buying me a drink."

He lowered his hungry eyes to her breasts and kept them there. Trent wanted to take out his knife and scrape his eye sockets clean. Hell, he'd use his bare hands at this point. The man's size intimidated him, sure, but he'd lose vital parts of his anatomy if he took one step closer to Skye.

"I think you want a real man," he slurred. Oh great. He was drunk, too.

"I'm fine with the one I have," she retorted. Trent ignored the shift in his pulse at her admission. She never so much as muttered anything like that, not even in the throes of their heated lovemaking. Knowing she saw him as something more than a convenient fuck-buddy had the blood in his veins surging. "Now go back to your hole."

"No, you're not. If you were, you wouldn't be in this bar right now, sending out *fuck me* signals with every look."

Trent planned to beat that arrogant smirk right off the man's face for that comment.

"Oh, please. Do you really think you have a chance?" She gave him a flirty grin that made the man's smile widen and Trent's fists tighten. "Especially when you talk to me like I'm nothing more than a piece of ass?"

"That's what you are, aren't you? Why else would you want me to buy you a drink? You want it, and you want me to give it to you."

"I don't think so."

"Don't tell me you're just a dick tease." Anger and a touch of humiliation replaced the hunger in his bloodshot eyes. "You have a body built for sin, sweetheart. I bet you can be real nasty. A hot little biscuit like you? I'm sure you ride your cowboys like *Girls Gone Wild*."

"Hey," Trent broke in, pissed at this guy's choice of words. No one talked to Skye that way. "Why don't you take your drunk ass back over there with your drunk buddies?"

"Why don't you go home and play with your Barbies, pussy. I'm going to show your little girlfriend here what happens when she teases the wrong dick."

He took another step toward her and leaned in. In an instant, Trent's hand shot out and stopped him with a slap on his enormous chest. "What the fuck?"

"Do *not* touch her." Trent kept his gaze locked on the man's, hoping he didn't have to end up hitting him. He'd been told his look could stop a horny bull dead in his tracks. This guy looked just like the horny bulls back at the ranch with the way he eyed Skye. "Go back to your buddies before you leave here limping."

"Fuck you," the man said and grabbed Trent's hand to throw it off. "If I want to take the little bitch out back and fuck the shit out of her, I will. Not you or anyone else in this tiny shithole of a town can stop me."

Oh, that was the wrong thing to say. Trent doubled up his fist but didn't get the chance to hit him before Skye's fist beat him to it, connecting with the man's nose. He stumbled back and covered his face with his hands. Blood seeped out between his fingers.

"Nice hit," Trent said just as the man's buddies ran over to join in. "Now get behind me."

"Like hell I will. I started this." One of the smaller men from the linebacker's posse narrowed his eyes on Skye.

"You like it rough, cowgirl?"

"I'm going to finish it," she added and jumped on the guy's back,

pulling his hair with one hand and throwing punches with the other. He spun in circles as he tried to throw her off his back. The big guy grabbed at her, but Trent pushed him back and connected his fist with the guy's chin. Goddamn, that hurt.

To Trent's surprise, the linebacker went down and stayed down. Shaking out his hand to try and get some feeling back before he had to fight the next one off Skye, he turned to see who the next one to fall would be.

Another shock hit him square in the chest. Skye had one on the floor as she beat the shit out of him. How in the hell did she look so damn delicious in the middle of a bar fight?

The fist came out of nowhere and slammed into Trent's cheek, knocking him back. Dazed from the blow, he shook his head and recovered just in time to dodge the second assault. Almost. The man's fist hit Trent in the shoulder and it exploded in pain. He grunted and stepped back from the blow.

"You son-of-a-bitch!" Skye screamed and charged the man, fists flying. His eyes widened and he put his hands up, but that didn't stop her. Hell, it didn't even slow her down. She threw punch after punch, connecting with the man's face, his shoulders, his chest. And yet he never hit her back.

The man looked at Trent and their gaze met. He pleaded with Trent to pull Skye off him before he'd have no choice but to defend himself. Nodding, Trent wrapped his arms around her middle and picked her up to pull her off him. Her fists were still flying as he separated them.

"Jesus Christ, man." The guy spit blood out from his split lip. "Try to control your wildcat, dude." He wiped at the blood from his lip and nose. Skye really did a number on him.

Trent turned to Skye, pissed as hell she sucked him into yet another bar brawl. That's when he saw the cut above her pretty brow. Rage consumed him and rushed through his system like a volcanic eruption. He squared his jaw and turned back to the two men standing

over the third, still out cold on the floor. He wouldn't hesitate to rip the fucking head off of the one who hurt her. "Which one of you touched her?"

"Let's go home." Skye wove her slender arms around his and pulled him toward the door. "Come on, Trent."

Trent only saw red. Someone had hurt Skye, had made her bleed. When he found out which bastard had touched her, he'd make him do a hell of a lot more than bleed. He resisted, not wanting to leave the bar until every last one of them lay on the floor. "Which one touched you?" He kept his voice low, even. No longer enraged, his emotions now bordered on dangerously controlled.

"It doesn't matter."

"It does to me."

"Trent, baby. Let's go."

He blinked and finally looked over at her. All at once the heat engulfing his emotions simmered as the rage drained from his system. With just one look, one smile, she soothed his otherwise rattled world. Nodding, he took her hand and allowed her to lead him out of the bar.

"Sorry, Barn," Trent offered as they walked out.

"At least you didn't break anything this time," Barn lobbed back and turned away.

Chapter 2

"I think I might have broke that guy's nose," Skye stated, ever so helpful. Trent looked at her but didn't respond. She smiled sweetly and drew in a deep breath, throwing her head back and taking in the night. "It's warm tonight."

Trent grunted as his answer. He wasn't in the mood for small talk. He knew why she started the fight at the bar. She loved excitement on the edge, craved anything that pierced her with adrenaline. He had to admit, he wasn't immune to the endorphins coursing through his system. As they walked the two miles back to the ranch, he shoved his hands in his pockets to keep from reaching out to her.

Skye spoke up after they turned off the main street and headed down the gravel road toward the ranch. "You scared the shit out of me back there."

"Isn't that the way you like it?" He was pissed. Pissed at her. Pissed at himself. She did this every time they went to The Front. She loved picking fights with the biggest son-of-a-bitch there, just to feel that goddamn rush shooting through her sexy system.

"Who knew the guy would turn out to be such an asshole?"

Trent slowed and turned to her, the agonizing fear of what could have happened to her burning in his eyes. His muscles ached they were so tight. He could barely breathe from the anxiety coursing through his veins. "*You* did."

Skye's deep eyes widened and she stopped. Trent turned and continued to walk. When she didn't follow, he stopped as well and looked back at her. Those witchy eyes bore into him as she stood there, watching him. Goddamn her for doing this to him. She

emotionally tore him apart night after night, and yet he didn't have the power—or the *sense*—to tell her no.

He didn't want to do this anymore. He didn't want to feel like he had to prove himself to her every fucking night. Her challenges grew more and more dangerous.

"That's not true," she said softly. Even as she admitted it, he knew she didn't believe her own words.

"Bullshit. This is you in a nutshell."

"You don't know what you're talking about."

His control snapped and he charged her, fury and frustration taking over. Grabbing her arms, he gave her a good shake. "Don't I? You picked out the biggest, dumbest son-of-a-bitch at The Front and teased him until he couldn't help but come over. It's the fight you love, Skye. The thrill. The danger. I don't know if you're trying to kill me or what."

"Trent," she whimpered, though her tone conveyed an entirely different message. Her eyes darkened with lust, as her breathing grew labored. She ran her tongue along her bottom lip, knowing full and well it drove him to the brink. Her gaze held his at bay as they stood there and stared at each other, the air crackling between them.

He crashed his lips to hers, covering her mouth with heated hunger fueled by rage and something else he couldn't quite define. It sucked him in, took over all rational thought and consumed his very being. Plunging his tongue deep into the depths of her warm mouth, he tasted her. He tasted the desperation and unbridled want inside her, driving her to match his tongue with thrusts of her own.

Her kiss intoxicated him faster than any liquor. She destroyed his self-control in an instant. His drive to take her, to bury his throbbing cock deep inside the satin folds of her cunt, took over all his other senses. He had to have her.

"The trees," she whispered breathlessly, gasping for air as he nipped at the cords of her neck. "Please, Trent. I need you. Now."

That dark lust clouding those eyes shattered him. He pulled her

over to a group of trees that shadowed them from the road. Goddamn her for breaking him like this, forcing him to fuck her out in the open. He shouldn't do it. He should tell her no, make her suffer for her little stint back there at the bar.

Instead he ripped his shirt open and then did the same to hers, exposing them both to the warm air of the Montana summer night. He pulled her bra down and bared her full breasts to him. "Fucking gorgeous," he murmured as he lowered his mouth down to cover an already peaked nipple. He swirled his tongue around the swollen nub, scraping his teeth against it and sucking hungrily until she cried out. Her fingers weaved into his hair and pulled him tighter against her.

"Oh God, Trent. Now. I can't wait." She reached down and unfastened his jeans. Pulling his engorged dick out, she stroked him madly, tightening his balls and shooting the bite of a hunger so intense he knew he had no choice but to give in to anything and everything she wanted.

"Take off your pants." He moved to the other nipple and feasted until it, too, peaked, swollen and moist from his mouth. Skye's hands shook as she unbuttoned her jeans and wiggled out of them. Just as he knew she would, she kicked them aside, but then put her cowboy boots back on. Dear Jesus, he could drown in her right now and die a happy man.

The tree behind them would work. He lifted her and pressed her up against the trunk. "Wrap your legs around me, darlin'." She did and pulled an earlobe between her teeth. When she bit down, it sent a wash of erotic chills down his spine. He moved the head of his cock to her opening and felt the scorching liquid of her desire swallow him. "Jesus, Skye. Your sweet pussy is on fire tonight. You're so wet, baby."

"You know what a good fight does to me." She wiggled her hips and forced the head of his engorged penis past her barrier. "Yes," she hissed and threw her head back. "Ah Jesus, Trent. I can't believe how hot I am right now. Fuck me, Cowboy. Make me come."

He fought a losing battle when it came to Skye Taylor, and he didn't give a shit. The woman had a power over him he couldn't deny and didn't want to. He'd been in love with her since the third grade. Plunging deep into the depths of her wet pussy, he let out a guttural groan and ground his hips, knowing how much she loved that. The walls of her cunt quivered around him, fisting him and pulling a deep-throated moan from her. "You like that?"

"Oh God, Trent. Just like that. Deep. I like it deep."

He drove hard, burying his dick deep inside her pussy until they were one. Flesh melted together as he fucked her, thrusting hard, his cock ready to explode as her vagina spasmed around him. Grabbing her hair, he forced her mouth back to his in the nick of time. One final piston drive and she screamed into his mouth as she came. He fucked her relentlessly, keeping her orgasm at its peak and her screaming into his mouth.

When he could no longer breathe, he pulled his mouth away from her and buried his face at her neck. "That's it, Skye. Keep coming for me, baby. I want to feel every ounce of that delicious juice around my cock."

"Harder. Harder!" He slammed his dick into her pussy and felt the first of his orgasm grip him, exploding out of the tip of his cock, spurting thick semen deep inside her cunt. "Oh, God! Yes!" She dug her nails into his shoulders as another orgasm crashed down on her, leaving her convulsing as he continued to drive into her pussy, riding the waves of his climax.

When he could no longer move, he leaned up against the tree with his elbow and moved in to kiss her. She licked his lips open and sucked on his tongue as her legs slowly descended back to earth. A few nips at her lower lip and then he pulled back. Kissing her forehead, he then stepped back and started to right his clothes.

"You," Skye panted and grabbed her jeans off the ground, "are a very gifted lover, Trent Harris." She threw on her jeans and fastened them before slipping back into her boots. They both tried to close

their shirts, but with the way he ripped them open, the buttons had disappeared. Skye gave him a sultry smile and simply tied her shirt up underneath her ample breasts, showing off a tantalizing display of her beautifully toned, perfectly tanned midriff.

Trent shook his head and grabbed her hat up off the ground. Plopping it on her head, he gave her a light kiss on her pretty nose. "You, Skye Taylor, really are trying to kill me, aren't you?"

Again with that feigned look of innocence, she walked out of the shadows of the trees. When the light of the moon hit her, Trent had to suck in a breath to stop from swaying. Goddamn, the woman had to be the most gorgeous thing he'd ever feasted his eyes on.

"Death by sex?" She gave him that sexy smile that had him ready to go again, his dick twitching in his pants for round two. "Doesn't sound all that bad to me."

He had to admit, she did present a good argument.

Chapter 3

Caleb almost spit out his beer when Skye stormed in and slammed the door behind her, but it had nothing to do with the jolt from the noise breaking into his otherwise quiet night. She had on her favorite pink plaid shirt tied up under her beautiful breasts, barely covering her ample chest and showing off her silky bare skin between her shirt and jeans. If he didn't already have a mouthful of beer, he would have swallowed his tongue at the sight.

Holy shit, he hated it when she walked around the house half-naked, but to go into town looking like that? No wonder she'd come home earlier than usual. She probably started a riot.

"What happened to you?" He tried to sound casual, not at all concerned with the cut above her pretty brow, or the disheveled state of her hair. From the rosy glow of her cheeks, the bark in her hair, the dirt and leaves stuck to her jeans, he knew what happened. With Skye, it always ended up being the same thing. Drag Trent to the bar. Pick a fight that Trent would be forced to finish. Get so turned on by the rush of adrenaline she'd beg Trent to fuck her wherever they were. And Trent, the poor sorry bastard, didn't have enough willpower to deny her.

The jealousy bit into him, knowing Trent had had his cock buried inside her sweet little pussy. What he wouldn't give to be able to take the same path with his own dick. But Skye Taylor loved excitement, fresh and raw. It went against every fiber of his being. Caleb prided himself on his control, and Skye was just too damned volatile. He wouldn't be able to control her, and he didn't trust himself to have enough control when it came to her.

"Bar fight," she answered and removed her hat to hang it on one of the hooks inside the mudroom. She combed her hair with her fingers and shook out the bark. It rained down on the tiled floor.

His dick jumped at the sight. Dear Jesus, her beauty captivated him when she did that. He ran his tongue along the inside of his lip and swallowed hard to force the saliva down his throat before he started drooling. "In the trees?"

Her smile had him hard in an instant, his engorged cock throbbing for her attention. Goddamn her. Trent may be the weaker of the two men, giving in to her feline temptation, but not him. Caleb had the willpower to resist the destructive taste of Skye Taylor. But that didn't mean he was immune to her. Jesus, he was only human.

"That was after the fight." Skye strolled over to him. His cock twitched in time to the sway of her round hips. Putting her hands on either arm of the chair, she leaned toward him and stopped her full lips a mere inch from his. He smelled tequila and hungry lust on her breath. Her breasts dangled in front of him, hypnotizing him with the temptation of a taste. A touch. "You should have *come*," she whispered up against his lips, her breath hot and moist as it landed on his face.

Caleb parted his lips, ready to accept her invasion. Just a slight thrust of his tongue and he'd be inside her mouth, finally tasting what he'd been craving for so many years. *Finally*. And he almost did.

Almost.

Skye may be able to manipulate Trent with her sexual prowess, but it wouldn't work with him. He wanted her, no doubt about it, but not on her terms. They had to be his, and his terms didn't include her seducing him in the den. "I can't drink my beer with you in my way."

Instead of her backing away, she leaned in and swiped at his lips with her tongue. Holy shit, he didn't expect that. His tongue fought to break free of the jail cell behind his teeth and plunge deep into that hot sensual mouth, but he kept his jaw firmly clenched. He couldn't take her mouth, or any other part of her.

"Yum." She playfully licked his lips again, daring him to open up to her.

As much as she tried to play the role of the dirty little cowgirl, Caleb knew better. She may not be as innocent as when he came to live at the Taylor Ranch so many years ago, but she wasn't nearly as deviant as she tried to convince everyone.

He knew deviant. He knew women who adorned leather and chains, who wanted to be gagged and tied up during sex, who wanted more than one cock in her at the same time. He also knew his tastes in sex were way too deviant for her pretty little ass to handle.

"Go to bed, Skye."

"Would you like to join me?" She leaned all the way in and slanted her soft lips over his. Shock stiffened his body and it took every ounce of strength he had not to weave his fingers into that thick mane of hers and really kiss her, to show her how a simple kiss could turn into something much more dangerous.

But he kept his lips perfectly still. Cold. Uncaring. It had to be one of the hardest things he'd ever done. "I have my own bed," he stated evenly. She pulled back and stared down at him in confusion.

She didn't give up. Leaning close again, she rested her satiny lips up against his, and he fought to focus on anything but giving in to the lust and hunger biting into his balls, throbbing in his cock. "I can join you then."

"Don't make me tell you again."

Stepping back, her brow furrowed in frustration and confusion, obviously upset her little ruse didn't work on him. Her hungry look quickly shifted to pissed as hell. She always got more aggressive whenever she drank tequila. "You're not my father, Caleb Jennings."

He sat there, keeping his expression perfectly still, and simply looked at her. He couldn't let her see how much he really wanted to take her up to his bed, how much he really wanted to spread her long legs wide and dive into her pussy. He hid the ardent need to feel her naked body up against his, slippery with sweat, hunger clouding her

eyes right before she came. Casually, he brought his beer up to his lips and took a long pull, his eyes never leaving hers. "Nope."

"And you have no right to order me around. I'm twenty-two years old."

"You're barely legal."

She brought her hands to her ample hips and thrust out that damn stubborn chin of hers. He ignored the hit to his chest at her attempt to stand up to him. She could be cute as hell when she held her own against him or Trent. It made him want her even more. "I'm an adult."

"Then start acting like it, Skye." Her mouth parted slightly at his comment. "Now get to bed before I paddle that sweet little ass of yours."

Her cheeks flushed as her large brown eyes widened. "You wouldn't dare."

"Don't tempt me," he answered and threw back the rest of his beer. "Now get your ass to bed before Trent comes in and sees your poor attempt at seducing me yet again."

Large tears filled her eyes. Her lower lip started to quiver. Shit. He could fight her seductive ways. He had enough strength to not kiss her back, though barely. But he couldn't stand to see her cry. She drew in a breath to say something, but just then Trent walked through the front door. Looking over her shoulder at him, then back to Caleb, she threw them both a vicious look and pushed Trent out of the way as she took the stairs two at a time to run up to her room.

A slam of her bedroom door made them both jump. Trent walked over to the fridge and pulled out two beers, offered one to Caleb as he took a seat in the chair opposite his. "Did she try again?"

"Yep." He popped the top and pulled a long drink from the cold liquid. It seeped into his senses and cooled the burning desire eroding his self-control.

Trent sighed and ran his fingers through his hair. "She got to me. Again. This time in that little patch of trees right in front of Old Man Miller's place."

Caleb studied the bruise on Trent's eye. "Did she do that to you, too?" It wouldn't be the first time Trent walked through the front door with some sort of injury, courtesy of the little hellcat.

"In a round about way," he admitted and took another drink from his beer, and then rested the cold bottle up against the shiner. "I don't know what to do."

"Tell her no."

"I try. I tell myself I'm not going to give in to her, and every fucking time she sucks me in. Every fucking time."

"Literally," Caleb mused. Trent gave him the finger and sank back in the chair, clearly exhausted. He closed his eyes and let out a weary breath. "You know her little games are getting more and more dangerous."

"I know."

"She's going to end up getting you both killed someday if you don't find a way to control her."

Trent blinked his eyes open and rolled his head to look at Caleb. "You know I can't control her any more than I can control the weather. No one can. I don't know what to do."

He hated seeing his younger friend like this. Trent's love for Skye tore him up inside. She was like a sickness running through his veins, an addiction eating away at his resolve until he had to have another fix of her scorching juices or he'd die. One taste and she had him hooked.

Caleb knew all about how a need to possess Skye could consume a man. He was as every bit in love with Skye as Trent, though he did a better job at hiding it. He never acted on his aching need for her. Trent did, and now look at him.

"She needs a thrill before she has sex. She craves the danger, the excitement. It just eats me up knowing I'm not enough for her. She has to have more." Trent closed his eyes again and Caleb heard the frustration and pain wavering in his best friend's voice. "Always more."

A dark and highly erotic thought firmly planted itself in Caleb's brain. He knew Skye wanted something more than just straight sex, and also knew Trent would do just about anything to keep her satisfied and by his side. Caleb wanted her, wanted to taste that sweet nectar as it flooded her cunt when he made her come. He wanted to bury his cock deep inside the wet folds of her pussy and have her cry out his name. He'd love to claim that virginal ass of hers while Trent fucked her conventional hole. Just the thought of the three of them sharing a bed together had his dick harder than steel.

"I have an idea," Caleb started carefully.

"What sort of idea?" Trent kept his eyes closed as he rested his head on the back of the chair.

"One that will give Skye all the excitement she craves, and then some, all at the safety and privacy of the ranch."

Trent opened his eyes and looked at him. Caleb didn't keep his sexual tastes a secret from him. No doubt Trent knew exactly what he referred to. He studied Caleb for several torturous seconds as he contemplated the suggestion. The entire time, Caleb's heart refused to beat. "She has to have the thrill of a fight, Caleb. I doubt a threesome will turn her on enough to keep her interested."

"Oh," Caleb laughed gruffly and sat back in his chair. "I have a few tricks up my sleeve. Trust me. She'll feel more than the thrill."

"You think so?"

"I know so," he countered. Caleb's dick twitched at the thought of having a threesome right in the comfort of his own home. No sneaking around, no hiding his sexual appetite.

"You sure about this?"

Caleb smiled wide. "Absolutely."

"Should we, you know, start tonight?" Trent's voice shook, but it had nothing to do with uncertainty. He watched Trent's hazel eyes darken with lust, hungry to give Caleb's offering of a ménage à trois a try.

"She's been drinking. A lot. I could taste it on her breath. Let her

sleep it off. We'll start tomorrow. Besides, there are ground rules you and I need to cover first."

Trent grinned and even sat forward in his chair, eager to hear more. "This is all about her, right? There'll be nothing between us?"

That surprised him. He'd never thought of touching another man before. Ever. They'd been best friends since Caleb was in the second grade and Trent in kindergarten, and some big sixth graders made the wrong decision to pick on the kid's cowboy hat. Having the exact same hat, Caleb helped Trent kick the group of sixth graders' collective ass. They each got a serious ass-whipping for getting into a fight on the first day of school, but it was well worth it.

"Us? Like you and me?" Caleb wanted to make sure he understood his question before responding. He never suspected any sort of sexual interest from Trent, and didn't have any feelings for him other than brotherly love. If Trent wanted anything more than that, Caleb would have to let him down easy. "Listen, Trent—"

"I can't, Caleb." Trent broke in, his eyes pleading with him. "I—I can't do a guy. Not even you, buddy. I won't."

Thank God. He let out a breath of relief. "I promise you, our focus will be on Skye and *only* Skye."

Trent's grin returned. "Now that," he paused to take a pull off his beer, "is something I *can* do."

Chapter 4

Skye blinked the grit out of her eyes and squinted against the throbbing in her head. God, she hated the morning after when she drank tequila. That shit did not like her. It made her mean and horny as all get out and gave her one hell of a hangover. The one thing it didn't do was make her forget what she'd done the night before.

Rolling onto her back, she stared up at the ceiling and let out a soft moan. Did she really have to push Trent into fucking her behind that group of trees? Still, it made her feel good and also forget they'd been surrounded by darkness. She'd hated the dark ever since she was seven years old and locked in the barn until her father found her hours later. She shuddered and pushed that memory back into hiding. Stretching slightly, the rawness from the tree bark gnawed at her ass cheeks and lower back. Trent really did a number on her last night.

And then there was Caleb. She didn't ever want to leave her room again after the way she acted last night. What in the hell had she been thinking trying to seduce him? Again? He'd known her longer than Trent, and had even babysat her a time or two. Oh God, why did she go and do something so stupid as lick him like some horny dog? She didn't even want to think about what he must think of her now.

That settled it. Tequila and all its friends were officially banned.

A knock on her door caused her to jerk. Her hand immediately flew up to her forehead as her head exploded in pain from the sudden movement. "Skye? You up?"

Caleb. Her heart fluttered and she closed her eyes against it. She should not have feelings for Caleb. Hell, she shouldn't have feeling for Trent, either. They were both like brothers to her, having lived

with her for almost twenty years. And, yet, she did. She loved them, both of them. She loved them more than she loved the thrill of a good fight, and that said something.

"Skye?"

Fighting for control over her disobedient libido, as well as the dark desire that already had her body tight with sexual tension just from the sound of his voice, she cleared her throat. "I'm up."

"Breakfast is on the table, squirt."

She heard him walk away from her door and let out a huff as she bit her lip. She hated when he called her that. She was no longer that gangly little girl he used to take care of. She was a woman, full grown. What did she have to do to make him see that?

But, she reasoned, maybe she didn't want Caleb to see her as a woman. She'd heard stories around town about his eccentric sex life. He never devoted his attention to any one woman. And, according to the local town gossips, he shared all his lovers. What if he finally saw her as a woman, only to take her to his bed and share her with someone else? That thought frightened her, yet sent waves of electric pulses shooting straight to the folds of her pussy.

The smell of bacon and flapjacks wafted up into her room, making her mouth water. Pushing her sexual hunger aside for a different kind of hunger, her tummy grumbled and she knew the time had come for her to face them both. She could never turn down a good meal. She ate more than Caleb and Trent combined and still stayed well toned and trim. Of course, running after both Trent and Caleb day in and day out certainly kept her in shape.

What would she say when she saw them? What would they say to her? Trent would smile and watch her every move with those handsome hazel eyes. His dark, always-in-need-of-a-haircut hair would be messy as usual, but she loved it that way. It made her want to run her fingers through it.

Caleb, on the other hand, would keep his deep jade eyes to himself. His short, well-groomed sandy blond hair wouldn't have a

single strand out of place. Even his hair obeyed his orders of perfect and absolute control.

She hated his control, wanted to break it more than anything. Trent's control shattered with just a wink but not Caleb's. Even when she walked around the house with barely enough clothing to be legal, the man still didn't give her a second glance.

What did she have to do to get his attention? What if she brought a girlfriend home from town? Would he give her any attention then since he liked to share?

She had Trent's full attention, and she knew it. Even when she couldn't see him, she knew he watched her. She felt the heat of his eyes on her. It made her crazy with need. Still, it wasn't enough. She loved Trent's touch, and loved the way he made her feel safe and loved in return, but she needed more.

Her mind rested back on Caleb. He had perfect control over every aspect of his life. What would he be like in bed? Would he try to control her? Or would that be the one part of his life where he relinquished control?

She wanted to find out. How would she be able to find a way to get into Caleb's bed without hurting Trent? She didn't want to lose him, but her aching desire for Caleb wouldn't go away.

Slowly, she swung her legs around and stood up. Her head screamed in protest, but she'd deal with it. Making a detour by the bathroom, she popped a couple of aspirin before heading downstairs.

Padding into the kitchen, she spotted the eggs, bacon, and a healthy helping of flapjacks sitting there in front of an empty chair. Trent sat on one side of the table, and Caleb opposite of Trent. Ignoring both of them as they watched her, she helped herself to some coffee before making her way over to the table.

Her mouth watered and she took a seat. Grabbing her fork, she dug in and devoured half her plate before she realized they weren't eating. Exchanging looks with both of them, she took another bite and swallowed before asking, "Aren't you two hungry?"

Caleb's eyes danced wickedly. She'd never seen him look at her like that before. Even though she'd longed for him to see her as more than a little girl, now that he looked at her with thick lust in his gaze, she fidgeted in her chair. His look sparked her own desire and her nipples hardened under her PJ top. From the way his gaze dropped down to her breasts, she could tell he noticed her body's response to him.

Damn it. He had the power to control everything, even *her* body.

"That was quite a night last night." Caleb sipped at his coffee as his gaze finally pulled away from her now painfully hard nipples and settled back on her face.

"Exciting enough for you?" Trent started in with this cryptic talk.

"Alright," she said after swallowing the last of her flapjacks and pushing her plate away. "What the hell is going on? Why are you two acting so weird?"

"We want to talk to you." Caleb leaned his elbows on the table and pinned her with his heated gaze. Why did he suddenly look ready to eat her alive? And why did the thought of him doing exactly that have little spasms of erotic energy pulsing straight to her pussy?

"About?"

"Last night," Trent chimed in. She expected the lust in his eyes, but not Caleb's. They both eyed her like she was for breakfast instead of flapjacks.

"Look, I had a few too many shots, okay? I'm sorry for coming on to you," she said to Caleb. "And I'm sorry for the sex," she said to Trent, though she gave him a little wink that had color flooding his cheeks. Hiding her smile, she lowered her gaze below her dark lashes. She knew exactly how to get Trent back on her side. A little pouty look, maybe another wink, and he'd be putty in her hand.

"I'm not," he retorted, his voice husky, dark with lust. She looked at him and curled her lip into a half smile. He stood and moved his chair closer to her, sat back down next to her. Caleb then did the same on the opposite side. Her heart skipped a beat as warmth washed

through her. Now surrounded by them, she felt their heat swallow her, smelled their arousal in the air.

"What's going on?" She sat back in her chair, tried to laugh but it only came out as a nervous giggle. Her clit, on fire from the nearness of two of the hottest cowboys in all of Montana, swelled and throbbed. The thrill of not knowing what these two were up to had her heart racing and her pussy gushing. If she could burn herself with her own cream, she would have right there, the blistering juice flooding her cunt was so hot.

"You're out of control, Skye." Caleb rested his large hand on her bare knee, but he didn't pat it as she expected. He caressed it, ran the pad of his thumb up and down her skin and washing her with delicious chills. She shuddered.

Oh, God. Just the way he touched her sent her senses reeling. His hand slid up her thigh. The rough, callused hands of a workingman, warm, deeply arousing. Her sex clenched and tingled as her clit continued to swell.

"You could have gotten us both seriously hurt last night." Trent put his broad hand on her other knee, sending quivers up her spine. He seemed tense and kept eyeing Caleb's hand as it hinted up her thigh another inch, his fingers brushing against the bottom of her silk PJ shorts.

"What is this?" she asked breathlessly, nearly panting from the way they had her desire in gallops. They felt like a fever in her blood, heating her to the point of passing out. "An intervention?"

"Something like that," Caleb slid his fingers under her silky bottoms and inched higher. She relaxed her knees open, instinctively granting him access. When he slid his hand up further, barely brushing the curls of her heated mound, she sucked in a breath. This was totally unexpected, having Caleb touch her like a lover, and while Trent watched. To her utter disbelief, instead of him protesting, Trent's eyes darkened with every inch Caleb snuck his hand toward her pussy. At first he seemed ready to rip Caleb's arm off, but now he

appeared lost in the show.

"Caleb," she whimpered when his finger dipped between her slick folds and explored the inner lips of her cunt, teasing her by spreading her juices seeping from her entrance up and around her aching clit.

How long had she dreamed of him touching her like this? Could this really be happening? Frighteningly handsome, controlling Caleb. Had he finally given in to her seductions? How did her equally sexy cowboy, Trent, fit into all of this?

"So you crave a thrill, do you?" Caleb's voice was dark, almost angry, and sexy-as-hell as he continued to finger her pussy. Trent's hand left her knee to pull up her shirt and expose her breasts to them. Reaching over, he cupped her breast in his hand and flicked her nipple with his thumb. She jerked and it shot her forward on the chair.

"Do you like seeing me get hurt, Skye?" Trent pinched her nipple. Hard. Instead of it hurting, the pain shot a surge of wet heat straight to her pussy. It gushed, sending juices down her shaft and flooding Caleb's hand.

"Oh yeah," Caleb groaned and fingered her entrance. "Her cunt is soaking wet. She definitely likes to see you get hurt."

"That's not true." She couldn't make sense of what they were doing to her. She'd never had two lovers at the same time. Well, never *literally* at the same time. The thought thrilled her, excited her, and had her so close to an orgasm one touch of her clit would shatter her.

Trent pinched her nipple again, this time harder than before. She cried out from the pain and pleasure. "You're lying."

"What is it you want?" Caleb circled her entrance with his finger. When he slowly sank his finger inside her pussy, she let out an equally slow moan. Trent's hand slid behind her head and clamped down on her hair. He brought her head back, her lips up, and dove for her neck. Nipping, licking and teasing, he feasted on her tender flesh as Caleb continued his impossibly slow finger fuck in her pussy. "Why do you torture poor Trent? Is that what turns you on? Torture?"

This, right here, felt like torture. Pure, unrelenting torture. She

opened her legs further, granting him all the access he wanted with her, willing to give him anything he asked. Trent bit her ear and held onto her lobe between his teeth. "Yes," she admitted aloud for the first time. Rocking her hips, she tried to fuck Caleb's finger, but he kept his own rhythm.

"Why?" Caleb asked.

"I like to see how far he'll go for me. The fight excites me."

"You love the thrill, don't you? You crave love on the edge," Trent rasped against her ear. She'd never seen this side of Trent before. It frightened her, and had her so weak with her need for him she wanted to straddle him right there in the kitchen.

"Yes." She had no idea where her answers came from, only that she couldn't think straight. Her brain, her entire body focused on her need for release. She wanted to fly, to send her body into orbit in the throes of a shattering orgasm. She was so close. Caleb's finger sank in and out of her pussy. Trent feasted on her throat and jaw. The whole thing, having two men touching her at the same time, seemed so surreal. The spiral of erotic tension surrounding the walls of her pussy clamped down and she started to quiver. Oh, God. They were going to make her come.

"Are you really the bad girl you pretend to be?" Caleb pulled his finger out of her slippery cunt and replaced it with two. His thumb moved over her clit and hovered there. "Tell me what you want, Skye."

"Touch me," she pleaded, whimpering against the sweet torment. She needed to break, to release the coil of sexual tension gripping her womb. Trent lowered to her breast and took a swollen nipple in his mouth. When he nipped at her hard bud, she threw her head back and cried out. "Oh, God! Please!"

"No," Caleb pulled back completely, as did Trent. Dazed, confused at how close they brought her to orgasm, just to deny her, she darted her gaze back and forth between them. They both stared at her, heat and lust in their dark looks. But neither touched her.

"Why did you stop?"

"You said you liked the torture," Caleb explained and even so much as moved his chair back to the other side of the table. Panting, more from sexual frustration than anything else, she threw him a vicious look.

"Is this in retaliation for last night?" Irritated, still swirling from how close they'd brought her to orgasm and just left her hanging, she righted her clothes and turned her glare to Trent as he moved his chair back to his side of the table.

"Yes," Trent answered with that shit-eating grin she loved. Well, right now she hated it. "And no."

"If it's torture you crave," Caleb's hard voice demanded, and the clouded lust in his eyes scared her, yet excited her beyond all reason, "I know of much more pleasurable ways to torture you. You don't need the thrill of a bar fight to turn you on."

That sounded like a challenge. She spiked her brow at him, eager to take it to the next level. "Oh, really?"

"Really."

"And I suppose you think teasing me will be enough?"

Caleb's dark green eyes narrowed in on her, sending a jolt of lust and fear coursing through her. "It's what you've been doing to us for years, darlin'. The way you strut around this house half naked, teasing our dicks with those little looks of yours. It's time to stop."

Hell, no. Caleb Jennings may be the foreman and in charge when her parents tended to their other ranch on the eastern side of the state, but he did not have control over her. If she wanted to walk around her house naked, she would. It was her house, not his. "And if I don't?"

Trent spoke up, his tone biting into her. "Then you'd better be prepared to follow through with your little bad girl act, Skye." She didn't like this side of him. What happened to the hapless cowboy she had wrapped around her finger? She liked *that* Trent. She wanted *that* Trent back to help her battle Caleb's controlling ways. No way would she be able to take Caleb on alone. She needed Trent by her side.

"No more little skimpy shirt/short combos like the one you have on." Caleb started his list. She looked down at her PJs. Her thin half shirt stopped right above her shallow navel. The silk PJ bottoms didn't fit, so she kept the elastic folded down to her hips.

There was nothing wrong with what she had on. "What's wrong with it?"

"I can clearly see your nipples," Trent pointed out, his gaze on the points tenting the fabric of her shirt. Instead of trying to hide her arousal, she arched her back to accentuate her breasts.

"Well," she purred in her most seductive voice. "It's not like you've never seen them before."

"You're flirting with danger," Caleb broke in. Skye's smile wilted as she turned her gaze to him. His heated look raked across her chest and sent shivers washing over her as if he'd physically touched her.

"I like danger," she countered playfully. "And I like to flirt."

Trent let out a harsh chuckle, not at all friendly. "No shit."

Caleb continued with his list. "No more dragging Trent to the bar, just to pick a fight with someone to get you primed for sex."

"Fine," she agreed. "Then next time, *you* come with me." She laughed at her own joke, trying hard to not fly off the handle at how unreasonable they both sounded. She just played around with them. It was all in good fun.

"No more strutting around here like a panther in heat, Skye. I'm serious."

"When are you not serious, Caleb?" She rolled her eyes to make her point. He seemed less than amused and simply looked at her. His jaw clenched in irritation and she could practically hear his teeth grinding. To lighten the mood and tease him in the hopes to see at least a flicker of lust in his eyes, she gave him a pouty look and leaned toward him. "I suppose you'll spank my sweet little ass if I disobey you?"

"For starters," he replied, not an ounce of humor in his voice.

Okay, that intrigued her. Hell, just the thought of what other kinds

of torture they had for her heightened her arousal and sent another flood of juices coating her cunt. Still, she didn't want to give into his rules. She wanted to be the one in control. She knew what to say, what to do to drive men to fight over her. Having Caleb and Trent display this kind of power over her irritated her and, damn it, excited the hell out of her. "What else?"

"Have you ever been tied up during sex, Skye?" Caleb watched her as he asked the question. She tried to laugh it off, praying he was only joking. He never even cracked a smile. "Well?"

Her pulse slowed as the realization sank in. "You're serious?"

"How about blindfolded? Gagged? Have you ever had a butt plug tucked into that tight little ass of yours as you rode a cock until you screamed as your orgasm tore through you?"

Ah, Jesus. His words were so raunchy, so wrong. She hated the way her body tensed in pleasure at the thought of him doing any, or all, of those things with her. "No way. I'm not into the kinky stuff."

"Oh, really?" Trent reached over and pinched her nipple through her shirt. She slapped his hand away. Even as he sat back, he grinned and nodded at her body's reaction, at the way her nipple puckered painfully, clearly visible through the thin fabric. "Your body sure tells a different story."

"Screw you. *Both* of you. This is my house. I live by my rules. Not you," she spat out and pointed her finger at Caleb, "or Trent can tell me different. If I want to fuck a different guy every night of the week, that's my business."

"Does that mean the weekends are still up for negotiation?" Caleb mused, though the underlying irritation made his voice thick and gravelly.

God, this verbal confrontation had her so wet she felt her juices pooling between her thighs and coating her little silk shorts. She just wanted their hands back on her, to pick up where they left off and finally release her from the orgasm binding her insides like a vice.

"It's already Sunday," she countered and slowly licked her lips,

tracing his frame slowly and sensually. "But maybe something can be arranged. I can pencil you in somewhere between Trent and that dumbass redneck we beat up last night at The Front."

"Or," Caleb said and leaned forward, pulling her toward him with nothing more than the intense heat of his gaze. "You could fuck both of us at the same time. You know, kill two hard-ons with one pussy."

She swayed in the chair. She actually swayed from his words, from what taking them both at the same time would feel like. The need to find out raged through her body like a demon, sucking every pure thought from her brain and replacing it with raw and carnal hunger. Could there be a downside? She'd have both the men she loved by her side without having to choose between them. Her heart rate sped up as the image of the three of them having sex together conjured up in her mind. Oh wow. A very *vivid* image, indeed.

Fighting to keep herself from panting, she swallowed. Twice. She tried to sound disinterested as she asked, "Is that an option?"

"Under our terms, it is." Caleb practically growled, his voice low and hovering somewhere between aroused and angry.

Their terms? What about hers? "My terms."

"You think this is a game, don't you?" Caleb's arrogant lips curled into a sultry smile, but it didn't fool her. He looked tight enough to snap. "Another one of Skye's little games where she holds all the cards and makes up the rules as she goes."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Our terms," Trent stated, repeating the offer. "No more games, darlin'."

Glancing back and forth between them, fear and excitement pulsing through her veins, she weighed her options. She could give in to their terms and finally experience Caleb, his cock rooted inside her as she'd always wanted it. She wouldn't lose Trent. It sounded too good to be true.

Which meant it had to have a catch, not to mention it scared her a little to think about fucking both of them at the same time. It wasn't a

good scared. It made her heart hammer in her chest and the room tilt. She didn't like feeling like this. She liked the adrenaline rush, but not the fear. "I don't know..."

"Forget it." Caleb stood up from the table. She spotted the enormous bulge of his erection in his pants and felt a sense of satisfaction knowing she wasn't the only one denied an orgasm. "You aren't nearly the bad girl you pretend to be, Skye. I suggest you get your little act straight before those signals you send teases the wrong dick."

Wait. He was leaving? Giving in? Just like that? "Where are you going?"

He gave her a cool, even look. "To find me a *real* bad girl, one who does a hell of a lot more than *tease* my cock."

No. *NoNoNo*. He couldn't just walk away from her. She had him. He'd finally given in to all of her flirting. How could he just walk away after taking her to within an inch of coming?

Trent stood as well. "I know you think you have this power over men. God knows you have me wrapped around your sexy little pinkie. But it ends here, Skye."

She blinked up at him, shocked. She couldn't lose Trent. Losing Caleb stung, but she never had him to begin with so it didn't nearly shock her as much as Trent looking down at her with cool, assessing eyes. Not him, too. "Trent? Come on, don't do this."

He shook his head. "I can't do it anymore. I won't. If you want me, then you can have me, but under my terms. No more picking fights to turn you on. No more fucking out in the open, or barely hidden in a group of trees. I'm done."

What the hell was going on? How could she be losing control? Caleb, sure, she'd never really had control over him, no matter how much she fooled herself into believing she did. But Trent? She'd been able to control him from the first day he stepped foot on her family's ranch.

Caleb and Trent stood there looking down at her, waiting for her

to say something. Were they giving her an ultimatum? Sex on their terms, or no sex at all?

Anger sparked her reaction. Screw that. To hell with these two. She didn't need them, or anyone else, to help her come. She had her battery-powered boyfriend waiting patiently upstairs for her. She spun out of her chair and started to walk away. Glancing over her shoulder, she gave Caleb a long look before resting her gaze on Trent. With a slight curl of her lips, she flipped her hair at them and padded out of the room, calling back, "Have fun with your hands, boys. You're flying solo from now on."

Chapter 5

She was an idiot. She had to be. Why else would she turn down what would no doubt be the best sex of her life, and with two of the hottest cowboys on God's green Earth? Lying naked on her bed, her vagina spasmed, demanding attention and growing wetter by the second as she thought about what sex with Caleb and Trent would be like. Just the idea of having both of them catering to her body's need at the same time stroked her senses, twisted around the walls of her pussy.

Her trusty vibrator in hand, she clicked it on and brought it up to her breast. Rolling it over her nipple, pulling it taut, she reached up with her free hand and rotated her other nipple between her thumb and finger. The juices coating her pussy increased, flooding her until she could no longer stand it.

With her cunt primed and slicker than she ever remembered it being, she ran the vibrator down her flat tummy and dipped it between the coated lips of her pussy. The head of her slim vibrator sizzled against her swollen clit, pulling a gasp out of her as a shock of electrified pleasure ripped through her.

She slid the toy past her opening and deep inside her throbbing pussy. Her sensitive flesh caught fire, vibrating right along with the dildo. Biting her lip to stop herself from moaning in the sheer ecstasy of finally being able to release this orgasm that had her body tight and every nerve overly stimulated, she pinched her nipple the way Trent had pinched it earlier.

Stroking the dildo in and out of her cream-coated cunt, she whimpered, knowing her little toy would be no match for this

incredible arousal eating her from the inside out. Still, she had to do something to ease her pain, to ward off her desperate want to give in to their challenge.

She fucked her pussy with the vibrator, building her orgasm inside her womb, tightening the muscles around the toy. Rocking her hips, she closed her eyes and imagined Caleb's thick cock thrusting inside her, driving her closer to the edge of her sanity.

Another image formed in her brain. Trent joined them, pinching her nipple and licking her ear. It felt so real she had to blink her eyes open to make sure she remained alone in her room.

She wasn't.

Embarrassment flooded her senses and she realized it wasn't a dream. Caleb Jennings and Trent Harris stood at the foot of her bed, watching her as she masturbated with a vibrating dildo.

Pulling it out of her wet pussy, she reached up to turn it off when Caleb spoke up. "No. Don't. Keep going."

"What?" Her body sparked back to life, desperate for release and eager to carry out his instructions. "With you watching?"

"Yes," Trent answered and rubbed the hard bulge between his legs. "Touch yourself, Skye. You know how I love to watch you touch yourself."

"You certainly don't like others touching me." Her gaze flicked to Caleb.

"I think, in this case, he'll make an exception." Caleb grinned.

"Really?" Her gaze shifted back to Trent. "Why don't you come finish for me?" She gave him the come-hither curl of her lips she knew he couldn't resist. To her shock and dismay, he shook his head. "Why not?"

"You know the deal," Caleb stated. He folded his arms in front of him and gave her body a very slow and sexy once-over. "You can have both of us but under our terms."

She whimpered. "That isn't fair."

"If you can't fuck yourself in front of us, there is no way you're

ready to do anything else." Caleb rested his gaze on her sopping pussy and she watched his eyes darken. "You're close, darlin'. Finish. Make yourself come for us."

His deep velvety baritone voice danced across her charged nerves. Bringing the vibrator back down between her legs, she parted her lips and moaned as she sank the toy deep inside her pussy. She closed her eyes and started to lose herself in the sensations.

"Open your eyes, Skye."

She blinked her eyes open and looked at Caleb. His eyes still focused on her pussy, the heat and hunger in his gaze driving her higher. Trent licked his lips and rubbed his cock.

Watching both of them, seeing how having her play with herself in front of them had them both panting right along with her, she teetered right on the edge of her orgasm.

Her cunt exploded as she crashed over the edge. Her body convulsed and she arched her back as she cried out. Little lights flooded her vision as her entire world went out of focus. She lost control of her rhythm and slowly stroked the vibrator in and out of her creamed pussy as her orgasm ebbed.

Suddenly Caleb appeared between her legs, taking the dildo from her hand and picking the rhythm back up. "Come on, Skye. I know you have more than that in you. A bad girl like you? You've got cum to spare. Let me see it, darlin'. Give me more."

"Oh." She moaned against the way he drove the vibrator in and out of her pussy. He wouldn't stop. Thrusting the toy in and out of her cunt, faster and faster, Caleb drove her into another orgasm. This one blinded her in its intensity. She screamed out, her hips rocking violently, fucking the dildo as the waves of her climax just kept coming.

Shuddering from the strength of her orgasm, she slowly lowered her body back down on the bed, panting. Before she had the chance to recover, Caleb dove between her legs and buried his face against her pussy. He greedily lapped up her cream, sucking her clit and licking

her clean of her own juices. When his tongue flicked over her clit, her entire body jerked. He kept flicking, stroking her pussy with his tongue, tightening yet another coil deep inside her womb. She whimpered, not sure if she could take another orgasm like that.

"Caleb," she moaned. "I can't." Even as she protested, her hips moved against his tongue, fucking him. "It's too much."

"Trent? Go up there and stick something in her mouth. She needs to stop talking."

Trent walked over and stood next to her. He grinned down at her and unfastened his jeans. Pulling out his gorgeous cock, he brought it to her lips. She eagerly took him in her mouth, needing something to suck on as Caleb attacked her pussy with his tongue. Trent's dick was thick and hard, and his pre-cum seeped from the flared end. She hungrily closed her lips around him and lifted her head to sink down around his rigid flesh.

"Ah, Jesus. You have such a sweet fucking mouth, Skye." Trent groaned and wrapped his hand around the base of his penis. He pulled out of her mouth and stroked his cock. He then pushed his dick back between her lips and sank it all the way in to the back of her throat, shuddering as he slowly withdrew.

Trent slowly fucked her mouth as Caleb relentlessly fucked her pussy with powerful flicks of his tongue. He seared her cunt with his fingers, plunging them deep inside her and setting her body on fire. She sucked on Trent's dick harder, insane from this sweet rapture. Starving to taste him fill her mouth with salty cum, she stroked him with her lips, flicked the engorged end of his cock with her tongue.

Caleb's tongue pierced her pussy and she bucked at the sensation. He dug his fingers into her hips and pulled her back to him. Her pussy started to quake and clench as the first wave of her orgasm slammed into her. Wave after wave rolled her, taking over her actions as she cried out, sucking Trent's cock harder and faster. He stiffened and shot streams of hot semen deep to the back of her throat. She eagerly sucked his life from him as Caleb greedily lapped up her cream.

As the world finally came back into focus, she lowered her legs down to her bed and lay there, quivering and sated. She couldn't move now if her life depended on it. Caleb pulled back and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand while Trent tucked himself back inside his jeans.

"That was," she panted, "amazing."

"That was just a little taste of what you're missing," Caleb said and stood back away from the bed. "Your one and only."

She lifted her head off her pillow. "What?"

"We thought you could use a little demonstration." Trent flashed his crooked grin at her.

Oh, like hell. "This does not mean I'm giving in to you two. I have sex with who I want, when I want."

For the first time since breakfast, Caleb smiled. It did wonderful things to his eyes. "There's work to be done. We need to check all the water. It's going to be a scorcher today."

Going to be? Skye had already worked up a sweat and it wasn't even nine o'clock.

Chapter 6

"Do you think she'll do it?" Trent grunted as he pulled on the pipe wrench to close off the spigot. The sun blazed down on them, melting their clothes to their skin.

"She'll do it," Caleb answered after finishing the patch on the enormous tub. He wiped his brow with the back of his hand and glanced up at the sun. "I think I like winter better. This sun is brutal."

Trent chuckled. Not him. He loved the feel of the sun on his face, the way it soaked into his skin and kissed it with color. It reminded him of Skye's hair, of the way her caramel strands shimmered in the sunshine. She even smelled like sunshine.

Jesus, he was a mess.

Seeing her on that bed, fucking her pussy the way he wanted to fuck her, had him hard in an instant. From the second he saw her, he couldn't wait to bury his cock inside her. He couldn't understand why she'd choose batteries over the real deal. She had two ready and willing males with hard-ons dying to please her.

He hated the thought of anyone touching Skye but him. He fucking hated it. But, he reasoned, if it had to be someone, he couldn't think of anyone else he'd rather have at his side than Caleb. They'd been best friends since grade school and had shared everything else.

"We should really look into getting new tubs for the water. These things are rusting out." Caleb leaned on one of the support posts and removed his hand to wipe his bandana across his forehead. He squinted as he looked over at Trent. "They may not last the winter."

He wouldn't last the day if he didn't have Skye's answer. Would she or wouldn't she accept both him and Caleb as her lovers? He'd

never been in a threesome before, but just from the way her chocolate eyes clouded with lust when they presented her with the idea, he knew he wanted to experience it with her.

Trent stared off toward the barn where he spotted Skye disappear into earlier. What was she doing in there? She hated being alone and went out of her way to pester the shit out of both Caleb and him when they worked the ranch.

And yet, she remained in the barn. Alone. That bugged the hell out of him. He'd already fed and watered the horses, and he just cleaned their stalls yesterday. She knew better than to bring them out during the hottest part of the day. The shade of the barn would keep them cool.

"She's talking to Tawny," Caleb answered his unasked question. "Just like she always does when she's pissed at one or both of us." He replaced his hat on his head and walked over to his ATV. After straddling the seat he fired it off. "You heading up?"

"I'll be up there in a minute," Trent said, his gaze never leaving the barn. Caleb rode off, leaving a rooster tail of dust in his wake. The cows around them bitched in protest, mooing and scurrying away from the noise. Still, Trent refused to pull his gaze away from the barn.

Caleb pulled the ATV up to the barn and stopped. Trent's gut pinched, knowing what he went there to do. Caleb explained the whole thing to him. It still didn't mean he had to like it.

Skye needed more than he could give her, at least alone. Caleb offered to fill the void, and for that he was grateful. "We both love her," he'd told Trent. "This is the only solution that won't end up with us killing each other over her."

It made sense. It pissed him off and bruised his ego, but it made sense. Cursing under his breath, he watched Caleb disappear inside the barn. Turning away, he jumped on his ATV and started it, then spun out and rode off in the opposite direction.

* * * *

"I think they're both complete assholes, Tawny," he heard Skye proclaim. Even when she pouted, her voice was sexy-as-sin, like satin as it soothed across the air between them. He snuck up behind her, careful not to step on any straw that would crack against the hard dirt floor. She sat there on a stack of hay bales, stroking her mare's nose as she leaned her pretty head up against the stall. Her long waves of burnt butterscotch hair cascaded out from her straw cowboy hat and down her back. With the way she wore her white shirt and tight blue jeans, he'd never seen a more delectable sight.

He was definitely going to enjoy this. Hanging his hat on a nail, he then leaned up against the post and crossed his arms in front of him, waiting for her to notice him standing there.

She let out a petulant sigh. "You should have seen the way they acted today. They practically attacked me."

"Hah!"

She whipped around on the hay bale and widened her eyes at the sight of him as he pushed away from the post. Her lips parted slightly. "Caleb. What are you doing here?"

"Listening in."

Clearly offended, she pierced her lips at him. "This is a private conversation between two females. Go away."

Obviously still pissed from earlier. Maybe they took it too far invading the privacy of her room, but she didn't complain about the end result. Neither did he, even though he didn't get to come. But tasting that sweet cream as it flooded her cunt more than made up for that. Dear God, he'd only imagined the way she'd taste. When he finally had his first taste of her juices as she came, he knew he was now and forever would be at her mercy.

He was in serious trouble here. Never, not once in his entire life had he ever allowed a woman to have any control over him. He'd never given his heart to another and didn't have any plans to.

And then Skye Taylor went and grew up, right in front of his eyes. Jesus, he wanted her so much it pained him to look at her without an ounce of care. He couldn't let her know how she affected him. If she knew, if she had even a hint of the power she had over him, she'd harness it and use it against him. He just knew it.

"I can't leave," he told her and couldn't hide the amusement in his tone. The way she tried to defy him, to pretend this morning never happened, had the opposite reaction on him. His cock twitched and hardened in his jeans. Goddamn, he'd have to make this quick or he'd end up taking her here in the barn with all the horses watching.

She bunched up her fists and placed them on her rounded hips. "Why not?"

"You're lying to poor Tawny," he said and took a step toward her. She scooted away from him and pulled her horse closer for protection. He took another step, slowly chopping up the distance between them. "I can't have you filling her head with your stories."

Opening her mouth, she then snapped it shut and colored beautifully. "I've heard stories about you, you know."

"Really?" He took another step and sat down on the hay bale with her. Just the nearness of her had his muscles tight in anticipation of her experiencing the stories firsthand. He knew all the stories floating around town about him. Most of them were true. "Do tell."

Her eyes grew wide as she pretended to concentrate on the way she wrung her fingers together in her lap. It was very un-Skye-like of her. Having him sit this close to her would usually be an open invitation for her to torment him with those large elfin eyes batting at him flirtatiously, the sexual scent she put off drifting into his nostrils and invading his senses. He'd end up saying something to piss her off so she'd storm away before he wedged between her long legs and sank his cock into the scorching folds of her pussy.

Not this time. This time he'd let the heated arousal charge between them. He'd never let her take her little flirting and seductive suggestions any farther than words before now. If she wanted

excitement, to feel the bite of pleasure amidst sweet, gentle pain, he'd be the one to give it to her. Him and Trent.

"I'm waiting."

Her eyes met his, and for the first time he saw fear flicker in those dark orbs. Good. She needed to feel a sense a fear, just so he could teach her how to control it, to turn that fear into pleasure unlike she'd ever known. "They say you like to share your lovers." She waited, watching his face, studying his features. Her face flushed brighter, darker as she lowered her eyes once again. "You don't deny it?"

"Why would I deny it?"

She shrugged. "I guess it's true, then?"

"Does that surprise you? After that little act of foreplay up in your bedroom, with Trent's cock buried in your mouth, me finally getting a taste of the sweetest cream this side of the Rockies, it shouldn't come as a shock."

That color in her cheeks darkened and Caleb almost let out an audible groan. His cock tightened in his jeans, making it damn uncomfortable to sit on the hay bale next to her. He wanted to kiss her, to plunge his tongue into her mouth and take her the way he knew she needed to be taken.

She let out a petulant sigh. "I guess not."

Slowly, carefully testing her, he reached out and brushed his knuckles across her soft cheek. She blinked up at him, her eyes already dark with lust and something else he couldn't quite read. Just one look from her and blistering heat bubbled in his balls. God, he wanted her. He wanted to show her how love should really be shared.

"Caleb," she whispered and leaned toward him, her lips parted slightly. He covered them with his mouth, cupping her face in the palm of his hand. Licking her lips open, his tongue invaded her mouth, and he lost himself in the kiss. He'd always been in perfect control of every situation, both inside the bedroom and out. Just once he wanted to lose control, and dear Jesus he was close to losing his sanity in this kiss.

She pressed the palms of her hands up against his chest, digging her short nails into his skin through the fabric of his shirt. She kissed like a woman who knew what she wanted, but feared her own desire. He tasted doubts in her kiss she couldn't hide, uncertainties even a woman as gifted an actor as Skye couldn't cover.

And yet he savored the longing on her mouth, smelled her arousal wafting up between them. His hand sliding around her hip, he cupped her ass and pulled her to him. When he lifted her and sat her on his lap, straddling him, she didn't so much as whimper a protest.

He rocked his hips, pushing his solid, throbbing cock up against her. Jesus, what he wouldn't give to just rip their clothes off and thrust his raging hard-on deep inside her cunt, fuck her right here on the hay bale until she drew blood with her nails.

But he couldn't fuck her, not here. This needed to be a seduction meant to arouse her and nothing more. Besides, he promised Trent he'd wait until they were all up on the top of Rider's Ridge, the tallest peak on the ranch.

Sucking on her tongue, mimicking the same erotic gesture his cock begged for her to take on his steely flesh, he then nipped at her lips as he closed off their kiss. She blinked several times, her cheeks flush with passion, her breathing ragged.

"Why did you stop?" she whispered up against his lips and he almost dove back in for seconds. But then reason took over his raging libido and allowed his brain to engage.

"Do you want this to continue?" He cupped her beautiful face and leaned into her, biting at her lower lip. When she tried to kiss him, he pulled back.

Her perfectly plucked brows crinkled as she looked at him. "I've wanted this to happen for a long time, Caleb."

Exactly what he wanted to hear. Easily lifting her off his lap, he set her down next to him on the hay bale and then stood. Just to be sure he wouldn't give into the lust cutting into his balls, he took several steps back, toward the sliding door he entered through. "Then

follow me."

The confusion and yearning darkening her eyes clouded. Then she did something he never expected her to do. She shook her head and even curled her sultry lip with a touch of laughter. "You're good."

What the fuck? "I am?"

"Oh yeah," she purred, her voice like a strum across his tight dick. It twitched and throbbed. "You almost had me convinced you wanted me."

He *did* want her, more than anything. "What makes you think I don't?"

She flipped her hair haughtily. He tensed as it tickled him, even though it never even came close to touching him. "Because I know you, Caleb Jennings. It isn't me you want."

"I beg to differ."

"I'm just another fuck to you," she admitted, a quiver in her voice. And then, goddamn it, those deep brown eyes filled up with enormous tears. "And I just—" She swallowed as her voice broke. "I just can't."

This was going in the opposite direction than he'd intended. A rage of emotions crashed into him. Irritation. Concern. Something deeper he didn't even want to think about and would no way admit.

Love. Not *from* him, but *for* him. "How long?"

She blinked and sent a stream of tears melting down her face. "What?"

"How long have you been in love with me, Skye?"

Shaking her head furiously, she gave him a poor attempt at denial. "I'm not in love. Not with you, or anyone else."

He chuckled and pulled her sparkly gaze to him. "So you're in love with Trent, too?"

She sucked in a breath and parted her lips in a gasp. "No."

"Yes," he countered, a grin pulling at his lips. This was going to be easier than he thought. Skye Taylor had fallen in love, and with the two men pursuing her.

It didn't get any better than this.

"Tell you what." He grabbed his hat off the nail and placed it on his head as he turned back to her. She looked so damn delectable as she stared at him, hurt and shadows swirling in the darkness of her eyes. He held out his hand. "Take my hand. *Come* with me, Skye. Let Trent and me love you the way you deserve and need to be loved, darlin'. If, after you've spent the afternoon with us up on Rider's Ridge, you don't want it to continue, just say the word."

Fear flashed in her eyes, but it didn't stop her from taking his outstretched hand.

Chapter 7

Skye wrapped her arms tight around Caleb as he drove them on the ATV up to Rider's Ridge, panic and arousal mixing together in her blood. Was she really riding up to meet Trent, where they would all engage in a real live threesome? She'd never even thought about a *ménage à trois* before, let alone seriously considered acting on it. No doubt Caleb had participated in many *ménages*, so he'd be the master in all of this.

Caleb hit a rough patch of dried ground and the vibration had her pussy crying for release and her clit so stimulated she couldn't wait to get to the top of the hill just to get off. Literally.

They crested the last rolling hill and Skye's heart throbbed painfully when she spotted Trent at the top of the next hill. Rider's Ridge. Well, she thought to herself, she'd definitely be *riding double* once they all came together. Again, literally.

A giggle fell past her lips and she squeezed her arms tighter around Caleb's mid-section. She had definitely lost it, laughing when she should be scared out of her mind. But the thrill of the scare had her nipples tingling and hard as they rubbed up against the inside of her lacy bra.

The ATV followed Caleb's controlled direction, as expected. Still, when they skidded to a stop at the top of Rider's Ridge, she'd never been more impressed with his control. He drove the ATV at a dangerous speed as he led them toward their destination. Even at their fastest, she never felt threatened, or even the slightest bit scared at his driving. No, it was what else he'd be driving, namely into her, that had her heart pounding in her chest.

When Trent's gaze landed on Skye after Caleb stepped off the ATV, his crooked grin shot straight to her pussy, drenching it more. "As you can see," Caleb started in, "I brought her here, as promised."

Trent's expression twisted into something between tortured and highly aroused. "It was her own decision?"

"Ask her." Caleb casually moved away from the ATV, but not before he turned and gave her a wink of those gorgeous jade eyes. She trembled and swallowed, and tried to hide her nervousness behind a flirtatious smile.

"Well?" Trent asked after she didn't say anything. Hell, she couldn't say anything. The lump in her throat made speech impossible.

"I'm here, aren't I?" She cocked her brow and slid off the ATV in her best attempt at sultry as she swayed her hips walking over to Trent, never taking her gaze from his. The connection heated her and lured her to him like a moth to a flame.

"Yes." He smiled, pleased with her appearance. "You are."

Control. That's what she'd always had over Trent. She needed to feel that power now, to know that everything around her wasn't spiraling out of her control. If she couldn't control Trent, she'd be a goner against Caleb. "And now that I'm here..." she almost whispered. With a come-and-get-me look she only used on special occasions, she eyed Trent like he'd be her last meal. "What are you going to do with me?"

Trent licked his lips and rested his teeth on his bottom lip as he raked his hazel gaze over her body, caressing her like a long lost lover. "One guess."

Skye licked her lips in return and sucked her bottom lip in between her teeth, mimicking his gesture. She liked the sound of that. And she liked this new Trent. He seemed bolder, more direct.

She felt Caleb behind her and tensed, knowing whatever they had in store for her was about to begin.

"Just relax," he whispered into her ear, the soft touch of his breath

kissing her flesh and sending a wash of delicious chills across her skin. "It's just us. It's just Trent and me, darlin'. There's no one else in the world right now."

Sanity took a backseat as she reached up behind her and weaved her fingers into Caleb's hair, knocking his hat from his head. He dove for her neck as he walked her over to where Trent stood. A blanket laid spread out at their feet. How'd she miss that?

Her heart hammered in her chest. This was it. Caleb feasted on her neck and ear as Trent stepped up to her and captured her lips with his. This kiss felt unlike anything she'd ever experienced from him. The carnal, primitive urgency melted from his lips to hers. And he was shaking. She hadn't felt him shake since their first night together nearly two years ago. His vulnerability, and Caleb's absolute control, shattered her senses.

Sandwiched between the men, her body caught fire and liquefied, centering deep in her core and gushing through her channel. Trent thrust his tongue deep into her mouth, exploring her in desperation. His hands moved up to unbutton her shirt.

When he freed her of the fabric and it slipped past her shoulders down to her feet, the warmth of the sun caressed her bare skin, heating her up further. Caleb brought his large hands around and removed her bra before cupping her breasts and squeezing them gently, washing chills down her spine. Trent's lips left hers and trailed down her neck and chest, until he dropped to his knees and brushed his lips across her torso.

She lowered her hands to remove her jeans, but Caleb grabbed her around each wrist and brought her hands up over her head and to his shoulder, holding her in place. "Let us do it."

"But," she protested, desperate and hungry to feel Trent's lips edge lower and stab his tongue deep into her soaking pussy.

"Don't make me tie you up our first time." Caleb nipped her ear. She shuddered, both from lust and a touch of fear.

Trent unfastened her jeans and slowly scraped them down over

her hips. Her tiny pink g-string separated her from his luscious mouth. He only needed to pull it aside and take her pussy. Just touch his lips to hers. It wouldn't take much for either of them to send her over the edge.

She flinched when Caleb reached around and pinched her nipple with the hand not holding her wrists captive against his massive shoulder. Shivers swept through her and a thick moan vibrated right out of her. Resting her head on Caleb's shoulder, she spread her legs as a hint to where she wanted Trent to explore next.

But he didn't. Instead he licked her tummy and scraped his teeth against her hip. Tucking his fingers up behind the elastic straps of her g-string, he slowly pulled it down, following the path with a whisper of kisses and flicks of his tongue. She couldn't stand it. The sweet torment nearly tore her apart. She needed Trent's mouth on her cunt. Now.

Pulling on her wrists, she tried to break free of Caleb's hold, but he held her tight. Almost too tight. It made her nervous and even a little scared being held up, not having an ounce of control over what they did to her.

It also suspended her in such a state of thrill and excitement she could barely breathe. She felt the dark lust in Trent's touch as he traveled his agonizing mouth back up her legs. He let out a breath against her mound and Skye had to fight to keep her knees from wobbling.

"Eat me," she pleaded to Trent, knowing if she begged for it he'd give it to her. Just as predicted, his mouth finally touched her pussy and she released a shudder. When his tongue pierced through the fold of her cream-coated lips, she almost cried out, it felt so good.

And then Caleb took a step away from Trent, pulling Skye with him. She wanted to scream at him, cuss him out for interrupting Trent's task, but before she took a breath he bit down at the cords of her throat, drawing a gasp from her and making her forget what had her so angry in the first place.

"I can see why sex between you two only lasts ten minutes, if that." Caleb licked over where he'd just sank his teeth into, soothing her skin from the heat of his bite. "We take this slow. The foreplay should take longer than the actual sex."

She blinked the clouded arousal from her eyes and looked over to Trent, fully expecting him to protest, to tell Caleb to go to Hell and take her pussy back in his mouth. Instead, she brought him into focus just as he nodded.

What the hell?

"Take off your clothes, Trent." Caleb pulled her arms tight against him when she struggled. To Skye's amazement, Trent followed out his instructions and stripped down, leaving nothing on but his cowboy hat and an engorged, angry-looking cock, glistening with pre-cum. "Jesus Christ, Trent. You look ready to blow."

"I am," he admitted with a hint of his handsome grin. Skye could relate.

"Then it looks like I need to teach both of you how to really make love. Fucking is only the grand finale, but it isn't the main event." Caleb's stern voice stroked over her nerves, frazzling them and sending a fresh coat of cream invading her already sopping pussy.

He walked her over to the blanket and stopped once they both stood on it. With a quick whip of his wrist, he had her turned and facing him. His dark jade eyes were full of heated arousal and ardent need. She licked her lips in preparation of his taking.

A million thoughts raced through her mind as he raked that mesmerizing gaze across her world. Would he be the first to fuck her? Or would it be Trent? She didn't care, just so long as one of them filled her pussy with their thick cock and soon. She wouldn't be able to live through the swelling sensations growing inside her body.

But he just stood there, staring at her with those controlling eyes. "Get on your knees, Skye." She shook with both fear and desire as she carried out his orders. Looking up at him, desperate for him to open his jeans and pull his cock out so she could take it in her mouth, she

waited. "Trent, she's waiting for you."

Trent? What about Caleb? She loved Trent, but she'd already tasted his dick. She longed to taste Caleb's to discover if his rich nectar tasted as sweet and salty as Trent's. When Trent stood in front of her, his rigid cock bobbing right at lip level, she opened her mouth and allowed him to slip past her lips. He filled her mouth with his hard flesh and a gruff groan escaped his body as he shuddered.

"Ah, Jesus. Skye, you are so beautiful when you suck my cock," Trent rasped in a syrupy voice as she tightened her lips around him. He pulled her hair away and she caught him watching her as she glanced up at him.

"That's it, Skye. Tempt him with your eyes. Look at him with those pretty brown eyes and show him what he's missing by fucking your mouth instead of your pussy." Caleb's words quivered inside her and drove her to do exactly as he said. Looking up at Trent as she sucked on his engorged cock, he thrust his flesh deep between her lips, burying the flared head clear back to her throat.

"Holy fuck. You're killing me, Skye. Your mouth is so sweet and hot. I can't stand it." Trent weaved his fingers into her hair and held her in place as he fucked her mouth. She dove down and licked the sensitive spot just beneath the bottom of the head, knowing how much that touch drove him to the edge.

"Do it. Explode inside her mouth, Trent. You need to release that tension in your body so you have more control over your dick. And Skye? You will swallow his cum and lick him clean."

She pulled back from Trent with an audible pop. To hell with Caleb and his control. She had the control as the only woman and, damn it, she wasn't about to let either one of them forget that fact. Throwing Caleb a flirtatious curl of her lips that did most men in, she then slowly ran her tongue over her top lip.

"You didn't say please."

"It wasn't a request," Caleb countered, his voice deep, bordering on dangerous.

She wanted to give into his demands more than anything, but her stubborn pride jumped into full swing. "Screw you, Caleb Jennings. This isn't some Dom/sub thing you've got going. You don't have any right to order me to do anything."

"Don't I?" In an instant he appeared next to her, on his knees and in her face. Trent stayed his ground, his cock still staring at her in longing for her to finish. Caleb's sudden movement filled her with panic, which gave her more of a thrill than she could have imagined. Her cunt gushed. "Tell me, Skye. What do you want more than anything?"

"Right now?" She narrowed her eyes at him. "Or in general?"

He leaned in and rested his lips on hers. She smelled coffee and passion on his breath. "Do you want to feel more pleasure and thrill than you've ever experienced your entire life?" He bit at her lips, licked at them. "Do you want to know love beyond anything your body has ever felt? I'm offering that to you now, Skye. But in order to have it all, you must follow my instructions. If you don't, it's over. No Trent. No Caleb. Just Skye and her batteries."

She knew Caleb, and knew he wouldn't make a promise like that unless he was dead serious. And, dear God as her witness, she'd never been more turned on in her life. Her heart spasmed in her chest at the mere idea of experiencing love the way Caleb described it. She wanted to share that love with her two cowboys. She whispered her answer, flicking her tongue out and brushing it against his lips. "What do I have to do?"

"Obey," he answered, saying the one word she feared more than anything. She'd never obeyed her parents and even went out of her way to defy them. When they moved over the Continental Divide to tend to their other ranch, she then turned her defiance on Caleb and Trent.

"I—I can't," she admitted quietly. "I don't know how."

"I know, baby." Caleb nibbled on her chin, her jaw, and settled on the tender spot behind her ear. His hands rested on her hips, doing

nothing more than holding her. When his hand slipped to the small of her back, she'd never felt more protected. "That's why I'm here. I'll teach you obedience. With my help, you and Trent will have the sex life you've only read about in all those romance novels filling your bookshelves."

He knew about her romance novels? She loved her romances and would sometimes sneak off to the barn and read her favorite passages to Tawny. Her horse loved the stories as much as she did. Did he know that, too?

She didn't have any books with *ménage à trois* romances in them. Though, after her time with Trent and Caleb, she just might have to write about it. "You'll teach me?"

"Every step of the way."

"And I won't have to do anything I don't want to do?"

"We'll always set our boundaries up front. No surprises, unless that is what you ask for," Trent said, joining in their conversation. She looked up at him and saw the raw and unyielding trust in his eyes. If he trusted Caleb and his promises, then she did, too.

With a nod, she let out a shaky breath. "Don't make me regret this, Caleb. If you take it too far I'll kick your ass."

"I have no doubt you'll try," he said and moved back, urging Trent back to her with a nod. "And I promise you, darlin', regret will be the last word in that pretty little head of yours."

She wanted to know this Caleb, the one with vulnerability mixing with his control. And the way he'd already transformed Trent into a version of himself, the dominance oozing out of his every action, she wanted to know this new Trent, too.

Trent brought his semi-hard cock to her lips. She sucked him into her mouth and flicked her tongue across the tip before slipping down the shaft, all the way to the base. He groaned and wrapped his hands back in her hair, pulling it so tight her scalp tingled. God she loved it when he did that.

He started to grow in her mouth, flexing and hardening until he

extended his full, gorgeous length. Moving slowly, he fucked her mouth, thrusting into her as she slid her lips up and down his cock. Oh Jesus God, what she wouldn't do for just a little attention on her aching clit. Her pussy dripped with blistering need.

His motions grew more methodic as he pumped in and out of her mouth, thrusting his dick clear to the back of her throat. Moaning, throwing his head back, Trent lost himself in her mouth.

When Caleb appeared between her thighs, she spread her knees to lower herself down to him. The first thrust of his tongue tightened her mouth on Trent's cock, her tongue stroking the length of his dick. She sucked hard, mimicking the gesture of Caleb's mouth on her pussy.

She sucked Trent's cock relentlessly, whimpering and moaning in appreciation at the way Caleb's tongue strummed along her pussy lips, caressing her and driving her mad with the tenderness. She wanted to come, damn it. If Caleb wouldn't let her come, then she'd at least bring Trent to orgasm.

"Oh God, Skye." Trent groaned. "You're making me come, darlin'. That's it. Suck me." He thrust his cock in deep and exploded, spurting thick and hot semen deep into her mouth. She swallowed and sucked greedily, licking him clean as Caleb had instructed. Of course, the way Caleb pulled her swollen clit between his teeth and gently bit down had her breathing so hard she couldn't help but suck Trent as she gasped for air.

Trent's body jerked in the midst of his orgasm. He continued to drain his life into her mouth until his dick went semi-hard once again. Her pussy burned with ardent need for release. She needed Caleb to flick her clit until she exploded.

He seemed to sense her need and instead of giving her exactly what she wanted, he scooted out from under her and turned her away from Trent. Moving to his knees, Caleb then urged her down on her back and nodded for Trent to stretch out next to her.

"You will be allowed three orgasms," Caleb stated. Three? She'd settle for one just to break the raging pressure coursing through her

system. "Trent will give you the first one then I'll give you the next one." He lowered his lips and took an aching nipple between his lips, swirling and teasing her until she cried out.

"Y-You said three," she pointed out breathlessly. He stripped down and, for the first time for her eyes, stood gloriously naked. Her eyes widened at the size of his cock, thick and enormous, the hard flesh almost purple from the blood pumping through him.

"The third one," Trent said and moved next to her so she felt his cock hardening as it rested up against her hip. "That one is a surprise, Skye. You like surprises, don't you?"

When they involved an orgasm, then hell yeah, she loved surprises.

"Trent, let's give this little lady a thrill."

Oh, yes. Trent moved between her legs and lowered his face to her pussy. She wanted his cock inside her, not a tongue fuck. But when his tongue flicked across her aching clit, she jumped up and cried out, it felt so good. And he knew exactly how to eat her to liquefy her, burn her with her own juices so she couldn't do anything but writhe around, searching for release.

"Slow down, Trent." Caleb's cool voice instructed and, goddamn it, Trent obeyed. Leisurely, slow enough to torture her, Trent licked her pussy, stroking her sensitive clit with his tongue. She heard herself begging him to go faster, but then Caleb's cock slipped past her lips, filling her mouth with his delicious flesh and turning her pleas into moans.

Trent lapped at her cunt like a cat to cream, devouring her the same way she devoured Caleb's cock. Greedily sucking, she rocked her hips against Trent's mouth, fucking his tongue just as he thrust two fingers into her wet vagina. With that gesture he had her so close. So very close.

One final flick of his tongue, one more thrust of his fingers and her orgasm ripped through her and she sucked hard on Caleb's cock, her entire world suspended as wave after wave crashed into her. She

tasted Caleb's salty pre-cum and allowed her tongue to play on the smooth tip of his cock, slurping up everything he had to give her and selfishly begging for more.

Finally, her orgasm ebbed and she lowered her body back down onto the blanket. Trent licked and nipped at the inside of her thighs before moving up and covering one of her engorged nipples with his mouth as he scooted out from between her legs and over to her side.

Caleb growled as he pulled out of her mouth. She whimpered and leaned toward him to take him back in. "No," he told her. "I've tasted your pussy, but now I want to experience fucking that tight hole. I want to know why Trent can't say no to you." Caleb moved down and wedged between her thighs, nudged the tip of his mushroomed head past her entrance and then stopped. His fingers dug into her hips as he held her in place. "Stay still, love."

"Patience, Skye." Trent whispered in her ear before taking her mouth with his and plummeting his tongue deep inside. She kissed him back with equal fervor, losing herself in the primal feelings taking over her reasoning.

She bucked her hips to push Caleb's large cock into her pussy. He tightened his grip and bared his teeth. "Easy."

Oh hell no. Not when the King of Control was this close to losing it. She bucked her hips again, driving him in deeper. Breaking her kiss from Trent, she looked up at Caleb and tried to seduce him with her eyes. "Come on, Caleb." She egged him on in a velvety voice. "Fuck my pussy. Make me come. It's your turn, right?"

"Don't. Push. It." He growled and held them both still. "Just feel."

"Can't you handle a bad girl like me? Or are you all talk?" She knew she played a dangerous game, but if she had any chance at taking control of their threesome, she had to break Caleb. Once she had him, Trent would soon follow. Rolling her hips, she moved his cock in and out of her pussy. "Scared to take the *plunge*, Caleb?"

Caleb's control shattered and he pitched deep into her cunt in one long, hard stroke. Screaming at the fiery assault, Skye arched her back

and grabbed behind her, digging her fingers into the blanket. She cried into Trent's mouth as he fucked her mouth with his tongue, matching Caleb's thrusts with his own.

"You have no idea what you're doing when you push me, Skye." He pulled out, only to sink back into her all the way to the hilt. His hips jerked forward, driving his cock in and out of her pussy in long, smooth strokes. He grabbed her legs and placed them one on each shoulder to grant him deeper access.

"I'm far from an orgasm." She pushed him, and she knew it. Moving up to his knees, he drove into her pussy, slamming his cock into her and edging her closer to breaking. When he reached down and flicked her clit with the pad of his thumb, she sucked in a breath.

He then attacked her clitoris ruthlessly, circling it with his thumb as he continued to fuck her pussy. The tight pressure swirling inside her womb squeezed, coiling up and twisting down to the walls of her pussy, fisting his cock. "Yeah," he growled. "That's it. Let yourself go. Come for me, Skye. Flood my cock with your delicious juices. Trent stole all the cream from your first orgasm."

His wicked words caused her cunt to clamp down on him, her orgasm so close she saw sparks of light in her vision. Her climax detonated inside her and she tried to scream, but Trent swallowed her sounds with his heated kiss. Bucking wildly, she rode her orgasm until he slammed into her one last time, exploding deep in her pussy and filling her with blistering semen.

Shuddering, her body trying to recover from the intense orgasm Caleb just pulled out of her, she kissed Trent with every ounce of passion racing through her veins. Caleb let her legs down and used her knees to hold him up. His breathing labored, he cussed under his breath.

"Something wrong?" she asked softly.

"Goddamn you, Skye. Your fucking pussy is so tight I couldn't—" he stopped and swallowed.

Say it! She wanted him to admit she'd taken his control from him,

but he instead fell silent and pulled out of her, but didn't move out from between her thighs. "Finish," she panted.

"What?" He looked at her, the expression on his arrogant face a cross between confusion and really pissed off.

"You promised me three orgasms. I want my other orgasm."

"Skye," he paused, looked at her. "You really don't want to push me."

"Oh," she countered with a wink that had color creeping up his neck. "But I do, Caleb. I want to push you, to pull you. I want to make you come harder and faster than you've ever come in your life."

Unbelievably, he smiled down at her. The condescending son-of-a-bitch actually smiled. "Is that all that matters to you? An orgasm?"

"That's the best part."

"Au contraire." He brought his finger down and slowly traced her pussy lips, driving her wild as goose bumps peppered her skin. "The journey is far better than the destination."

"Are you, or aren't you, a man of your word?" she challenged him. He flashed a dangerous look at her and she snapped her mouth closed as she swallowed. That look scared her. Okay, scared her and maybe thrilled her a little bit, too. Her pussy tingled to his touch and the moisture started to pool.

"I can make you come in less than thirty seconds," he challenged right back, not an ounce of humor in his voice, only thick, unrelenting lust.

"Yeah, right." She looked up at Trent, who cocked his brow at her as if in warning. Yes, she knew what she was doing. Trent may think her a fool for it, but she had to take control. "I bet you couldn't make me come in less than a minute."

"If an orgasm is all you're after, then lay back and allow me." He looked over at Trent. "Hold her shoulders down. Don't let her up, not even to peek."

She couldn't help but breathe hard and fast as Trent held her shoulders to the blanket and leaned in to kiss her. Not being able to

see what Caleb did down between her legs gave her more of a thrill than she could have ever imagined. This wasn't fair. She was close enough to thinking herself into an orgasm the thrill of the unknown had her so excited.

When Caleb sank two fingers deep inside her pussy, she shuddered, but held her control. No way would he make her come. No way.

But then he did something she'd never felt before. Instead of stroking her vagina, he curled his fingers inside her and pressed down on an area she didn't even know she had. Her world tilted and started to spin, and he didn't do anything more than increase the pressure on the spot. He then pushed down right above her pubic bone and sent her right out of control.

An orgasm hit her so hard she went insane from the way it tore through her. It felt like every bone in her body shattered from the impact of her climax and she screamed. She screamed loud and long, the sound echoing across the hilltop and sending the birds in the trees crying and racing for cover.

He kept with his pressure and the orgasm refused to let her go. It slammed into her over and over, thrashing her as if caught in the violent undertow of the ocean during a hurricane. She swore her bones disintegrated, her body went limp as a noodle, as Caleb slowly pulled his fingers out of her pussy.

"That would be fourteen seconds it took him to make you come," Trent pointed out, ever so helpful. "And you came for at least twice that." He grinned over at Caleb. "You have to teach me that one."

Oh yes, that was just what she needed. Not one cowboy with the touch of a God, but two.

Chapter 8

This couldn't be happening. Caleb Jennings did not lose control. No matter the temptation, or frustration, Caleb Jennings always kept a level head. He always stayed in perfect and absolute control.

Until today.

Goddamn the little siren for tempting him past the point of no return. He didn't want it to happen like that. Sure, he'd wanted to plunge his cock deep into Skye's pussy for years, but not like that. He came like a damn teenager with no dick control.

He paced inside his room, angry with himself for not having stronger willpower. After spending that brief time buried in blistering paradise, Caleb could see why Trent was so mesmerized by Skye. Sweet, soft Skye. A woman he never thought he'd have any feelings for, and now couldn't deny the fact that he'd lost his heart to her. She had everyone panting in her wake with those flirty little looks and full hips that swayed like palm trees in a breeze. They all drooled over the possibility of what it might be like to fuck her.

Now Caleb knew and, goddamn it, he couldn't stop thinking about it. Hell, he had even started plotting out their next session. Every second outside the warmth of her velvety pussy felt like a second too long. Even now as he thought about it, his cock sprang to life and begged him to sneak into Skye's room.

Not just no, but *hell* no. He would not let himself get sucked into the world according to Skye Taylor, where every man who ever came in contact with her wanted her.

He'd just have to tighten his control on the situation. He wouldn't allow Skye to push him again. She'd learn to submit to his demands,

or she'd remain celibate.

With his mind made up, he slipped out of his clothes and between the covers. It was still too fucking hot for humans, the mercury hovering right around eighty degrees even after midnight. Montana always suffered from at least one heat wave each summer, and this one decided to arrive just as another scorching heat wave hit him, one with a gorgeous body and brown eyes deep enough to drown in.

His hand went to his rigid cock. He had to relieve this pressure building in his balls or he wouldn't be able to stop himself from sneaking into Skye's room. Slowly, methodically, he started to stroke his dick, squeezing his flesh and playing with the plump head with his thumb.

Closing his eyes, he rested his head on his pillow and imagined Skye's mouth on his dick, licking the end as she teased him with that tasty little tongue of hers. A heated chill danced across his body and he let out a moan.

He needed her. Holy shit, did he need her. It drove him to stroke faster, wanting Skye's lips wrapped around his cock instead of his own hand.

He could almost feel the warmth and moisture from her mouth surround the head of his dick. She slipped her lips around the flared head and slowly sank down the length of his cock, taking him all the way to the back of her throat. He rocked his hips and pulled out of her mouth, only to descend back into the heated depths.

She hummed her appreciation. It felt so weird, so real. Opening his eyes, he looked down and muttered a cuss. "Skye? What the fuck are you doing?"

"Let me help you," she murmured and licked the pre-cum off the tip before running her tongue up and down his cock. "You're in pain, Caleb. I can make it better."

Dear Jesus, she wasn't kidding. The way she sucked on his cock had cum bubbling in his balls, ready to break free and shoot out like a fountain. He reached down, fully intending to jerk her off his dick and

send her back to her room. As his hands reached her hair, he threaded his fingers deep into the thick mane and clenched on the strands to hold her to him.

He rocked his hips, fucking her mouth in long, deep strokes. "Ah fuck, Skye."

"Lose control, Caleb." She teased relentlessly, audibly suckling on his cock. He breathed harder, fighting to keep control and not come. "For me. Don't you want to?"

"You don't want me to lose control," he warned her softly. From the way she increased the pressure on his dick, she took it as more of a challenge. "You won't like it."

"Of course I will." She stroked his cock with her talented mouth and his control broke. Sitting up, he grabbed her by the hips and swung her around so her glistening pussy stared down at him. He lay back, pulling her into sixty-nine. Startled, she lifted her mouth off his cock. "What are you doing?"

"Don't stop now," he ordered. "You started this, Skye. Now you're going to finish. My room, my rules."

"My pleasure." She lowered her lips, sheathing his dick with the warmth of her delicious mouth. He wrapped his hands around her hips and spread her ass to open her flesh to him. Her pussy glistened in her own cream, delicious and sweet as it coated her lips. He dove in, anxious to taste her juice and lap it up as her cunt flooded when she came.

"Oh!" She cried out, her mouth full of his cock so it came out muffled. He knew exactly what to do to make her come, but he also knew that was exactly what she wanted. Instead, he decided to fight fire with fire. She wanted to tease him, fine. He could give just as well as receive.

"Do you really want to test me? Do you know what you're tempting?"

"I want to know."

"No," he said, knowing as much as she tried to fool both him and

Trent—and to an extent even herself—she was nowhere near ready to find out. "You don't."

"Caleb." She pulled back, but kept her lips and tongue teasing his aching head. "Let me be the judge of that. I'm not as innocent as you think."

"Oh really?" He decided to test that theory, the thought of having Skye Taylor as a sub to him almost making him come right there. Swirling his tongue around her swollen clit, he snuck his fingers closer to her anus. Reaching around, he thrust two fingers deep into her cunt, in and out, in and out, and completely coated his fingers in her slippery cream. Not asking permission, but also knowing he didn't need it, he then slowly sank one of the fingers passed the barrier of her tight, puckered hole.

She jerked back and dropped his cock from her mouth. "What are you doing?"

"Shh," he hushed her, his finger gently easing in and out of her unbelievably tight hole. He didn't even need to ask to know. She had to be a virgin when it came to anal sex. No, she wasn't ready for him, for two men at once. But he could make her ready. He already had a couple ideas. The thrill of her virginal hole had the skin across his raging hard-on so tight it felt ready to burst. "You'll wake Trent."

"Good," she countered. "He can come in here and kick your ass for that."

"For what?" He felt her back muscles pulsing around his finger. "For this?" He pulled out his finger and slowly eased two in, scissoring them to relax and stretch the muscles of her anus.

"This isn't right, Caleb." Even as she spoke, her voice thickened with hunger and she fisted his cock, pulling him back up to her mouth. "You never asked."

"So tell me to stop." He licked her clit, countering the friction of his movement in her ass with the movement of his tongue. "Just say the word, darlin'. One word and I'll stop."

He concentrated on her clit, flicking it without surrender as he

increased the tempo of his fingers fucking her ass. Her hips pumped, pushing back against his fingers as they dove into her hole.

"Fuck!" She sucked hard as he felt her muscles contract.

"That wasn't it."

She was about to come. Throwing out his thought of teasing her, eager to taste her hot nectar, he pulled her clit into his mouth and flicked her fast and hard.

She stiffened and erupted, filling his mouth with sweet, thick cream. He greedily drank every drop, rocking his hips and fucking her mouth as her suction increased. Driving in deep one last time, he exploded and shot his seed into her mouth. She swallowed and audibly begged for more, the whole time rocking her entire body as she rode the waves of her orgasm.

He let out a groan as both their climaxes ebbed. Skye rolled off of him and onto her back, staring up at the ceiling.

Fuck. She did it again. Pissed, still dazed from the strength of his orgasm, he turned and moved over to the other side of the bed, found some boxers on the floor and threw them on. "Get out."

She blinked over at him but didn't move. "What?"

"I said, get out."

Instead of getting pissed, she smiled and pissed him off even more. "Make me."

"Goddamn it, Skye. You have no idea what you're doing, what you think you'll get if you push me too far."

She rolled to her side and propped her head up on her hand and looked at him with those enormous brown eyes. There was no judgment there, only curiosity. Innocent fucking curiosity. She really had no idea what they'd be doing if Caleb had his way with her. "So show me. I'm not a kid anymore, Caleb."

He laughed gruffly at the obvious accuracy in that statement. "It isn't enough. You've never been tied up, fucked in the ass, been told when you are allowed to come." Her eyes darkened as he spoke. Goddamn her. Instead of him talking her out of it, he turned her on.

Fine. He'd hit her with the more extreme scenes, some of which even made him uncomfortable. "Have you ever been fucked while in the middle of a club, everybody watching you as your Dom slid his cock in and out of your pussy? Have you ever been passed around the room like a breath mint, being fucked by every other Dom there?"

Storm clouds heated in her dark eyes as color touched her face. He may have excited her enough to be curious, but he also knew he'd just scared her. Good. She needed to be scared. The BDSM scene wasn't for the faint of heart.

"You wouldn't let that happen," she finally answered, her attempt to hide the quiver in her voice unsuccessful. He heard the fear in her tone and saw it in her eyes. Her body tensed, but her nipples puckered tight and told him an entirely different story.

"The hell I wouldn't," he bit off. Hell no, he wouldn't let it happen, but he couldn't let her know that. Skye already had enough power over him and she knew it.

"You wouldn't," she insisted. "I know you, Caleb. I know what you're trying to do."

"Oh really?"

"You're trying to scare me so I'll stop pursuing you. But that's not going to happen. If I'm going to be your lover, I need to be the kind of lover you want."

"You're Trent's woman. Not mine. It doesn't matter what I want."

She sat up on the bed, sparks now replacing the heat once darkening her eyes. "I don't belong to anyone. I'm my own woman. To hell with Trent. And to hell with you too, if you want to slap me with a label."

"I won't allow you to stomp on Trent's heart like that, Skye. He loves you."

She opened her mouth slightly at the admission. After several seconds, she closed her mouth with a snap. "Do you love me, too?"

"Let's not go there."

"Just answer the question."

"No."

She sank back on the bed, shock and hurt shadowing her usually pretty features. "No you won't answer? Or no you don't love me?"

"This conversation is over," he snapped and reached over the bed to grab her arm. He pulled her off his bed and dragged her over to the door. "Go back to your room, Skye. You don't want to push me anymore tonight."

"But—"

"If you're still looking to get laid, Trent's room is two doors down." He threw open the door and cursed. Trent stood there, his hand up and bunched into a fist, about to knock. He took one look at Skye's naked body, then Caleb in nothing but boxers. A burning rage darkened his eyes as he narrowed them on Caleb.

"It isn't what it looks like," Caleb attempted to explain. Trent's jaw clenched and Caleb watched as a muscle started to tick. He knew Trent's temper, and from the looks of it, the man was about to lose it.

"Oh really?" Trent's voice shook in his fury. "Because it sure as hell looks like a naked Skye leaving a half-naked Caleb's room."

"So it is exactly what it looks like," he retorted quietly. The hurt and betrayal flashing in his best friend's eyes tore at his gut. "But it isn't like I invited her in."

"So she just got here? You're turning her away?"

Caleb lowered his eyes, but didn't answer. Jesus Christ, he couldn't believe Trent's timing. And it pissed him off to no end that he didn't have enough strength and control to turn her away.

"Trent," Skye said softly. "This is all my fault. I came into Caleb's room with every intention of seducing him. Alone." He looked at her when she spoke, the pain in his gaze deepening. It squeezed Caleb's chest to know he had a part in the reason for that pain.

"So that's how it's going to be? Sneaking around behind my back?" His eyes darted back to Caleb. "This is how you wanted to help me?"

"Listen to me." Skye grabbed his face and pulled his attention

back to her. She stepped up closer and stopped only inches from his face. "I need this, Trent. I want you, both of you. But I can't stand the jealousy. I want to be both your lovers. Please let me have this."

Son-of-a-bitch. Caleb knew exactly what the little sprite was up to. "Just a minute, Skye. This isn't your decision."

"I promise no more sneaking around," she told Trent. "That also means no more exclusive sex. When we have sex, it will be the three of us together."

Bullshit. Caleb tried to protest. "Now just a minute—"

"That's all I ask," Trent conceded and Caleb pinched his lips together. He could ring her pretty little neck for this. In less than thirty seconds, she twisted everything around, committed the three of them in a relationship, and took control over the entire thing. Goddamn her.

"Thank you," she purred and leaned up on her tiptoes to brush her swollen lips across Trent's. He wrapped his arms around her and deepened their kiss, opening his mouth to invade hers with his tongue. Caleb watched, ignoring the pinch in his gut at not being the one receiving her kiss. Breaking the kiss, she stepped out of his arms and offered them both a sultry smile. "Good night."

They both stared at her heart-shaped, bare ass as she swayed back to her room and closed the door behind her.

"That woman will be the death of us both," Caleb muttered.

"We need to talk," Trent told him.

"No shit. Let me get some pants on. I'll meet you in the kitchen."

"Coffee or beer?"

Caleb sighed. He knew he'd need something stronger to help him sleep tonight. "Whiskey. Tall glass. No ice."

Chapter 9

Skye picked at her eggs, pushing them around on her plate until they were ice cold. For the first time in her life, she actually had no appetite. Last night didn't go exactly as she'd wanted. Sure, she'd pushed Caleb too far. She knew that now. At the time it didn't seem like such a bad idea. The morning after? Regret filled her brain, and every other organ in her body.

Trent walked in and slowed when he spotted her alone at the table. He hesitated before stepping around the L-shaped counter, as if the near proximity of her would be a mistake. She stiffened and looked at him, not taking her gaze away even when he did. The gesture made her eyes sting and her chest constrict. He never broke eye contact first. Never.

"Good morning," she offered when he didn't so much as grunt out a greeting. He walked over to the coffee pot and paused, his back to her. His shoulders rose and lowered with his breathing. She wanted to get up and go to him, but also knew when he got in moods like this it was always best to let him be until it worked through his system.

Opening the cupboard above the coffee pot, he reached for a cup and stopped. Changing his mind, he grabbed a travel mug with a lid and poured himself a large cup, taking half the pot. He obviously didn't plan to come in for seconds, not with a helping like that.

"Do you want any breakfast?"

"I'm not hungry," he finally spoke to her. The gruffness in his voice felt like daggers in her heart. He'd never sounded so unkind toward her, so cold.

"Are you sure? I barely touched my eggs. I could reheat them."

He finally turned around and her breath hitched at the sight. He had bags the size of Montana under his handsome hazel eyes. Day old whiskers dusted his chin, and he looked like he still wore the same clothes he had on yesterday. "I'm always going to be second with you, aren't I?"

Ignoring the underlying meaning, she pretended to play it down. "It's just eggs, Trent. I could—"

"Bullshit!" He slammed his mug down on the counter. The top popped off and coffee flew up in the air, scaring the shit out of her. But the look in his eyes terrified her. They were cold, exact. Not lethal, but they might as well have been. He shook the coffee off his hands as he nailed her with a look. "You damn well know what I'm talking about."

She couldn't help but hide her eyes. Guilt, harsh and cruel, cut into her. She hadn't realized how her actions affected him, just how much he really loved her. Blinking back tears, the pain swelling and ripping through her, she kept her gaze down. "I'm sorry."

"The hell you are," he bit back, his harsh tone slicing into her heart. "You knew exactly what you were doing last night, both before sneaking into Caleb's room and after." She threw a startled gaze up to him. "Oh yeah. Caleb and I had a nice long talk after you went back to your room. He told me what you did." He turned away from her and shook his head. His voice hardened as he spoke again. "It isn't enough that you have me so wrapped up in you, you have to suck Caleb into this, too. When is it going to be enough for you?"

This was getting so out of hand. She didn't mean for any of this to happen, not like this. She just wanted to have a little fun. She had no idea how far she'd pushed them both. Pain and humiliation squeezed her heart as more burning tears surfaced. "I'm sorry," she offered again.

He whipped around and rested his weary gaze on her. His beautiful hazel eyes, the same eyes she'd fallen in love with back in grade school, had lost their shine. "You know, you say that so much

it's lost its meaning with me." Reaching over, he grabbed a paper towel and wiped up the coffee off the counter before refilling his cup. Heading toward the door, he muttered, "I'll be outside, tending to the stock."

"Trent!" she cried out after him, but he ignored her and pushed open the screen door. It popped and screeched in protest. When it swung back, the sound of the screen door slamming against the frame hit like a nail into her soul. He didn't say it, and he didn't have to.

She'd lost the one man who'd loved her, despite knowing the *real* her. Wanting to run into her room and hide under the covers, vowing to never emerge again, she swallowed her pride and ran after him. Even in her PJs, the warmth of the morning licked her skin, sprouting sweat on her lip and brow as she jogged out to the barn. Every step bit into her bare feet, but it didn't matter. She had to get to him.

Pushing the sliding door open, she stood there, breathing hard from her jog, and from how much she wanted to prove to Trent just how sorry she really was. He looked up from his daily chore of feeding the horses, but didn't slow as he moved from stall to stall, checking water and adding oats to their trough.

As she walked into the barn, she wanted to march up to him and shake him until he listened to her, but slowed as she took the first few steps inside. Straw against hard ground hurt as it dug into her bare feet. It sliced and poked her, but still she moved further into the barn.

He watched her as she approached, every few steps glancing down at her feet and then bouncing his gaze back up to her face. Rocks joined in the torture of her sensitive feet and imbedded themselves into her flesh. One sharp rock had her biting her lower lip so not to cry out. He tensed, but he didn't rush to her side.

"What do you want, Skye?"

Okay. At least he could pretend to have some compassion for her. The way he just said her name made it sound like he'd rather recite the dictionary than say it again. "Just hear me out."

He sighed, long and hard, and turned to prop himself up against

the same poll Caleb had held himself up against just yesterday. "Say your piece and then leave me to mine."

"You're being an ass," she stated hotly, her pride in full swing. Thrusting her chin out, she bunched her hands at her sides and drew in a breath.

He laughed. The son-of-a-bitch actually laughed and right in her face. She felt her face pinch up against the reality that it just may be too late to win him back. That thought had her lungs constricting, fighting for air. "I'm being an ass?" He laughed again. If she had something within lunging distance she would have thrown it at him. "I should have known you'd end up turning this around."

"Why are you acting like you hate me all the sudden?" Infuriated, she blurted out the first thing that came to mind.

Damn if he didn't laugh again. His little chuckle she used to find so cute really started to grate on her already frazzled nerves. "Well, hate is a mighty strong word." He looked at her, pinning her with those eyes. "But I can tell you, I'm not too fond of you right now."

Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. He might as well have said he'd hated her. At least that word wouldn't have hurt her so much to hear. Tears, fueled by pain and realization, swelled in her eyes. Desperate not to lose him, she decided to come clean about her emotions for the first time since they'd started their relationship, if you could call it that. "I love you, Trent. I've loved you since the second grade."

"Skye," he started softly, and her heart pinched. It was never a good sign when they started with your name, and in such a careful tone. "You're in love with the idea of being in love, but it's not me you love. We both know who that really is."

"No," she argued, shaking her head. "That's not true. I don't love Caleb. I love you!"

Smiling in that knowing way, he looked at her. "Who said anything about Caleb?" Shaking his head, he went back to his chores. "I see the way you look at him. I'd have to be blind to not see it. I just wish I could have found some way to have you look at me like that."

Knowing when to admit defeat, she conceded. "I'm not going to lie to you."

"That'll be a first," he bit back bitterly.

Ouch. Fine, maybe she deserved that. "I do love Caleb, but it's not enough. I love you, too. But, again, it's not enough. I need more."

He stilled, looked at her. "What are you saying?"

"I need both of you. In my bed. In my life. I want to be a lover to both of you." She stood there after her admission, breathing erratically, ready to pass out as she waited for his answer. When he didn't speak, desperation took over and she went for broke. She fought to steady her voice. "I can't lose you, Trent. You've been my best friend since you arrived on the ranch. Losing you would... It would break me." Her control shattered and she let out a painful sob as the true realization set in. Her little games just cost her the two men she loved. She lowered her face in her hands and openly cried.

"Don't cry," Trent appeared at her side, pulling her chin up with his finger. He cupped her face and wiped at her tears with his thumbs. The smile he gave her warmed her heart and sent her blood racing. His look tore the air from her lungs as he gazed into her eyes. "There's no reason to cry, darlin'."

"Yes," she sobbed. "There is. Y-You don't love m-me anymore. You and Caleb are all I have. If I lose you, I don't—"

He cut her off when he slanted his lips over hers, silencing her blubbering. Thank God. Whimpering, she wrapped her arms around his neck and opened her mouth to accept the invasion of his tongue. It plunged deep into the depths of her mouth and she eagerly met it with her own, thrust for thrust.

A growl rippled from him and floated into the air between them. When he pulled her tight up against him, the rough feel of his jeans rubbed right through the thin silk material of her PJ bottoms. Her pussy filled with liquid heat as the walls of her channel quivered and spasmed. Oh God, she needed to feel his hands on her, to know she hadn't lost him.

Untucking his shirt in a hurried motion, she didn't even bother with the buttons as she pulled it up and over his head, baring his chest to her. Flexing her fingers against the hard muscles of his well-defined chest, she fingered the sprinkle of his glorious chest hair. She loved his chest.

She wanted to feel every inch of his hard body. As his callused hands reached up under her half shirt and caressed her breast she let out a shiver as the arousal sent shots of lubricating desire straight through to her vagina. Reaching down, she ran her hand along the hard shaft pressing against the confines of his jeans.

"Ah Jesus," he muttered when she repeated the motion. She broke their contact and traveled kisses against his rough chin, down his neck, and nipped at his nipple. He sucked in a breath. "Viper."

"And proud of it," she purred and unfastened his jeans. His heated touch on the small of her back sent ripples of erotic energy coursing through her body. Reaching inside his boxer briefs, she stroked his hard cock. "Do you want more?"

"Yes. No. Holy shit," he groaned when she wrapped her hand around his dick and squeezed, stroking him with purpose. "You can't always get what you want using sex, Skye."

"Sure I can." She stroked him harder. His cock engorged. Nipping at his chin, she tempted him to take her. She wanted him. Dear God, did she want him. Her cunt gushed, heating her core and making her slick and ready for his taking. He could throw her down right here on the hard floor and fuck her until she screamed. She'd be picking straw out of her skin until sundown, but it would all be worth it.

"No." He grabbed her hand out of his pants and then grabbed her other hand when she tried to dig that one in. "No. Not this time." His harsh tone stopped her from moving in again.

Furrowing her brow at him, she cocked her head to the side in confusion as she looked at him. Her heart jumped to her throat. "This time?"

"If you want me," he rasped, panting against his desire. "We have

to wait until Caleb gets home. You said so yourself, no sneaking around."

Well, hell. He'd used her own words against her. Just sure she'd be able to convince him otherwise, she gave him the mother of all sultry smiles. "Don't you want me?"

"Of course I want you. When don't I want you?"

"Then what's one little orgasm between the two of us before he gets home? The note on the counter said he went into Missoula, so he'll be gone for hours." She stroked her fingers across his cheek. "Come on, Trent. Let's have one more you and me. For old time's sake."

He leaned into her and covered her hand on his cheek with his own. Then, without warning, he grabbed her wrist and forced her hand down but didn't let it go. Laughing harshly, he looked at her. "You almost had me."

Almost?

"You are good," he continued. "Not just good. You make a very compelling argument. But you set the terms last night, Skye. There's no going back now."

No going back? That didn't sound good. Her heart flipped around in her chest as her libido settled. "What do you mean?"

"Last night you told Caleb you wanted to be the kind of lover he wants. You also said it would be the three of us from now on."

She narrowed her eyes at him. "How did you know what I said to Caleb?"

He ignored her question. "If you want to be our lover, you have to agree to the terms."

This did not sound good. "What terms?"

He smiled that damn crooked smile and had her nipples hard in an instant. "The same terms you already agreed to, with modifications."

"Such as?"

"He left a list."

Oh dear God. This was getting worse. A list? Skye thought fast. "I

have a few conditions of my own."

Nodding, he reached down and grabbed his shirt, and threw it over his mouthwatering shoulder. "We both figured you'd say that. You get one, so choose it wisely, my sweet little cowgirl."

She dropped her jaw. "One? That isn't enough. Even genies grant three wishes."

He laughed and turned her around to lead her back out of the barn, smacking her ass to get her to take her first step. "It's what we all get. Head back to the house. I'll be in as soon as I'm done. We'll go over the rules."

She didn't like the direction this had headed. "What if I don't agree to your condition? Or Caleb's?"

"You will."

"But how do you know?" she asked, trying to roll out of his grasp as he continued to push her out the door of the barn.

"Because I know you," he answered and pushed her all the way out of the barn. "Now go back inside. The list is on the side table in the den, next to a black velvet bag. With a grin and a wink, he grabbed the barn door and slid it closed before she could ask another question.

Irritated and slightly aroused from the unknown existence of this list she didn't notice this morning, she hurried back to the house and straight into the den. Spotting the black velvet bag, she padded over to it and grabbed the piece of paper next to it.

"Number one: you must keep your pussy shaved at all times." Skye shrugged. She could do that, having often thought about shaving herself bare before but never having the guts to remove all her hair. Okay, so far so good. "Number two: when one or both of the men are away, or upon request, you must keep the plug in until given permission to remove it."

Plug? What plug? Glancing down at the velvet bag, she opened the drawstring and shook out the contents. A flesh-colored toy with a tapered end fell into her hand. "What the hell?"

"It's a butt plug." Caleb's voice sounded from behind her. She spun around and almost dropped the toy. He looked so damn handsome in his tight jeans and even tighter t-shirt. Squeezing the toy, she let out a raspy breath.

"A what?"

Casually, his eyes never leaving hers, he walked over to her and took the plug from her hand, held it up for them both to study. "A butt plug. Have you ever had one inserted inside you before?"

"Inside my *what*?" Panic started to set in, making her heart race, the beat thudding in her ears.

He looked at the toy. "The name is pretty self-explanatory."

She stared at the tapered toy in his hand, exasperated and, she hated to admit, intrigued. Still, no way could that thing fit up her backside. She could barely handle Caleb's fingers last night. The toy looked painful, to say the least. "No way."

"It's one of the conditions," Trent said as he entered the den. She whipped around and sucked in a breath. Totally shirtless, glistening with beads of sweat, he walked over and stood next to Caleb. Great, now they were ganging up on her. "I want your pussy shaved, and Caleb wants you in a constant state of arousal."

"I'm already horny as hell as it is."

"You got that right," Caleb muttered and lifted his brow in mock innocence when she threw him a dirty look. "But, those are the conditions. Take it," he paused and smiled triumphantly, "or leave it."

"You guys are sick," she bit at them, but it was the last thing from her mind. She wanted to accept the conditions, to know what it felt like to be filled with a toy while a cock filled her pussy.

"Have you thought about your condition?" Trent asked and took the toy from Caleb to study it closely. He frowned and tilted his head to the side, clearly puzzled at how the toy would fit.

Join the club.

"No." She'd been too busy worrying about how a toy that size would fit up her virginal hole. Swallowing, she stole a glance at the

butt plug before darting her gaze back to the list in her hand. She referred to condition number one. "So when do you want me to shave?"

Caleb glanced upstairs. "No better time than the present."

"Um," she stuttered. "And then when would you insert that, you know, *thing*?" They both smiled at each other before turning their equally wicked gazes on her. Their looks made her both anxious and wet. The muscles in her damp pussy tightened, as did her nipples.

"After the shave," Caleb answered.

"Now your condition." Trent folded his arms across his bare chest and grinned. "And remember what I said, you only get one."

This wasn't fair. They each had a condition on her, but she only had a single condition to split between them? How would she be able to find one that would fit? Suddenly a thought popped into her brain. They both focused their conditions on her, so why shouldn't she do the same? She blurted out her answer before she changed her mind. "I get to come whenever I want."

They exchanged looks. Trent's grin widened, but Caleb didn't grin at all. His eyes narrowed and he did not look pleased with her condition. Yet another thing he wouldn't have control of.

"That's it?" Trent almost laughed. "Sweetheart, you can come whenever you want, and as many times as you want. The more the better."

She stole a glance at Caleb, whose face had lost all expression. Oh yeah. Her condition pissed him off all right. Well, too damn bad. It was his idea for conditions in the first place. "Agreed?" she asked him.

Caleb clenched his jaw and gave her a terse nod, but didn't dare vocalize his agreement. She could tell by the look storming in those green eyes, he did not approve of her condition. Not at all.

Chapter 10

They had no one to blame but themselves. She dabbed a bit of lip-gloss on and smiled at her reflection. Perfect. The hair, the make up, the outfit. Everything was perfect.

Too bad they wouldn't get to enjoy it.

After shaving her pussy bare, Caleb inserted the fiery invasion of a toy inside her anus. Even after an hour, her body still felt so heated from the toy she boiled with lust. She wanted them, both of them. At the same time. The toy stretched her muscles, teased her limits, and made her want to submit to anything they wanted, just so they'd release her of this dark arousal clouding her judgment.

Well, she'd be damned before she submitted to either one of them. Feeling sexy as hell with her bare pussy rubbing up against her g-string, the butt plug filling her and stretching her muscles without mercy, she left the bathroom and stopped at the top of the stairs. Taking a deep breath, and then letting it out, she took her first step. Fire erupted inside her, shooting bursts of ardent heat up from the toy and back down to her cunt, sending generous amounts of cream to set her lips ablaze. Each step sent another rush of sexual energy coursing through her, wetting her, making her feel so amazing and full she wanted to cry out.

No way would she make it, not with this thing inside her. She wanted to defy them, to pick a fight with the biggest, dumbest redneck at the bar, just to feel the excitement of a good fight, but she'd never make it to town. Her body demanded release. Now.

"Are you ready to go?" She almost fell down the rest of the stairs. Looking over, she watched as Trent approached her. His eyes danced

up at her hungrily, darkening with every moment. Caleb joined them and even managed a smile, clearly enjoying the reaction her body had to the butt plug. She panted with every step, the dark pulse of her movement saturating her pussy and setting her clit in a whirlwind of aching need. Her body wanted to give into the flames licking her senses, but she fought against giving in to either one of them.

"I'm ready." She thrust out her chin and gave them both an *I-dare-you-to-stop-me* look.

"We don't need to go out," Caleb stated and took her arm as she descended the last stair. He slowly caressed her with his touch. She slowed her steps and had to look up at him. "I mean it, Skye. You don't have to do this."

"I need to," she told him. And she meant it. She had to do something to defy their control over her. She'd walk across white-hot coals if it meant taking their control over her down a notch.

"No," Trent said and turned her toward him. The abrupt movement rocked her with a shock of wicked pleasure so carnal she bit back the growl pressing to escape through her lips. "You don't. Let's stay home. Caleb and I will keep you entertained."

That thought had hard shocks of erotic pulses slapping her cunt, pushing her closer to giving in to them. God, how she wanted to give in to them. Her breath coming in heated gasps, she grabbed Trent's face and pulled him to her lips, licking them and immediately exploring his mouth with her tongue. If she could just be granted some element of relief from this convulsing torment holding her hostage, she just might last the night.

"Remember the rules," Caleb warned.

Fuck the rules. She needed Trent's cock inside her. Now. "Come on, Trent. Help a girl out here."

Trent's chuckle rippled through her pussy. He grinned and cocked his head to glance over at Caleb. "What do you think? Should we help her out?"

"Remember what we told you up in the bathroom as I shaved your

pussy, Skye. If you demand release before we agree to give it to you, you will be punished."

What else could they possibly do? They already had her backside stretched to capacity. Her bare pussy throbbed for attention. Even a good spanking sounded wickedly pleasurable.

"Denying me right here, right now, would be worse than any punishment you could ever come up with."

"Is that a challenge?" Caleb spiked his brow and even curled his lip into a sly grin.

"I believe it is," Trent added. He wrapped his arm around her waist and jerked her up against his body. Breathless, she looked up in his eyes, loving this side of him. His aggressive side, so controlling, so demanding. She loved every second of it.

"Do your worst," she egged him. He imprisoned her lips with his, melting her into him. She moaned and wrapped her arms around his neck, opening her mouth to accept his tongue and tasted him. His kiss stole her breath and made her dizzy. Her stretched muscles clenched down on the toy and she moaned again.

He walked her over to the bearskin rug and lowered her down. Trent made quick time of her clothes and then his. By the time Caleb joined them on the carpet, he was already naked.

Oh yes. They were both naked and had wonderfully hard cocks bobbing at her. Sitting up, she slipped Trent's dick into her mouth. He sucked in a harsh breath. Reaching over, she wrapped her hand around Caleb's cock and stroked slowly.

Giving Trent long, wet strokes with her mouth, she then lifted off his cock and moved to Caleb's while stroking Trent with her hand. Taking turns, she sucked on each of their cocks and stroked the other. Her pussy screamed for someone to touch her, to play with her engorged clitoris and break her of this tension holding her at bay.

She suckled and stroked in opposites, making sure she didn't show any favorites. To catch her breath, she stopped between them and looked up at them as she stroked them both.

Trent groaned and closed his eyes as he weaved his fingers in her hair. Caleb stared down at her, daring her to take it a step further with nothing more than his look.

Skye never met a dare she didn't like, especially one that resulted in her coming. With a coy little smile, she leaned over and took Trent's dick back in her mouth, her eyes never leaving Caleb's. She sucked at his flesh, licking the pre-cum off his tip and moaning in appreciation. Caleb was so tense he looked ready to shatter.

In an instant, he had her on her hands and knees. "Get behind her, Trent. Give her what she thinks she wants." Before she could mutter a protest, the tip of Trent's cock slipped into her slick entrance and pushed his rigid flesh all the way inside her pussy.

She threw her head back and tried to scream, but no sound came out. His thrusts seared her body, the butt plug making her vaginal hole unbearably tight. "Oh God! I can't stand it! It's too much!"

"You said you wanted a thrill," Caleb pointed out and moved to her front, resting his cock in at lip level. "And I promised you I'd show you more pleasure than you'd ever known."

She sucked his cock inside her mouth and almost bit down from the grinding pleasure and pain from Trent fucking her pussy when the butt plug already had her so full.

This depraved passion flooding her, stretching her muscles to accommodate Trent as he pulled out and pushed his cock back inside her, showed her a side of pleasure she didn't even know existed. Bucking back against Trent as he fucked her relentlessly, she suckled wildly on Caleb's cock, wanting him to come at the same time as she and Trent.

Trent slammed into her pussy and grabbed her hips. "This is fucking unbelievable!" He increased his tempo and with each stroke, each thrust of his thick cock, drove her that much closer to her own release.

"Did she behave today, Trent?" Caleb asked his counterpart.

"No," he told him, and Skye tensed when Caleb slowed the

rhythm he'd started as he fucked her mouth. She tried to pull him back to her, to set them back into a rhythm that had her so close to shattering she could literally taste it. "What did she do?"

"She kissed me in the barn," he groaned as he slowly sank deep into her cunt. He pulled back out before speaking again. "And then she wanted me to fuck her, right there in the barn."

Caleb tisked. "Too bad, Skye. You almost got through this unpunished." If they didn't get back to fucking her, she'd burst. That felt like punishment enough. Bucking up against Trent, she forced his cock back inside her. "Do it, Trent."

"You sure?"

Sure about what? Skye stopped moving and looked up at Caleb. "Do what?" The sharp slap against her ass had her jerking forward in shock and surprise. It hurt, but dear God it felt incredible. "What the hell was that?"

"You've been bad," Trent stated, his voice thick. "Bad girls get spanked."

"Do that again and I'll show you exactly why I have a reputation for being a bad girl."

He did and damn if her pussy didn't clench up around his dick. It felt so good she even whimpered against the way it made her cunt heat. "Oh yeah," he groaned. "You were right, Caleb. She does love it."

"No, I don't." Even as she attempted to protest, he slapped her again and drove her one step closer to an orgasm. One more slap, precisely measured, would send her over the edge.

Instead he slammed his dick deep inside her cunt and had her screaming in sweet torment as her orgasm crashed down on her, triggering Trent's own release. They came together and bucked against each other to ride them out.

Caleb moved behind her and took Trent's place between her thighs. With a single thrust, he buried his cock inside her pussy and she arched her back to take him in, the fiery heat from the butt plug

reminding her it hadn't gone anywhere. He pumped into her roughly, but that was exactly what she wanted.

She rocked up against him and felt his engorged flesh tighten inside her. He exploded and set off another, smaller orgasm deep inside her womb. Still, the flames tore through her body and ate her alive, leaving nothing but ashes. Collapsing on the bearskin rug, she lay there panting as her men lay down next to her.

"I still think we should stay in," Caleb stated as he gasped for air.

Skye shook her head. "I want a drink."

"We have beer."

She turned her gaze to him. "I want something more."

"We have whiskey," Trent offered.

With a coy smile, she rolled up off the carpet and found her clothes. "You boys can stay here if you want, but I'm heading to The Front for a drink. You coming?"

Trent took a breath to say something, but Caleb beat him to it. "No."

She pulled up her pants and stopped, whipped around to look at him. "What do you mean, no?" Trent looked at him and she could tell by the look on his face he wanted to ask the same question.

"Just what I said," he grunted as he sat up on the bearskin rug. "If you still feel like you need something after that, then more power to you."

"You don't mean that," she said with a smile. She knew they'd follow her, even if Caleb acted like a total ass right now. They wouldn't let her go into town alone and never had.

"Leave the plug in," he told her.

"Or what?"

"Or you'll be punished for taking it out without permission."

That promise had her deliberating whether to take it out, just to receive her punishment. God knew she certainly enjoyed her last punishment. "Then come with me to make sure I don't take it out when you aren't with me."

Caleb sighed. It came out more like a growl. "It's a matter of trust, Skye. If we can't trust that you'll do as you're told when you're not with us, then we might as well stop right now."

That hurt. She was only kidding. "You don't trust me?"

They both answered in unison. "No."

Ignoring the pinch in her heart at their admission, she finished dressing and went into the mudroom in search of her boots. It wasn't that long of a walk into town. She'd be there before happy hour ended. Besides, the walk would give her a chance to clear her head. Looking back at them, she grabbed her straw hat as she opened the door to leave. "See you two down there."

"No, you won't." Caleb sounded serious. She ignored the skip in her pulse at the thought that they may just let her go into town by herself. As in alone. She should feel liberated. Instead, she felt lonely. Isolated.

Slamming the door behind her, she didn't even slow as she walked down the long gravel driveway to the dirt road heading into town. As long as she got to the bar before dark, she'd be fine. She didn't need them to protect her or to love her. She knew how to take care of herself, thank you very much.

Now she just had to convince herself of that.

Chapter 11

"Can I get another beer, Barn?" Skye hollered out at the bartender. He smiled down at her from across the bar and gave her a nod.

Caleb studied the color of her cheeks, how even in the darkness of the bar they put off a glow. Oh yeah. That butt plug definitely had her in a constant state of arousal. Perfect. Maybe she'd finally get a taste of her own medicine. Every man in the bar had at least a semi-hard on for her. There were those, like the tall man with the bad complexion at the end of the bar who hadn't taken his eyes off her since he walked in, who looked dumb enough to act on their interest. Narrowing his eyes, Caleb committed him to memory and made it a point to keep watch on Redneck Bob.

Barn looked up from the round of drinks he'd just set in front of Redneck Bob and his friends. "Sure thing, Skye. I'll be right down."

"Skye? So that's your name?" Redneck Bob approached her, glancing around the bar in search of someone, no doubt the man Skye came with.

Caleb felt Trent tense next to him and put his hand up to stop him from stepping out of the shadows. "What is it?"

"It's the same redneck son-of-a-bitch that started the fight the other night," Trent explained through clenched teeth.

Caleb watched the man carefully. He stood a good two full paces behind Skye as he tried to get her attention. "Let's just see how this plays out." Trent settled down next to him but didn't relax.

Skye slowly turned around and widened her eyes in surprise at the sight of the man. He folded his arms on his impressive chest and looked down at her, clearly pleased at the sight.

Caleb tensed right along with Trent.

"I see you came back to fuck a real man, sweetheart. I'll make sure your hot little cunt gets its fill."

She narrowed her eyes at him and thinned her lips, clearly pissed at his attempt at a come on line. "Do you kiss your mom with that mouth?"

Good girl. Caleb found himself silently cheering for her as she let this guy know she didn't approve of what he just said to her. Redneck Bob took a step toward her.

"Where's your little boyfriend?"

When he reached out for her, she grabbed his hand and gave it back to him with a patronizing smile. "Actually, he's meeting me here, and he's bringing a friend."

"We should go over there and kick his ass for touching her," Trent ground out, his fists doubling up. "No one touches Skye."

"Easy, cowboy." Caleb put his hand on his friend's chest and patted him. "Remember, we are here to observe only."

"What if the bastard hurts her?"

"He won't get that far."

"How can you be sure?"

Caleb ground out a sigh. "Just trust me on this. She'll let him have it. That's what she came here for."

Trent cocked his brow at him. "To pick a fight?"

"Exactly." He took a pull off his beer. "She's lost the one thing she's always had over us."

"What's that?"

"Control, my friend. She no longer has it, so she's here to try to get it back."

Trent ran his fingers through his hair and replaced his hat. Redneck Bob took another step toward Skye. This time, Caleb tensed right along with Trent. "We have to go over there."

"No," Caleb insisted. Skye needed to know how far she could push a person before they pushed back.

"Caleb!"

"Just wait." He grabbed his beer bottle and held it in his fist, his hand almost shaking from the anger he felt over the way Redneck Bob just wouldn't back down.

"I said I'm not interested," Skye told him. "Now go away."

"You heard the lady," Barn stepped in. "Leave her be or get out of my bar."

"Shut the fuck up, old man." Redneck Bob slurred loud enough for Caleb to hear him. Hell, half the bar heard him and all silenced to turn and look at him.

"Don't talk to him like that!" Skye took her index finger and jabbed the man in his chest. Caleb closed his eyes and muttered a curse. This was going to get ugly.

"Caleb?" Trent jumped around next to him, clenching and unclenching his fists, priming himself for the inevitable fight.

"Not yet."

Redneck Bob grabbed Skye's finger and instead of throwing it off him, he jerked on her hand and slammed her slender frame into his. His hands roamed everywhere as they snaked around on her back.

"Caleb!"

"Just..." Caleb paused when the man's hand moved down to her ass. When he gave her sweet little ass a squeeze, Caleb had to physically hold Trent down. "Wait."

"If you don't get your big, redneck hands off me, I'll break your wrist, starting with your right, as I'm sure that's the one you use to jack off." Skye looked up at him, not backing down. Caleb's chest swelled with pride for the little spitfire. She then pushed him back away from her and flashed those dark, fiery eyes at him.

"Listen, bitch. I told you that first night, you teased the wrong dick this time."

"*Dick* is right," Skye shot back. "If you're such a tough guy, then why don't you teach me a lesson?"

"Skye," Barn warned and stole a glance off in the corner he knew

Trent and Caleb hid. "Don't push it or I'll throw you both out."

"No need," she said in a harsh tone and glanced around the bar before bringing her gaze back to Barn. "I'm leaving." Resting her gaze next on Redneck Bob, she added, "There's nothing here."

Caleb saw the color creep up the man's neck, indeed transforming him into a literal redneck. Slowly, Skye walked out of the bar, each step causing her to tense just a little. Grinning, Caleb threw back the rest of his beer.

"Caleb, that asshole is following her out of the bar." Trent pointed at the door as Redneck Bob walked out after Skye. Glancing over at Barn, Caleb nodded and stood when the bartender nodded at the door. Trent on his heels, they walked out the door and stayed a far enough distance from them to remain in the shadows of the night.

"Hey! Prick tease! You really want me to teach you a lesson?" Redneck Bob caught up with Skye, which wasn't hard since she took her time walking with the butt plug still filling her rear.

She stopped but didn't turn around. As soon as he reached her, he swung her around to face him. Caleb watched as she tilted her head to look him square in the eye. The streets were silent and their voices carried into the air. "Don't you listen? I already told you I'm not interested."

"I spent the night in the county jail because of you."

She laughed at him. Not good. The man glared down at her, any lust in his expression no longer evident. No, now Caleb only saw rage. "No. You spent the night in jail because of *you*. I didn't arrest you."

"Caleb," Trent whispered. "This is getting out of hand."

Good. Skye needed to be taught a lesson. He'd never let it go so far as her getting hurt, but she had to believe there was a chance this guy would tear her in two.

"Not yet." Caleb brought his hand up when Trent took a step toward Skye.

"What the fuck are you waiting for?"

"Bitch! I'll give you reason to arrest me!" He grabbed her by the waist and threw her up against the building next to them.

"That." Caleb jumped into a sprint and had the guy off Skye before he so much as thought about touching her again. Pushing him down on the pavement, he threw a single punch and the man fell back, out cold.

"Are you okay?" Trent rushed to Skye's side. Caleb could see the way she trembled and felt like a shit letting it get this far. He should have stopped it back at the bar. But he knew Skye needed to be taught a lesson.

Fuck. His little lesson could have gotten her killed. Redneck Bob could have had a gun or a knife. One bad decision on his part could have ended her life. That thought shattered his reserve.

"Skye?" He approached her slowly, carefully. She held onto Trent as he searched every inch of her to examine her for any injuries, but her gaze landed on him as he walked toward her and never left. When he brushed some of her hair off her pretty cheek, she lost it and started to cry.

He opened his arms to accept her. Instead, he got a cold slap across his face and glare from the woman he'd just saved. "How dare you, Caleb Jennings! Do you have any idea how close t-that man c-came to—" she sobbed and fell into Trent's arms. He pulled her tight against him and kissed her forehead, whispering words that had a visibly calming effect on her.

"Let's go home," Caleb stated and placed his hand on her shoulder. She closed her eyes and rested her cheek against it.

"Good luck getting me in the mood now," Skye started after climbing into the truck Caleb parked out on the backside of the bar. "Being attacked pretty much ruined it for me."

Caleb chuckled. He really didn't think she'd want to have sex when they got home, but after that comment, his dick woke up. Skye laughed and wiped the last of her tears with the back of her hand. "I'll make you a deal, Skye. Let us give you a massage. If, after we're

done, you want to just head to bed, then we won't stop you."

"A massage?" That had her interested. Her chocolate eyes darkened as she glanced over at him. He hit a bump and the sudden jolt had her suck in a sharp breath and grab the dash. "You did that on purpose."

"You bet I did," he admitted, loving the glow growing in her cheeks, and the heat behind her unfocused gaze. She looked wild, daring, willing to push them all to their limits and then some. He could see it in her eyes. "Would you like me to find another pothole?"

"I have another hole I'd like to you find," she countered and licked her lips.

Trent's hand slipped between her legs and ran his fingers up and down the front seam of her jeans. "Jesus, Skye. You're pussy is on fire."

"You have no idea," she answered and opened her legs.

Unbuttoning her jeans, he slipped his hand inside the clothing and let out an audible sigh with a hint of a groan. "Holy shit. You're soaking wet."

Caleb stepped on the gas and sped down the gravel road to their driveway. Practically taking the turn on two wheels, he maneuvered the truck and slammed on the brakes as soon as they stopped in front of the house.

"Take her," Caleb ordered Trent as he jumped out of the truck and hurried toward the house. If they were going to do this, they were going to do this right. He had to get to his room and get everything ready.

Once inside, he kicked off his boots and took the stairs two at a time to make it up to his room and lay everything out before Trent brought Skye up.

This would be a night none of them would soon forget.

Chapter 12

Skye walked out of the bathroom a freed woman. Trent helped her remove the plug, and as they made their way to Caleb's room, she couldn't help but think this night would change everything between the three of them. Nerves rattled her stomach and she drew in a deep breath as Trent knocked on Caleb's door.

"Is she ready?" Caleb asked Trent as he opened the door. Trent nodded as his answer. Skye recognized that look in both her cowboy lovers' eyes. They planned to have her *riding double* tonight.

The idea of being filled with two cocks at the same time thrilled her and made her a little anxious. Would she be able to fit two inside her? Neither Trent nor Caleb had small penises. What if the combined girth of their cocks was too much for her to take?

Caleb walked over to her and took her hand, a smile more in his eyes than on his lips, causing those gorgeous jades to dance down at her. "Are you ready?"

"For what?" It sounded like someone else speaking. Her voice echoed deep in the back of her brain.

He curled the corner of his lip. "Lay down on the bed. Trent will undress you while I snap the restraints in place."

Restraints? Okay, that put her more on the anxious side than aroused. "Why do you need to tie me down? Do you really need to control me like that? I'm not going anywhere."

"It's not about control at this point, sweetheart. It's all about trust." He nodded to Trent, who approached her and undressed her, tossing her clothes off to the side before following the same path with his own clothes.

Caleb laid her back on the bed and lifted her hand up above her head. She heard a distinct click and looked up to see a velvet-covered cuff now holding her wrist directly above her head behind her. He reached over and did the same with her other hand, locking it into place next to the first one. Her heart throbbed in her throat and she swallowed several times to force it back into her chest.

When he took one ankle, and then the other, and cuffed them to the corner foot posts, spreading her legs and exposing her bare pussy to them, she shuddered. Her gaze flew to Caleb's as he held up a blindfold.

Panic engulfed her senses, pushing everything else aside. Darkness took over behind a blindfold. She would be surrounded by frightening darkness. It would ooze in around her, swallow her, and she'd never be able to breathe. "No way."

Trent tensed. "Maybe this isn't such a good idea." He looked at her, concern apparent in those handsome hazel eyes.

"It's exactly what she needs," Caleb stated calmly.

"Can't you see she's scared?" Trent's voice conveyed the terror coursing through Skye's veins.

"Yes." Caleb nodded and turned his gaze on her. Even as fear threatened to shatter her control, the way his velvety gaze slid over her naked flesh covered her with goose bumps. "And aroused."

"The hell I am," Skye bit back but didn't continue. She didn't want either one of them to know her greatest fear—darkness, cold and consuming. She'd be alone in the dark, no one else but herself to save her from the black abyss as it sucked her in and faded her into nothing.

"Skye, sweetheart." Caleb sat down on the bed and gently brushed her cheek with his knuckles. "I know you're afraid of the dark."

Her eyes widened until they hurt. Embarrassing heat slapped her cheeks. "You do?"

"We both do," Trent added. Her painfully wide gaze darted to him. He smiled warmly and nodded. They knew? Oh, dear God. How

humiliating. "It's okay, Skye. We're right here."

"No," she said and shook her head, fighting tears. "Who ever heard of a twenty-two-year-old afraid of the dark?"

A smiled kissed Caleb's lips before he leaned down and gave the smile to her through the touch of his mouth. "Relax, Skye. Nothing is going to hurt you. We won't let it. You are safe with us. Remember that."

She knew it sounded silly, having him reassure her like he'd just looked under her bed for the boogeyman. Still, it was exactly what she needed to hear to alleviate the fear coiling inside her. Nodding, she swallowed and held her breath.

Reaching between her legs, Caleb caressed her pussy before exploring between her slick lips with his finger. It didn't take long with him fingering her clit for her to forget why she'd been protesting in the first place. Heat tightened over her, and didn't leave room for anything else.

"Above all else and everything you'll experience here tonight, we will never threaten you or cause you pain you don't want," Trent explained as he sat down on the other side of the bed.

I don't want? She didn't want any pain, and yet... She did. If the pain they planned to cause her felt anything like Trent pinching her nipples and shooting pulses of erotic stimulus straight to her pussy, then she'd be okay with a little pain.

As Caleb slipped the blindfold over her eyes, she plummeted into a world of darkness. The fear of the unknown and complete release of control tempted her to tell him to take it off, but those exact same reasons had her remain silent.

"I'm scared," she whispered. She felt a gentle touch on her cheek from Trent's side. She leaned into the touch, finding comfort in it.

"Is that such a bad thing?" Trent's gentle baritone stroked over her senses, sending a shiver ripping through her. The warmth of his breath tickled her face. Lifting her chin, she tried to reach for his lips, but they weren't close enough. She huffed and fell back on the bed. Her

pussy protested by throbbing angrily, demanding attention.

The darkness closed in around her and she started to thrash her head to get the damn blindfold off. She didn't want it on her anymore. She had to see what they were doing, and just wanted to get away from the black threatening her sanity.

Something made a buzzing sound and she stilled. A vibrator? "What is that?" They didn't answer her. The vibration intensified and she almost felt it against her sensitive skin.

And then she did. Writhing against it, yet trying to move closer, she wiggled against her restraints as the vibrating toy brushed across a taut nipple, and then the other. She forgot all about the blindfold, about the darkness trying to swallow her and just felt. The vibrations. Their touch. Kisses as they swept across her skin. She just felt.

Liquid heat surrounded her core, melted the walls of her pussy and coated her lips. The cream tingled and made her ache for a touch, any touch, even her own. Instinctively, she reached down to touch herself, but the cuffs stopped her.

Okay, this wasn't fair. They really did want to torture her.

A hand covered her breast, flicking and teasing her stiff nipple as the vibrator pulled away and silenced. She felt every callus, every little imperfection that made his touch that much closer to perfection. When a moist, hot mouth covered her other nipple, peaking it between his lips, she arched her back.

The cuffs clacked against the headboard and each other as she tried to wiggle loose and weave her hands in each of their hair. Twisting, turning and pulling, she finally fell back on the bed. She whimpered, realizing she couldn't break free, and didn't know if she really wanted to. If darkness felt this good, then she didn't mind it. Not at all.

Another mouth enclosed around her other nipple so she had a steamy mouth suckling on each breast. It felt so amazing she let out an agonized sigh and twisted again to rub her thighs together. When one of them clamped his teeth down on her nipple she froze, unable to

make sense of the wash of chills that jumped up to her scalp before taking a beeline to her cunt and flooding it with her own juices.

That hurt, damn it. So why did it just excite her beyond anything she'd ever felt? Oh dear God, they were trying to kill her.

She strained to hear what they planned to do next, shifting around on the bed and whispering between them. Fear kept her senses heightened, fear and anticipation. No one touched her. They both stood off the bed and she heard more whispering.

She jumped when something hard pressed up against her pussy. It wasn't fleshy. It felt more like plastic, or maybe metal, like what had brushed across her nipples. "Relax," Caleb told her.

When he pushed the toy past her pussy lips and inserted it into her vagina, she shuddered. And then he turned it on and her entire world melted around her. The vibrations ripped through her and sent her teetering between desire and desperation.

"How does that feel, darlin'?" Trent sat down on the bed next to her and stroked her hair. She knew his touch, his smell.

"I-I don't know if I can take this," she admitted in a hushed whisper. Swallowing down her panic at the way the darkness seemed to taunt her, she focused on the pleasure surrounding her instead. The vibrator consumed her and she gave into the sensation.

"I know you're strong," Trent told her. His faith in her never ceased to amaze her. Even after everything she'd ever put him through, he never lost his faith in her. Her heart felt close to exploding from the warmth of his words.

Too proud to admit her unrelenting need for them, or her overwhelming love, she covered her emotions with a challenge as always. "Is this how you take control?" she egged Caleb, desperate now for her cowboys to place their warm hands on her. Surging sensations pulsed through her body, and she found herself panting as she waited for them, the little vibrator attacking her pussy. "By whispering and plotting like you're back in high school?"

Nothing. No snickering, no growling. Just... *Nothing*. Did they

leave her? Another wave of alarm swept through her, this time replacing her arousal completely. They wouldn't leave her alone, knowing how she felt about the darkness? About being alone? Even the little vibrator didn't console her as the panic started to beat in her ears.

"Hello?" Still nothing. She didn't hear the door open, but then again... Wait. They never shut the door. Oh, Jesus. They *did* leave her! Pulling on her restraints, she jerked and twisted but they refused to give in. She hated being alone and they both knew it. A sudden and dark thought formed in her brain. What if they did this on purpose? What if they left her alone as some way to torture her?

"Trent?"

Nothing.

"Caleb?"

Still nothing. Panic started to riot within her. "This isn't funny!" She really jerked at her restraints, pulling until her wrists ached. "Please don't do this!"

"Shh," she heard one of them say. Instead of her feeling relief about not being alone, she wanted to rip their fucking head off, starting with the little one first. How dare they do this to her!

"Goddamn it! Get me out of this. Now!" Snickering. Unbelievable. They actually laughed at her despair. "I'm not kidding. Get me off—"

"Okay," Trent said and she felt the bed depress between her legs. The vibrator started to ease in and out of her pussy and she settled back down. She still wanted to kick both their asses though. Oh, but the sensations racing through her from the vibrator buzzing up against her moist flesh almost made her forget why she wanted to hurt them. Hell, no. She only wanted pleasure, pleasure for all three of them.

"You want control, right?" Caleb voice sounded as the bed depressed next to her. "It's what you've always wanted."

"Yes." She didn't see any need to lie.

"Your fears control you, sweetheart. We'll continue to work on

your fear of the dark until you ask to be blindfolded." Before she could tell him that would never happen, he pulled the blindfold off her eyes and she squinted against the brightness of the room.

Looking first at Caleb, then at Trent, they both looked back at her with pure, unbridled love and care in their gaze. Her heart definitely wanted to burst. Then she finally understood. As long as she had her cowboys by her side, her fears didn't matter. Her men stayed with her, and nothing else mattered. No fear in the world could take their love from her.

Finally releasing complete control over to them, she relaxed on the bed and smiled up at them. Without a doubt, she knew she'd be safe with them. Always.

Caleb must have sensed the change in her and actually smiled. "She's ready." Reaching up, he unlocked her wrists from the restraints and pulled her into a sitting position. He then unlocked her ankles. He wrapped his arms around her and tenderly brushed his lips across hers. "I love you, Skye."

His admission stole the breath from her lungs. She knew Trent loved her, but Caleb? They both loved her? Searching his eyes for the truth, she blurted out, "You do? Since when?"

"Since I taught you to ride a bike," Caleb admitted with a casual shrug and grin. "When you fell and skinned your knee, the way you got back up, those enormous tears in your eyes..." he trailed off.

"I got back on and rode it again?" she asked, not remembering the moment, but wishing she had.

"No," he laughed. Trent laughed, too. Apparently the memory caught on from one man to the other.

"You marched over to the bike and kicked the shit out of it." Trent flashed a wicked grin that had her cunt clenching at what else that mouth would be doing to her tonight. "Now if we're done taking this little trip down memory lane, I think our woman would like some lovin'."

She liked the way he said *our woman*. It sounded so good, so

right. Lying back down on the bed, she opened her arms and motioned for her cowboys to come and get her.

Chapter 13

Trent fell into her arms and crashed his lips to hers. He explored the recesses like a starved man, and Skye loved every minute of it. Reaching up, she weaved her fingers into his hair and drove her tongue deep into his mouth, twisting it with his. Fire flooded her pussy.

She opened her legs, inviting Caleb to touch her, to ease the ache throbbing deep inside her pussy. She knew only one thing would satisfy her painful need. Skye reached down and wrapped her fingers around Trent's rigid cock, stroking it gently. He groaned into her mouth and pumped his hips into her hand.

Caleb disappeared between her thighs. When he lapped at her cunt, she jerked and sucked in a breath. The man knew how to eat her pussy, and had already proven he knew how to make her come in less than thirty seconds. His tongue lashed against her swollen clit, caressed her flooded flesh, and deliberately teased her. He clearly didn't want her coming too soon.

"Your pussy is so sweet. Like candy." Caleb murmured his appreciation for her taste. He stabbed his tongue inside her entrance and sucked at her juices, greedily drinking her fluid and begging for more.

"I've got to have more than your hand," Trent groaned. He rose up away from her, breaking their kiss, and slipped his cock past her lips, sinking it deep inside her mouth.

She sucked on his flesh, eagerly tightening her lips around him as Caleb did the same to her clit. His tongue dipped back into her vagina, but what he did with his fingers had her practically jumping off the

bed.

Slowly, he sank two fingers deep into her anus, scissoring them. Quivering from the dark sensation that engulfed her, she moaned around Trent's cock as he fucked her mouth. Sweat covered his body, glistening on him and plastering his hair to his forehead and neck.

"I'm not going to last," Trent spoke up.

"She's definitely ready," Caleb added and moved up to his knees. "Skye, sweetheart. Come here." He lifted her as Trent lay down on the bed. Turning her, she straddled him and slowed when she felt the large, blunt head of Trent's engorged cock nudge up against her cunt.

"Take me," Trent groaned. "Please, darlin'." His pleading had her ready to come right there. She slowly sank down on his shaft, finally feeling what she'd needed all night. "Oh yeah."

Caleb fingered her anus and she tensed, knowing what he planned to do but not sure if she'd be able to handle it. He pushed two fingers inside her backside and slowly fucked her hole. "Relax, Skye. You've had that plug in all day. You can take me."

Then, once Trent pushed all the way inside her, Caleb moved onto his knees behind her. When she felt the head of his dick press against her puckered hole, she panicked and sprang forward. Trent grabbed her hips and held her in place, spreading her cheeks for Caleb.

He slowly, agonizingly, entered into her with excruciating precision as Trent dug his fingers into her hips and held her still. She wanted to buck, to move away from the invasion but couldn't move at all. Caleb sank into her the last few inches and held her tight as his entire body shuddered. She didn't have to see it to feel it.

"Caleb," she whimpered. "It's too much. I can't move." *I can't breathe.*

"Easy," he grunted when she bucked up against him, pushing him further. Trent's cock jerked and he sank in until they were both deep inside her body.

Stretched beyond capacity, her body shuddering from being overfilled by cock, Skye panted and squinted as sweat invaded her

eyes. She moved slowly, adjusting to the piercing thrust as Trent moved first, impaling her with flesh and pulling a moan out of her.

Caleb moved then, carefully pulling out of her ass and sinking back in. Her body erupted in a fiery inferno as her cunt surged, her juices flooding her channel and coating Trent's dick. Her muscles clasped around Caleb's cock and he jerked.

"Jesus," he groaned from behind her. "I can't... Oh Jesus."

"Say it," she pleaded. "Tell me, Caleb."

Bucking up against his thrust, she buried his cock deep inside her ass and cried out from the pleasure and pain. Trent then plunged inside her pussy and she cried out again.

She tried to move, to have them both inside her at the same time, but neither of the men would obey her body's demands.

Trent groaned and shuddered beneath her. "Holy shit, Skye. You're so tight. I've never felt anything like this."

"That makes two of us," she almost cried her response. Caleb had started to move in and out of her, slowly, methodically. And then Trent moved within her, matching Caleb's movement.

When they both buried their steely cocks inside her at the same time, she screamed. She actually screamed, throwing her head back and not holding anything back. Two men, equally matched, started to fuck her with gentle, yet unrelenting strokes.

Skye rocked and rolled, not knowing which way to go to bring her closer to release. Everything felt so good, too good. An orgasm coiled deep inside her womb, unlike anything she'd ever felt. It scared her and thrilled her at the same time.

They brought her higher as they fucked her, pounding their flesh inside her at the same time with driving strokes. She screamed again when their tempo increased, pounding into her holes with erotic precision. Her muscles tightened around her men as Trent's coarse pubic hair slapped up against her exposed clit. A few more strokes and she'd definitely shatter.

And she did. Trent's dick thrust deep inside her cunt and sent her

over the edge. The room faded around her as she screamed out in her orgasmic insanity. Her womb fisted, her entire body exploded, and she fell forward on Trent's chest. This orgasm was too much for her to take. It drove her mad with its intensity. Deep, carnal and raw, she'd never felt anything so intense. She literally cried, tears streaming down her face, as she gave her heart, body, and soul to the two cowboys she was *riding double*.

Trent held her tight as he pumped into her, pulling more cries of sheer ecstasy out of her as he stiffened and spilled his life inside her. Caleb groaned and grabbed her hips, piston-driving her until he, too, lost his rhythm in his own release, jetting hot cum deep inside her backside.

A shudder ripped through her so hard she collapsed onto Trent. He wrapped his arms around her and held onto her as he shuddered repeatedly. Caleb lay down next to her as she rolled off Trent and laid between them, her two men.

"I love you," she whispered to both of them as exhaustion threatened her consciousness. Tears burned her eyes and she didn't care. For one of the first times in her life, she let her emotions out for the world to see and judge. "Both of you. So much." They both curled closer to her, but it wasn't enough. Somehow she knew it would never be enough. She'd bared everything to them and they still accepted her, despite all her flaws.

"How was that?" Caleb asked as he slowly stroked her thigh with his fingers.

"I want to be on top next time," Trent said, humor sparking his tone. All three of them laughed until exhaustion silenced them.

Skye cuddled into her cowboys, knowing this was the start of the rest of their blazing, and amazing lives. She couldn't remember ever being happier.

A smile curled her lips and she drifted off to sleep, holding each of their hands.

THE END

<http://www.alliekadams.com/EVE.html>

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Allie K. Adams writes as Eve Adams when a sizzling, M/F love story isn't enough. She currently resides with her family in southwest Montana, surrounded by real cowboys who give her visual inspiration for her stories. Please visit her website for more information or to contact her. She loves to hear from readers, so please don't be shy!



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