



FINDERS KEEPERS:

A COWBOY'S FIRST LOVE

Destiny Blaine

MENAGE AMOUR



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DEDICATION

For the reader who enjoys the authentic western lingo still found in many small towns, especially in the south. This short story is for you.

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Chapter One

Heath headed out of Tombstone with a good twenty minute lead. Earlier, he overheard scarce details but enough to know the crooked marshal there conjured up a few bogus charges against him. The marshal and his men planned to invite him to a private sort of party, the kind of celebration no one wanted to attend as the honored guest.

Since Heath had a certain attachment to his neck and didn't have the stomach for a hangin', he decided to pay attention when he heard some local gossip. Lucky for him, he had planted his ass in the town saloon soon after arriving in the west. Most of the time, he liked to sit for a bit. Then again, he didn't face every new day as a wanted man.

When a young gun rushed around town spattering off about a posse, Heath had a little trouble digesting his misfortune. Someone robbed the general store and the cowboy who pulled Heath to the wayside knew who did it, said he looked a whole lot like him. Staring into the strangers eyes, he saw the obvious physical similarities. They could've passed for brothers.

It didn't take Heath long to sum up the young fella and only a few more minutes passed before he took him up on one hell of a sweet offer. The young cowboy knew where a beautiful woman was hiding and if

he followed his advice, he'd find her waiting nearby. Since men and their rifles were headed his way, Heath took a notion to run about the time the thug finished telling him all the reasons he should.

In the west, drifters often remained outsiders and many lawmen considered them outlaws. Heath assumed Tombstone folk wouldn't like his original notion for putting down roots, especially since he bore a strong resemblance to the man in front of him. No doubt about it, he was the one who did the robbing in the first place and if Heath planned to flee, he should probably get on with it.

Since the townspeople needed someone to blame for a new crime he didn't commit, he imagined it was time to give some thought to another profession. Drifting hadn't worked out. He'd think about it some as he rode.

After a sweet last swig of whiskey, Heath decided it tasted a lot like the young gunslinger's warning—really bitter. It was time to move on, and he headed for the hills pretty fast in an attempt to avoid the town's notorious vigilantes.

Darn's hooves pounded against the solid ground beneath them. The horse understood trouble. The two of them avoided plenty of it. On occasion, they stirred a little of it and ran like hell after they raised it. On those rare occurrences, a woman with a nice chest shot his better judgment to kingdom come and sometimes, depending on what he gained out of the ordeal, it proved worth it.

Heath's old pa used to say women were the root of all evil. Right now, nothing sounded sweeter than swimming in some saucy wickedness. It beat the heck out of dodging gunfire in the middle of a hot afternoon.

"Giddy up, Darn. Let's get it, boy," Heath hollered, clucking to the chestnut gelding. Darn just about decided to call it quits but a spur or two to the flank and the creature saw things Heath's way.

By nightfall, the men riding with the posse lost the enthusiasm they had in the first place, and Darn carried Heath straight into hiding. A never-ending rock formation offered plenty of appeal when a man wanted to disappear.

"Whoa!" Heath pulled back on the leather reins and narrowed his gaze on a small form crouched down behind some rubble.

Darn danced around, jittery about his new surroundings and probably a little jealous because he just didn't like company. The animal snorted and stomped his front hoof against the scattered pebbles. Heath slid out of his saddle and slowly tiptoed over to the child-like woman curled close to the bedrock.

He knelt down beside her, took off his buckskin gloves, and studied her for a piece before he tapped her shoulder. She looked so fragile he was almost afraid to touch her. "Holy shamolee," he said softly.

Immediately, the little thing jerked. She drew her legs to her chest and stared back at him through wild blue eyes. "Please," she begged, "I have nothing here to offer you. No silver. No gold. I'm just resting for the night."

"You reckon any man traveling through these parts would take one look at you and figure you as a wealthy sort of woman?" Heath asked, staring. Some things, especially the right kind of female, were impossible to turn away from, and the little gal in front of him held his attention.

Some might consider her a child but he guessed her at about nineteen. Of course, he always liked to

guess a woman with full breasts at over eighteen and under twenty-one. The nice thing about the young ones, he'd been told, was that they liked to learn certain things from a man. They also practiced a lot once they got the hang of things. He'd love to find out. Of course, he didn't know much for certain. He'd never had a woman of his own or a cowboy to pal around with and exchange the more truthful of stories.

He cleared his throat and tried again. "What do ya say, child? You think some people might take you for a woman who struck gold?"

"No, sir, I don't guess they—"

He interrupted her. "Well then, we got a few particulars out of the way. Now, it's time for introductions." He pointed to his ornery four-legged friend. "This here's Darn and my name is Heath. Now, it's your turn."

"I'm Elizabeth," she said in a trembling voice.

"You don't look like you're prepared to stay here for very long. Guess you're just a passing through with all that gold in your pocket, huh?"

"No, uh, I mean, yes. I'll leave at first light tomorrow."

"Alright then, we have two things in common."

"Two things?"

"Yes, ma'am. We both have names and neither one of us plans on sticking around here long enough to meet the locals in these parts."

"You mean the Indians?"

"No, ma'am. There are worse things to fear outside once the sun goes down."

"Oh," she said.

"I meant the four-legged kind, a few wolves, maybe a mountain lion or two. The kind of guests you don't see sneakin' around until they're right up on ya. See Darn here, he looks out for me and acts a fret when company arrives."

Elizabeth glanced over at Darn. Then, she really gawked at him. She rubbernecked it a little to check him out. "Where'd he get his name?"

"It's an interesting tale, but before I let you hear it, I have to get your age. See, I can't tell the story to a kid due to the content involved."

"Oh," she replied.

He swallowed stiffly. He liked a woman who knew how to carry on a conversation. So far, this one here overused one word in her extensive vocabulary. His worst fear realized, since she didn't offer an age right away, indicated one thing. Too young for his own good and it struck him as a might shame too, since Heath didn't particularly like keeping certain body parts in his pants at night.

The woman in front of him had sensual heart-shaped lips, and her defined cheek bones were enough to drive a man to look twice. His gaze fell over her body in a mindless sweep and he shook off his second thought, the one about her physical beauty. Her heavy breasts and tiny waist made a cowboy really stop and think, after he lusted for a bit.

As if she read his thoughts, she giggled uncomfortably. “Darn must have some kind of story behind his name if a person has age requirements to hear all about it.”

“Yes, ma’am,” he said, noticing how her language skills vastly improved when he stared at body parts. He tried it again. This time, he let his gaze linger at her crotch, or at least the material covering it.

Her smile widened and with a deep breath—the one he took—she slowly revealed the beauty of a woman. Her personality came shining through with a devilish smile and her eyes danced, glittering with a sparkle of turquoise.

“Few in these parts worry about a woman’s age, you know.”

“Imagine it’s true,” he said. “How old are you?”

“I’m old enough to know it’s better to hold up here in these hills and gather a few thoughts rather than give in to a man who plans to sell me off to a place where a woman loses her soul.”

Somewhat startled, Heath backed away from her. The girl sat at his feet with her arms around her knees.

“Someone abuse you?”

“No, sir. I’m makin’ sure they don’t. I’ve been running away from a single woman’s profession, and a few too many offered chances for over a year. You know the kind, those for entertaining men, and opportunities for women who apparently look a whole bunch like me.”

“You mean working as a whore,” he said, clarifying.

“Yes, sir. Doing all sorts of acts meant to gnaw at a woman a little worse than the fear of death. I’ve been trying to avoid working on my back so I keep movin’ on my feet, reminding myself daily of why I’m doing it.”

“What’s the why behind your reason?”

“What’s the reason behind your why? How come you named him Darn?”

“So happens, I headed for a saloon one time with plans of going to see a real pretty kind of woman, the kind I reckon you don’t want to act like once you grow up and all. In any case, I planned to ride into town and shake off some stress and such. I had just pulled up outside of Dodge City, so help me I could almost smell my woman waiting on me. Before I knew what I was seeing, I galloped right alongside Darn. Somebody shot him in the flank and withers and left him in the prairie to die.”

“That’s awful,” she whispered, her lips forming a sudden frown.

“Now, in most cases, wounds like he had might have been considered dangerous since he’d bled a few hours, but turns out an old Indian—one who happened to travel with me back then—called the wounds

out as superficial. What that means is—”

“I know what it means,” she interrupted.

“Well, in any case, the Indian said we were kind of like soul mates. Belonged together for as long as we was a livin’ and I reckon it’ll be thata’ way until one of us is a dyin’.”

“And you named him Darn because...”

“How old did you say you are?”

“I’m twenty-two.”

“And I’m plumb tickled to death,” he said, grinning. His dick twitched underneath his buckskins. Shew, if her age didn’t sound like an open invitation to tell a woman about a man’s needs, he didn’t know what did. He sighed, shifted his feet some and walked over to Darn. Retrieving his canteen and saddlebags, he took a seat on the cold ground and offered her sip.

She eagerly accepted, took a few drinks and then wiped her mouth on her dirty white sleeve. “Thank you,” she said.

“See, Darn here kind of stood in the way of a man’s needs. I guess you know all about those since you’re obviously a woman and all.”

She didn’t respond.

Ah hell. *She’s not just a woman, she’s one of them lady-types.* He groaned and then continued. “Anyhow, Darn needed some attention and my Indian friend wanted me to tend to him, showed me how to clean the wound and get him ready for a rider again.

“In the meantime, as you might guess, I took to my own hand and gave up the wild notion of going for a saloon or the women found in one.”

His gaze met hers and he added the final part. “Well, anyhow, as things go with a man at the right times and all, a fella will holler and say things, you know? Since I was a thinkin’ about the loss of one pretty little whore, I kinda lost it early that night. I said ‘darn’ a couple of times and every time I did, Darn over there snorted and stomped—he don’t do it much now—but anyhow, I decided to name him Darn in honor of the occasion.”

She choked on her last swallow, fought to conceal a giggle, and handed back the canteen. “I believe you supplied plenty of information.”

“I answered your question about my horse. What’s the reason you don’t wanna work in a saloon?” he asked, hoping like hell she didn’t have a peculiar thing against cock.

“I already told you. It’s a way to earn a living worse than fearing death. I guess, depending on the cowboy paying for services, at times a whore probably prays for dying days. What do you think?”

He yanked back the leather flap on his satchel and glared off in the distance, the moon provided the only light now. “I suppose so. A woman is like a man in some ways. A man understands there are many elements in life far worse than death. A woman probably faces a few things she fears worse than dying,

too. Being alone ranks pretty high on many a woman's list though. I guess a gal can know loneliness too, even working in a saloon."

He stretched his legs out in front of him and crossed his ankles. He congratulated himself for sounding thoughtful, philosophical enough to hold her attention.

For several minutes, they sat side by side without a word exchanged between them. His gaze followed a shooting star. He wished for a night like no other as he checked out Elizabeth with a sideways glance.

"Are you alone in this big old open country, Elizabeth?"

She jumped to her feet and walked to the opening of the cave. Darn didn't like her sudden movement. He snorted and shivered before kicking out his hind leg. It was a swift kick too, and it startled her. Otherwise, Heath might have been kind of proud of his old plug.

"Be careful over there. Darn doesn't like anyone walkin' toward him unless he has a chance to get to know them."

"Oh, I didn't know."

"Of course you didn't," he snapped. "Just like I don't know whether or not you're alone in this here world," he repeated himself.

The cave fell silent and a gust of wind blew tumbleweed into the mouth of the cavern. For several minutes, the only sound seeping into the crevices was Darn's discontented breathing and his hoof clobbering the soil in repetition every three or four minutes.

After waiting for an answer she wouldn't supply, he finally pulled the brim of his hat over his eyes. "Yup, I reckon there are worse places for a woman than a saloon. You got something against the sex act or just the smell of whiskey?"

He was plumb slap-happy with his form of questioning. The close quarters rang out with his amusement, but he didn't hear a peep from the pretty one, or a faint echo. Maybe he fucked up when he asked such a personal question. He wiggled his shoulders against the cool surface behind him.

"Ouch!" he screeched, jumping when her hand fell against the top of his hat. It fell to the dirty ground and he looked into the face of fury.

Howdy ho, yes indeed. Without a doubt, he screwed up.

Elizabeth glared at the man sprawled out against the natural wall. "You got some nerve mentioning the sex word to me. I don't know who you think you are but—"

Heath threw up his hands to guard his chest. "Listen here woman, it's only a word. It's like every other word. Screwin', touchin', feelin', and just plain ole down right fuckin'. Now, I'm sorry you got all worked up about it. I ain't laid one hand on ya and just because I mentioned s-e-x don't mean I got it on my mind."

She pursed her lips and stared at his cock. She pointed.

He pointed too, first at her boobs and then her vagina. "Yup, I'm glad we got that out of the way. I got a few man parts and you got a few woman parts. Anything you wanna ask about 'em, just shoot."

"You have a lot of gumption is what you have," she said. Truth be told, she liked finding a man with a good head on his shoulders, a stout dick in his pants, and nice looks to match. From what she could tell, just looking into the man's emerald eyes, he had a heart. A kinder one than most and if a woman judged a man by a body, then the cowboy staring back at her possessed more value than gold. His dimples were cute and his eyes danced with pure mischief, but she understood why. There was plenty of it found in a man built like the cowboy in front of her. They typically knew how to devil a woman.

Heath leaned over and snatched his hat. "I thought we were just pointing out the differences in body parts, is all. Don't go and take offense to none of it. Just laugh it off and think back to when you were a kid. Ever play, 'I'll show you something in my pants if you'll show me what you're keeping under your skirt'? And don't fib 'cause most women have."

"I'm not gonna answer you," she replied, storming off in the other direction because heaven help her, the more he talked the more her body reacted. A strange and unusual happening, she didn't typically walk on wobbly legs or feel any moisture in between said legs.

A lot of racket outside gained her attention. Elizabeth hurriedly moved toward the mouth of the cave. Fortunately for both of them, she heard the click of a firearm before she saw their guns and thanks to Darn's movements, she thought fast on her feet and grabbed the rifle attached to her new friend's saddle.

Four cowboys entered their rock shelter and she stood ready for them. She clutched the gun like she understood how to use one and squared her shoulders like a man might.

"Ma'am," one of them said, tipping his hat.

She didn't say anything. She just gripped the gun and moved it back and forth from one cowboy to the next. She kept the rifle in motion and her gaze darted between the intruders.

"We don't aim to bring you harm, woman. We're a lookin' for a cowboy. Have you seen one in these hills?"

She shook her head and stayed alert with her finger on the trigger. She didn't glance over her shoulder. She'd heard Heath shuffle fast and figured it safe to assume the cowboy these fellas wanted was tucked away someplace safe. Maybe even in plain sight.

Two of the men walked around outside before they came back inside to question her again. Evidently Heath found a good hiding spot, even though she knew better than to think he was the cowboy they wanted in the first place.

If Elizabeth cared to guess, the one these men were looking for probably had half the booze in their town saloon guzzled by now. Her Nick knew how to rob the unsuspecting, pin it on someone else, and then celebrate like yesterday never existed and tomorrow wasn't right around the corner. These boys weren't looking for Heath, but he sure looked a whole lot like her Nick.

"That your horse?" one of them asked.

"I reckon he's mine now. He's 'bout lame and some sorry somebody left him out here to die," she said.

The ugliest one in the bunch sneered. "Is that so?"

"Either that or he lost his rider. I don't care which. I had my horse stolen by Indians awhile back. I didn't mind keeping this one since I found him wanderin' around all by his lonesome. He's a friendly something too."

The dumbest of the bunch decided to find out. He approached Darn and quickly caught a swift kick in the thigh, inches away from his privates.

The man cried out. "Damn it! You knew he'd do that!"

Elizabeth just smiled and batted her eyelashes. "Like I said, I found him in the middle of nowhere. Hard to say what he's gonna do next. I hope he didn't hurt you too bad."

A loud gunshot was fired in the distance. Her heart raced and her eyes darted outside. Even Darn stretched his neck and looked too.

"She's a jumpy little thing, ain't she?" the ugly one asked, turning to his friends.

She kept her wits about her. It wasn't easy after another round of gunfire sounded out in the lower canyon. A few screams and squeals alerted her to a chase in the distance.

"Sounds like the boys down the valley are in pursuit of some trouble," a tall man said. "Say, you're traveling alone, right?"

"Yes I am," she grated out.

The hollering continued to bounce off the hills. It was clear a chase was in progress and the vocal proof moved closer and closer to where they were standing.

One of the fellas in the posse changed his stance and then up and decided he didn't want to waste anymore time. He said, "That ain't the horse we're lookin' for. The one our boy rode out on stood about seventeen hands high and had a gold-colored mane and tail."

Elizabeth knew the horse. And the rider.

"Yup," someone else agreed.

Obviously, the group in front of her formed one of those good old boy opinions. They just nodded and patted each other on the back, congratulating one another for having such a good memory and all. Shit, they were so good at stroking egos, they should've just whipped 'em out and fondled one another while they were at it.

With a troubled sigh, she decided to tuck away corrupt thoughts. After riding with Nick for so many months, she was as wise as any cowboy.

They had no idea who or what they were looking for. Elizabeth almost laughed. Only, she wasn't free from worry yet so it was a tad premature.

The third posse member took one step closer. "How old are you?"

Old enough to recognize a man with lust in his eyes, she thought. "I'm fifteen," she hummed, swallowing hard. She stood proud and tall, trying to force herself to believe such a lie.

"Shew," one of them said as he reined in his mount. "They make 'em a little older lookin' in these parts, don't they?"

Another one grunted. "I ain't convinced she's fifteen."

She gripped the gun tighter and tried to keep an eye out for any kind of movement. One of them studied her a right smart. He scratched his beard and then leisurely massaged the side of his neck.

"You don't wanna lower your gun?"

"I reckon not," she replied. "I kept it high in the sky before you got here and I'll go to sleep with it in my arms."

"Well then, we'll be riding on out so you can get all cozy with it," one of the cowboys said, looking over her shoulder once more.

"Much obliged if you rode out now," she encouraged.

After a few eyes narrowed on her chest and a grumble or two lingered in the air, the cowboys started on their way. Elizabeth followed them outside and watched until they disappeared into the night.

* * * *

"You can come out now," she chirped.

"Thought they might stay for a campfire supper," he complained.

"Who'd you kill?" she asked, pointing his rifle straight at his chest. Sure enough, she used his blasted gun to bully him.

He stuck his hands up in the air. "Now, hold on here, I don't shoot people unless I hafta."

“Did you have to?”

“No, hell no. It ain’t like what you think.”

“Then start explaining. If I’m going to sleep here with some kind of criminal then I need to know what kind of acts he’s committed.”

“You mean crimes or acts?” he asked, grinning because he realized the question would set her off just fine. He liked it a little earlier when her cheeks flushed pink and she marched away from him. Her ass just shook and wiggled. Hmm-hmm, he might get used to a woman like Miss Elizabeth.

“You know what I mean.”

His gaze narrowed on her breasts. “If you’re so afraid of me, why didn’t you tell those men I was here, and unarmed?”

She dropped her focus to his belt.

Lower, lower. His dick twitched and damn near tingled all over.

Her mouth watered. It did now. It really did. He saw it. He told himself he witnessed it with his own two eyes. Then, right in those hills, so help him, her gaze dropped again. This time she really stared at his cock.

“Right there,” he said, smiling wider than before.

She covered her mouth with one hand and her little lady-like ‘oh-my’ cost her the rifle. He made a quick leap, grabbed the gun with one hand and the pretty woman with the other. He tossed the weapon aside but the little lady didn’t get so lucky.

Chapter Three

Her heart thumped in her chest. “Unhand me.”

With dimples etched in his cheeks, he asked her an alarming question. “Why would I want to do something stupid like that?” Then he acted on an impulse, nothing else but a man’s desires, and he swept her into his arms and did the unthinkable. He outright kissed her.

His lips were soft. His large calloused hands appeared rough, but when he framed her face, they

caressed her with a gentleness she'd never known.

The first kiss negotiated the terms. When her lips parted and accepted his, he startled her as he pulled her closer. Her hands flew to his shoulders and she meant to push him away but he refused her attempt. He cupped her nape and kissed her deeper, dragging his lips away from hers long enough to explore.

"Heath," she mumbled, and her voice trailed off like she might stop him anytime, or did she sound desperate and in great need of some good loving? She guessed it was the latter of the two since he didn't change directions.

He kissed a damp path down her neck and ran his tongue under the neckline of her shirt. "I've been dying to see these since I walked in here."

Elizabeth trembled as he unbuttoned her blouse. She watched his hands as he slid one button after the next through the small slits where the rounded pearls bound the material together. The buttons only barely held her breasts away from dangerous men like Heath. He caught his breath as if he didn't expect to immediately find bare skin. He dipped his head, and she was glad when he did.

He suckled her nipple, pressing his palm against the small of her back before clasping her hand over his cock. His buckskins were rough but the ridge of his cock pushed so hard against her palm she didn't care. She shivered when she thought about the absurdity of having this stranger's hands caressing her and then cursed her own morals because now, of all times, she decided she lacked a few.

"Cold, are you?" he asked mockingly, licking at her like she was sweet old fashioned candy.

"No," she said. "I'm—"

"Darlin', I know what you are. Ain't no reason to explain anything to me. It is what it is right now between you and me."

He ran his fingertips over the band of her pants and without warning, he moved his hand into her breeches and she arched to him as he parted her folds with his middle finger. His raspy chuckle made her hungrier. The wickedness in it, the true carnality of it made her pussy weep and she whimpered like she possessed an urgent need.

"It's been a long time," she admitted.

"I'm willing to bet you've been fucked with fingers but never a man's dick."

She rolled her head back without a reply. He didn't know her and after one time together, they'd part ways without circumstances to follow them. She wasn't about to answer questions that would later haunt her.

Loosening the ties on his buckskins gave him the ready-set-go he needed, but she did it anyway. She dropped to her knees and watched as he helped her free it. She gasped, almost in horror, as his cock left his pants and uncurled straight in front of her parted lips.

"Oh, heavens to prairies," she exclaimed, gulping for a sip of tainted air as the musky smell of his scent filled her senses.

"Scared, aren't 'cha?"

“Might you consider fucking me without me trying to fit that in my throat?”

He chuckled and squatted down in front of her. He took his own hand and fisted it around his width. “Now, woman, don’t go pulling stuff like that on me. A woman’s body is made to handle these things, all shapes and sizes.”

“Their mouths, too?”

“Why sure, ain’t you been taught what to do with a man’s dick?”

She glanced down at his cock. She went from creamy and wet to bone dry thinking about it. Size mattered, from what she’d overheard, but heaven help her with one like his, she possessed certain concerns. She kind of believed in matters of size, this man’s cock outright destroyed everything in its path.

“Tell you what, let’s play a game.”

“What kind of game?” she asked, trying to relax.

“I want you to get used to me so we can both enjoy this.”

She cleared her throat and said, “Well, ain’t you the nice one?”

She stared at the dark burgundy skin pushing through his grip. He tightened it and then with a wicked smile, invited her to taste him. “Wrap your lips around the tip. Just lick around on me like I’m some kind of sweet milk chocolate. You’ll like the taste of it. I don’t mind saying so myself. A lot of women get close and cuddly with it after they acquaint themselves with the idea.”

“Do they now?” she asked, biting back a laugh. One thing about it, the man’s cock held her complete focus now. His kind demanded a woman’s attention.

“I know what you’re a thinkin’ and woman, I understand. From what I’ve been told, I got a nice shape. I like to think so, too. Trouble is, some women look at it and immediately see a new best friend while others, believe it or not, run like hell and fear it worse than any other enemy. Hell, I’ve had some women tell me—”

She leaned back in order to get a good look at him and said, “Don’t leave nuthin’ out now. Spout on.”

“Uh, I uh...my apologies. I get uh...carried away when I talk about my better half,” he said affectionately. He patted his stiff erection and then with too much arrogance, he rubbed his penis over her lips. “The main thing you have to do, Elizabeth, is set your mind right,” he said in a husky voice. “After you sip on it some, you’ll suck over and over again. It kind of grows on a woman, I reckon.”

She licked her lips and when she did, she swiped the defined slit. Sure enough, the cowboy was right. He tasted good enough to eat.

“Now, see? You kind of like it, right?” he asked with a smile. “Now, take a hold of it. Just tug it good, like this.” He demonstrated what he wanted her to do by wrapping his fingers around his cock and pulling it back and forth. “You can always go a little slower or faster. Set your own pace and when you’re ready, alls you got to do is drop your head down more, open your mouth wide and suck the daylights out

of it.”

“Is that right?”

“Best blow I ever had happened when a whore—”

She licked around on the tip again and moaned so loud he stopped talking—thank God. She’d heard about all she wanted to hear. She didn’t know why but for some reason, she liked Heath. Since it had been a few months since she’d even kissed a man, she planned to take advantage of the one in front of her now. This was Heath’s lucky day.

“So I take it you like it?” he asked. His cock swelled in between her cheeks as much as the man’s pride. He seemed pretty proud of himself for ‘teaching’ her to lick a man’s dick.

She closed her eyes and mumbled against the head. “Mmm...yes. It’s so good.” And she went a little overkill expressing herself. He obviously saw an opportunity and took it by stroking her tongue and tapping her throat with a little more force and a few good thrusts.

Chapter Four

“Boy, oh howdy, you sure can make a man crazy for a woman. Now, I’ve taught you plenty in lesson one. Let’s move on here to lesson two if we can. There’s something we need to try. It’s kind of like I mentioned before. This thing hangin’ in ‘tween my legs sure fits nice in a woman’s body. You’ll see. We’re gonna give it a turn here.”

In a matter of seconds, they were completely nude. With nothing covering their bodies, Heath walked around as naked as the day he first kicked his way into living a cowboy’s life. He strolled over to his horse and grabbed his blanket rolled and secured behind the saddle. Darn gave him one of those wide-eyed looks before he neighed out loud.

“Just shut up, why don’t ‘cha,” Heath hissed in passing.

“Me?” she asked innocently enough.

“Oh no, ma’am. I intend to hear you holler. You can yap all you want to.”

His knees buckled and he tossed the roll forward and watched as it unraveled. Funny, he’d never noticed it before but his blanket sure as shootin’ provided enough space for two. Too bad it felt more like a burlap sack than a soft coverlet.

He took a double take at his erection. He could kindly see where a woman might fear his penis. It sure was a large handsome thing, if he did think so himself.

He grabbed Elizabeth's wrist and pulled her across the length of his body. Right as his back hit the cool ground, her breasts pressed against his bare chest. "Now, if this ain't the nicest thing goin' then I don't know what is."

She smiled and he kissed her nose. It sort of reminded a man of one of those moments where he couldn't help himself. He just looked at her and thought she deserved a quick peck for being cute and all. He instantly regretted it. She already looked at him with too much preciousness, as he liked to call it. She liked him well enough to keep him and he hadn't even started to give her a few reasons to reach such a decision.

Before he began his chatter and step-by-step instructions, she slanted her mouth over his and kissed him with heavenly stars in her eyes. They locked gazes and he broke the kiss immediately.

"You got something against kissin' with your eyes closed?"

"No, why?"

"Just checkin' and makin' sure. It's not a big deal to kiss like this," he instructed by closing his eyes, puckering his lips, and waiting for her to kiss him again.

"You think that's what I want? A man who can kiss with his mouth closed?"

He immediately opened his eyes again. "I'm not talking about a mouth so much as the eyes. You ain't got to look a man in the eyes just 'cause your tongue is down his throat."

"Okay, I can see right now, this isn't going to work," she complained, moving away from him. He held her wrist tight against his chest.

"Where do you think you're goin' now?" he drawled. "Listen to a cowboy here when I tell you something from experience. Unless you want some sort of connection with the person you're kissin' then you don't want those pretty eyes of yours open while we smooch. You know what I'm sayin' here, don't 'cha?"

"I know exactly what you're saying, cowboy. You don't want any rope tied to you in the morning. I can assure you I'm going to walk right on out of this cave come sunrise and never look back, so me and you don't have to worry about the eye thing."

"Or the mouth thing," he added. "See, I really do like your mouth open. I'm a tongue kind of man."

"And a mouth kind of man."

"I don't get yer point," he stated, dumbfounded.

"You run it when you have a better knack for keeping it occupied. Just kiss me and forget it."

He cupped her neck, grinned really big and kissed her. He *put one on her*, too. He just smacked his lips and closed them over hers. His tongue created the slow act of sensual sex, the hot and erotic kind of

movement that showed a woman how slow a man might go, if given the chance.

Heath considered himself a betting man and he'd bet on what they were gonna do to one another just any second now.

Breaking the kiss, he opened his eyes and squinted as soon as he did. "You watched?"

"Yes, I like to see who I kiss."

"You seen enough then?"

"Nope, not yet. I also like to watch something else, too."

He didn't rightly get what she meant but when he shifted his weight, the thought suddenly dropped on him. "Are you a virgin or not?"

"Sorta," she said.

"Listen darlin', this may come as a shock to you, but either you are or you ain't, there won't be an in-between with that sort of thing."

"Actually, there is," she said. "The first time I had a man is kind of complicated."

"Uh-huh," he groaned, turning his body again and making sure he pressed his erection against her hip. "It's kinda important here if I know these things. See, if you're a virgin, then I need to give it to ya nice and slow, sorta explain things along the way, but if you ain't nuthin more than a—"

"I'm not a whore. I loved a man once but he couldn't stop himself from doing something silly before we fucked."

"Boy, oh howdy, you like using a man's words and they fall so sweet from a pretty woman like you," he remarked, arching a brow and asking for a better explanation. "Uh, and what do you mean by silly exactly?"

"He shot off like a wagon train running from wild Indians."

"You mean before he got inside of you?"

She nodded rapidly. "Yes, every time we tried, same thing happened," she mused. "Eventually, we quit struggling with it and decided it was too frustrating."

He kept waiting for the punch line. She looked somewhat amused by the whole incident, but she didn't say anything else on the subject. No sense in discussing things that proved uneventful, he decided.

"Maybe it had a little to do with the fact you wanted to watch or something. See, that's what I'm tellin' ya now, ain't no sense in keeping your eyes open 'cause I'm here to tell ya, I'm gonna make it all the way inside, if you get my drift. And if we get it right, I might even put down some roots and stay awhile."

She moved over him then and cupped his face. "You are a fine looking man, Heath. I'd like it very much if you'd take the time to slide what you consider your better half inside of me and let me watch when you do it. And you can stay as long as you like."

He almost lost it right then. He had to hold himself at the base to stop his excitement from flowing free. When he heard her ask so prim and proper and all, he really thought he might fall in love with this sort of woman. There was a pretty good chance he and Elizabeth could settle down somewhere and have themselves a real nice time.

He fought to control his enthusiasm, and started to say something really dumb to cover up the fact he almost did something as silly as the man she'd just described. Instead, he kissed her. This time, he kept his eyes open and sure as a cowboy shootin', he liked watching her kiss him back.

Heath enjoyed it so much, he shut his eyes again. It sorta worried him when his mind went blank and he immediately opened them again to the handsomest woman he'd ever seen in his life. To make things worse, she kissed him real good.

She sighed as his tongue scraped against the inside of her cheek and before he knew it they were touching tongues, tapping teeth and nipping, sucking, and lapping at each other like hungry animals. Best of all, his rigid cock remained pressed against her. It proved he was hard and ready to go, whenever she wanted to make the first move.

* * * *

Heath was a cowboy, a drifter, and a loner who obviously kissed a woman or two in his lifetime. His tongue drifted, maybe even soared across hers while his hands clutched fistfuls of her hair. He kissed her like he really enjoyed it and his eyes seemingly smiled as he watched.

Elizabeth wondered why he hadn't taken her yet, because truth be told, she needed it now more than ever before. She reached between their bodies and gripped his penis with a closed, tight fist. She wrapped her hand around his girth as much as she could and pulled, released, and tugged a little faster with each stroke.

"That's real nice," he growled when their mouths parted ways. "Now you've got the hang of it. Whenever you're ready, you put me where you want me. And, Elizabeth?"

"Hmmm?" she muttered, nipping at his chin, kissing down his neck and across his collarbone.

"I don't mind none if you wanna watch. Don't let what I said earlier give you pause to complete what we've started here," he drawled.

Grinning, she felt desperate now. She needed to come and she wanted this cowboy to know just how bad. She longed to feel him, take everything she'd missed in the few failed attempts from her past.

He lifted her body over his and sucked her nipple before he helped her straddle his middle. Before he released her, he braced her against his arm, bowed his back and slid his fingers through her folds.

"Oh God," she cried.

"No darlin', no need in all that. You can just call me Heath and use the name whenever you want. Like

right now. Scream it, chatter it.”

He moved one or two more fingers inside of her, stroking against her walls with force as he bit down on her lips in a playful, erotic nibble. “Want me, don’t ‘cha?”

Her tight muscles responded and her body trembled. “Get inside of me before I do something foolish and come without you.”

He released the hold he originally had and it allowed her to take control and use his body. She eased over him and as soon as she felt him tear through her walls, she realized the element of pain far exceeded the pleasure, at least at first. She allowed her body time to adjust to his length and heaven help her, his width.

“Oh jeez.” She really had a hold of something here and she knew it. Hell, she felt it. The throbbing heat he pushed inside of her wasn’t like what she expected, but more potent than a stout drink of whiskey and more exhilarating than anything she ever shared with Nick, the only man who ever tried—and failed—to take her like this.

He latched onto her breast and suckled her nipple, tweaking it once or twice with his tongue before drawing her fullness into his mouth. He swirled his tongue all around her areola, and when he stopped abruptly, they both glanced down.

“Good Lord woman, you like what you see, don’t ‘cha?” he asked, blushing. “I mean, you ain’t stopped lookin’ since we started here.”

“It makes me wetter by the second,” she said without noticing how her body suddenly moved up and down. He pushed her back, forcing her to sit taller, and pressed his palm tight against her stomach.

“Now, we have to get beyond the painful part. You can move whenever you’re ready and we’ll just take things nice and easy.”

She had to like a man who didn’t rip apart womanly barriers like nothing else mattered but getting off, but this wasn’t as easy as it looked. Heath had one humongous cock and it twitched inside of her, tapping all the right places.

“Heath! Please do something,” she coaxed, wanting him to start thrusting inside her, pounding into her pussy, and marking her as a woman. At the same time, she almost came without any help, or the first stroke. He lingered inside her walls and the swell of his erection almost drew out her climax. With beads of sweat pouring from his brow, she realized his release would follow right behind hers.

Heath moved faster. She gripped his shoulders, watching as he withdrew part of the way and then completely sank between her folds, pushing higher, prodding deeper.

“Faster?” he asked.

“Yes, please. Harder too.” She was coming. Her pussy milked his cock, pulled him in and secured a grip. The heat she felt earlier wasn’t anything in comparison to the hot springs pouring from her vagina now. “Coming,” she warned but she was delighted. “Now!”

He hammered inside of her. His strokes were short and calculated thrusts and before she knew what hit her, he took her over the edge.

“There you go, Elizabeth,” he growled. His dick still hard and capable, he never stopped moving.

“Coming...again, Heath, please! Let me have you...again!” she exclaimed, then lowered her voice to an unrecognizable plea. “Fuck me wild. Oh please, Heath...give me more.”

“Your wish, pretty lady,” he cautioned, dragging her with him. He rolled over her before she could stop the explosion rippling around them. He delivered even strokes, thumps she’d never forget. When she came once more, it was like a long stick of dynamite blew up the inside of the cave, but not just any cave, the one he controlled. It was the only fire to ever ignite within her body, maybe even her soul.

Chapter Five

Heath didn’t sleep a wink. A few times he imagined footsteps and even felt like someone was watching them. He wanted to protect her but more than the feeling of someone else waiting in the shadows, he couldn’t rest for his own excitement. He couldn’t keep his eyes, or his hands, off of her.

The woman sleeping beside him mesmerized him. Her fragile features were exquisite and dainty. How she took him on in a thrashing romp, he’d never know.

He touched her skin throughout the night. She felt like warm velvet. Whenever she moved, his hands followed behind her. He held her tight, kept her close, and realized what he cradled in his arms. He’d found paradise and he should’ve been running scared.

He decided she slept just fine from one minute to the next. Once or twice she moaned in her sleep, and the alarming sound shook him from his dreams. He placed his hand under her nose, waited to feel her breath against his skin and then released a sigh of relief. He really didn’t fuck the ever lovin’ life out of her. He sort of worried about it at first. He looked like a giant next to her, and it took some kind of woman to handle him.

When he looked at her, a tickling sensation swept across the back of his neck. He guessed it was guilt. He screwed her little frame every which way it would bend and at six foot three, he dominated her in size. Yeah, he ought to hang his head in shame. Trouble with that was, he wanted to do it again.

At sunrise, he threw Darn’s saddle over him and really planned on hitting the trail without a word. He aimed to leave her with the blanket and all, but decided he’d wait until she stirred. He swung his leg over Darn and sat there, in his roughest estimation, far longer than it took a woman to realize someone waited and watched. He leaned over his saddle horn and cleared his throat. Right then and there, he witnessed the most beautiful sight he’d ever seen in his life.

Elizabeth stretched her arms out over her head and rotated her wrists, first to the left and then to the right, like she had to give them a workout. Maybe, he thought to himself, she had to get the blood circulating again because he gave her entire body some exercise, especially her tiny little hands. Since he brought his hand to his cock more times than not, he realized she must have sore fingers.

Bless her heart, she spread those hands wide just to stroke him in a way he liked and even after he got inside of her, he made her give him another tug or two before she fell asleep. He had wanted to screw her again but he didn't think she was so open to the suggestion after she slapped his hand away from her pussy a few times.

Heath took a ragged breath and let it out. He hated goodbyes, but Darn didn't seem to be in much of a hurry. No harm in postponing the ride ahead. He focused on Elizabeth and she did the unthinkable. She moved her hand over her mound and caressed herself right in front of him.

Trying to remain gentlemanly, he cleared his throat, just to let her know he sat close enough to enjoy a private show. He had the best chair in the house. He towered over her from his seated position. Darn finally snorted his impatience and started to prance. It didn't matter what the horse had in mind, Heath soon developed plans of his own with the seductive smell of sex lingering in the air.

Elizabeth acted like she dozed in and out of some sort of deep sleep. She moaned, her hips shifted, and she parted her pussy lips before caressing the folds. She must've meant to fuck herself into a lazy morning. He aimed to change her plans.

"Ummm..." she called out, licking her lips as her fingers divided her flesh. He was as hard as a man had a right to be in the presence of female company. The little doll apparently knew what she was doing.

He cleared his throat and said, "Uh, Elizabeth?" *Hello sweet darlin'*, he thought, rubbing his cock and sliding out of the saddle.

Lazily, she turned her head and mashed her mouth against the back of her hand. She opened her eyes but they remained hooded and filled with lust. "Took you long enough," she whimpered.

He didn't take his pants off. There were some things a man just knew to do. If he stripped off right then, she might just take a notion to keep him tied up all day. He kissed her forehead and then sat down with his back against the wall.

Still nude from the night before, she stood over him. With her feet on each side of his hips, she waited until he tugged his cock from his breeches. He saw her wet sex dripping with desire and her black curls clung together from the moist heat. His mouth watered and he moved forward, close enough to lick the first drip but one sip wouldn't satisfy him, and maybe somewhere deep inside, he realized it.

A seductress's smile flashed across her face and he rewarded her for making him horny. He caught her clit with his lips and rolled it with his tongue.

He drew her into his mouth, sipping and sucking, lapping really, at her juices until her palms were against the back of the cave. Clawing at nature's wall of stone, she found a crevice and held on tight. She pressed her pussy against his mouth and he ate like a man who was late for dinner, because he only wanted a taste of dessert.

"Don't stop now," she begged. "If you won't stop, I'll...I'll...do anything," she bargained.

He liked a woman who knew how to promise all sorts of good surprises so he licked faster. He sucked her clit hard enough to make her squirm under his mouth before he tongued his way right into her pulsating vagina. Her snug snatch welcomed the attention as her orgasm drove her, and excited him. Oh yes, he planned to cash in on her promises and fuck her silly just for tempting him.

Grabbing her around the waist, he yanked her down and she straddled him. His thick shaft plunged into the narrow path of an unadulterated cavern of desire.

Bracing herself for the orgasm they'd share together, she grasped his forearms and used his body for leverage. Up and down, she guided their passion and she alone decided when he moved in, and how far to let him go.

"Well, I'll be damned," a voice from behind them made him jerk, but she never showed surprise. In fact, her pace stayed the same. Her body generously pumped, slow and easy.

"About time you got here." She slurred the words, drunk on incomparable lust, threatening to collapse her lungs. "But your timing sucks."

Shit! Heath had enough sense to pull out and since his size shrank accordingly, it would've been easy if Elizabeth would've moved. "You know this fella?" He flattened his palm against her side. She didn't take the hint.

She ground her pussy tight against his groin. "Yes."

Heath watched the man who invaded their sex nest. Darn moved closer. The poor beast must've realized Heath had his pecker in one hell of a tight spot. One that was hot and delicious, and if Heath didn't know better, he'd swear to boiling over now. She kept moving her hips, working his cock, and squeezing her thighs. She acted like the unexpected visitor only heightened her arousal.

The whole episode was more erotic than any man could stand, even the kind who more or less allowed for it in the first place. And Elizabeth, if the thick heat surrounding his cock was proof, liked an audience.

"Ahem," Heath began. "If uh, you don't mind to scoot over Elizabeth, I'll have a proper talk with this er...uh gentleman."

The gentleman in question was amused. "Oh no, don't pull out on my account. Keep fuckin' her, I would."

She immediately glared at him. "Oh yeah?"

Uh-oh. Heath recognized the visitor before they were formally introduced. He stared at Elizabeth and then back at the intruder. The man who sent him there in the first place grinned and Heath saw, once again, how much they looked alike.

"Mind to tell me what's going on?"

Elizabeth bit on her lower lip and squeezed her legs together. Her pussy performance was quite good, better than expected. He'd try to remember and mention it later. Right now, he needed to figure out a way to get away from her. She held him in place, her intimate space milking his cock, closing around him. He was ready to screw for the satisfying end, and he also braced for the last fuck of his life.

Maybe that's what her friend wanted them to do. If so, he'd die better than most, with his cock buried deep inside a very pretty woman.

"Don't fight it," she said, sipping at his lips. "This sort of thing gets him going."

"She's right," he said.

"This here is Nick," she purred, sliding up and down his shaft.

"Let me guess," he grunted, releasing carnal sounds when she sat erect and cupped her full breasts. "He's the one you told me about?"

She wiggled around, using her muscles to trap his dick. "He's mine, sort of."

"Define 'mine,'" Heath managed to say while keeping a stiff upper lip. He almost tossed her to the wayside but some pleasures—like those found in a woman—were hard to resist.

"Remember, I told you about him," she whispered, tossing her hair over her shoulders.

He poked her hip with his thumb, dropped it to his side and then with his finger and thumb held approximately two inches apart, he nudged her again and waited for a response. She understood the meaning behind it and quickly nodded. "Yes, please don't embarrass him," she said, managing to keep her voice low.

"What are you two whispering about?" Nick asked.

"Nothing special," she purred.

Ain't that the truth, Heath thought. Poor guy had bad luck. He couldn't fuck his woman for losing an erection. Then, he had the sorry misfortune to walk in and catch her with a man who didn't have the same problem.

A little guilt started to eat away at him and he tried to get her off of him but she slapped her palms against his belly. "Don't move," she ordered. "Nick, join us," she begged.

Nick wouldn't jump right into this fire if he knew what his so-called woman told him. Heath was a man who'd proven he could get the job done by sweeping inside the little woman's pussy and laying claims to it. He took a temporary place right inside her vagina and the longer he stroked, the more he hoped Nick would look the other way.

"I'm here to watch," he said. "Heath, you don't mind, do you?"

"Oh no," he said, sliding out of her wet cavern of bliss and successfully pushing her away at the same time. "Not at all. Why would I?" He choked back the fear building inside of him. If Elizabeth was his woman, and apparently she belonged to Nick, he wouldn't want to watch another cowboy fuck her, unless of course he orchestrated the whole thing.

Heath gulped. He was a dead man and he'd die with a hard cock. He would go to his grave the same way, he imagined. It was the only positive in all this.

He looked down at his cock and cursed under his breath. He wasn't even sure he could tuck his erection back in his pants, so he stood there and whistled, trying to think of anything other than the woman in front of it.

She didn't make it easy. The little siren started tugging at her nipples, staring at his penis.

"Stop that, you hear?"

"What?" she purred, sliding her middle finger into her cunt. "You didn't fuck me to the finish. If you won't, I will."

Nick lazily scratched the stubble under his chin. "She treating you alright?"

"Sure, sure," he said. He saw little reason to insult the man. He was obviously proud of Elizabeth's pussy.

Her head rolled and her hand moved faster. She squealed, continuing to fuck herself in front of them. Heath should've found the comic relief in all of this. He was a stranger and he fucked Elizabeth. Nick was familiar with her, and for whatever reason, couldn't keep an erection long enough to satisfy her.

Oh hell and mercy, his life came down to this. Some man catching him with his cock tucked inside the wrong woman.

Heath pursed his lips and reached for his breeches. She stopped putting on a show and pressed her hand on top of his. "Do you trust me?" she asked.

"Hell no, woman," he replied.

"You hurt my feelings," she informed.

"I ain't worried about your mental condition at the moment," he told her. He was, in fact, only concerned about his hide.

"He's afraid I'm going to grab his gun there and use it on the both of you," Nick announced, amusement dancing in his eyes.

Elizabeth dramatically fell to the blanket and rolled on her side. Heath finally managed to push his cock under his clothing and once his dick was out of sight, Elizabeth stared at him. "I didn't tell you I was done."

"Oh, you're done all right," he said, pointing to Nick. "I don't imagine he wants to watch me with you."

"Heath," he said, reaching his hand out to shake it, "can I call you Heath?"

"Sure," he replied, shaking his hand vigorously. For all he cared, he could call him the devil. "Might as well," he added. He never knew his own last name anyhow. He should've made one up. Even if he had one, it seemed a man who had witnessed what Nick watched ought to be on first name basis.

Nick chuckled. "Might as well, huh? After you had your dick in my woman, we're almost family, wouldn't you say?"

Heath thought about asking for his last name since they were almost related and all. Maybe he wouldn't care to let him use it when he later marked his grave.

"Sure," Heath replied. "Whatever you say."

Elizabeth struck a funny pose. "Did you make out pretty good at that general store?"

"You know it," he said, grinning. "Got you some candy and a few trinkets while I was there, too."

Heath stared at the gun still attached to Darn. He was in a fine predicament.

"Watch it, cowboy," Nick warned. "I'm not planning to shoot you, but I will. Thing is, I promised Elizabeth here a man. I can't seem to get it right unless there's another man involved to take the pressure off."

Heath wondered what he meant, but he didn't ask. He'd find out soon enough. Besides, he was still miffed over his discovery, evidently Elizabeth knew all about what her man did for a living. "Do you know I had a posse at my back because those people down in Tombstone thought I robbed the general store?" he asked her.

She batted her eyelashes and stared back at him with empty eyes. Ah hell, she didn't care.

Nick walked over and plucked Elizabeth from the blanket. Her golden hair cascaded over his thick arms. "I hate it for you, Heath," he said in a raspy voice. "I really do. Tombstone looked like it was full of good people—gunslingers and whores—probably your kind of town, huh?"

Elizabeth locked her hands behind Nick's neck and whispered something in his ear. Nick looked over at Heath and said, "She tells me she's still a little hot and bothered. She wants you to finish what the two of you started."

"I reckon she hasn't had any trouble asking for it, before you got here." Humph, Heath thought, take that, *early squirter*.

"Is he telling the truth, Elizabeth?" Nick asked. "Have you been a naughty woman while I've been working?"

Working, hell, Heath thought.

"Yes," she purred.

He released her, walked over to a flat rock, and took a seat. He patted his lap. "Come here."

She skipped. Damn right. The woman looked like she couldn't get there fast enough and it really irked Heath after he thought about it twice. Here he gave her a cock to ride, one that didn't quit before it awarded the prize and she ran over to Nick like she was scared to death she wouldn't get there today.

Before he could say anything, she leaned over Nick's legs and he raised his hand high in the air.

"Wait!" Heath yelled. "Just what do you think you're doing?"

Nick's arm was halfway down and he snapped it back up. "What's the problem?"

Heath stared at Elizabeth's pretty little bottom. Instinctively, he licked his lips. "Uh, uh...I, um..." He only managed a stutter.

"You what?" Elizabeth asked, placing her palms to the ground and flipping around so she could see him better.

"I've never seen anyone spanked before."

"You'll like it," she declared. "You wanna spank me?"

He quickly shook his head. He wasn't sure he wanted her spanked in the first place.

"Suit yourself," Nick said. "She loves it. You'll see," he promised, raising his arm still higher and then allowing the first smack to come down against her ivory skin.

"Ah yes," she hummed. It wasn't a yelp, or an agonizing cry. It was more like she found pleasure in the strike.

"You liked that?" Heath questioned.

"Sure, she does," Nick replied, massaging her globes where she caught the blow. "Wanna another one, sugar?"

"Please," she said, closing her eyes like all of her fantasies were coming true.

Nick's hand propelled down her legs and he pushed her thighs apart, spreading her hips. He gave Heath instructions and said, "Stand over there."

"Why?"

"Just do it," she told him.

Nick motioned for him to move closer. "You'll like what you see after you give her a minute."

No harm in it, Heath decided, standing where he could view her bare bottom and the moisture pooling around her vagina. His hands started to itch though, and his mouth watered when he saw the thin, transparent sheath spread evenly between her pussy lips.

Nick's hand swiped across her round globes, then he parted her thighs and fingered her. She whimpered as he worked his fingers inside of her pussy and then moaned something that sounded a lot like a request for another spanking.

A few agonizing moments later, Heath stood dumbfounded, staring at the ripe color of Elizabeth's ass. When she rolled over to stare into Nick's eyes, she thanked him. The man had spanked her twenty-seven times and she expressed her gratitude.

They sure were an odd pair.

"She's all yours," Nick announced. "You get your dick in her right now and she'll fuck you right."

“Join us, Nick,” she urged, grabbing his arm. “I know you can do it.” She stopped speaking and pursed her lips, tilting her head in Heath’s direction.

“Heath? Do you mind?” Nick asked.

“I suppose, since she’s your woman, I should be asking you the same thing.”

“Nah, she’s not mine anymore. You made her yours first,” he drawled. “Didn’t he?”

She looked down at the dirt. “For now,” she said.

Her response implied a lot but Heath pushed it aside. He had a man’s mind and he only cared about the obvious. He was horny. It was one thing to have urges and jollies postponed in the middle of fucking, still another to watch a woman’s lust seep from her body while getting her backside tanned. Yes, he wanted her, and if that meant taking her with Nick, so what? She wasn’t his woman, at least not yet.

Nick undressed behind them while she pulled and tugged at Heath’s cock, freeing him again. She dropped her mouth to his tip and rolled her tongue over the crest. “You taste good,” she purred.

“Thank you, darlin’,” he said, trying to act like it wasn’t nothing on his part. “Take all the sips you want now. It might be awhile before you get to drink me in again.”

“Ah,” she said, amused. “You’re so sweet, Heath.”

Nick chuckled and then stepped beyond the pile of clothes he left on the ground. “She’s not as dumb as she lets on,” he informed.

“I never thought so either,” Heath replied, kind of disappointed to discover it all the same.

She grabbed onto his ass and locked her lips around his dick, pulling him to her throat with one deep intake of breath. Heath tried not to stare at the other man’s cock, but it was hard not to look somewhere with a woman on her knees. Besides, Nick’s cock was the oddest looking penis he’d ever seen. It wasn’t long, but instead wide and thick. It was so purple it probably glowed in the dark.

Nick stepped behind her and spread her cheeks. Positioning himself at her hole, he grinned really big, and then frowned all of a sudden. His jerking told the tale. He didn’t make it inside on the first try.

Chapter Six

Elizabeth felt the warm thick spray of Nick's cum coating her skin, so she sucked Heath harder. She held his cock under tight lips and widened her eyes in hopes that he would catch her meaning. He immediately focused on her mouth and she was relieved.

Heath stroked her cheek while thrusting his cock between her jaws, and she enjoyed the show of his appreciation. "That's sweet, ah yes. You're doin' a fine job. Now, listen, if you're afraid I don't like to come in a woman's mouth, let me just say that I—"

She mumbled against his hard length and he almost lost his spill right then, if the way he pounded harder against the back of her throat gave away any clues. Fluttering her eyelashes, she gripped his bottom and kept sucking. Before long, he was fucking her mouth with a guttural growl, getting louder with every stroke.

Nick threaded his cock through his fingers while rubbing the tip over her ass. His green eyes were dark and a wave of lust washed over his expression. Heath wasn't used to a man looking at him as eagerly, as Nick gazed at him. He wasn't sure how he felt about it, come to think of it.

In fact, he wasn't too sure he liked it at all. Except, he swallowed when he realized it, his body responded favorably with the young thief's attention.

After a second notice, he decided he worried for nothing. Maybe the fella, like him, just hoped to find a friend in the great Wild West. Lord only knew, he could use one, especially a man good with a gun. He cleared his throat and grabbed Elizabeth's shoulders. He had a loaded pistol in between his thighs and Elizabeth did a fine job of drawing out the bullets. Her tongue curled around his length and she popped her lips, allowing his penis to hang free before she fisted it tight and shoved him back in between her jaws.

Nick looked pleased and no doubt about it, his cock sprang to life watching Heath's dick disappear inside Elizabeth's mouth. It was kind of sexy.

Nick was a handsome man. He looked a lot like Heath. He had thick, dark hair and a long defined nose. His mouth was kissable. He wouldn't think so if that wasn't something Heath himself had heard all of his life about his own lips. They were shaped for a woman's kiss, or so he'd been told, and since the man in front of him possessed similar lips, it was the first thing that came to mind.

Heath continued to stretch his neck before he had time to question his motives. He wanted to see if he figured about right and he was curious to know if Nick enjoyed looking at him a little better than he liked trying to fuck Elizabeth.

Nick's mouth curved in a lopsided smile and he slowly licked around the parameter of his mouth and then moved his cock in and out of his own hand. Only one person provided the inspiration and the beautiful woman on her knees didn't have a thing to do with it.

Elizabeth felt Heath's size improve, and realized why. Even if she hadn't known right away, it wouldn't have taken her long to figure it out. Heath and Nick were making eyes at one another. She released Heath with a long, leisurely lick and then spread out on the blanket with her arms extended high above her head.

"How's this supposed to work?" Heath asked, blushing now.

Had she made his full cheeks pink? Sure, she convinced herself, a little disappointed because he seemed

more interested in Nick's advancements.

Nick knelt beside her and kissed her lips. Like always, he was careful not to give her a full intimate smooch. Sometimes, he truly broke her heart. Other times, she dismissed it, putting aside her own feelings because she understood more about him than he recognized for himself. Nick liked men and since he was a cowboy, also known as a thief, he tried to hide it in order to protect his image. Only Elizabeth understood the truth. Now, she believed, Heath also knew.

"Well?" Heath asked again. "You'll have to tell me what's comfortable for you." He deliberately turned away from Nick.

She watched Nick as he lay down beside her, massaging her neck and pressing the tip of his dick between her cheeks. She patted the space in front of her.

"Thank God, I get the front," he said, smacking his lips and drawing in her nipple when he took his appointed place.

He rubbed his cheek over her breast and reached for her clit. When he found it, he worked his thumb over it, rolling it until it felt like a perfect pebble found in the desert sand. Then, he thrust two fingers forward.

Her juices saturated his long fingers and she rode them. Nick clutched her waist and moved her up and down, like he wanted to make sure she enjoyed the finger fucking as much as the spanking. A few minutes later, he too had his palm under her, moving his fingers from front to back, lubricating her back ring with her spilling excitement.

At one point, they stopped working on her and focused on one another. She felt their clasped hands under her and she gasped when Heath suddenly yanked his hand away. Nick's cock pressed against her bottom. He leaned over her back, and his pre-cum provided a small warm spot on her hip.

She didn't want to come with fingers probing her. She wanted to explode with cocks pounding inside of her, with their bodies sharing her, caressing her, fucking her. Then, she wanted to see them screw. Maybe it was awful. Maybe it wasn't normal. She didn't care.

"Both of you, inside me, now!" she exclaimed, realizing the thought of Heath and Nick together excited her more. Her separate fantasies demanded their full blown attention. She rolled her head to one side and allowed Nick access to her neck. She wanted him to seize the opportunity for selfish reasons, to further tempt his prey.

His fingers dug into her back and hips. He massaged her shoulders and then kissed her neck, nibbling at her ear. He said, "I think he likes me."

"Hedoes," Heath barked, leaning his head down to her chest. He lavished her little pearl with nips and licks. Nick reached over Elizabeth's shoulder and he spread his fingers apart before running them through Heath's thick locks. He gritted his teeth and set his jaw like he braced for rejection.

When Heath looked up at him all dazzled, but confused, Nick asked, "Can you handle both of us?" his husky voice made his intentions clear. He directed the question to Heath.

"Yes," she whispered, unaware of the challenging stares her two partners shared.

Elizabeth gripped Heath's cock. She positioned the tip of his penis between her folds.

"You're a feisty little thing," Heath acknowledged, thrusting in between her legs and grunting with every stroke.

She gripped his biceps and held on, bracing for another penetration. Heath groaned, and her heat washed over him like a dam broke when Nick slowly screwed himself in place.

"Heath," she whimpered, glancing over her back. "Nick," she mumbled. Her breathing changed, Nick's thrusts gained momentum and Heath bit his lower lip, disgusted at his own lack of self control. Heath's hands rested on her shoulders, Nick's sweaty palms immediately covered his. They rocked their bodies as one and Nick cried out as he clutched Heath's fingers, linking them together with an inseparable hold.

"Come with me!" she exclaimed.

She didn't make the request again. Nick released Heath and reached around her stomach, rolling her nipples into pointed little diamonds. Heath's lips lingered over hers until she moaned against them. His own guttural cries spilled into her mouth until she wrapped her arms around him and kissed him through their riveting climax.

* * * *

Nick left them alone and went back to a dark corner to dress. He was an odd one, and if Heath cared to guess, dangerous to boot. Heath caressed her hair and watched him.

She kissed his skin and bit playfully at his earlobe. He arched his neck and let her run her tongue wherever she wanted. Her nipples pressed against him, heightening his awareness and enticing his lust once more.

"Go to him," she whispered. "You'll never know what it's like if you don't. He's waited all of his life for this moment, his chance."

"You don't mind?" he questioned her, kissing her brow. "I mean, I ain't saying I'll go but uh, it occurred to me, I might like to...you know, see if I enjoy him like I enjoy you."

She shook her head. "I'm turned on by it," she said, lust sparkling in her eyes.

He rose over her at once. "See, I ain't had a thing for men in the past." He also couldn't recall ever seeing a man who looked like Nick. "After the way I've pampered your pretty little pussy, you think I've got a liking for men, and I'm a little disturbed by it to tell ya the truth." He contradicted himself but he couldn't help it.

Nick's eyes flashed with doubt, and disappointment. He had walked up behind them and Heath was unaware that he stood there. Nick headed back to the corner and sat on the same rock where he spanked Elizabeth earlier.

"Wait," Heath said, following him.

“Don’t,” Nick warned, placing his hand in front of him.

Heath gritted his teeth. He could’ve sworn he broke one or two. “Damn it, why not? You’re the one who approached me in the saloon. You’re the fella who wanted this.” He glanced over his shoulder and said, “I reckon you both did.”

Heath snatched his wrist, tugged him from the flat rock and held Nick’s jaw with a firm hand. It was rough, not the same way he held Elizabeth’s chin when he meant to kiss her. He stared at Nick’s lips. He sure as hell intended to kiss Nick, too.

“I don’t know how to do this,” Heath admitted. “I ain’t ever considered it before now.”

Nick took a deep breath and raised his lips to Heath’s. It was all over after that. Heath wrapped his palm around Nick’s neck and he kissed him.

Nick clawed at his flesh as he held him tight to his lips with one hand and stroked himself with the other. When the kiss broke, Nick closed his palm around Heath’s dick and he dropped to his knees with an open mouth.

“Are you serious?” Heath asked, breathless. He fisted his penis and held it away from him.

“I bet I’m good at it,” he told him, parting his lips.

Nick licked Heath’s swollen head. He flattened his tongue over the slit and then tapped his balls, and sucked deep. Heath liked the way he did it. He wasn’t as gentle as Elizabeth and it wasn’t a problem. He enjoyed the fact that he could grab onto Nick’s ears and fuck him so hard his balls slapped against his chin.

The sounds of carnal sucking filled their rock shelter and Heath watched as his size spilled from Nick’s jaws. Nick held his hand at the base of his cock and stopped blowing him all at once. Breathless, he pointed to the smooth rock. “Will you sit there?” Licking around his shaft, he stared at him, waiting for the response.

Heath, comprehending the meaning behind his request, slowly moved to the solid slab. He placed his arms behind him and braced himself against his palms. He winked at Elizabeth. “You wanna join us now?”

Elizabeth shook her head. She wanted to observe. Her heart raced. She’d never seen, or even imagined, men together like this. She knew Nick wasn’t able to make love to her because of his attraction to men. She’d always hoped he’d find someone to care for, someone who would take care of him. What she didn’t count on was Heath.

Nick sat down on Heath’s lap and then rolled his shoulders and arched his back. “Oh shit!” He yelled, placing his palms on his knees before falling forward. Elizabeth spread out on the blanket and twirled her fingers closer and closer to her wet pussy. She looked up in time to see Heath’s cock disappear between Nick’s ready cheeks.

Chapter Seven

The sun indicated it was somewhere around high noon. A light breeze kept the cave cool but it was warm outside.

"You two gonna sleep all day or move so we can ride on out of here?" Nick asked, towering over them. His feelings were hurt because Heath hadn't cuddled with him after he screwed him.

Nick assumed Heath wouldn't have held Elizabeth either if she hadn't hooked his arms around her and insisted. Nick knew Heath enjoyed him—a lot—but he wasn't going to choose him over Elizabeth. He accepted it.

Heath kissed Elizabeth's forehead. He'd had time to think while they enjoyed their little nap. He wasn't riding anywhere with trouble. He liked to keep it at his back, not take it by the hand and welcome it. Much less fuck it. He stared at Nick and he wished he could find a hundred reasons to ride with him. Fact was, he couldn't find a sensible one.

He wondered what Elizabeth thought about their experiences.

Then, he considered her plans. Did she have any? Did she like running with a man who made his living by stealing from others? What kind of life would she have, did she have, with Nick?

Once her eyes opened, he watched them for a sign, a little twinkle in them or a twinge of regret, something to use as a guide. He didn't find what he wanted so he said, "I gotta get it, woman. We're gonna say our farewells and hope if we meet somewhere in the distance, we say hello and recognize one another in a crowd. I'd sure hate to miss out on some of this again in the future."

And that's when he saw the flicker he hoped to find. A small ounce of pain guaranteeing him of one thing, she didn't want to say goodbye.

* * * *

Elizabeth took her own sweet time dressing. Heath made a point to avoid physical contact as he tied off his buckskins. Nick observed them with a peculiar expression.

"I'm going to ride, Elizabeth," Nick finally said. "I'd like for us to go ahead and part ways," he said, shooting Heath a sideways glance. "It's for the best."

It was for a front. His whole act was an attempt to safeguard his heart.

“Yes,” she said. “Maybe it’s time.”

Heath questioned them, “You two don’t stick together?”

“We’ve been looking for the right moment to go our separate ways. It’s about time now, huh Elizabeth?”

She pursed her lips and nodded, tears pooling in her eyes but unable to fall. Maybe she wasn’t supposed to cry for Nick, only thank him.

She walked over to him, and pulled him into a tight embrace. “I’ll miss you sometimes,” she whispered.

“I don’t think so,” he said, caressing her cheek. “And it’s all right if you don’t.”

He walked over to Heath, shook his hand and simply said, “You better leave the area pretty soon. I’ll rob the next town over and then head east. You two don’t want to stick around whether you stay together or ride your separate ways.”

“You can’t just leave her here,” Heath told him. “What will she do?”

He shrugged. “Me and Elizabeth had an understanding a long time ago. We were only together for companionship. She has that now in you, and if she doesn’t, well then it’s up to the two of you to decide what to do.”

Before Heath could stop him, Nick tilted his hat, walked out of the cave and whistled for his horse. Elizabeth never even bothered to ask about his Palomino. She felt guilty when he returned with the old mare and said, “Here, Elizabeth, you’ve been riding with me long enough to earn something. Sell her if you don’t want her, but she’s yours.”

“Nick, I can’t take your horse,” she replied, petting Sunshine.

“Why not? I can’t ride her now. Everybody in Tombstone saw me ride into town on her and once they question a few folks, they’ll put it together who I am and what I was riding. I picked up another one anyhow.”

Heath stepped out of the cave and stared at the team of horses tied up to a line near a row of twigs. “Just one?” he inquired.

“I’ve always been a little selfish,” he replied. “There were four in the livery stable though. I took three for myself. I left one behind, on the chance I was thieving from the same person.”

Heath chuckled. “Uh-huh, I imagine now they’ll at least feel like they were robbed by a nice thief. Come to think of it, they may not even look for you at all since you were kind enough to leave one of their own horses behind.”

Nick laughed then too. “Exactly what I thought,” he said.

Nick placed Sunshine’s reins in Elizabeth’s hands and covered them with his large open palms. “You take care, Elizabeth.”

Then, he slapped Heath on the back, and walked outside. Elizabeth pursed her lips and she shot Heath one of those persistent woman gestures, tilting her head and pointing in Nick's direction. Heath pursed his lips and narrowed his gaze on the little woman. No, he wasn't much for a bossy female and he had a feeling Nick let Elizabeth get by with this sort of thing. Still, he caught on fast and rushed out behind him.

"Uh, Nick?"

"Yeah?" he stopped, slapped his gloves against his hands and turned.

"You uh, have some place you need to be?"

He smiled. "Yeah, Heath, I do."

The men stared at one another for a long time and then Nick pointed back toward the cave. "You take care of her." He looked over Heath's shoulder and said, "Take care of each other."

Then, he jumped on his stolen horse, gathered the reins to the other animals, and rode away.

Chapter Eight

Heath had no idea what to do. He sort of got the feeling Nick set him up. He apparently wanted to turn Elizabeth over to another man so he didn't feel guilty for leaving her behind. Thing was, he felt like Nick left him behind, too.

"I noticed you stopped your chattering after we were together," Elizabeth said.

"I don't reckon I had anything further to mention after we kind of said everything there is to say between a man and a woman."

"Is that right?" she asked. "And between two men?"

"Yup, I guess so," he said.

"Did I disappoint you?" she asked.

"Woman, did you hear me complainin' once?"

“No, but I think you liked it better without Nick.”

He actually enjoyed sharing her. He’d never seen anything so erotic in his life, much less participated in it.

“But I don’t know, I guess I just...” she deliberately let her voice trail. “I thought you didn’t like *it* with me.”

He recognized her tactic. She wanted the security found in promises. She was searching for something to depend on, maybe that something was him.

She popped her hip and rested her palm on the curve of her waist. “You sort of gave me the feeling that I didn’t please you like others might have in your past.”

“Oh, is that right? I hate that you’re gonna go off and act like such a woman character now. I never said nuthin’ to support such nonsense,” he said.

“You didn’t complain last night.”

“According to you, I did,” he snapped. “Now listen here, I’ve been warned about women many a times. They’re good for two things, cookin’ and fuckin’. Some men believe the only thing a woman can do consistently is nag. I hope to ride out of here before we find out.”

She rolled her eyes and then set her jaw. “I was referring to the *other*,” she explained, pulling her hair back away from her face. “I didn’t hear you bitch about me being a woman last night or...just now.”

“I don’t reckon I would’ve done the things I did with you if you...” He moved closer to her and took a deep breath as if he had a sudden thought and planned to go with it before he forgot it. “Can I ask you somethin’?”

Heath really did talk a bit much and she’d noticed it once before. Sometimes he just stopped talking about one subject and immediately shifted to something else. A woman had to concentrate, really pay attention, in order to follow him.

After she pinned her hair against her head, she released her arms and turned around. “Sure, I reckon you’ve got the right to ask anything you want to ask.”

“What are your plans now? I mean, now that you’ve been with a man you don’t know and all this other recklessness went on before your eyes, I reckon you ain’t so scared of earnin’ a livin’ on your back, are ya? Especially, since me and Nick had you at the same time.”

“Nope, not so much now,” she confessed. She was playing him and he didn’t know it. Elizabeth’s mother taught her young. A man who looks at a woman like he wants to eat her up for a lifetime often planned on keeping her for about as long.

She was pretty sure Heath enjoyed her too much to ride away without looking back. Even after a threesome, he still liked her enough to make small talk, and if he stuck around a little bit longer, he might just fall for her, if he hadn’t already stumbled.

“So you thinkin’ about making a living doing some whoring or uh, what’s on your mind?” he asked,

clearing his throat as he walked toward Darn with his hat in hand.

He acted a little nervous and with a sudden suspicion, she asked, "Have you been with *a lot* of women?"

He stuck his left boot in the stirrup threw his right leg over Darn and sat in his saddle. "I'll be seeing you then," he said, avoiding the question. He tilted his hat and yanked his reins.

"Wait," she cried, walking toward the mouth of the cave. "If we aren't going to see one another again, what do you say you tell me your secrets? You haven't been with many women, have you?"

He pulled back on the leather straps again. "How come you gotta ask somethin' that doesn't concern you? Did I leave you wanting for anything?"

She thought about saying 'yes' just so he'd slide on back down and hold her close enough to kiss her again. If he did, the other would soon follow.

She shook her head. "I'm just curious."

"How come?" he further questioned.

"Just think it's strange," she said, pointing at his cock. "I've never seen a man walk around with such a presence in his pants."

He chuckled. "Is that so?"

"Uh-huh. I kind of figure it's one of two things. Either you like me a whole bunch or else you haven't had a lot of pussy."

She watched for a reaction and got one. His dick didn't just twitch under his breeches, it jumped like it had a rope tugging it forward all at one time.

He blushed. "So you figured on this, did you?"

"Yeah, I sort of got the impression you liked what you saw."

A lopsided smile crossed his lips and he adjusted himself, reaching in his pants to do it. "Did you guess on me liking the woman or the pussy?" he questioned, leaving the saddle. He stalked forward, one foot at a time, the hunger growing all over again.

She swallowed hard. "I'm hoping for both."

"And let's say, I like both well enough—meaning I like the top and lower half about the same—what then?"

"I guess we'd just have to see if we're a match and only if you tell me first if what I figured is about right."

"I ain't ever been with a woman who chose to be with me without some sort of payment. Is that what you're after, some sort of payment?"

She shook her head. "I wish it were as simple as all that but no, I reckon what I'm after can't be bought or sold."

"And what is that exactly?" he asked, looping his arms around her middle before he let the reins go. Darn wasn't going anywhere anytime soon. The damn plug horse didn't want to leave the little woman in the first place, or her new gift horse.

"I'm sort of fond of Darn," she said, blushing.

A woman after his own heart, she liked his horse. She didn't feel the need to discuss things they didn't need to talk about right away and he liked her all the more for it.

"I'm sort of fond of pussy," he admitted.

"Is that right?"

"Yup, I reckon so," he acknowledged with a grin. "Kind of like the woman who laid it on me pretty tight last night, too." He enjoyed the man also, but no sense in crying over lost chances.

"I'd make for good company if you'd let me tag along with you and Darn for a few hundred miles."

"You don't say?" he asked. "And what kind of trade are you willing to make if I take care of you while you're with me and Darn here?"

"Well, I can cook," she said. "Sort of, not really...very little."

He nipped at her jaw, dragging her body over the ridge of his swollen dick. "And what else can you do when you're on the open range with a cowboy?"

"I make for good conversation," she chirped. "At least, I can when I don't have something in between my jaws preventing it."

"I like it when you have something rubbin' against those sweet cheeks, if you don't mind my saying so." He bit at her lower lip and sucked her tongue before he rubbed his palms over her round globes, pressing her against his cock.

"And I...I uh...ah hell, I can only offer you myself," she admitted.

"What if I said it's more than I ever hoped to find out here in the middle of nowhere?"

"You mean, you're sort of the lonely type of man?"

"I mean, I was the epitome of a lonesome someone until I met you, and well, there's a little more to it, I reckon."

"I already know," she said. "I could tell."

"You could tell what?" he asked.

"You might have given Darn his name because you had some good intentions but you never followed through with any of them. You saved yourself for a special kind of thing, didn't you?"

“Uh-huh,” he answered sarcastically, rubbing his chin with the ball of his hand. “Actually, you got that wrong, little lady.”

“Do I?” she asked, reaching for the strings on his buckskins. “Are you sure?”

“Yup. I got a world of experience hidden underneath these breeches.”

“You got a world of weight where it matters, big boy, but I don’t think you’ve—”

“Okay, you’re right,” he admitted, sucking her tongue in and out of his mouth. He learned a long time ago, if a man told a woman she was right, he earned instant appreciation.

He kissed her mouth with an aggressive hunger—a driven thirst. He smacked his lips when he released her and started to unbutton her blouse. “Let’s assume you’re right in all of this, what then? Reckon the right woman would consider me a catch?”

“You mean if you never took up with a whore, would women think you’re ready to put down some roots somewhere?”

“Yeah,” he whispered. “Something like that, I reckon.”

She reached around his waist and let her palm drop to the brown ties across his middle. “I think, with what you have in between your legs, some women would consider you prime beef,” she said softly against his ear, sipping his lobe in between her lips. “Some men might even call you out as a mighty fine steak dinner.”

“Is that right?” he asked, grabbing her wrists. “What about you, Elizabeth? What do you think about a man like me after all you’ve witnessed here?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” she remarked. “You and Darn will have to keep me around and then wait and see. A woman can’t decide these things overnight, can we Sunshine?”

Her horse didn’t budge. She was going to have about as much luck with her old plug as he had with his.

“Then how about me and you just hold up here in this cave and try to find out if we belong to each other? You tell me some of your secrets and I’ll show you some more of mine.”

He kissed her lips before his mouth trailed across her cheek and covered her ear. “Let me give you a sampling of what I’d do to a woman like you every morning and every night.”

“Ah, cowboy, now you’re talking.”

“And you’re interested. Admit it,” he said, his cocky attitude returning in an instant.

She twisted her hand deep inside his pants and tugged once on his thick and meaty erection. “I’m not only interested, I’m stealing what you’re stocking.”

“You are?” he asked, arching his brow. “Which part are we talking here?”

“Definitely the lower half,” she remarked. “I’m particularly partial to long enjoyable rides.”

“If you always promise to watch where we’re going then I might guarantee you plenty of ‘em.”

She rubbed her forefinger over his bottom lip. “I’m hoping for several.”

“Are you?” he growled, slanting his lips over hers, and nipping them as he spoke. “I know a man ain’t got a right to ask after just one night, but I gotta know something. If you stick around and decide you like my company and all, might you consider settling down somewhere and making a family?”

“On one condition,” she told him.

“Name it,” he said.

“You gotta promise that you’ll always think of me as yours. I don’t want to have to worry about you holding up in some town, telling another man about a woman hiding in the hills. I don’t want to be another man’s bargaining chip. You found me, no thanks to Nick pointing you in the right direction. Truth is, I’d like it very much if you’d keep me.”

Heath squeezed her hand, but before he could assure her, Nick’s voice filled the cave. “I’d like the same sort of things, if you two are open to it.”

Startled, they both turned around to face him. “Well I’ll be damned,” Heath said.

Elizabeth flew straight into his arms and showered his face with kisses. “I knew you wouldn’t go. I just knew it.”

Heath released a huge sigh of relief. If she’d been so sure, she should’ve told him because he was starting to wonder what the hell he’d been thinking. “What took you so damn long?” Heath asked, biting back a satisfied smile.

“I had to clear my head and decide what I want,” Nick said.

“Did you reach a few decisions?” Heath questioned. “I ain’t gonna put up with a thief riding with me,” he warned.

“You won’t have to,” he said, his eyes filling with a new hunger.

“Then I’m glad you came back,” Heath said, holding his arms open wide. “In fact, I’m excited enough to celebrate.”

Nick swept Elizabeth off her feet and then rushed into Heath’s hearty embrace. With his cock pressed tightly against his breeches, no one had to ask. They understood precisely what kind of party he had in mind. Only first, they had a few things to settle.

After a few hours of rolling around on the ground, Heath planned to bust up the party. He was going to ride back into Tombstone with Nick and they were going to return those horses. He couldn’t worry about fucking a cowboy’s ass if the threat of a shotgun pointed at it kept him looking over their shoulders.

As he wrapped his heavy arms around his lovers, he thought about how quickly his life had changed. When he rode into Tombstone, he had nothing and no one to share it with if he ever accumulated

something. He rubbed his lips against Nick's and he drew him into a sensual kiss. Yes, things were definitely different, and much better. Heath found a family to claim for his own.

After giving it some thought, Heath decided he couldn't send Nick into the heart of danger. He'd discovered what he'd waited a lifetime to find. He planned to hold fast to it, even if it meant he'd always feel that loaded gun pointed at his ass. He reached in between Nick's legs and held on tight.

Then again, some weapons held a lot of appeal.

THE END

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