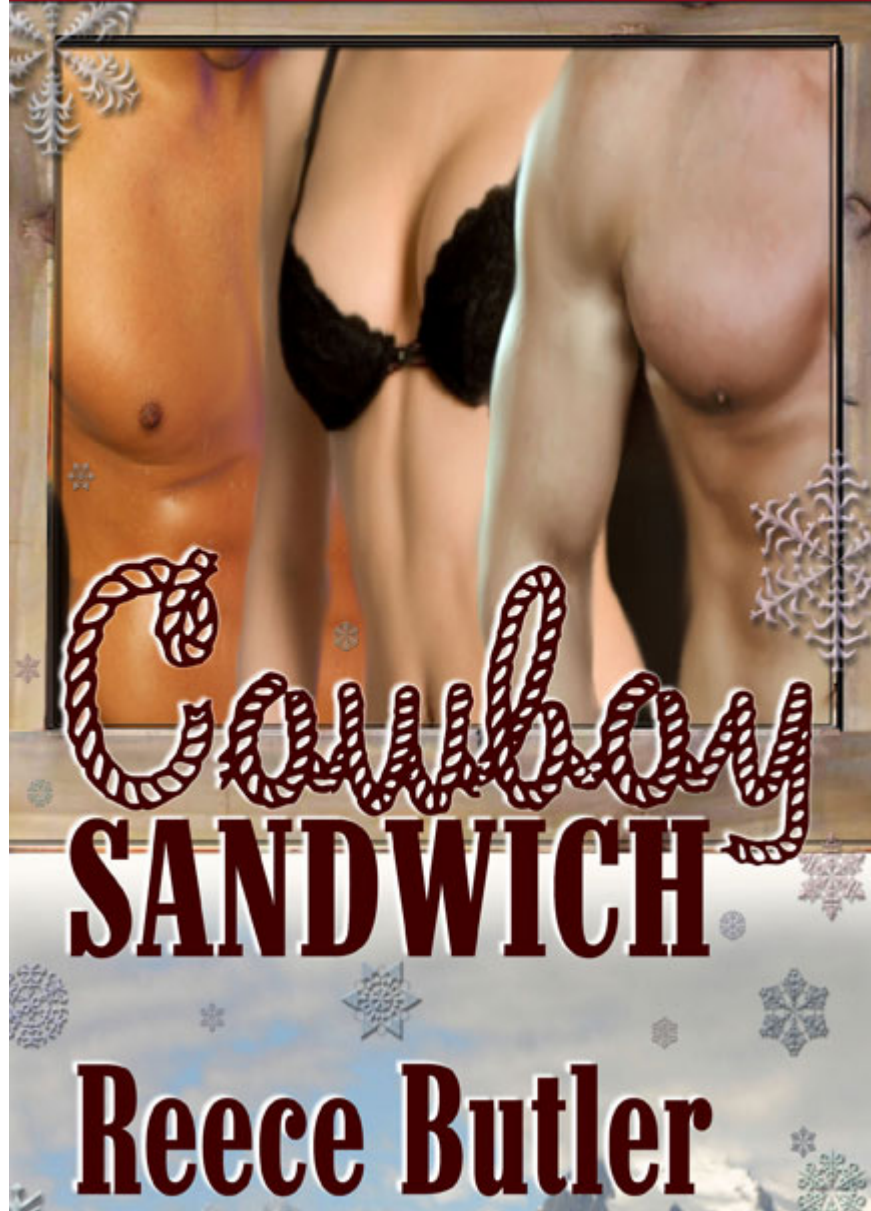


Siren Publishing

*Ménage Amour*



# **COWBOY SANDWICH**

**Reece Butler**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



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

To Paul, Andy and David.

# **COWBOY SANDWICH**

**REECE BUTLER**

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## **Chapter 1**

Bare arms crossed and booted feet wide, Adam Richardson surveyed the Mardi Gras crowd. Who'd a thought the hottest swing club north of Vegas was in Missoula, Montana!

Twenty picnic baskets donated by single women decorated the stage.

Fifty men held tickets to the charity auction: win the basket, seduce the lady.

After months without feminine companionship, failure was not an option.

"Beer." Adam caught the can tossed by Bryan Raman, his ranch partner and long-time friend.

"About time." Adam popped the top and gulped half. The fire below his belly still raged. "What took you so long?"

"Jawing about the unwritten rules. Heads up." Bryan gestured with his beer to an approaching naughty schoolgirl. She wore a tiny kilt with matching school tie. No shirt hid her thirty-eight specials.

"She can shoot me anytime," said Adam, making sure to catch her eye. She smiled at his open appreciation as she jiggled past.

They sighed and took a moment to finish their beers. A harem girl and witch sauntered past on their way to the bar. Adam touched his finger to his Stetson. Never hurt to be nice to ladies. Especially when they might ease his three-month ache.

After they made dual rim shots off the garbage can with their crumpled cans, Bryan pulled two envelopes out of his back pocket. He handed one to Adam and opened the other. All that money for a badge on a string?

“Number twenty-four,” said Bryan. “What’s yours?”

“Twenty-five. When’s the auction?”

“Couple of hours.” Bryan shook his envelope. “There’s something else in here.” He held up a piece of paper. “It says, ‘A hint for you.’” He shrugged at Adam and read out loud. “Basket two might be for you. Polly and Prue, identical twins, are high maintenance and proud of it. They stay as a pair, double or nothing...”

“One for each of us.”

“...but don’t bid unless you’ve got lots of bling.”

“Bling?” Adam screwed up his face. “What the hell’s that?”

“If you ever read a magazine or watched TV you might know.”

“And when would I have time for that?” Adam ignored the Dominatrix checking him out as she strolled by. “While cooking, cleaning or doing the laundry after working all day? Huh?”

“What’s your point? I’ve been telling you to hire a housekeeper for years. But, no, you don’t want a strange woman in the house.”

“The only ones who’ll work that far out want to marry the ranch,” said Adam. “Not both of us.”

Bryan nodded absently, attention caught by a tiger-striped woman waiting at the bar. Did she only wear paint? Without a number showing her availability, he couldn’t do much but look from a distance. He turned back to Adam. “Bling means expensive, in-your-face jewelry. Clunky gold necklaces with lots of diamonds, that sort of thing.”

“Jeez, I don’t want a woman like that.”

“Just as well. It’s too late anyway.” Bryan shook his head, crumpled the paper and tossed it. “Saw them snuggling with Colonel Sanders at the bar. White suit with hundred dollar bills pinned all over it. What’s yours say?”

“Number seven is a cowgirl eager to experience her first orgasm. Born and raised out East, Candy thinks sex is boring.”

“Damn, I love a challenge.” Bryan rubbed his palms, grin wide.

“Shut up and let me read.” Adam tilted the paper to get more light. “She brought her fantasies to the Wild West, hoping to meet a rough, tough cowboy. If she’s ‘forced’ to release her passion she might find the release she craves. Think you’re up to it?”

“I’ve been ‘up’ since we left the hotel,” grumbled Bryan. He attempted to rearrange himself, but the black biker leathers held him snug in their grip.

“Shut up and look for a cowgirl wearing a number seven.”

At well over six feet, when they stood back to back they could see over most heads. They scanned the room with eyes trained to pick out a sick calf miles away.

“Bingo,” said Adam, tilting his head toward the dance floor. “Lucky Seven’s by the pole. First in line. Short, with dark hair.”

Black lights made her white shirt, skirt and boots shine like a homing beacon. She danced in place as she waited her turn, twisting her hips so fast her short skirt flew up. A thin white line divided sweet cheeks that begged for his hand. Oblivious to everything but the music, she drove her hips forward in time with the beat as if matching every thrust of his cock. She opened a laughing mouth wide enough to take him deep....

*Shit!* Adam turned away before he disgraced himself. That hadn’t happened since ninth grade when he discovered Billy Smith standing under the bleachers with Pammie kneeling in front of him, head bobbing like a pigeon. Two weeks later he was the one groaning as she practiced her impression of Deep Throat.

Candy had passion, all right. He imagined her writhing under him. Or bent over a chair. Against the wall of the shower....

“Hot day-am!” crooned Bryan. “I bet we give her a dozen orgasms by morning.”

“Wonder what’s in her basket.”



“With a body like that, who cares?”

Adam curled his lip in a wry grin. He couldn’t wait to release the sexually frustrated woman inside that wildcat. To show her all the ways men could pleasure a woman.

“Time for a couple of rough, tough cowboys to stake their claim,” said Adam.

“We go together and bid the whole enchilada on her, deal?”

Adam nodded. “It all goes to help our veterans and their families.”

“Woo-hoo,” said Bryan. “Cowboy sandwich tonight.”

## Chapter 2

For once in her life, Candice Stevenson didn't give a damn about what anyone thought. No more dutiful daughter or mousy wife. No, tonight a sexy wildcat roared, eager to get her claws into a hot man. A man to make her ache with lust then scratch her itch. An itch she'd just discovered.

Her skirt barely covered her butt, her bra held her up but left nipples peeking. The vee of her shirt went so low she'd be brushing crumbs out of her cleavage after dinner.

Her best friend, Sue, got it right. Time to find a man who turned her on and cared about *her* pleasure. One night to prove there wasn't anything wrong with her sexually. She needed a hot cowboy to fulfill her dark fantasies. A strong, hard man who'd make her hot and wet. Nothing like Dan, her boring cube-dude ex-husband.

She clenched her thighs, feeling the fantasy, thrusting her hips in time to the beat.

*He stared down at her with dark eyes. She squeaked when he slid his hand under her skirt. A moan escaped when he ripped off her panties with one hand. He was so strong, she couldn't escape. Kissing her to stop any protest, he pressed her back against the wall. The brick chilled her back but his hands burned. He lifted her thighs, spreading her wide. He teased her for a moment, rubbing his cock against her special spot. He made her writhe, begging for more of what only he could give.*

*With one slow thrust he slid deep, her swollen tissues stretching to take all of him. She thought of nothing but the intensity of his touch. His tongue invaded her lips as his large hands grasped her ass. She*

*whimpered when he slid out. Then he thrust hard, again and again, until...*

“You’re next.”

“Wha...?” Heart pounding, Candy stumbled in the unfamiliar cowboy boots. Someone grabbed her arm to keep her from falling.

“Your turn for the pole.” A large woman in black leather gripped Candy’s arm. She gave a quick jerk with her head toward the pole. “Dance like that and you’ll score high bids at the auction.” She winked, smacked her thigh-high stiletto boots with a riding crop and turned away.

Ignoring her pounding heart, Candy reached over her shoulder and checked that the large number seven still decorated the back of her shirt. She ached high between her thighs, needing a man for once in her life. Only an hour or so until her picnic basket went to auction. And, depending on who bought it, she’d share dinner with the winner and say goodbye or spend the night doing wicked things.

The molasses slow beat of *Black Velvet*, her favorite stripper song, oozed out of the speakers. Perfect for seduction. She claimed the pole with one hand, the other on her hip. She strutted in a slow circle, just like at stripaerobics class.

A tall man in a cowboy hat stood in front of her, staring as if he wanted to devour her. His broad chest and arms seemed dark compared to his white vest, bowtie and cuffs. She shivered under the hot lights, almost stumbling as a jolt of lust shot to her core.

He pursed his lips and nodded as if making a major decision. Elbowed the man beside him. The slightly shorter man in dark pants and mesh vest grinned. He held out both fists, jerking them with thumbs up in approval then opened his hands out, palm up. He squeezed the air as if testing grapefruit.

Or her breasts.

They swelled in response. Her nipples hardened, eager for attention.

For the first time in her life, Candy felt fully alive. Not just alive, but powerful, like Xena the Warrior Princess. Standing tall, eager for a man's rough hands to explore her body. She turned her back on them and leisurely walked her hands down the pole until she bent over with straight, wide-spread legs, Near-naked bottom aimed right at them, she rolled her hips in a sensuous figure eight.

The narrow strip of fabric between her legs pulled snug, increasing her itchy ache. She undulated like a Mississippi heat wave, swollen with sultry promise. Both men stood with feet apart, arms crossed over broad chests, memorizing every move she made.

She'd never been so brazen. Her social-climbing parents punished what they called her defiance when she didn't fit into the country club set. They made her take equestrian, ballet and tennis lessons when she'd rather be reading a book, riding her bike or climbing trees. The girls humiliated her for trying to fit into their world, for not understanding their constantly changing 'rules'.

Wanting to escape into her own home and family, she dropped out of college to marry Dan, working to put him through school. Sue tried to stop her, but she had big hopes for the future, and said she didn't really mind providing sex, housework and rent money. She explained away his belittling comments and demands to control her because of the stress of exams, but it got worse after he started climbing the ladder at work as she didn't fit his image of a perfect corporate wife. When she did things 'wrong,' his humiliation and disgust hit hard.

Then he walked out, demanding a divorce after she'd paid his way through school, met all his needs and got him started on his career. Instead of walking away in humiliation, licking her wounds and apologizing, she found the best divorce lawyer she could afford. One year later, beaten-down Candice Stevenson had morphed into Candy, a sexy gal with secure investments.

Never again would she put herself in a place where she'd be put down or used. She'd been dependent all her life, and from now on it was independence all the way.

She'd finally learned to stand up for herself, and tonight she'd take the next step, demanding satisfaction in bed.

She flapped the front of her skirt to cool the heat radiating from her upper thighs. The men's eyes widened, their nostrils flaring. Staring back just as intently, heart racing from her audacity, she ran her hands under her skirt, lifting it with one hand.

While moving her hips in a slow circle, she ran a finger under the top edge of her thong. She slid fingers over her mound, down to where her juices soaked her thong. She slipped her finger under the lace, tracing it down and back. Still watching the men, she licked her wet finger like a Popsicle.

The shorter man half turned away, grimacing and tugging at his pants. The other said something and laughed. They turned back to her, ignoring the half-naked women clustered around them like wasps at an open soda can.

Her pulse shot even higher as the taller man leaned toward her, nostrils flaring like a bull about to charge. Staring back in challenge, she leaned forward and shimmied. Pebbled nipples in full view, her breasts almost escaped from the engineering marvel she'd spent a week's pay on. The attention made it worth every penny.

He took a step forward so she played coy, turning her back and flipping her skirt high to shimmy her ass at him. Then she straddled the pole like a lover. Head hanging back and eyes closed as if in ecstasy, she rode that pole as if it was the biggest cock in the room. She tried to recreate the rush she'd felt before the leather-clad woman interrupted her.

Her song trailed off and, panting from excitement more than exertion, she stepped aside. She looked around but her admirers had disappeared. Maybe they'd gone to the bar to get her a cold drink? It didn't matter. For once she didn't care what people thought. With no one to judge her, she danced, oblivious to those around her.

Half an hour later she panted her way back to Sue's table. How had she lasted almost thirty years without ever feeling so wonderful?

Never again would she let a man control her. She'd fought for her independence and would darn well stay that way. Some day she might find a partner, but until then, she'd grab life with both hands.

She collapsed onto her chair, legs splayed, and popped the cold soda Sue must have left beside her cowboy hat. After a few gulps she picked up her hat and used it as a fan, dabbing the can on her forehead and chest. It took a few minutes, but she finally caught her breath.

When Sue suggested this crazy idea, that she prepare a dinner basket to auction off, they'd shared fantasies over a few bottles of wine. She'd have to update Sue on a few more that popped into her brain since she saw the two hunks watching her.

She plopped on her hat with the brim touching her nose, leaned back and closed her eyes. Feeling someone approach from behind and expecting Sue, she didn't bother looking around.

"Thanks for the drink. I needed it."

"You're welcome, Candymine."

The deep voice flowed down her spine like a slushie, raising goose bumps as well as nipples. She shot to her feet and swirled around, heart racing. Her hat brim hid everything above his broad chest. He'd undone his vest and a line of dark hair dipped down tight abs, the thin ribbon sneaking under his belt. She gulped.

"Wanna see the rest?"

He rested the thumb of his big hand on the shiny oval belt buckle as if ready to shuck his pants.

"No!" She licked dry lips. "No, thanks. And how do you know my name?"

A callused finger slid under her hat brim and pressed it toward the back of her head. Her eyes rose with the view. She hadn't really looked at him before. Dark curls escaped from the top of his vest. He had thick biceps, triceps and likely every other kind of 'ceps' possible.

A jagged white scar darted down his right forearm. His nose must have been broken at least once. Not a pretty boy, even with his strong, clean-shaven jaw and white teeth, visible through the half smile.

And teeth the big bad wolf would envy. Her brain sent out a silent howl of anticipation but she cut it off with a yelp. She dropped her eyes but the evidence of his desire did nothing to cool her lust.

“I’m Adam, and I know more than your name. I know what you need.”

He reached out and captured her hand, rough calluses rasping her skin. She shivered at the thought of those two huge hands running over her body. What it would feel like to have a man stroke her with hands like that, taking his time to arouse her before plunging into her.

“I’ll get you so hot tonight you’ll scream my name as you come. Again and again. By morning you’ll know why Eve wanted to give Adam that apple so bad.”

He pressed his thumb into the centre of her palm, something she’d never thought could be erotic. She yanked her hand back when an electric jolt ran from her palm to her core. With those muscles he could easily hold her from moving if he chose. In fact, he could make her do anything he wanted and she would have no choice.

Tonight she had a chance to discover what she’d been missing all her adult life. She’d left her emotional baggage in Boston, along with her uptight old-fashioned morals. Time to push a few limits.

“Is that a promise or just arrogance?”

She’d never expected the pull of attraction, of desire she felt when this man looked at her. She needed to press her body against his when he touched her hand. She ached to possess, and be possessed, in ways she’d only fantasized about.

She clenched her thighs at the itchy ache that begged to be scratched and rubbed before he scraped her with his teeth and flicked her with his tongue. She unconsciously licked her own lips at the thought.

“My word is a guarantee. But if you want, we can seal the deal with a kiss.”

Candy tried to escape, but the backs of her legs hit her chair. She squeaked and her arms windmilled. He caught her, pulling her against

him so that her nose fit between his chest muscles. Cinnamon, leather and musk wafted past her nose. Her breasts, spilling out of her shirt, squished against his chest hair, tickling her cleavage.

He brought his face close, but her hat blocked his way.

“If I can’t have a kiss, I’ll take a hug instead.” He slid his arms around her back and down. Grasping one cheek in each hand, he pressed her close. She did the same, sliding fingers under his vest to his smooth back. He moaned and pulled her snug so her belly pressed against him. Feeling his size, she gasped, heart pounding. She couldn’t think, much less speak. Unable to look at him, she rested her head on his chest.

“Yeah, I’m a big man, Candy. All over. But we’ll make sure you can handle it.”

His deep, gentle voice rumbled against her, low and soothing. He rested his chin on her head and sighed. Something welled up inside her, new and unexpected. She felt...safe. Protected. For a moment she leaned into it.

But, no. She didn’t need a man for more than sex. She pulled back and, after a moment, he let her go.

“You might lose the auction, you know,” she said. “Someone else might buy my basket and you’ll be out of luck.”

He crossed his arms over his chest and loomed over her like Conan the Barbarian.

“Nope. Bryan’s staking our claim.”

“Isn’t that cheating?”

She realized her mistake when she glared up at him. He stepped close and her nipples perked up, pushing close enough for his heat to reach them.

“Nope. That’s business.” He ran a finger from her left shoulder to her right but his eyes stared at what he’d rather touch. “And it’s not cheating when we’re both bidding on you.”

“Both of you?”



“Yeah, two tickets for one basket. The Double R is buying basket number seven come hell or high water.”

“What’s the Double R?”

“The ranch we own. Bryan and I share everything.” He stroked her cheek with the back of his finger. “Everything.”

Her heart beat so fast she shook. Being taken by two men at once was a dark fantasy, one that she couldn’t openly admit. But she looked for erotic books with scenes of two men and a woman, or two couples. Scenes where they did shameful things that made her batteries work overtime.

“We’ll be gentle.” He trailed his knuckles down her neck in an arc of fire.

“We’ll start out slow, tracing all your sweet curves with four hands and two mouths.” His hands followed his words, slipping under her arms, outlining her figure to her hips. “We’ll nibble on a sweet female as we slowly unwrap our gift.” He leaned close. “Then...”

“No!” She pushed him away, chest heaving. He made her so hot and bothered but fifty men would bid on only twenty women. What if someone else one bid higher? After feeling his touch, could she stand that of another? Yet she couldn’t let on that she wanted him so much.

“I just have to eat dinner with you. That’s it.”

He slid his finger under her chin and tilted her face up. Intense dark eyes captured her, calling forward even darker longings. Things forbidden to good girls. He slowly shook his head, a feral grin sending jolts to weaken her knees.

“After dinner you’ll still owe us all those favors.”

“Favors?” Her voice cracked.

He slid his hands under her skirt, just like in her fantasy. His large, rough hands heated her more than she imagined possible. He squeezed her cheeks once and pulled her against his groin.

“Always read the fine print, sweetcheeks.”

His deep, please-lick-chocolate-pudding-off-my-belly voice vibrated against her ribs.

“A woman named Sue told me the lady gives one favor per thousand dollars bid.

“Sue? You talked to my friend Sue?”

He nodded, eyes crinkling. “She told me a few of your fantasies.”

“Such as?” She hated that her voice squeaked.

“Bending you over a chair...”

He walked his fingers down her bottom, pulling her nether cheeks apart. He slid a finger under the sodden lace and scratched lightly, deep within her sweaty crack.

“... baring that sweet ass begging for a spanking. I know what you want, Candymine. And claiming this cherry is on the top of my list.”

She clenched her cheeks, capturing his hand for a moment. Instead of retreating, he pulsed his finger into her bottom, barely breaching the barrier. She moaned, releasing her grip. He pressed farther for a moment then pulled back, resting his hands on her hips.

She stood, fists at her sides, fighting for the control this man shattered. He made her feel itchy. Twitchy. Set her heart thumping and belly writhing. She clenched as if to squeeze him dry.

“What do you think, Bry? She hot enough to handle both of us?”

Candy turned to the blond man in black leather she'd seen earlier. He had a wider chest, easily seen through the black mesh vest. He brushed the backs of his knuckles over her shirt, right where she stood out the farthest. She gasped at the jolt of need that shot between her legs.

“Very nice,” Bryan whispered, his voice harsh. “You like that, darlin’?”

If she said yes and the world ended at midnight, she'd die happy, her body and mind finally free. The two men made intense feelings erupt in her as if a dam had cracked, her nerves overloaded with a desperate need for pleasure and desire. She'd barely met them and they already had too much power over her.

She'd had to be in control all her life. *Don't upset your father. Don't give me that look. Look what you've done now.* What good had

her precious control given her? Humiliation and subjugation. No more.

Tonight she'd forget everything except pleasure, and she'd felt more pleasure in the past hour than in her whole marriage. Bryan winked, smirking as if she was a done deal. Did he think she was a submissive slave, eager to do her master's bidding? In her fantasies the slave always fought back, making the master force her to do serve him. Could she live the reality?

"No," she said. "And stop smirking at me."

Instead of answering, he caught her nipples between his knuckles and squeezed, just enough. She closed her eyes, fists tight, shaking to fight back a moan as pleasure shot under her thong.

"Your mouth says no but your body doesn't lie."

Tonight wasn't a fantasy, it was her life. Her *new* life. She could do whatever she wanted. And she wanted him, and Adam, together.

"Look at me, Candy."

Bryan spoke softly, but she heard his demand. Her eyes rose as if she couldn't deny him.

"If these leather pants weren't so tight I would have exploded when you fu... uh, played with that pole. You're going to do the same thing tonight, but it'll be me between your legs."

He squeezed again, increasing the voltage.

"But not until I've licked, sucked and nibbled until you fall apart. Only then will I drive my cock so deep into your body that you'll scream and shatter under me."

His words struck her. She wanted him right there, right now. She pressed her lips tight. She would *not* beg. She glanced around, hoping no one noticed them as memories of humiliation hit her. A few people smiled and gave her a thumbs up.

She took a deep breath. She was in a swinger's club, not a high society cocktail party. She was Candy, a sexy, free woman. Not mousy Candace, forced to follow her parents' or husband's rules.

Adam hunkered down and placed a large, rough hand on her knee. A jolt shot uphill.

“Stop that!” He slid his hand too close to her thong. If he touched her there, she’d lose it.

“Not until I’m done.”

She squeaked when he grabbed her bent elbows and easily lifted her off the floor, leaving her feet dangling.

“Put me down. People are watching.”

“Good. They’ll know you’re mine and won’t bid against us.”

He drawled the words, slow and deep. Then he straightened his arms and lifted her so high her bare belly touched his nose. He nibbled her flesh and she quivered, his teeth more erotic than any sex she’d yet experienced. He slowly slid her down his near naked chest. He stopped when her nipples hit his mouth. Her ribs vibrated as he hummed deep in his chest. He captured a breast, sucking her nipple through her shirt, still humming.

She closed her eyes and inhaled, thrusting herself against him, silently begging for more.

He sucked her nipple then released it only to blow on the wet fabric, chilling her with heat. She moaned when he pulled back, then sighed when he attacked her other side.

Her nipples must be connected by a nerve that shot straight to her clit. Never had she felt such a spark. Her breasts throbbed, aching for more. She whimpered when he slid her further then stopped at her throat. He nipped at one side then pressed his lips tight and grazed his teeth on her flesh.

*Don’t enjoy it*, screamed her mind, but her body reveled in sensation.

When their lips touched, she expected an invasion, but he slid his lips lightly sideways in a gentle caress. She’d never enjoyed kissing, and could never understand why people would do such an icky thing.

Until his touch.

She hungered for him. Knowing she shouldn't, she opened her mouth and slid her tongue against his teeth. He moaned then invaded her mouth. He flicked his tongue against hers before pulling her back. Breathing hard, he let her slide to the floor.

She clenched her thighs, wishing she had more than air to hold. Tonight she'd had better sex than ever in her life and they still had their clothes on. The heat made her want to rip them off and dive into a snow bank.

Blood surged through her veins like fire. A raging inferno, invisible but overwhelming.

He ran his hands up to her shoulders then down across her breasts, over her quivering belly and under her skirt. She gasped, unable to breathe when he brushed his knuckles against her thong. His eyes crinkled in a wickedly delicious way, his intentions clear.

"Stop it! You can't do that here!"

He leaned over until he stood nose to nose with her.

"Candymine, I'll do whatever I want, wherever I want. Not only will you take it, you'll whimper for more."

His commanding declaration revved her up three notches.

"I'll fight back. I swear I'll bite."

"Then I'll bend you over the table so you can't reach me. I'll flip up your skirt, spread your legs and take you from behind."

*Oh, God, yes!* "I'll reach behind and scratch you!"

"Not if Bryan's holding you down. He'll hold your wrists in one hand and smack your bottom with the other."

"Sounds good to me," said Bryan. He rubbed his hands together as if warming them.

She whipped her head from one to the other. Bryan grinned like a jackal. Brows low, eyes narrowed, Adam stared at her as if nothing else existed in the world.

The background thud of music suddenly stopped and a loudspeaker squawked like a fire alarm over the sudden silence.

“Sorry to interrupt, folks, but it’s time for the auction. Ladies, please claim your baskets.”

“Now, that’s what I call bad timing,” said Bryan.

Adam looked down at her. The heat in his eyes matched that in her belly.

“Mine,” he declared.

“Ours,” corrected Bryan.

## Chapter 3

“Basket number seven, sold for ten thousand dollars to Adam and Bryan!”

The gasp of the crowd barely registered over the roar between Candy’s ears. The reality of what she’d done hit her. She’d now have to serve these men the food she’d made and packed in the wicker basket. But she knew they wanted a lot more than home baking. Blood rushed from her head and she swayed. A steady hand caught her elbow.

“Easy, Candy. No fainting. A few more minutes and we’ll get you out of this crush.”

The calming words came from Bryan. Unlike Adam, the slightly shorter man’s mellow voice and relaxed chuckle didn’t totally overload her circuits.

Though he excited her, she felt comfortable with Bryan. He was hot cocoa and mini marshmallows in front of the fire. Adam *was* the fire, hot and demanding. She shivered, but from anticipation or horror?

“Breathe, Candy, then smile. That’s it.”

She choked on the first breath, but the second came easier. By the time they got away from the crowded stage she could walk and smile, though talking was beyond her. The whole event, from climbing into her costume at Sue’s place to now, seemed like a movie. One starring someone else, someone brave, wild and free. Nothing like the woman she was raised to be.

She’d left that uptight woman in Boston, ready to embrace her inner goddess. She’d only had sex with a couple of men in her life, all

of them selfish bastards who cared little for her needs. What if she discovered that sex could be fantastic and she wanted more?

*Come on, girl, get real. You're almost thirty and want to finish college, interrupted by marriage. Other than work with art and children, you don't even know what you want to do with your life. The last thing you need is another man. Erotic books and batteries are cheaper and they don't insult and humiliate you. Just enjoy the night and move on.*

Taking charge, she shook off Bryan's hand. She set her feet, crossed her arms over her chest and glared.

"Ten thousand dollars? The last bid was five."

"It's our usual donation." He looked over her head toward Adam and the stage. "My older brother, Sam, was in the Gulf. He didn't make it home alive. So we help the soldiers still living."

He shrugged, shaking off her sympathy. After a moment he changed the somber mood by turning to her with an evil grin. His black hair and eyes, along with black leather pants and mesh shirt, made him look like one of Satan's minions. He stepped close and leaned down to speak over the noise of the crowd.

"An evening with a sexy woman is much more satisfying than mailing a check. And then there are the favors you owe." He slid rough fingers up her thigh and caressed her bottom, igniting sparks.

"Let's see, that would be..."

She hadn't heard Adam approach from behind. He splayed his hands, pressing each finger to her bare belly.

"...ten favors."

His touch zapped her with lightning bolts. She clenched damp thighs, aroused and eager for hot sex with two men. She looked up to find them staring at her like hungry tigers about to pounce. Her chest tightened, nipples hard. Adam's zipper bulged and Bryan was no different, their desire evident.

For her.

"Next we have basket number eight."



The auctioneer broke Candy's concentration. She ran her eyes up Bryan's chest, heat rushing to her face, Adam's chest a warm wall at her back.

Sandwiched. By a pair of rough, tough cowboys.

She inhaled a hint of beer, a touch of fresh sweat and something else. Something male, as if their muscles gave off pheromones that said 'take me, now!'

She licked her lips, breath shallow and quick.

"Chickening out, city girl?" said Bryan.

They stepped back, Bryan holding out his arm like a Regency dandy escorting a lady. His words, his eyes, dared her, challenging her to prove herself as a woman.

She'd never backed out of a promise in her life. She raised her chin and placed trembling fingers on Bryan's bare arm. Almost-invisible blond hairs tickled her palm. "Lead on, farm boy."

He scowled. "I'm a cattleman and cowboy, not a farmer."

She shrugged off his declaration and sniffed at him. "What's the diff?"

Muttering, Bryan led her to the door. Adam, basket on his wide shoulder passed them, walking bare-chested into the light snow. If he was as hot as she, the flakes would melt before they touched his body.

"Let's get serious for a moment," said Bryan, stopping at the coat check. He stuck his thumb over his shoulder. "He's Adam Richardson and I'm Bryan Raman. Together we're the Double R. A family ranch with three thousand acres in the Beaverhead Mountains. We raise organic Black Angus cattle the old fashioned way. On horseback. We are *not* farmers!"

Since moving to Montana, Candy realized just how much she hated cities. Too much noise, pollution and people. As a child, she drew pictures of open blue skies over waving golden fields with cattle and horses, snow-capped mountains in the distance. A childish dream, but never forgotten.

Bryan, eyebrows raised, waited for her reaction.

“Sounds, uh, nice.” She rolled mental eyeballs at her trite phrase.

“Nice?” he growled, eyes boring into hers. “Darlin’, this is Montana, not Massachusetts. We don’t do ‘nice.’ Life is hard with Mother Nature always trying to trick you. There you are, riding the fence far from home on a warm spring day and *bam!*”

She jumped when he smacked his fist into his palm in front of her nose.

“Before you know it, a storm blows in, dropping the temperature along with a foot of snow. If you’re not prepared, you die.”

She stared, imagining his frozen body half covered in snow. As soon as she got a pencil and paper she’d sketch it. He described a whole different reality, one she’d love to experience.

After a few seconds he shook his shoulders out and a wry grin appeared.

“Sorry about that, but you hit a nerve.” He grimaced as he reached into his back pocket and pulled out his wallet. He flipped it open and held it up like an FBI agent on TV.

“Driver’s license to prove who I am. I’m also a special deputy for the county.” He wagged his thick, dark eyebrows. “Treat me good or I’ll cuff you to the bed.”

“You wouldn’t dare!” A zap of heat rippled over her belly.

“Ain’t smart to dare a cowboy.” He lightly slapped her left butt cheek, grinning when she squeaked.

“Warmin’ her up, Bry?”

“Just proving who’s boss.”

Candy licked dry lips. For once in her life she wanted to feel good. To have men touch her and make flames run across her skin.

To feel alive.

“Got a problem, city girl?” drawled Bryan. “I’m starvin’ and you owe us ten favors.”

She looked from one to the other. Sue, a long-time member of the club, said they investigated everyone who applied for the auction. These men were safer than anyone she could find on her own.

“I can leave when I want,” she stated.

“Of course.” Bryan nipped her ear with his lips as he helped her into her coat. “This is just a picnic. Get to know each other. Nothing happens unless you want it. We’d be mighty disappointed, but we’d take you home.”

“Truck’s warm,” growled Adam.

“And Candy’s hot.”

Adam swept her into his arms and held her snug against his chest. He felt solid. Dependable. She rested her head on his broad shoulder, putting herself in his hands, literally.

Bryan grabbed her overnight bag and held the door open. Adam carried her down the steps to a bejesus-size black four-door pickup. It wasn’t a pumpkin turned into a coach, but she still felt like Cinderella at the ball.

Tomorrow would take care of itself. She’d let them treat her like a princess tonight.

## Chapter 4

“I haven’t eaten so well in years.”

Bryan groaned, rubbing his belly. He leaned against the padded headboard of the king-plus bed. Candy sat cross-legged at the foot of the bed using a pillow in her lap as a table. She waved a slice of apple pie in Adam’s direction. He thought for a moment then shook his head.

Candy smiled in satisfaction. Watching hardworking men appreciate her food made all those cooking classes worthwhile. She took all sorts of evening courses for years, mostly to escape dreary evenings with a complaining husband. So far, her dance and cooking lessons had proven useful.

“Ever think of hiring on as a camp cook?” Bryan didn’t bother to open his eyes. “Men work a lot harder to come home to great food and a pretty woman serving it.”

“Maybe she’s too scared to live miles from nowhere, surrounded by thousands of cattle, dozens of horses and a few good men,” said Adam.

Candy’s heart pounded at the challenge. She dropped her head to hide her reaction. They’d told her about the Double R between grunts of enjoyment as they ate. She’d laughed at their stories as they’d one-upped each other. Adam showed her his steer-wrestling belt buckle. Bryan insisted he was great on bucking broncs, but Adam snorted and rolled his eyes.

The Double R sounded like paradise, not that anyone she knew would consider it such. But to her, the seclusion would be peaceful,

the work fulfilling. And she might find time to sketch, something she had to get practice before continuing her interrupted art degree.

"I just might do that," she said.

Adam sat up, his body tense, as if he'd met the need for food and was ready for something else. His eyes widened, glinting in the candlelight.

"You wouldn't see anyone else for weeks at a time. Alone all day with just cats and dogs for company. Then the men come in with cold hands and empty bellies. Hungry for more than food."

Candy's nipples hardened and reached toward him. She tingled and her thong, still damp from their touch at the club, moistened. The intensity of their eyes made her shiver.

"Time to tidy up before something gets spilled." She snapped the cover on the pie plate in her hand.

"Pushy, ain't she?" said Bryan. He licked a finger and lifted a few crumbs from his pants. "Needs a spanking to prove who's boss."

She squawked and scuttled backward.

"We won't ever hurt you," said Adam, his voice gentle. "But the sting of an erotic spanking heightens pleasure." He held up his hand, covered with calluses. "My rough hand on your smooth bottom. Waking your sensual needs. Making the line between pleasure and pain fade."

"No," she whispered.

"Yes," he replied. "Your flushed face and hard nipples prove it."

Candy's mind raced with erotic fantasies of dominant men 'forcing' her to comply.

Bryan's dark eyes widened, drawing her in. "We'll play games, with you as the disobedient captive. We'll torture you with pleasure. Change your howls of defiance into screams of orgasm." He drew the words out like a caress.

She throbbed at the thought of being overpowered. She wouldn't be able to resist giving into what she secretly craved, those dark fantasies that nice Boston girls would never imagine, much less do.

But this was Montana where ‘nice’ didn’t exist. And what good had nice ever got her?

“When you’re really hot, the line between pleasure and pain tends to fade,” said Adam.

Candy looked from one eager man to the other. They leaned forward as if ready to attack.

“Excuse me,” she blurted. She backed off the bed and scurried into the bathroom. She locked the door and leaned against it, trembling. She wanted more than a boring life. She wanted to experience everything Adam and Bryan could give her. One night, to remember the rest of her life.

She splashed cool water on her face, breathing low and slow until she as felt calm as possible with two randy males waiting outside the door. A loud snap and bellow, followed by deep laughter, grunts and thuds filtered through her thoughts.

“Ow! Dammit, Bry!”

When silence followed she cracked the door open, just enough for one eye. The empty bed beckoned, bedspread smooth as if they’d never sat on it. Adam lay on his back on the floor clutching his neck. His back to her, Bryan bounced on his toes, slapping his right fist against the palm of his left. They’d stripped to their pants. One leather, one cotton. Broad, muscular chests and arms flexed, challenging each other.

“Whats’a matter, old man? Can’t take it like you used to, huh?”

“That last hold pulled my neck again. Gimme a minute and I’ll nail your hide to the wall.”

“Yeah?” snorted Bryan. “You and whose army?” He stepped closer, bending forward and flexing his muscles like the Hulk. He yelped and went down when Adam shot out a hand and yanked his ankle.

“Don’t need an army.”

Candy threw the door open and stomped out. “Boys! Leave you alone for a few minutes and you act like children.”

“He started it,” accused Bryan, pointing at Adam. “He snapped me with the dish towel. See!” He turned his side to reveal a red welt on his left shoulder.

“Boys or men, it’s just a matter of bigger and louder.”

Adam laughed. “I’ve got something big. Gonna kiss it better?”

She refused to respond, though her face heated.

“Look at that. Another blush,” murmured Adam.

War on hold, Bryan stood up beside Candy. “She blushes because she’s still too innocent. We’ll solve that problem tonight.”

Adam winced as he rotated his shoulders.

“Didn’t hit you that hard,” said Bryan with a sneer.

“Maybe I can help,” said Candy. “I took acupressure lessons.”

“Not only can she dance and cook, she’s an angel of mercy,” said Bryan.

“Count this as your second favor,” said Adam. “Hell, if you can make the pain go, we’ll count it as three.”

“I’ll hold you to that. But you’d better sit in a chair to reduce the stress on your neck.”

Adam rolled to his side and reached up a hand. Bryan hauled him to his feet.

“Sit backwards on that chair.” She pointed at an armless kitchen chair, nodding as Bryan moved it into the center of the room. “I wish I had massage oil.”

“No worries,” said Bryan. He retrieved a half-empty clear bottle from the bedside table and handed it to her. “Use this.”

“What is it?”

“Water based and condom compatible. Just use a bit, it’s very slippery.” He winked. “We can use that on you later on.”

She read the label. Lubricant. Heat rose right from her toes to hit her hairline in record time.

“I’m hurting here, folks.”

Bryan squeezed a dollop of gel onto her palm. Face still hot, she smoothed it over Adam’s neck and shoulders then squeezed. Finding

knots, she leaned into him with her thumbs, grinding in circles to find the best, and therefore most painful, spots. As each knot faded, he relaxed a bit more. She changed angles, stepped too close and brushed against his gelled skin. She stopped and backed away.

“I don’t want to wreck Sue’s shirt with this stuff. Does it wash out?”

“No!” said Adam. He turned to face her, shaking his head. “It’ll ruin your clothes. You’ll never get the stains out.”

“What?” Bryan frowned at Adam for a second before his face cleared. “Oh, right. Yeah. Take your shirt off, Candy. In fact, just get naked. You don’t want to wreck your costume. Let me help.”

Bryan reached for her with both hands.



## **Chapter 5**

“Whoa, boys, I’m not that stupid.” Candy stepped out of Bryan’s reach.

“Idiot,” groused Adam. “I had her convinced until you pushed it too far.”

The shirt belonged to Sue. The demi-bra was her own, but really expensive. And she loved the way it held her breasts, nipples pointing the way.

“All right. Since my hands are goopy, Bryan can undo my shirt.” Arms out like a pastor asking for a blessing, she warned Bryan with narrowed eyes not to touch.

“Yes!” Brian rubbed his hands then blew on them. “Don’t want chilled fingers, do we?”

He took his time unsnapping her shirt. He unwrapped the knotted cloth above her belly and slowly peeled it from her shoulders. When he reached for her bra she backed away.

“Adam’s turn.”

“Smart woman.” Adam slowly rose to his feet, power and control evident. She shivered at the intensity of his gaze. When she massaged him, she thought she’d been in control, but he’d never relinquished it.

When she put on her costume this afternoon, she’d been nervous about what might happen to her. Hoping, but not expecting anything special. Dancing while they watched had aroused her. Adam’s touch had wound her nerves even tighter. And now, his eyes promised wickedly wonderful things.

“Turn around.”

“It’s a front closing bra.”

“I know.” He raised a determined eyebrow. “Turn. Around.”

At five foot four, Candy was average height, with her ex only five inches taller. But no one would ever call Adam Richardson average. Her head fit under his chin. His upper arm looked as big as her thigh.

He made a circling motion with his finger. She obeyed, forcing everything from her mind. From now on she would only feel.

Adam stepped behind, his lightly furred chest tickling her shoulder blades. He ran his fingers down her arms, fire tracing from them. Avoiding her wet hands, he pulled her wrists from her body until she stood like a cross. He slid his hands to her shoulders then down her sides until he reached her waist. Tracing her.

She waited, panting.

Her bra lasted barely two seconds. He inhaled a moan, calluses rasping her soft flesh as he lifted her breasts, weighing her. His large hands supported her like no bra ever could.

Hot. Demanding.

He pinched nipples between thumbs and index fingers and her knees gave way. Holding her snug, he turned her toward him, dropped to one knee, and sucked a tight bud into his mouth. Nerves she'd never felt before responded. She thrust herself into him, demanding more.

Bryan stepped behind, molding her bottom with one hand, and did the same to her breast with the other. He nudged her feet further apart with his own and kissed her neck, trailing his tongue between each soft nibble.

Four hands. Two mouths.

“To hell with your massage, this lady needs attention,” said Bryan.

Adam released his mouth from her breast, capturing it with his hand before it could chill. “What does the lady say?” He slipped his hand under her skirt. Trails of fire followed his fingers as he walked them across her hip to her core. He slid a finger under her sopping

thong, knuckle pressing into her. She inhaled and leaned into the embrace.

Bryan slid his fingers under her lace from behind. He quested forward, enhancing the sensation. Adam pressed his fingers into her, curling them toward her pubic bone. He hit something right and she arched into the sensation, hissing her pleasure.

“G-spot,” murmured Bryan into her ear.

She twitched, clenching and twisting, wanting more, but not knowing what.

Adam’s thumb found her clit. She held still, not even breathing, her senses overwhelmed.

“Hold her, Bry.”

Adam pulled her thong aside and suckled her flesh, his tongue probing, seeking. Bryan pressed a finger tip into her virgin bottom, hot and hard. She jerked at the invasion then pressed back, demanding more.

So many sensations, pleasure spots everywhere they touched. She gave herself to them, wanting. Needing...something.

Adam hummed into her core, winding her up, tension so tight she couldn’t breathe. Then he vibrated his fingers against her G-spot and sucked her clit as Bryan pushed his finger deep.

She stiffened, every muscle rigid for a moment before she exploded, bucking and writhing, sobbing and shivering until the shocks reduced to quivers and she rediscovered where she was.

Almost naked, sandwiched between two grinning, very aroused, men. Her lips stung as if electrocuted, and her head buzzed as if she’d pass out any second.

Adam’s forehead cleared and he kissed her nose. “See? We’re damn good.”

“And that’s from nothing but fingers and mouths,” said Bryan. “You staying the night or do we get dressed and drive you home?”

After proving she wasn't deficient after all, they'd still drive her home if she wanted to leave? Though they were hard and horny? When she pulled back, Adam released her.

"You'd drive me home right now?"

The two men looked at each other. They turned to her and gave short, definite nods.

"Yep," said Bryan. He bent over to pick up his shirt, winced and shook a leg out.

"It's the lady's choice," said Adam. Arms crossed and face blank, he'd retreated, both physically and mentally. "Always the lady's choice."

Candy looked from one to the other, bottom lip tight between her teeth. Boyfriends and husbands demanded sex. Along with cooking and cleaning, it was the price a woman paid for living with a man, even if it destroyed her soul.

These men might complain, but they'd stop when she asked. She craved their masculine bodies and they made her laugh. But their respect of her made them irresistible. She inhaled and stretched her arms high, thrusting her chest at them.

"The lady stays."

"Yes!" Adam dropped to his knees to claim her behind. Wasting no time, he flicked open her skirt buttons and tossed away the fabric.

"Ah, my beauties," murmured Bryan. One hand on each breast, he weighed his options. "Both left and right have their points, but this tiny mole on the side..." Mouth full, he couldn't finish the sentence.

"Mmm, butt dimples." Adam massaged his thumbs into each small dip at the base of her spine, curving his fingers around to her belly. Holding her in place, he kissed an arc from hip to hip, dropping in the middle to nuzzle the crack between her cheeks.

Bryan filled his mouth with her breast. She pressed his cheek to her body, blond hair soft against her fingers. He sucked in a nipple and bit, just hard enough to zap. She clenched her pelvic muscles, her

nostrils flaring at the pleasure/pain. He winked up at her before grabbing the second in a 'catch-and-release' process.

The sharp stings of bites and nibbles created a whole different reality, one where slight pain was immediately swept away by pleasure. The line between the two wavered, creating a new world of sensation.

Adam traced white lace all the way down her crack. When her closed thighs stopped his finger he grasped her ankles and urged her feet apart. Startled, she grabbed Bryan's shoulders to stay upright, leaning forward to balance. Adam pulled her cheeks apart and blew softly, aiming for her tight hole.

She'd never realized how sensitive skin could be. Every light fingernail scrape or tongue dab flashed to both brain and belly. Never had she felt so exposed.

Or so needy.

She quivered, fighting to stay upright.

With a nod, each man grasped his end of the thin lace between her legs and ripped. She shivered at the restrained violence. Bryan tongued her curls then quested further, foraging for nectar. She squeezed her internal muscles for relief, but it only increased her ache.

"You smell so good," Bryan husked. "Open for me."

Candy bent her knees as ordered, better to encourage exploration. Nostrils flaring, he separated her lips with his tongue, flicking so lightly it almost tickled. Wanting another explosion, she thrust herself at him, but he pulled back and flicked her clit with his fingernail. She gasped at the painful jolt, quickly fading to a tingle of desire.

"Oh, no, you greedy thing," he warned. "You don't come again until we do."

The two brawny men hauled themselves to their feet.

"Payback time, huh?" She panted, wanting more.

"Bingo," said Bryan.

They stripped, muscles flexing and rippling. Bryan, fists on hips and legs apart like Superman, proudly showcased his body. Every muscle defined front and back. His erect penis, long and slender, leaned to the upper left. Tight balls nestled in blond curls. The tight ass of a cowboy.

Anything she thought about sex before tonight, no longer existed. She licked her lips, eager to taste him.

“Don’t even think it,” warned Adam. His cock stood thick and long, the wide bulb promising a pounding. “Put your boots back on,” he growled, staring intently into her eyes. “See that chair?”

She looked to the padded armchair and nodded, biting her lip.

“I’m going to bend you over that chair, spread your legs and heat that saucy bottom with my hand. Then I’ll slam my cock deep into your pussy. And that’s just the beginning.”

Candy flushed at the menacing tone demanding what she craved. Chest tight, her lungs strained to catch her breath. She couldn’t look away from his rigid flesh, pulsing with desire for her. Adam and Bryan looked at each other, eyebrows high. They nodded then turned to her, eyes blazing with wicked determination.

## Chapter 6

Adam had never been this hard. Something about this woman turned him on like no other. It wasn't just the fact he hadn't seen a glimpse of naked female flesh in almost a year. Unlike some of the ranch hands, he refused to pay for sex, and relationships took time. Time he'd put to better use working.

He watched as Candy, avoiding their eyes, followed orders and stomped into her white go-go boots. Damn fine ass. He loved the way her flesh quivered when she walked. It made his hands itch to mold her, to possess her.

He strolled over, intending to kiss her senseless, but she dropped to her knees and grabbed his cock, her hand just able to circle his girth. She looked up at him, eyes wide and mouth open.

A drop of fluid swelled at his tip. Watching him, she stuck out her tongue and licked. He jerked, the touch zapping straight to his brain, but she held him tight. She slid him in and when she pulled out, she dragged her teeth.

"Christ, woman!" he hissed, backing away.

"Did I do it wrong?"

Her little kitten voice didn't match the wildcat he knew she held inside. He grasped her arms and lifted her to her feet.

"Nope, you're fantastic. I want you to do that again. Later. But I'm coming inside your sweet pussy the first time." He backed her across the room as he spoke then spun her around to face the towel-covered chair.

"Bend over and spread your legs," he growled. "Show me that fine ass and the sweet spot underneath."

She leaned her arms on the chair seat, arching her back to saucily thrust her bottom high. She wagged it at him, daring to demand.

“God, she’s a natural,” Bryan groaned. He stroked a hand over the curve of her bottom, caressing her from dimples to vulva.

Adam bent over and kissed each sacral dimple. He drew his tongue down her damp crease and massaged her cheeks with his palms. She wiggled, twitching when he hit ticklish spots.

“Don’t move,” he demanded.

He lightly smacked her left cheek and she yelped and shot upright. She covered herself with her hand, glaring.

“I said, don’t move.” His deep voice demanded obedience.

Ignoring her pique, Bryan pulled her hands away from the large hand mark on her backside. He pushed her shoulders down until she rested her forearms against the chair. “Do as you’re told.”

Adam knew the pain had already faded to a warm need, though she narrowed her eyes at them. Bryan waggled his eyebrows and twirled an imaginary moustache. Her lip twitched and she settled herself again, feet braced. Bryan rested his hand on her back, trailing fingers raising goose bumps and shivers.

While the first spank was more of a surprise than anything, the second would sting until he slid his hard cock between her thighs, snug against her lips to distract her. The smooth friction tantalized both of them as he slowly rubbed forward and back. She tried to dip her knees and take him inside, but he stopped her.

He alternated stinging smacks with sensuous buffing.

“I want you inside!”

“Impatient hussy,” he replied, but he slid the tip into her, just an inch, rocking back and forth in sensuous torture. She was so hot, so tight that he had to go slow or he’d explode.

Torture of the finest kind. For both of them.

She again tried to impale herself, but Bryan’s hand on her back held her down.



"I say when," said Adam, though he knew it couldn't be long. After a few more tantalizing slides, he caught her hips with his hands. She held her breath as he pressed inside her, slow but sure.

He bet she'd never taken anything near as big. He pressed deep, stretching her inner folds, designed to swell like a hot air balloon expanding for flight. She pushed back, encouraging him with soft moans.

"I love a woman with enough beef to hold onto," he croaked. He caressed her soft hips then held her snug, his fingers pressing into her flesh. He thrust with a slow ramming motion.

"You feel so good, Candymine. I'm not going to last long."

"You'd better last, cowboy," she huffed. "You promised me orgasms."

Her words did him in. He pulled back then slammed hard, shoving her against the padded chair. He damn near hit bottom, but she didn't complain, just grunted as again and again he pounded. He watched his thick cock slide between her glistening lips, impaling her with his need, his marks of possession fading to pink on her cheeks. Her tight little asshole begged for his finger.

All thought ceased. He switched to autopilot, feeling nothing but heat and need. The sound of wet flesh slapping faded, Bryan's encouraging murmurs disappeared.

He roared, pounding into her flesh.

*Yes!*

An earth-shattering explosion hit him. He surged forward, jetting deep. He lost his rhythm, jerking like a puppet. Expended, he leaned over her back and circled her belly, grasping tight, chest heaving with the most massive explosion of his life.

"You. Are one. Fantastic lady," he panted. He kissed the back of her neck before he pulled out and stood up. Light headed, he braced one palm against the chair, chest heaving.

Candy whirled around and furiously beat his chest.

"You lousy cheater! You promised I'd come!"

Startled, he easily held off her puny fists. He grinned at her frustration, relaxed now he'd had his reward.

"Easy, sweetcheeks. Finish her off, Bry." He cleaned himself up and slumped onto the towel-clad chair to watch.

Bryan, eyes wild and chest heaving, caught her under her armpits and lifted her high. Proving his control and power, he slowly lowered her until his tongue touched her mound. A few flicks and he moved on. He scraped her belly with his teeth as she went by, captured each breast for a moment and stopped with her folds just above the tip of his cock.

She curled her legs around his back and tried to force herself down. She hadn't a chance.

Adam stood up to help. Bryan nodded and Adam held her hips. He steadied her, aiming her for Bryan's cock, watching as her pussy devoured Bryan's weapon. Though narrower than Adam, Bryan was longer. He'd stretch her back wall and probe deep.

Candy gasped in relief and clenched her legs around him.

Arms clasping her ribs, Bryan glanced down and drawled his fake Texan accent. "That a mite better, darlin'?"

With an expression of long-suffering patience, she glared up at him. "Not quite, cowboy. Where's my reward?"

He smirked at her demand and kissed her nose. Adam grinned at her growl. Bryan might think of her as a kitten, but she was a Wildcat to him.

She reached for Bryan's shoulders and squeezed her legs, ankles scissored above his hips. She lifted herself up and down. In that position she could create friction just where she wanted as his groin rasped her bud. His own rear entry had brought his cock nowhere near her clit. Now she could scratch that itch.

Next time he took her from behind, he'd have more control. He'd use his fingers to tease her clit, driving her wild while pounding deep. He'd get Bryan to drill her ass with a finger or two at the same time.

“Don’t worry, I’ll make sure you come first,” panted Bryan at Candy’s complaints.

Keening in eagerness, she couldn’t quite get over the edge. Bryan leaned her back until her shoulders rested against Adam’s chest. He immediately reached for her breasts, squeezing and pinching her nipples.

She twitched and moaned but it still wasn’t enough. Adam reached around and pinched her clit. The sharp pain put her over the edge. Her internal spasms set Bryan off. He grunted each time he pounded her on his shaft, the two of them moaning until he howled his release.

Candy finally slumped in a sigh of delight. He’d do a lot to bring that smile to her face again. He lifted her off Bryan and cuddled her in his arms as she floated back to earth.

\* \* \* \*

“You’re a hell of a woman, Candygirl,” Adam murmured. “But it’s time for a break so we can recover. Let’s use up the hot water before Mr. Universe recovers.”

She cracked an eyelid at Bryan sprawled across the bed. He replied to Adam’s comment by making a muscle with his bicep, chest heaving as if he’d just won a marathon.

“Unlike an old bastard like you, I only need a few minutes to recover.”

“I’m only two years older, punk,” Adam shot back.

He carried her into the ensuite shower. Multiple outlets erupted at various levels on three sides of the enclosure. It could fit at least five people—an orgy’s worth. After tonight, would she be amenable to such a thing? She snorted at her change in attitude. What a difference an orgasm or two made. Life’s possibilities expanded with new experiences.

“Hope that snigger wasn’t for me,” said Adam with a pretend glower.

She daintily nuzzled his chest, licking the tiny nipple under his rough hair. Then she nipped, causing him to growl and tighten his arms around her.

“I was laughing at the size of the shower, not you, studly. I wondered how many people would fit in it at once.”

“That ain’t a shower,” he grunted, lips twitching at the nickname, “it’s a truck wash.”

He set her down and bent over to adjust the water temperature, giving her an excellent view of his butt. She loved a man with a curved set of buns. Dan’s flat ass never looked good, in pants or out.

Adam looked over his shoulder and caught her staring, so he posed, showing off. His cock, still limp from pleasure, strained to lift its head, but failed.

“You work hard every day, you get muscle,” he said with an amused grin. “We’ve got real muscles. From work, not a prissy weight machine.”

She batted her eyes coyly at his macho declaration. “Could you make a muscle for me to squeeze, big boy?”

He curled his fist, biceps bulging. An impish thought hit her and she went with the flow. She reached down and squeezed his flaccid penis. It barely twitched.

“Dear me. What’s happened to this poor little muscle?”

“You’ll have to wait a bit for that one to harden again.”

He turned back to the tap and, satisfied with the temperature, turned on the shower. A blast of cool water sprayed her front and she backpedaled, squealing.

“Oh, no, you don’t,” he warned. He pulled her tight against him, the spray now on her back. “I’ve got to cool you down before you wear us out. There’s a long, busy night ahead of us.”

She stuck out her tongue at him. His eyes widened and he bent down to her, nibbling on her bottom lip until she let him in. His

tongue slid along her upper teeth, the resulting rush of pleasure proving the existence of another erogenous zone, this one inside her upper lip. He explored her mouth as thoroughly as he'd explored her lower lips earlier. She tasted herself on him, another new and pleasurable experience. Far from disgusting, she wanted more. The cool water on her skin, combined with his hot erotic tongue, hardened her breasts and nipples anew.

She'd never known sex could be fun, enjoyment prolonged for the benefit of the participants. She leaned against him and sighed in contentment.

"Cold water? Don't tell me you've hogged all the hot again. Jeeze, you're a selfish bastard."

Bryan's tone belied his words. Ignoring Adam, he picked up the soap and ran it over her back. Both hands covered with bubbles, he slid them around to sensuously caress her from collarbone to pubis, paying particular attention to her chest. Definitely a breast man. The soap eased the roughness of his calluses. Not that she minded.

"Hey, get your own woman," complained Adam, soaping his hands as well.

"Why, when I can share yours?"

As if it was a contest, the two men slipped their hands all over her skin, into crevices and over protrusions, first with soap and then to rinse. Adam finally turned off the water and pulled her tight against his front with one arm around her ribs. His cock, well recovered, nudged the middle of her back in promise.

Bryan grasped her hips and stepped close, his cock pressed against her belly. Sandwiched between two hard men, her swollen tissues throbbed.

"Let's try the bed this time. Care to share both of us?"

## Chapter 7

Candy shivered in spite of the warm flesh to her front and back. They held her tight for a moment before Bryan broke free and wrapped her in a huge towel. Though fluffy and soft, it rasped against her sensitive flesh. Adam swooped her into his arms and carried her to the bed. He gently laid her on her back and they carefully patted her dry, leaving her loosely spread-eagled. She enjoyed their easy camaraderie, wishing she'd had family that treated each other so well.

"How did you become partners?"

"Simple," replied Adam, caressing her toes. Though more reserved, he seemed unable to be near her without touching in some way.

"We grew up together. Bryan left when his mom passed. Went off to college and made big money. When my bastard father finally died, he left me a messed up ranch and no money to fix it. Bryan returned for the funeral celebration. We got drunk together and realized he had money but no home, and I had a ranch that needed cash."

"Yeah, I'm the brain and you're the brute."

"Neither of us wants to live anywhere else, so it works out well. The only problem is we never meet decent women."

"Or even better, indecent ones," said Bryan. "We want a polyamory marriage. Two husbands and two wives who enjoy sharing each other, like to work hard and don't mind living in the middle of nowhere."

"Yeah, with wives and a pack of our own kids, life'll be perfect," said Adam.

"Like that TV show?"

“There’s a show about it?” Adam snorted a laugh.

TV was one thing, but how would their neighbors react to such a shocking situation? How could their wives and children survive the daily insults, rejection and fights?

She’d tried hard to get over her mother’s constant zings of negativity and the vicious jibes from some of the girls at school. She’d tried to be perfect for her husband, pretending for his friends and co-workers. He said everyone knew he only wanted her as a servant and that they laughed at her behind her back.

After Dan walked out they laughed in her face. Strangers in a big city wouldn’t care, but in a small community? The locals would accept the men since their families had been here for generations, but the women and children would be criticized. Condemned without trial and ostracized, like she’d been all her life.

No, she couldn’t live on their ranch but, if asked, she’d love to visit for a few weeks. No one would know about her if she never left the property, right?

After a few moments of companionable silence, she felt Adam’s heartbeat increase. His fingers ventured past her neck to the breast pressed against his ribs. Bryan’s hand strayed into the crevice between her cheeks, tantalizing instead of soothing. Candy’s heart sped up to match, her ribs tightening with the tension.

“I want to try with both of you, but I don’t know what to do. I’m afraid it will hurt. Everyone says this sort of thing is perverted.”

“Perverted is just two steps beyond wherever that person is comfortable,” said Adam, his deep voice vibrating under her. “We believe that anything shared with equal joy between people isn’t wrong. Different, unusual, but not wrong.”

“Don’t be afraid,” replied Bryan, kissing her shoulder. “We’ll ease you into it and if you’re not comfortable, we won’t do it. Our bodies are designed to feel pleasure for a reason. Why deny it?”

She thought for a moment, considering everything she’d been taught not to do, and the people who’d told her anything different was

evil. Her parents were dead, her ex remarried. She'd grown disillusioned by both church and politicians long ago. Why listen to any of them?

"You're right," she said. The acceptance opened up all sorts of possibilities. She looked at the naked men, proof of their desire for her rising before her eyes.

Adam licked his index finger and circled her areola, skittering her mind. He turned to Bryan. "She has no idea how unusual she is." He shook his head and turned back. "A beautiful woman who's both sensual and adventurous is a jewel to treasure." His deep voice rumbled in his chest, vibrating against hers.

"We haven't been able to find a woman like you to share since college," said Adam. "And now that we're at the ranch all year, we can't get away very often, and even then we can't go far. How we're going to find a wife for each of us, who'll share us and each other, do chores, raise the children..." He shook his head.

"That would be paradise on earth," said Bryan.

The thought of husbands and wives sharing each other, living in a huge farmhouse with their children, cats and dogs tumbling in the sun, made Candy's heart ache. The chance to experience a tiny hint of the love that would bind and rebound between them, brought tears to her eyes. If they wanted to share every part of themselves with her, she was game.

"I want you. Both."

Adam's organ hardened against her belly. Bryan's drooping member swelled into her hip. The way penises reflected a man's emotions fascinated her. Full of confidence or unsure, horny or replete, they couldn't hide what they felt. Adam's finger slid between her legs, emerging wet and glistening, and she realized she couldn't hide her arousal either.

She licked the nipple by her nose and rubbed her belly against Adam's hardening cock. He hummed in appreciation and cupped her bottom. Held in his snug embrace, she realized she could get used to



this. The fact that both men were caring and strong, erotic and comforting, made her realize she could safely push her limits with them.

Bryan slid his finger between her legs and she clenched it hard. “She’s wet and ready to go again,” he said and nibbled her ear. “I’ve got a tongue, ten fingers and a hard instrument of pleasure, darlin’.”

She looked at them, one big and dark, the other lean and blond, then shook her head as if in exasperation. “Promises, promises.”

She’d barely got the words out before Adam tossed her on the bed. He landed beside her, grabbed and rolled until his hard flesh pressed down on her. Candy’s body sang, flames igniting at his display of dominance.

“Do your worst, cowboys,” she demanded.

Adam’s mouth slid up in an evil grin, his eyes alight at her boast. “You asked for it.” He lifted himself up. “Close your eyes. Don’t move unless I tell you.”

They seduced her with nips, scraping teeth and fingernails, licking, sucking and soothing everywhere. She couldn’t tell who did what or where they’d strike next. Four hands and two mouths explored her, a fantasy come true.

Torture.

They didn’t touch her where she wanted it most. They pressed where she wanted but just a titch less than she needed, fingers not quite there. She opened her mouth to scream. Large hands lifted her bottom off the bed and separated her cheeks. A tongue pressed against her bottom hole, another flicked against her mound. She wanted both filled, now! She flickered her eyelids, wanting to watch.

“Pink or brown?” growled a deep voice.

“Brown,” replied a slightly higher one.

“Then we’d better change places. Keep your eyes shut, Candy.”

They set her down and left the bed. Drawers opened and shut before they settled back into place, the bed shaking. They turned her over, lowering her belly onto stacked pillows. She relaxed, ass in the

air, then jerked when something cool and slippery rubbed between her cheeks.

“We’ll use a series of butt plugs to prepare you. The lubricant will help slide it in. Once you’re up to the right size we’ll show you how we play. Then we’ll both fill you, and show you a new definition of ecstasy.”

From the deep voice, the hands must belong to Adam. He scratched a fingernail against her hole, and then chuckled.

“Your tight rosette opens right up for me, eager for more.”

He scratched again then sank the tip of his finger into her. It felt weird, but nice. He pressed farther then pulled out. Before tonight, she’d never realized she had nerve endings there. Lots and lots of them.

It took a while, but the two of them slowly stretched her, sliding a butt plug in and out until she could take it all. They kissed her back, stroked her legs and tongued her pussy, keeping her just off the boil, wanting more and all the time murmuring how much they enjoyed sharing her.

“How will this work, anyway?”

“You’ll ride me like a horse,” said Adam. “Face me so I can watch you. I want to play with those giant nipples of yours.” His eyes almost glowed. “Then I’ll hold you tight while Bryan enters your sweet ass. You ready?”

## Chapter 8

He had to ask when she'd been creaming for what seemed like hours?

"Please," she said, goose bumps flashing over her skin.

Adam pulled her close and gazed into her eyes for a moment, a caress in itself. He kissed her forehead tenderly, lay on the bed on his back and patted his belly for her to sit.

"Bryan's thinner so he gets your cherry," said Adam as she stretched, checking out how it felt to move with the plug inside. "But I'm going to take that sweet ass before you go." He wagged his eyebrows playfully. "You'll enjoy us so much, you'll never go back to plain vanilla."

Panting at the threatened promise, she settled on Adam's belly, his stick shift jutting in front of her curls. She grasped him, tracing his veins with a wet finger. Bryan knelt behind, knees on either side of Adam's thighs. He reached around to part her nether curls while Adam took over her breasts.

"Lift up a bit," said Bryan and, when she complied, he separated her lips, rubbing his rough fingertips underneath her, forward and back. "You're wetter than an August thunderstorm," he whispered into her ear. "Hot and damp. You smell just as good, too."

Her nostrils flared at their combined scents—her own arousal mixed with the men's sensual musk. She heard the rattle of a condom package behind her as Bryan covered himself. She flicked the drop of pre-cum off Adam's cock and watched his eyes flare when she sucked her finger into her mouth. The power she had over them inflamed her further.

Unable to wait, she lifted up and shifted over Adam's cock. Bryan grasped it below her, guiding her down. The full feeling from the butt plug intensified as Adam's thick head pressed against her core. She lowered herself, watching Adam's eyes widen, his nostrils flare.

He reached over and pressed his knuckles against her clit so that it rubbed against his cock as she slid up and down. Bryan reached around to pinch her nipples hard, the slight pain increasing her pleasure.

Adam grabbed her hips and plunged her down. Fully impaled, she gasped at the fullness, a pressure she'd never known but already craved. She rose up, Adam gasping, then thumped down, inhaling as he plunged deep. Fully encasing him, she began a sensuous rhythm, sliding forward and back, rasping her clit against his pubic bone. Every moment better than the last, sensations piling up until she could almost...

Adam grasped her shoulders and pulled her against his heaving chest, leaving her aching, throbbing for more. She struggled to move, to continue the wonderful friction, but he held her tight, arms embracing.

Her position, legs spread either side of Adam's hips, presented her bottom to Bryan's explorations.

"God, you've got a beautiful ass. Round white cheeks, nice and full, just begging to be spanked."

Before she could reply, he smacked her with his open palm, harder than Adam had. She twitched and cried out, but Adam held her tight, murmuring something she didn't hear. Bryan alternated between left and right, rubbing lightly between each stroke. After the initial sharp jolt she felt heat, which revved her up even more.

She lost count of time, or of what they did with her, teasing her with fingers and tongues.

"Push out the plug," Bryan whispered.

When she did, the sensation of fullness continued for a second, then relief. She barely heard Bryan's hissed, 'she's ready,' before

Adam pulled her snug. Bryan separated her cheeks and something very large pressed against her.

It felt like a knee.

“Push!”

She obeyed, relaxing as Bryan pressed against her rosette, stretched for so long, and forced himself just past her ring. She gasped at the throbbing sting. Adam stroked her back as she panted, exhilarated at her achievement.

“Good girl,” he murmured. “He’s big enough to stretch you, but not too far.”

She was so hot and wet that it didn’t really hurt, the sensation of rich fullness something she’d fantasized about for a long, long time. She relaxed, allowing her tissues to expand. Every sensation expanded her idea of what sharing her body could mean. So turned on, the line between pain and pleasure wavered.

“More,” she whispered into Adam’s chest. Well encased, Bryan grasped her hips and complied with another inch, grunting at the effort. He pulled back, then penetrated deeper. Moaning, she stretched to accommodate him, to encourage him further. Fingers squeezed into her thick cheeks and he chuckled at her eager response.

“Oh, baby, you feel so good. One night’s not enough,” said Bryan. “We gotta take her back with us.” Almost engulfed, he leaned over to kiss her neck. “What do you think, darlin’?”

“More action and less talk, you fake Texan,” she gasped.

Chuckling turned into a choke when he pulled almost out then surged to full hilt. His hands held her hips snug against him so she couldn’t escape. Engulfed, they rested a moment, straining for air.

“Switch to my lap,” demanded Adam in a tight voice. “She’ll have more control.”

When Bryan pulled out Candy missed his fullness. Bryan helped Adam to his knees. Still impaled, her legs around his hips, he carried her to the edge of the bed. He set her down so she knelt over his thighs, her bottom hanging off the end of the bed. Adam lay back and,

feet on the floor, pumped her up and down his shaft a few times, priming her. Taking the hint, she leaned forward on hands and knees. Bryan stood behind, pulled her cheeks wide and pressed into her again, sliding much easier this time. He reached around and rubbed her clit while he pressed himself to the hilt.

She rose up as Bryan thrust into her from behind. He pulled back when she ground herself onto Adam. Lazy in and out strokes filled Candy alternately front and back, everything under her control. Her tissues strained to engulf the deliciously sinful cocks penetrating her. Her whole body was one organ, filled to bursting with prime male flesh. Both men's hands busy, she dropped fingers to her clit, pressing exactly where she needed.

Too soon, trembling started at her core and radiated out like a tsunami. She threw her head back and let go. Quaking in rapture, she never heard them bellow as they erupted into her like double volcanoes.

\* \* \* \*

Adam watched Bryan run the washcloth over Candy's spread thighs. Bryan lay in the deep tub with Candy on top of him, face up. He'd pulled her legs apart and Adam had a clear view of her beautiful pussy. She'd trimmed and waxed, leaving a pert triangle of dark hair. Big enough to hide and yet tantalize. From this angle he saw everything.

Her thick lips, dark pink from engorged blood, he'd savor later. Her feminine creases fascinated him. He could spend an hour tracing each with his tongue, sliding between and around. Her clit swelled, begging him to flick it then gently nibble.

Damn, he'd just had the most massive orgasm of his life and he was hard again. Bryan was right. One night with this woman was not enough.

Candy's eyes slowly opened, though she couldn't yet focus.

“Hey,” said Adam. “How you feeling?”

“My lips tingle and I hear hissing like a steaming kettle in my ears. But it feels nice,” she murmured, closing her eyes again.

“So do you,” whispered Bryan, nuzzling her neck. “That was some explosion. You screamed and passed out. If you didn’t have such a shit-eating grin, we’d have been worried.”

Adam scratched the bottom of her foot with a fingernail. Now awake, she squeaked and pulled it clear as he laughed at her glare.

“We want more of you, Candy. If you can take us like that your first time, who knows what else we can do together? We want you to visit the ranch.”

“Yeah,” continued Bryan, scooping water over her chest. He blew, the cool air hardening her nipples like magic. “Can’t guarantee coming this often, but we’ll do our best.”

Adam lifted her limp leg to soap an ankle. “Speak for yourself, Junior. I can satisfy the lady any time.” He suckled her big toe to emphasize. Her pussy clenched in response.

“I wouldn’t want to be a nuisance, or make problems with your employees.”

“No worries,” replied Bryan. “There’ll be just the three of us in the main house. The quarters for our hired hands are far enough away for privacy. We’ve got cattle, horses, chickens and various dogs and cats. A sweet pussy like you will fit in just fine.”

“I’ve always wanted to visit a ranch.”

“Good,” said Adam. He reached into the tub, slid his hands under Candy and lifted her off Bryan, nestling the warm, wet, naked woman in his arms. He stood her on the rug and wrapped her in a thick towel.

“You’re coming with us. We’ll cross a few fantasies off your list, and find a few more to add to it.”

“I don’t have a list of fantasies.”

“That’s not what Sue told me,” said Adam.

“Just when did you talk with Sue?” Her friend was eager for Candy to have hot sex, and would have eagerly spilled all.

“After your pole dance. And if you run out of fantasies, you can take care of ours,” said Bryan, leering. He stepped out of the tub, fully erect. Again.

“I’m a good cook and housekeeper. I can do that while you work outside.”

Adam rested his forehead on hers and kissed her nose. “Coming home to hot food after a long day will be a real treat.”

“Even better,” drawled Bryan in his fake Texan accent, “would be comin’ with a hot woman.”

“We leave first thing in the morning,” said Adam. “But there’s lots of night left.”



## Chapter 9

“That’s prettier than a sunrise. Such a shame to wake her,” said Bryan. The way she clutched that pillow he almost felt jealous of it. He walked closer for a better look. If she didn’t get her ass in gear they’d have to leave without her.

“Time to get up, Candymine.” Adam leaned over the bed and wafted a cup of coffee under her nose. “Let’s rock and roll.”

She stretched arms above her head, toes pointed on long legs. Her large breasts, pink and warm, beckoned. But they had to leave. Damn that Alberta clipper!

“Don’ wanna go.”

“Don’t matter none,” replied Adam. “Mother Nature always wins, so up and at ’em or take a taxi to Sue’s by your lonesome. We’re outta here in fifteen.” He placed the coffee on the bedside table, far enough away that she couldn’t reach. He nodded at Bryan to take over and hauled their duffle bags into the kitchenette.

No way was Bryan leaving this luscious morsel behind. And what a fine behind she had! She’d rolled to her stomach after her stretch, the sheet draped provocatively to the peach valley between her cheeks.

He flipped the sheet down, put a knee on the bed and gave her a morning salute with the palm of his hand. She shrieked and rolled away from him, sitting up and blinking her eyes.

“How dare you!”

“We leave in fifteen minutes.” He checked his watch alarm. “Twelve, now. There’s a major snowstorm blasting down from Canada and we’ve got to get over the pass before it closes. Much as

I'd like to cuddle right here all day, work comes first. You staying in bed or coming with us?"

She groaned and flopped onto her back. "All right, I'm in."

She rolled the rest of the way off the bed and to her feet, blinking. She tucked dark curls behind her ears, looking for her suitcase. He hadn't seen such a voluptuous woman in years. At the thought of sharing her with Adam for a few weeks, his temperature went up so fast steam almost whistled out his ears. She saw his stare and a blush rose from damn near her toes, raising nipples on the way past her breasts. He pointed to the bureau where they'd set her bag last night. He couldn't speak right now if he'd hit a triple Bingo card.

She grabbed her bag and skittered into the bathroom. He chuckled at the click of the lock. Women! After everything the three of them did last night, she was too shy to have him watch her dress?

The door opened soon after. No sexy thong, unfortunately. Nope, white cotton this morning, and her bra covered way too much. But on Candy, even white cotton looked damned sexy.

"Coffee. Now," she commanded pointing to the bedside table.

"Not till you're dressed. That'll make you move faster. You're down to ten minutes now."

He waited until she slammed the door before grinning. Sassy wench. She'd bring Adam down a few pegs, all right, and he'd help, just to hear him laugh. Adam had rarely left the ranch, hadn't seen the rest of the world and gotten over his past. Bryan couldn't remember Adam talking or laughing so much since Bryan's mom died, back when they were teenagers.

He automatically tidied the room as he waited for Candy, straightening the bed covers, checking drawers and under the bed to make sure they hadn't left anything behind.

Along with a few of Candy's fantasies, Sue had told them a bit about Candy's past. They'd never brought a woman to the ranch and had no intention of ending up with one like Adam's mother. Sue had laughed at the suggestion of Candy as a gold digger, said she had

more than enough money invested. Her upper-middle-class parents weren't quite as screwed up as Adams'. Sue said there wasn't physical abuse, but Bryan knew how years of scathing comments left scars invisible to the outside world.

"That's where it went," he muttered, finding the remains of her thong under the desk. He gave the white lace scrap an appreciative sniff and stuffed it in his back pocket. He knew he grinned like a fool, but no one was there to see.

None of them had family living, though Doc considered himself a father figure. Adam's father, Grant, turned bitter when his mom walked off the ranch. He was five, and Grant took his vengeance out on everyone. At least Bryan's mom lasted until they were in high school before the cancer got her. The rodeo did his dad in years earlier.

They were simple men, but Candy was complex. She had layers, like an onion. He'd enjoy peeling off each as he discovered the real woman inside. Afraid of love, Adam insisted he couldn't give more than short-term affection to a woman. But, though he pretended otherwise, Adam watched Candy like a predator, using his peripheral vision so she wouldn't get spooked and run. Bryan had a suspicion Candy might end up setting the trap rather than Adam.

The toilet flushed. Five minutes to liftoff. "I got the tip," he called out to Adam, hearing a grunt in response. He flipped open his wallet and dropped two twenties on the dresser.

Adam might swear she wasn't a keeper because of the two strikes against her from his point of view: a city gal from back East. Bryan hoped she'd stay long enough to bring some life and laughter to the Double R. They'd remodeled the ranch house as soon as they could afford it, wiping away all traces of Grant Richardson. It needed a woman's touch, those bits and pieces that neither of them understood. the things that said 'home' when you walked in the door.

Would she stay that long?

The lock clicked open and Candy stepped out wearing red socks, worn jeans snuggling her hips and a red tee-shirt peeking from under a blue striped flannel shirt. She held a grey hoodie in one hand, suitcase in the other. She raised an eyebrow like a duchess.

“Where’s my coffee?”

His watch alarm went off. Three minutes to liftoff.

“Come and get it.” Adam stood by the door, the steaming white mug waiting for her.

Bryan checked out her butt when she passed. “Finest kind,” he said.

“You drive back,” said Adam, handing Candy her coffee.

Bryan caught the tossed keys in one hand. He raised an eyebrow in silent question—Adam wasn’t one to sit shotgun.

“I’ll keep Candy from getting bored in the back seat while you keep both hands on the wheel.”

“Damn.”

Adam patted Candy’s bottom possessively, smirking at Bryan. He held her coffee while she bent over to put on her boots. Both men inhaled in appreciation. Seeing them, she ran a hand over a denim-clad cheek and gave it a slap like a stripper would to get attention.

“If you’ve got time to ogle, men, there’s time for breakfast.”

“Breakfast’s waiting downstairs. We’ll eat in the truck,” said Adam.

They hauled everything into the elevator where Bryan pulled Candy close as the doors shut.

“Since I’m driving, I get first dibs.”

He pressed his right hand against her butt, fingers curving under to massage her cleft. He tilted her white hat to the back of her head and she snuggled her soft body close. He slowly lowered his mouth and she opened hers to meet him. She tasted of mint toothpaste and coffee.

He ignored everything but the woman he held. He inhaled the natural scent wafting up her body and ran his hands over the rounded

belly his cock valiantly tried to salute while his lips devoured her. She whimpered, rising on her toes to get nearer. He heard a distant bell.

“You coming up for air any time soon? ‘Cause you’re blocking my way.”

The sharp nudge in his ribs broke the spell. He pulled back, panting. Candy still in his arms, they faced the hotel foyer. A scatter of applause and a few impressed ‘yee-haws’ erupted at the morning’s entertainment.

“Oh, my God,” said Candy, and buried her red face against his chest.

The elevator’s insistent buzzing broke them apart. Candy pushed her hat low over her forehead and picked up her picnic basket. Bryan followed with a load of luggage. He recognized a few men and met their eyes with head high, proud as a rooster crowing at sunrise.

“And she’s a damn good cook,” boasted Adam, behind him.

“How much you charge?” A short man in a thousand-dollar suit looked at Candy with open lust. Not the appreciative kind.

“Not everyone has to pay for it, buddy,” growled Adam. “And if I wasn’t holding these bags, I’d be making a fist about now.”

“I want her answer. Or does she only talk with her legs spread?”

Bryan dropped his bags and held Adam back from attacking. “Let’s see how Candy handles him first.”

Candy, walking in front, stopped and raised her head. She set her load down, exaggerating the thrust of her bottom, and turned to face the man. She tilted her head to one side, openly checking him out. Bryan saw a few grins appear on the jeans-clad men sporting ball caps and cowboy hats. Her face looked calm, but he saw the frantic pulse beat in her throat.

She held up her hand and he thought she’d given the bastard the finger. But no, she made a circling motion. The man, highly amused and confident, unbuttoned his suit jacket and slipped it off. Holding the collar from a finger, he held his arms out and did a slow turn.

“Body’s not bad,” she said. “And didn’t I see that outfit in GQ?”

Bryan had once skimmed through the magazine while waiting for an appointment with a lawyer. The stuff in it was so far from his lifestyle that it could be from another planet. The suit preened.

“But, I like men. Working men who smell like it, not fancy perfume. Who spend money on liniment for sore muscles instead of manicures. Pretty boys like you think a thin layer of expensive clothes can hide the garbage underneath, like veneer over rotten wood.”

The man glared at her, at the insult a small woman gave him in front of a room full of laughing cowboys.

“You might be rich.” She lifted her chest, thrusting it out like a challenge. “But you’ll never be a man.”

“You bitch,” he said, fists tight as if to hit her.

Adam tensed, ready to strike. He’d bet the bastard had backhanded many a woman. Though six inches shorter than Adam’s father, the man had the same evil glare. If the suit took one step, he’d take him down so fast.... Adam’s growl behind him agreed.

“I haven’t time for the likes of you,” she said calmly. “Go play with yourself. No one else wants to.” She sniffed a dismissal and turned away. She picked up her basket and stepped toward the revolving glass doors. “Don’t we have a storm to beat and work to do once we get home?”

Adam relaxed tense muscles, flexing his hands and shaking out his shoulders. His grin matched his partner’s.

“Yes, ma’am,” he said. Heads high, they followed their magnificent woman. Some of the men doffed their hats as she sailed past like the Queen of England. Adam walked tall, as if a huge weight had lifted from his shoulders. She’d stood up for them, for men who worked rather than put in time. Better, she’d stated to the whole damn room that she belonged to them, and they to her.

“Jim. Bill.” Adam couldn’t hide his shit-eating grin. Candy was their kind of woman. By the time they got home, everyone in the county would know about their new cook, and not to call at the

Double R unless they had an emergency. He'd hoped to keep it quiet for a while, but he'd never been the type to hide.

Better to arrive a blaze of glory than to sneak home like a beaten dog.

He'd done that too often as a boy, hiding under his bed where his father's thick arms couldn't reach. When he was ten and Bryan eight, they'd screwed door hinges attaching the bedposts to the floor so the bastard couldn't lift the bed and throw it into the wall to get at him. All his life, he wore his bruises with defiance, held his head high and let no one give him crap about it. And he wasn't changing now.

"That's one hell of a wildcat you imported from the East. When will it be safe to visit?"

"Doc!" Adam hadn't noticed the old man in the crowd of rowdies. "Bry, grab Candy. Doc wants to say hi."

They waited until a smiling Candy approached.

"Doc, I'd like you to meet our new cook and housekeeper, Ms. Candice Stevenson. Candy, Doc Secord's birthed most everyone in the county for the last forty years." He lowered his voice and spoke in Candy's ear. "He knows where all the bones are buried, and keeps his mouth shut."

"Enchantée," said the dapper man. Candy blushed when Doc bowed over her hand, grazing her knuckles with his lips.

"Hold it, old man. She's not for the likes of you." Though Doc passed sixty the other year, Adam still felt uneasy when she smiled at him. It wasn't jealousy, of course. No, he just wanted to be on the road.

"Back off," she growled at Adam. "I'll make friends where I want."

Adam ignored Bryan's snort when Candy smiled at Doc like sunshine, breathing deep and relaxing from the tension of the last few minutes. Doc knew everything about them. What they'd gone through as kids and why they still sometimes shared an extra-king bed just to

stop the nightmares. The old man also knew there'd be three of them in it tonight.

A widower for many years, Doc would be a great friend for Candy since she wouldn't have to hide anything. He and Bryan would be outside all day working and she might get lonely. Since Doc retired he'd had too much time on his hands. He'd told them he was fed up with old women chasing him with casseroles.

"I hear you're a good cook." Doc gave Candy a mournful look that would have done a basset hound proud. He dang near put up a paw and begged.

"I bet you have a sweet tooth that needs filling."

Caught, the old codger blushed.

"I'm afraid I haven't even seen the Double R and don't really know what I'm getting into, but I'd love to bake for you." She turned to Adam. "Would it be okay to have my new friend over for dinner soon? He looks like he could use some fattening up."

Adam pulled Candy's back against his front and kissed the top of her head. It felt fantastic to have a warm woman to show off, especially a feisty, proud, gorgeous one like Candy.

"Give us a week or so to settle in first, Doc. I don't know what she needs in the kitchen. The two of us aren't exactly gourmet chefs."

"Your version of a three-course meal being macaroni from a box, wieners and ketchup?"

Adam shrugged sheepishly at Doc's comment since it struck so close to home.

"And on that note, I've got breakfast," said Bryan. He held an insulated bag in one hand, a cardboard tray with three tall coffees in the other.

Adam let Candy go when she pulled away. He'd have time enough with her soon. Doc blushed when she brushed his cheek with a kiss before returning to the door.

"She's a keeper," murmured Doc. "Look at those hips. Perfect for babies."



Adam's gut twisted. He pushed down the ripple of happiness he'd felt before Doc reminded him of facts. "She's just visiting for a few weeks," he growled. "Then she'll be gone."

"Why? You won't go wrong with that one for the next thirty years or so." Doc lifted an eyebrow and gave him That Look.

"Come on, she's from Boston. She won't last long before she needs her cappa-mocha-whatever and heads back to the city."

Adam followed Candy, eager to get her home.

"Truck's not going anywhere. I got the keys," called Bryan.

Adam flipped him the bird and kept walking. He hated leaving Bryan alone with Doc since they were talkative bastards. He turned and, sure enough, Bryan's mouth flapped, close enough to kiss the old fool. He dug into his pocket for his second set of keys and jangled them high as if they were panties and Bryan a tracking dog.

"Rock and roll, boy!"

## Chapter 10

Candy leaned forward, straining to see the ranch house between the snowflakes they'd chased the last few hundred miles. She'd spent most of the trip asleep on Adam's shoulder with Bryan's solid presence in the driver's seat. They'd woken her near the peak of the Anaconda Range before crossing the Continental Divide even though she could see nothing but snow.

Now perched between the two men in the front seat, she wriggled, cursing her damp panties. She'd never been so horny in her life. From the matching bulges visible on either side of her, they felt the same. Last night's gyrations brought a morning's worth of aches in muscles she'd never known existed. Would she get the chance for a soaking bath before they burst in on her, raring to go?

Adam sat up, straining forward as if the few extra inches would bring him home that much faster. They'd made a quick stop at Sue's for Candy to pack a suitcase and grab her art supplies, another at the mercantile in town for groceries.

"We'll empty the truck then check things out," said Bryan, eyes straight ahead. He rested his left palm on the wheel, leaving his right hand ready to shift gears. He'd turned on the all-wheel drive after they left the highway.

"There's our welcoming committee."

Candy caught an impression of a large farmhouse, windows spilling light, before a pack of dogs rushed from the porch, yipping and howling. From the doggie-style grins and wagging tails, they were certainly friendly. But...

"Is that collie hurt? It's limping."

“Nah, Sally always walks like that. She’s only got three legs, but it doesn’t slow her down,” said Bryan. “Adam’s never been able to turn down a hurting animal. The cats are also rescued but they own the railings.”

Sure enough, at least four cats trolled the porch railing. She could see one had a tail with a thirty-degree kink at the end, but the rest would have to wait for another look. Any man who’d take in broken animals had a piece of her heart. She had a few wounds to heal herself, and she needed peace and time alone for that.

Bryan pulled up to the porch near a door, cut the engine and sighed. Adam had offered to trade places half way but he’d refused, saying Adam would owe him.

He’d leered and said he’d collect tonight. Candy figured she’d be the one paying, something she looked forward to.

The door opened and a man hobbled out, grinning and waving. The porch light caught his face, highlighting lines of age.

“Don’t mention anything about Johnny’s leg. The stubborn old fool won’t retire. Says we’ll toss him off the ranch if he can’t work,” said Bryan.

“Tell him Candy only cooks for us. Not the bunkhouse,” said Adam.

“Johnny’s the camp cook,” explained Bryan. “Takes care of the men and, with a bit of help, the chuckwagon spring and fall. He’s great over a camp oven, but can’t cook much indoors except biscuits.”

“Cattle fed?” Adam barely opened the door before he questioned the old man.

“We listen to the weather, same as you. Joe got in thirty minutes ago. They’re okay for two days.”

“Good.” Adam looked toward the barn, obviously chafing to check it out personally. He turned back to face the man. “What’s for dinner?” He stepped closer and clasped the older man’s gnarled hand.

“Beef stew and biscuits. Stew’s still warm and I’ll finish mixing the biscuits soon’s you like.”

“Want you to meet someone,” said Adam. He turned to the truck where Candy waited, the truck door open. She shuffled her bottom to the edge of the passenger seat.

“She followed us home. Honest,” said Bryan. “We tried to say no, but...”

He sounded so much like a little boy with a lost kitten that Candy had to laugh. She clutched her coat around her and reached for Adam’s hand to step down. Instead, he grabbed her around the waist with both hands and swung her onto the porch, forcing a surprised squeak out of her.

“Johnny, this is Candy. This little filly wandered in from Boston, looking for God’s country. She’s visiting for a few weeks to live life the way it should be. We tested her cooking, but you might have to teach her the way we do things on the Double R.”

She tried to look eager, though it wasn’t hard to fake. Suddenly she wanted her charcoals. She’d capture this dark man’s face and title it ‘Father Time’. Each wrinkle told a story, one she wanted to hear. He sniffed and rubbed his nose, looking sideways at her.

“Boston, huh?”

She nodded. “I escaped just in time.”

Johnny’s lip twitched. Not much, and she’d have missed it if she wasn’t memorizing him.

“You taking over the indoor chores?”

“Yep.”

“You make buttermilk biscuits?”

She shook her head. “Nope. But I’d sure like to learn.”

“I don’t do sweets.”

“Now, that’s something I can do. Squares, muffins, cookies, cakes, brownies, berry buckle, apple crumble.... Maybe you could give me an idea of what my new bosses like.”

“We like anything and everything,” said Bryan, returning outside. “Now grab something and get inside before you freeze that cute little

ass.” He smacked her butt possessively and went to the truck for another load.

She glared, rubbing her bottom. Last night’s introduction to three-ways followed by hours of sitting in a truck made her a mite tender.

Johnny’s eyes lit up and he smiled, strong white teeth glowing against the dark skin. “So *that’s* how it is. Well, come on in, wash up and I’ll give you a lesson on how to make the lightest, fluffiest biscuits in the world.”

Candy, having removed coat and boots in the mudroom, stepped into the kitchen and stopped, sock feet on polished cork.

“Oh, my. This is perfect!”

Her dream kitchen was huge, with stainless steel top-of-the-line appliances and a glass-front industrial fridge. Wooden cupboards rose to the ceiling, some with glass doors. A huge ancient harvest table with eight chairs, each with a different colored cushion, ran along one wall.

Johnny pulled milk and eggs from the fridge.

“You can’t mix biscuits too much or they won’t be light. Use a fork and stir it in just enough. Rolling pin’s in the far drawer.”

She put on a cherry sprigged apron and, under Johnny’s guidance, rolled and stamped out the dough. She insisted the old man sit and point out everything so she could learn the kitchen. She set four places, clustering them at one end of the newly-washed table.

Concentrating on pulling the pan from the oven, she didn’t hear the men enter.

“That’s what I like to see when I come home,” drawled Bryan. “The business end of a woman, doin’ one of the things she does best.”

Her back to him, she slid the perfectly browned biscuits into a basket lined with a checked tea towel. If she thought for a minute he was serious, she’d bean him with one. She heaped stew on plates, thinking up a good comeback line.

"I'd eat before I said something like that if I was you," said Johnny with a snicker. "Might end up with hot pepper flakes all over your plate."

"Nah," replied Bryan, washing in the sink. "She knows I'm playing around."

"You're always playing around," said Adam, entering the room. Cold air looked good on him. He rolled up his sleeves, watching her. Suddenly her chest felt tight, like there wasn't enough air in the room. She picked up the basket and bent over to set it on the table. Large wet hands captured her breasts from behind.

"What are you doing?" She jabbed both elbows back and Bryan let loose with an 'oomph'.

"Just staking my claim, woman," he replied. "I drove the whole way while you two..." he flicked his eyes at the old man sniggering in the far chair, "...snored."

"I don't snore," declared Candy.

"Nah, it's more of a cute little snuffle," said Adam. "And then you sigh and snuggle up, that sweet bottom right up against my..."

"Hush!" Face heating, she shot a warning glance, tilting her head at Johnny.

"Don't mind me, I wasn't born yesterday," said the old man. He winked and picked up his fork. "You can do what you like long as you don't mess with the bunkhouse." He blew on a forkful of stew. "Be good to have a woman around."

"I'm just here for a few weeks."

Johnny looked from Adam to Bryan, then Candy. "Uh huh. Sure you are."

In between good-natured bantering, the men talked about what had gone on at the ranch during the few days they'd been away. Candy listened to them natter, just like Sue's family when the two of them were children. She took a deep breath, held it for as long as she could and relaxed.

She was finally home. But how long could she stay?

## **Chapter 11**

A month later Adam and Bryan cleaned tack after a long day in the saddle.

“What’ve we got in the toy?” Adam scrubbed the bit and rinsed it under running water.

“Remember last Sunday when you two slept in?” Bryan, farther ahead in his chores, hung up the bridle to dry and placed his saddle back on the rack.

“Yeah. Only we didn’t do a whole lot of sleeping.”

Bryan leaned against a square post and ignored the jibe. “While you two went at it like rabbits, I set up that silk tent we ordered. The room’s ready to go, complete with pillows, a few items of the proper height and lots of restraints. Since I did the work, I’m Sultan Bryan. You can be the Chief Eunuch.”

“Impossible,” Adam snorted. “I’m fully equipped.”

“Huh. After years of cutting weaner cattle, I can remove your oysters with a flick of the wrist.” Bryan laughed at Adam’s grimace.

“Okay, you can be the Sultan,” said Adam, “but I’m the visiting Viceroy. As guest, I get to take the unwilling slave girl first.”

Bryan stewed on that for a moment. “But my new slave girl is so disobedient I’m reluctant to share her as it may insult my guest.”

“So we subdue her together, and show her the proper respect due the men of this land.”

“Deal. But you have to get her there.”

His chores done, Bryan shrugged into his coat and headed for a shower, leaving Adam to figure out how to get Candy to agree. Adam

decided agreement wasn't the best way to go. Kidnapping would get her fighting mad, perfect for her role.

He'd take her upstairs after supper while Bryan cleaned up the kitchen. Carry her into the shower, have his wicked way with her then wrap her in a towel, throw her over his shoulder and haul her to the tent room. He settled his growing erection to better fit his jeans. If he didn't take her once before they played, he'd never be able to delay enough to torture her with pleasure.

He smirked at the idea of Bryan washing dishes while he soaped Candy's sweet bottom.

\* \* \* \*

"Put me down!"

Adam mentally patted himself on the back for using giant bath sheets. It made it so much easier to keep the small woman hanging over his shoulder from kicking and flailing. However, it didn't stop her mouth.

"What are you doing? Adam, this isn't funny."

"Hold the slave's head still so I can slip on the blindfold." Bryan ignored Candy's yells and head-butt attempts, making sure she could see nothing around the snug black mask. Since Adam's hands were full with Candy, Bryan smacked Adam's naked butt as he passed. He ignored Adams's growls of revenge while he unlocked the door and flipped on the lights.

Adam made sure Candy didn't knock herself on the way through the door then set her feet on the carpet. Bryan attached fur-lined Velcro ankle restraints and snapped them to a heavy bar, her legs wide, before Adam unwrapped his noisy parcel. A set of wrist restraints attached to a chain hanging from the ceiling held her hands at breast height.

No sign of Montana existed in the room. A multi-colored silk tent swooped to a center point from which hung the chain. A large padded



platform on one side resembled a lounging throne. A leather pommel horse waited at one side, the top level with Candy's hips. Large pillows in rainbow colors rested on the carpet. Somewhere Bryan had found lava lamps to provide safe, candle-bright illumination.

Adam nodded in appreciation and the two of them left the room, closing the door on the woman's howls of outrage.

"We've got about ten minutes to change before she's really pissed," said Bryan. He unlocked the door of the room they called their 'toybox' and pointed to the table.

"Yellow?" Adam raised an eyebrow in derision.

"What's the matter with yellow?" said Bryan, clothes flying as he stripped. He put on silky blue-green pantaloons and vest, curled-toe slippers and a matching turban. At the front glistened a huge paste diamond, one which would make the Koh-i-noor look small.

Muttering, Adama slipped on snug calf-length pants of stretchy cloth in brilliant yellow. The scimitar, complete with belt and scabbard, more than made up for the outfit's unmanly color. He almost broke the peacock feather off his turban in disgust until he realized the tickling torture he could inflict on his helpless slave girl.

The Sultan of Bry and his esteemed guest, the Viceroy of Adama strode under the tent. Eight minutes had passed since two American men left a woman struggling to escape. Her position hadn't changed but her volume had increased.

"I heard you come back in here. I demand you release me. Immediately!"

The Viceroy made a motion of respect, touching his forehead, then chest before sweeping his hand to the side. "Sultan, it seems your latest acquisition hasn't learned respect for her new master." He spoke formally, as one great ruler to another.

The slave woman gritted her teeth, breasts trembling in a most attractive manner as she caught her breath and adapted to the situation.

“True,” replied the Sultan, “but I find her fire tempting. Her outrage encourages one to tame her. Personally.” He reached out a hand and flicked her nipple with his fingernail.

“Ouch! Dammit, that hurt!”

Both men knew Candy’s safe words, that “red light” would stop the play immediately and “orange” would slow it down. As long as she avoided those words, they knew she wanted to play, no matter how she screamed or demanded to be released.

The Sultan grasped her chin, lifting it towards his face. “Slaves learn respect or they are punished severely. I am your master now, and you will learn, or die.” He released her chin to trail his hand down her neck.

She pulled back from his touch. “I’m a free woman. I don’t have a master.”

“That is incorrect. I am Sultan Bry. Once I captured you, slave, you became the spoils of war, to do with as I choose. Tonight, I will share you with my guest, Viceroy Adama.” He captured her breast with his other hand, squeezing the flesh until she gasped. “This one has enough flesh to enjoy. I wonder if she can dance.”

Viceroy Adama stalked behind the slave and grasped a buttock. “I’ve not had an American. Are they all this loud?” He slapped the flesh he had just squeezed, causing another wail.

Sultan Bry sighed. “They do tend to make a lot of noise.” He slid his hand from her breast down her body. He touched her naked mound, already glistening with arousal. “But they also scream their release most wonderfully.” He rubbed his finger between her labia and she thrust toward his hand.

Candy clamped her mouth shut on the moan that threatened to escape. Brand-new slave girls, especially those used to the freedom unusual to females in these parts, should fight against their new masters, not give in to the first intimate touch.

Her position, blindfolded and held with arms high and legs spread wide, made her eager for conquest. The men had established their

respective roles: she was a new captive to be shared with the Sultan's guest. Though she couldn't fight back for now, she would bide her time, then strike.

The chain clanked and she lowered her arms in relief, her elbows again covering her chest.

"I like not these cuffs," said Viceroy Adama, behind her. "They block access to her bountiful charms."

"There are two of us and armed guards fill the palace. We can release one small woman."

Sultan Bry stepped close and nuzzled her neck. "You will not escape. I will have a treaty with the Viceroy and you are part of the bait. Serve me well and you will be rewarded. Disobey me and suffer the consequences. Do you understand me, my Pearl of Dew?"

The newly-renamed slave girl nodded. She understood all right. She understood that she might have a chance to escape. Perhaps exhaust them sexually then slip out the window, down to the river and away.

A few clicks and her hands were free. The man behind grasped her breasts and pulled her back against him. A thin layer of something soft separated his lower flesh from her bottom. His chest hair rasped her back—he wore no shirt. She waited for her feet to be released so she could run. Instead, the other man lifted the bar holding her ankles apart.

"What are you doing? Put me down!"

They did so, but not as she wished. They flipped her over onto her stomach and bent her over something hip-high. They pressed her head down and she grappled at the object. It was sausage-shaped and felt like a leather pommel horse, something she remembered from gymnastics. The weight of the bar holding her legs apart kept her bare feet on the carpet.

"A most welcome sight."

The voice came from her master, obviously looking at her behind. She cursed herself for keeping her pussy shaven. While she felt more

sensations, her glistening flesh didn't hide her eagerness. The distinct sound of a sword being pulled from its scabbard caused her to jolt upright.

"Oh, no, you don't. You expected your master to release your feet, then planned to run. Is this not correct?"

"But Viceroy Adama, did she not nod in agreement?"

"She nodded, but for all her noise, she did not state she would comply. I will apply some persuasion to pink up that bottom."

"No! I won't run away. I promise!"

"Cease your chatter. The words of a slave mean nothing."

She screamed and squirmed at the first slap of the wide blade, more to release tension than in true pain.

"Hold her tight. I would not want your property harmed unduly."

Sultan Bry set one foot on the bar between her feet and pressed down on her back with his hands, holding her down. Her position, so vulnerable to attack, the sound and feel of the flat metal slapping her flesh, and the implied violence of the scene all charged her with sexual tension. If only one of them would slip his hand between her legs, press her button and give her release.

Her master gave a low snarl and let go of her back. Before she could react he grasped her hips and impaled her, slamming deep. She clenched her internal muscles, trying to increase the friction, though her thighs were kept wide by the bar.

"You. Are. Mine," he grunted, forcing her against the leather with each stroke. With her ass high and legs wide his balls banged against her clit each time. She tensed, ecstasy near when he exploded inside her, losing his rhythm and denying her release.

"Oh, please!" she whimpered.

Sultan Bry sank to the floor behind her and released her feet. She pushed herself away and managed two steps before the Viceroy grabbed her.

"Pleasure me, slave," he demanded, pressing her shoulders down. She sank to her knees in front of him, still blindfolded. Not sure

where he stood, she ran her hands up his legs, tracing her way to his juncture. His silky pants had an opening cut right in the center. His staff jutted out, the tip weeping as her mouth found him.

“That’s right. Be nice or I will punish you further.”

Fabric rustled behind her as the Sultan relaxed. “Part of your punishment will be a denial of release. We will take our pleasure from you, but deny yours.”

Candy, er, Pearl of Dew, grasped the hot tube of flesh in her hands. She cupped his balls, squeezing him gently. His fingers clenched her hair, guiding her slowly in and out.

She used everything she’d learned in the last month to drive him crazy. She slid the tips of her teeth over him as he pulled out then flicked her tongue over his glans and into the slit. She dropped a hand to meet her own need but removed it at Sultan Bry’s hissed warning. She used her wet fingers to increase his reaction, pressing her middle finger into his bottom, wiggling it until she felt the gland that shot men over their limit.

“Fuck!” Adam shouted and pulled away just in time. Forgetting their play, he picked her up and pressed her against his cock, impaling her. She held her arms tight against his neck, needing her release. Knowing it would come with his.

“Slow down for a minute,” said Bry behind her.

Adam held her, both of them panting. A cool dab of lubricant warned her a moment before Bryan pressed against her bottom, demanding entrance. She strained out to let him enter. He eased his way in, snug against Adam’s cock, a thin membrane separating them. When his pubic hair rasped against her, he rested his chin on her shoulder for a moment. Then he slid his hands between her chest and Adam’s and grasped her breasts, pulling and pinching her nipples.

She lifted herself up, pressing Adam deeper. He set up a rhythm, a slow in and out counterpoint to Bryan. Held by both men, inside and out, she let her head fall back and gave in to sensation. Her clit rubbed against Adam when she rode up and down, three points of contact

below her waist and two above. Adam captured her lips, completing the three and she shattered.

Keening, she spasmed, bucking in jerks, forward and back as each man exploded into her. Ripples from her ass, pussy, clit, nipples and mouth expanded outward, increasing the wave height when they touched. A deep voice yelled something about love just before her world went black.

## Chapter 12

Initial hunger sated, Adam rested a moment before filling up his plate for seconds. He'd discovered that Candy tossed herbs into darn near everything, but it did give her beef stew and biscuits far more flavor than anything the two of them ever made.

He wasn't going to complain when life was so good. Not everything was perfect, of course. Candy had taken one look at their larder full of instant and microwavable food and growled her disgust. He hadn't managed to snag an unopened box of Cocoa Puffs before she'd packed everything up and shipped it to the food bank.

She'd easily settled into their routine of early and long days. He thought they kept the place clean enough, but Candy put in a week of scrubbing before she declared it merely acceptable. When she insisted on doing more than cooking and cleaning, he showed her their accounting system. She'd laughed at the columns written in pencil and rolled her eyes, muttering about troglodytes.

They now had a computer program for ranch accounts and another to keep track of breeding records. She insisted they could easily keep up the system once she was gone.

He didn't want to think of that. She'd fit so easily into life on the Double R that he couldn't imagine it without her. Any day now, just like his mother and the few women he'd brought to the ranch, she'd get bored and take off back to the city. He couldn't get too attached to her when she'd only leave and they'd be alone again.

*Tough, life goes on.* He shoved his feelings deep into the vault as he'd done all his life and dealt with today.

Candy sat across from him in a long flowered skirt, pointing her fork at Bryan as she explained something serious. Bryan understood computers better than he did, having worked in high tech those years he spent off the ranch. The worst years of Adam's life: alone with his father, the old man doing his damndest to run the ranch into the ground. He'd missed Bryan. They'd rarely been apart as children, each protecting the other.

He rolled his shoulders and shook it off. Today things had gone well, the warm March sunshine a hint that summer would eventually arrive. Joe told him Candy enjoyed riding up the mountain most days, which she only did with Joe to take care of her. In addition to potential problems with wild animals, Candy didn't have a Montana understanding of Mother Nature. This time of year the weather could change in an hour from spring sunshine to blizzard. The warmth made it worse, increasing the snow load.

Candy looked up from her plate to find him staring at her.

"What?" she said.

"Just wondered how your ride went today. Did you go up the mountain?"

Though Candy had only a couple years of English riding lessons as a teen, it didn't take her long to get back into riding. Johnny told him that every day she could, Candy rode Bess up to the line cabin. She'd brought packets of dried soup, coffee, tea and cookies. Joe would help her get a fire going in the old stove and they'd share a hot drink before leaving again. Candy said they'd gone a lot farther today and her bottom was sore so she'd put on a loose skirt without panties to reduce chafing. He couldn't wait to check it out.

"I just love it up there. The view from the cabin is fantastic!"

She stood up and leaned over to get Bryan's plate. She walked to the sink, still talking. "I just had to sketch it as soon as I got back. So I didn't have time to make dessert."

"No dessert?" Bryan, the last bit of herb biscuit in his hand, stared at her back.



“Don’t worry, there’s pie leftover from yesterday.”

“If you’re talking about that last slice of apple, I had it for breakfast,” said Adam, scraping gravy off his plate with a finger.

“Slice?” She turned to face them. “There was half a pie left after supper!”

“Yeah, well, we got hungry last night. You passed out after...how many orgasms, Bry?” Adam ignored Candy’s sputtering when Bryan silently held up six fingers. “We had a piece each to renew our strength then I scraped the dish for breakfast dessert.”

“You don’t have dessert with breakfast!”

“You do when there’s fresh home-made apple pie calling your name. So, what’s for dessert, Candymine?”

Candy folded her arms under her chest. When both sets of eyes zoomed in on her snug tee-shirt she turned her back and lifted a bowl of fruit off the counter.

“Since you pigged out on breakfast, you can have this for dessert.” She placed it on the table and sat down. Earlier, she’d arranged the fruit so that a banana stuck out, curving over two oranges. Grapes filled the area above the banana. She turned the basket so that the banana pointed toward the men like a cannon.

Bryan tilted back in his chair, long legs stretched out. He pulled his mouth to one side and made a tsking noise.

“Any whipped cream to go with that?”

“There’s a couple of fresh cans, unless you finished them, too.”

“Ah, spray-on cream. Now *that* has possibilities.”

Leering, Bryan stood and filled his hands with dishes. Adam jumped to his feet, clearing everything but the fruit basket off the table.

“You’ve got something on your mind. What is it?” Candy eased her chair back a bit to give her a chance to escape, should it be necessary. Her heartbeat sped up, nipples hardening.

“I love those ‘on’ buttons,” said Adam, staring at her front.

Already Candy could feel her tissues swelling, readying themselves. A quick glance below Adam's belt proved he was eager and ready to go.

"Oh, no," she said. "I've been riding a horse half the day and my bottom's sore."

Dual grins appeared on the men.

"Gee, Candy. We'd better investigate to make sure you're okay." Bryan stepped closer, blocking her path to the door.

"Yeah, I'm sure we've got some liniment that we could rub in, make you feel better." Adam flanked her, cutting off escape to the mud room.

"The curtains are open and the lights on. Anyone could see in." She slid out of her chair and backed away from them, thighs already damp.

"So they could." Adam flicked the switch, turning off the overhead light. Through the window, drifting snow made a halo around the yard lamp.

She blinked in the dark. In the quiet she heard zippers descending and pants slipping off. Feet stepped closer. Her breath caught and she shivered in anticipation.

"Guys, this is the kitchen."

"Yeah. And that table's the perfect height to check for bruises."

Adam reached her while Bryan waited on the far side of the room.

"Bruises don't show in the dark."

"I'll use my fingers instead of my eyes."

She bolted, dodging around Bryan.

Or so she thought. He caught her around the waist with a long arm. She squirmed to get away but he easily held her, pressing her bottom into his belly as he lifted her from the floor.

She fought him, just hard enough to mean it but not to hurt.

"Nuh, uh. You didn't make dessert like you're supposed to. Maybe a bit of punishment will help you to remember next time."

He captured her hands, holding them together and handing them over to Adam. One of Adam's hands circled both her wrists. He turned her to face the table. He pressed her hands over her head for Bryan to catch and slid his other hand up her thigh, taking her cotton skirt along. Though she fought, Adam bent her over the hip-high table and, between them, spread her skirt over her back to bare her naked bottom, hot from the saddle and their attention.

Adam knocked her feet farther apart. "Keep your arms high over your head."

Candy reached for the far side of the table, palms flat against the wood. Her breasts pressed against the table, her hips at a ninety degree angle.

"No spanking!"

Adam guided himself to the target and surged forward, entering her in one thrust. She grunted as her sheath filled. She gripped him, increasing both their pleasure. Bryan snuck a hand between her flesh and the table, reaching between her legs to pinch her clit, revving her further. Adam kept up a slow, deep rhythm, angling to attack her G-spot. Riding the horse had made her think of this all afternoon and she needed little to set her off. One more thrust and she spasmed with Adam only a moment behind.

She'd barely come down when Adam pulled out and rolled her over. Bryan pulled her tee-shirt up to expose her swollen breasts. He stepped between her legs, lifted her feet to his shoulders and rammed home. Adam reached to her nipples, pinching them just as she liked. Barely through one orgasm, she erupted in another, bringing Bryan along. He released her legs and collapsed on her, elbows supporting his weight.

"Wow!" she panted. "A gal could get used to this. I should draw instead of doing chores more often." She ran her fingers through Bryan's hair and pulled him down for a kiss. He let her control the kiss, as long and as deep as she wanted. When she relaxed he nibbled a line from her neck to her breast. When he scraped his teeth lightly

another shock hit her. Bryan finally struggled to his feet, groaning with effort.

Adam, already dressed, lifted the banana out of the basket and offered it to Candy, point first.

“Thanks, but I think I’ve had enough of that for the evening.” She accepted Adam’s hand up instead.

“Cross the kitchen off the list, Bry.”

## **Chapter 13**

“Nothing like a pretty woman in an apron greeting me at the kitchen door,” said Doc Spencer, stepping in from the cold.

“You say that every week,” said Candy. She closed the door behind him and reached for his coat.

“And I mean it. So this time I brought you a little something.” He handed her a carefully wrapped package he’d hidden behind his back.

“Flowers? For me?” Candy’s eyes widened.

“I’m sure your horse would enjoy them too, but I brought Bess an apple instead. You might want to put those in water.”

Candy stared at the package in her hands, looked up and blushed.

“Oh, right.”

As he had since before Adam was born, Doc hung up his coat and hat, toed off his boots and pulled slippers out of his pockets. He followed Candy out of the mud room and settled himself in his favorite padded armchair. He put his slippers on and rested his feet on the stool just before a white cat jumped into his lap. He automatically rubbed furry ears. A calico mewed on the floor, but he only had enough room for one.

No one dared to have pets in the house while Grant Richardson lived. After he’d beaten a couple of Adam’s pets to death, the boy learned that anything he loved, died. The lad seemed to be making up for it now with the number of abandoned critters he took in. Doc had tended the boy’s ‘accidents’ too often and knew why Adam took in injured and abandoned animals.

“No one’s ever brought me flowers,” said Candy.

She placed the newspaper-wrapped cone on the counter and snipped the tape. Underneath it lay another layer of thick brown paper. And inside that...

"Yellow roses," she whispered. She stared at them for a moment, blinking quickly. She took a deep sniff, keeping her eyes closed for a moment. "They are so beautiful." She looked up at him, eyes brimming. "You shouldn't have, but I'm so glad you did."

"You remind me of sunshine and I thought you might like yellow."

"I haven't found any vases yet."

"I brought one, but it's in my bag. Bryan said he'd bring it when he came in from the barn."

Doc knew there wouldn't be anything pretty left in the house. If it could break and Grant could lift it, he destroyed it. Adam and Bryan had totally remodeled the ranch house since their partnership, but two bachelors would never think to buy crystal vases.

"Can I get you something to drink before I baste the turkey again? Beer, wine, tea, soda? Or I could make coffee."

"A cup of tea would be perfect, my dear. But take care of the turkey first. I've been looking forward to it all week."

Candy opened the oven door and the aroma of roast turkey reached out and grabbed his gut. She'd asked him what he wanted and he'd told her true.

"This'll be a big improvement on Mary Ferguson's turkey dinner. She means well, but the woman cooks everything twice as long as it needs. Sand has more moisture than that dried up old bird." He winked. "I meant the one on the platter, of course."

She snickered along with him but she didn't seem as cheerful as usual. She also seemed distracted, searching for a wooden spoon that lay right by the stove.

"Got a hug for me, or will those men of yours take me behind the barn and punch me out?"

“They aren’t my men,” she said sharply, her back to him. She turned with a smile as fake as Ellie’s cleavage. “And they know if they even hint at hurting you they go without dessert.” So not to disturb a purring cat, she kissed his cheek instead of hugging him.

“Candy, if something’s bothering you, you can tell me anything you like. Or not.”

She blushed, lifted up a pot lid and poked whatever was inside. Potatoes, likely.

“After forty-odd years as a country doctor there’s nothing you can say or do that will shock or alarm me.”

She still didn’t turn around.

“Before you fork that to death, I’d like that cup of tea, please. Milk, no sugar.”

When she placed a “kiss the cook!” mug in front of him, he grasped her wrist. Her pulse raced. A sheen of perspiration covered her face, one that did not come from the oven.

“Candy, I know things that would curl the toes of a corpse, and most of them will stay inside me until I become one. You don’t know me well so I won’t give you platitudes. But you won’t shock me.” He patted her hand and let go. “And if you do, I won’t let on.”

He warmed his knobby hands on the mug.

“I’m the closest thing to a caring father Adam’s ever had. Bryan had a good dad but he died young. I love them almost as much as I do my own sons.”

He took a sip of tea. Earl Grey, his favorite. She hauled a bag of carrots out of the fridge and set them on the counter, her back to him.

“My dear, you’re the best thing that’s happened to Adam since his father died. His mother didn’t want him. Barely paid him any attention until she took off when he was five. His father turned mean after that, maybe blaming Adam for his mother’s failings. Let’s just say the boy has good reasons not to trust many people.”

He concentrated on the cat in his lap, letting Candy think things over. It took a few minutes of peeling but she finally spoke.

"I can't stay here."

His hands stilled for a moment but he hid his reaction as promised. It took him a few minutes before he could calm his racing heart and speak calmly.

"You've only been here, what, six weeks? You haven't even left the ranch since you arrived, so why do you think you have to leave? Johnny told me the boys have never been happier. The hands think you're better than Martha Stewart and boast about your baking whenever they're in town. I hear you've sent care packages to some of the old bachelors. Made me jealous, they did."

"They weren't supposed to tell!" She turned to him, peeler raised like a wand.

"Didn't have to say a word. Joe from the Double R leaves a box of goodies for a few old gaffers at the mercantile. The Double R signed up a new cook. Simple."

She turned back to attack the defenseless carrots.

"Why can't you stay, Candy? Got important things to do with your life?"

"Something like that," she muttered.

"What? It's the wrong time of the year to go back to art college?"

She whipped her head around, mouth open.

"You showed me that drawing of Johnny. Damn near made me cry, it was so good. Then he told me it made him feel like someone special and we both had to wipe our eyes. Figured you wanted to use it for your portfolio."

"He said he wouldn't tell anyone!"

"Didn't have to. Think of me like a mix of Dr. Phil and a CSI detective. Got lots of time to listen to people and think things over. Add up two and two."

Candy turned back to her task, carrot peelings flying. Doc waited, sipping his tea. The sacrifice of a few more carrots would give her time to settle.

After a few minutes she turned back, face now red and blotchy.



"I can imagine what everyone is saying about me. That's why I can't stay." She wiped her eye with the back of the hand holding the peeler. "No one but you has visited so far, but when the weather clears, others will come. They know I do more than cook for Adam and Bryan. Nasty rumors will start. I'll get threatening phone calls telling me to get out. Saying that I'm destroying the moral values of the county."

Doc gently pushed the cat off his lap and stood. He pulled Candy tight, his head not much higher than hers.

"Sounds like you know about this sort of thing."

"It's the story of my life! My parents thought they could buy their way into the country club set and pretend they had a perfect life. The girls in that private school knew I didn't fit in and they made sure I paid for it." She laughed bitterly.

"I don't fit in here, Doc. It's been fun, but I can't go through that again. "

"Can't go through what, my dear?" He ran his hand over her back, comforting her as he had her men twenty years earlier.

"If we lived in an apartment in the city no one would have to know what the three of us did. And even if they did, they wouldn't care. But it's different here. Adam and Bryan enjoy our playing but they don't love me enough to put up with what will happen if I stay. They need to find nice local girls to marry. Make lots of babies and fill this home with love. Then everyone will be happy."

Doc stepped back a moment to pull his linen handkerchief from his breast pocket. Candy waved it away. She escaped his arms and pulled tissues from a box, keeping her back to him.

"Everyone except the three people involved," he said quietly.

"It doesn't matter." She shook her head, refusing to believe.

"Do you love them? You seem very fond of Adam."

"Yes, I love them! If Adam asked me to marry him as an equal I'd put up with everything and stay." She took a deep breath, her hands

wrapped around her middle. “But that’s not going to happen and the longer I stay the harder it will be to leave.”

“By ‘everything’ do you mean sharing Adam and Bryan’s bed?”

She nodded. Doc eased back into a chair. The calico grabbed its opportunity and stomped his lap into submission.

“You think that people out here will make your life miserable because of it? That, if you ever had children, they’d be hurt as you were?”

He knew he’d hit pay dirt when Candy bent over as if she had a stomach cramp and her sobs increased. She held up her hand to keep him away so he stayed in the chair while she eased herself to the floor, back against the cupboard, head on her knees.

He didn’t have to be a doctor to know someone had hurt Candy as a child. May never have hit her but, even worse, had tried to destroy her soul. She suited the boys so well and, given time, they might heal each other. But would they have time?

He knew why Adam and Bryan would never settle for ordinary wives. Both men had lost parents when young and Adam’s abusive father only compounded the problem. They insisted that, even if two of the four of them died or left, their children would still have two loving parents to care for them.

But that was not his story to tell. Adam had to love Candy enough to let her into his heart. The oven timer buzzed and Candy hauled herself to her feet. He watched her will herself into shape. He could tell she’d pulled herself together like this before, many times. She blew her nose, slipped on oven mitts and basted the turkey. By the time she shut the oven door on the browning bird, she had a bit of a smile back.

“You pretty much massacred the carrots.” Doc pointed to the heap of peelings. Cores from a dozen carrots lay on the wooden board.

Candy snorted a laugh, eyes sparkling with tears. “The horses will love them, I’m sure.”

“Will you go back East?” He spoke quietly, as he would to an injured child.

“No.” She shook her head. “These mountains fill my soul. I don’t want to ever be too far away from their permanence. But you’re right about art college. Bozeman has a great fine arts program, and maybe I’ll go to teacher’s college after. Find a small place of my own and fill my days teaching children and painting.”

She took a deep breath and let it out. “I’d better go wash my face. Put on some makeup to hide all this crying. You’re fine by yourself?”

“I’ve got cats to keep me company.”

When she left he sagged, the past catching up with him. He’d made his own mistakes. Settled for less than he wanted because he was afraid to go against society and marry the woman he loved. He couldn’t let it happen to this generation.

\* \* \* \*

“Doc’s here and you didn’t tell me?” Adam’s pitchfork almost flew out of his hands at Bryan’s words. “Don’t tell me you left him alone with Candy.”

Bryan’s insolent shrug answered the question.

“Something’s up with her and she might ask questions. Do you have any idea what the man is likely to tell her about us?”

“Yes, I do. So what?”

“So, she’ll freak out. Worse, she’ll give us pity. Are you sure you weren’t adopted? I don’t remember either of your parents being idiots.”

Bryan leaned back, rested his shoulder on a beam and watched Adam work.

“Isn’t it better she find out the worst now? If she’s gonna bolt, let her do it before we invest even more in her.”

Adam stabbed the pitchfork into the bale set there for the purpose. Horses rustled their feet, one whinnying uneasily. He took a deep

breath, held it a long time, then exhaled. He'd forgotten where he was and made a ruckus near a mare swelling with a foal. Already Candy messed with his mind.

"Better she talk to Doc and get it over than bang pots around and say she's 'fine' for days. You know I'm right."

"Yeah." He kept his voice low and easy. "Doc won't let her freak out. He's so smooth he could convince God to let a crooked senator into heaven."

"If he was that good he'd have married Madge by now."

"Nah, he's too chicken. Thinks she needs time to recover from the fists of her first husband."

Adam forced himself to relax at the change of subject while he put the tools away. The barn was in great shape, thanks to Candy, since they had more time to work. What a difference it made when someone else made the food, cleaned up, did the laundry. And then there were the perks. Massage for sore muscles, for instance, and once they were relaxed, bed sport revved them up again.

The clang of the dinner bell set his stomach growling. They had fifteen minutes to shower, change and sit at the table. Candy had made it clear she waited dinner for no one. He raced Bryan to the house, taking the front stairs as a more direct route and to avoid the kitchen. He'd rather face Candy and Doc when he didn't smell of horse manure.

\* \* \* \*

"No, Doc," said Adam. "You're the guest of honor and you're the one who wanted roasted turkey and all the trimmings. You carve."

Bryan raised an eyebrow but kept his mouth shut. Something was up with Adam since he never gave up the head of the table. Bryan passed the mashed potatoes, green beans and candied sweet potatoes around the table. Orange, white and green. You'd think they were in Ireland or something. Wasn't Boston full of the Irish?

Candy seemed a bit quiet, but maybe it was due to exhaustion from all the work, and they had kept her awake a fair bit the last few nights. She should be proud of the food, the work she'd done preparing for it, everything. He kicked himself for not thinking of ordering flowers for her. Every time she saw those yellow roses she smiled like the sun after a thunderstorm.

Had her husband never brought flowers home?

"I'd like to propose a toast." Bryan didn't know where it came from, but he found himself standing, glass of beer in hand, with everyone looking up at him. "This evening is a very special one. Candy put together the best damn dinner that has graced this table since my mother died."

"Hear, hear," said Doc.

"But there's more," continued Bryan. "I swear this room has never, ever heard so much laughter. Even when that bastard was away, his fist hovered over our heads."

Adam winced at Bryan's comment. Candy looked confused. Maybe Doc hadn't told her about the abuse or why they wanted to share her.

"But no more! Tonight is the Double R's first dinner party, and it is a success. No matter what happens in our future, I had a great time. And for that, I must thank a pixie from Boston. To Candy!"

"To Candy!"

Chairs scraped back as Adam and Doc jumped to their feet. The room roared with their voices, then silence.

Candy looked up at the three men holding their glasses to her. She bit her lip and dropped her eyes.

"Um, does anyone want pie?"

## Chapter 14

Candy rode her buckskin mare up the mountain trail for the last time. Usually one of the men accompanied her, but they'd rushed out early, giving her the perfect opportunity to enjoy her ride with Bess in peace. Nine times out of ten she rode up the same trail to the line cabin. Bess knew the way, following the path they'd made after the last snowfall.

The cabin snuggled in the trees but she had a wonderful view most of the way. Joe had taught her how to take care of her horse and to light a fire in the wood stove. None of the men were around when she went to the barn, so she saddled Bess herself and set out. Today she'd prove she could take care of herself. Even if no one else knew she'd gone on her own, she'd always have this memory to treasure.

Tomorrow she'd grab a ride into Missoula with one of the new men, going home to visit his mother for the weekend. Her bags were all packed and ready to go. Everything done except her goodbyes.

She loved both men, but she'd never love anyone as much as she did Adam. Too bad he didn't feel the same. She couldn't stay any longer craving what she'd never have. If Adam realized she loved him and then ridiculed her like Dan had...

Bess sidestepped, picking up her tension. She wouldn't think of anything negative on her last day.

The wind had picked up, low clouds flying in like wraiths. She sighed in relief when the trees closed over her head. It cut off her view but also the bite of the snow and wind. She hadn't checked the weather but Joe had said a bit of wind and snow wasn't unusual for

late March. She relaxed in the saddle, letting the buckskin find her way up the familiar trail.

She breathed in the cold, clear mountain air. There wasn't much to see but trees, snow, rocks and what the locals called 'varmint'. On a clear day she could see miles, dark dots of Black Angus cattle sprinkling the snowy valley like pepper on mashed potatoes.

She'd thought about what Doc said, that both men were happier than he'd ever seen them and the locals would accept her for who she was and ignore the rest. Though she hated to think what the neighbors would say and do if they found out about their intermingled relationship, she wasn't running away from Adam and Bryan.

No, she was running *to* something.

To freedom from men who might love you but would never admit it. From the expectations of a close-knit society that pulled her strings so tight she couldn't fly.

Even Doc, though she already loved him like a grandpa, expected her to stay until Adam finally came to his senses. Why would she postpone the inevitable? If she stayed until the meadow bloomed she might never be able to tear herself away from the mountain's beauty. She couldn't give up her soul, loving and living with men who only thought of her as a convenience.

Never again. Not even for the chance to live in this beauty.

Eyes straight ahead she took slow breaths, fighting her roiling stomach. She would not let upset nerves destroy her last ride. She hadn't slept well for the last few nights. After their lovemaking the men had rolled over and gone to sleep, each of them touching her for comfort.

They said they needed her, but she loved them, and they didn't return that love. Maybe after she left they'd learn that needing someone was a lot different from loving, and it wasn't enough.

She yawned, shivering a bit in the chill. When she got to the cabin she'd light the stove, make a cup of chamomile tea and lie on the bed for a bit after she took care of her horse.

Yes, a short nap would make all the difference in the world.

\* \* \* \*

Adam squeezed his legs, urging his gelding toward home. At least the horse knew his way home in the dark. The wind howled at his back, thick snow weighing everything down. The horse responded eagerly, both of them tired and wanting their dinner. They'd started the morning early with a dark line of clouds rushing in, a typical spring storm. Typical, but often deadly.

They'd hauled ass all day but they were ready for the last blast of winter. Both horses and men could use a break after the last week of good weather and hard work. He wanted to make up for that work with a few lazy days in bed. He shifted on the saddle, jeans a mite tight at the thought of what they could do with a few days off.

"Gonna be a good blow," he called to Bryan, who stepped his horse closer to answer.

"Yep. You thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?"

"Could be," replied Adam. "Pirates and virgin?" Though the rest of the men were a hundred yards downwind, he spoke just loud enough for Bryan to hear over the wind.

"Sounds good. Candy's been a mite uppity the last week or so. I think she needs to learn who's boss around here."

"Yeah, something's bugging her," said Adam.

"Maybe she's bored with the weather. Don't want her feet to get itchy. I like having her around."

"Makes a man eager to come home. She's a lot of fun, when she's not arguing and beating us at those board games she loves."

"So why don't you ask her to marry you?" Bryan waited as Adam became suddenly interested in the snowflakes accumulating on his gloves. "You do love her, right?"

"Hell, I don't know. What if I do, we get married and then she walks on us? I don't want to end up like my bastard father."



“Jaysus, man. Candy is not your mother. She’s nothing *like* your mother, and no way are you like Grant!”

Bryan dropped his voice when a few of the men turned in the saddle thinking he’d yelled at them. He waved them on, waiting until they settled their coat collars back around their necks.

“Get over it and move on, you idiot. You love her and it’s obvious she loves you. What’s the problem?”

“Shut up, Bry. This is my decision and I’m not ready to make it.”

“Don’t throw away the best thing that’s happened to us since we started the Double R.”

“I said, shut up!”

Bryan’s horse danced sideways, picking up his agitation. “Easy, boy,” he said to the horse. He pulled on the reins and stopped to settle his horse, and himself. Maybe Adam’s father had hit the boy upside the head once too many times.

He rolled his neck, hissing as a rivulet of freezing melt-water trickled from his collar down his chest. He was fine with being second in Candy’s heart. Having Adam settled with a loving woman like Candy, a woman he could share, was more than he’d thought possible. He’d watched the two lovebirds dance around each other, each one afraid of speaking their heart. If Adam didn’t speak up soon Candy might walk. Maybe that was her problem, that she wouldn’t stay without Adam’s love, and he hadn’t said a damn thing to her.

Too bad the man never left the ranch long enough to get over his past.

Bryan nudged his horse. It strode forward, knowing of the warm mash waiting at the barn. He soon caught up to Adam and the two men rode side by side, each in their own thoughts.

A few months ago they’d be coming home cold and exhausted just like now. But they’d walk into an empty house with a cold stove. Thanks to Candy, today they’d get hot food, welcoming kisses and...

“About this pirate thing,” said Bryan. “Don’t we have a wide sword perfect for smacking her bottom? We can give her a day without riding to soften up, do the scene tomorrow night.”

“Wait a whole twenty-four hours?”

Bryan laughed at Adam’s horrified expression. A few men glanced back and shook their heads. Johnny told Bryan the men thought they were eccentric, but they worked hard and paid well. Since Candy arrived, the men boasted their cook made the best desserts in a few hundred miles.

“Jeeze,” continued Bryan. “Can’t you go a whole day without her? The anticipation will make the final event much better.”

“Yeah, I guess we can all use a good night’s sleep. Candy’s been acting even stranger since the last time Doc came to dinner. Maybe she’s tired.” He automatically adjusted as his horse curved down the path. “After a day of playing nice, we’ll surprise her. Teach her what plundering pirates do to reluctant virgins.”

“Deal. But you have to get her into the playroom.” Bryan kicked his heels and joined the line of men.

An hour later Bryan pushed the kitchen door behind him to keep out the rising wind.

“Hey, Candy, we’re home,” he called. He shrugged off his coat as Adam entered the mudroom behind him.

Adam shut the door and stopped, coat half undone. “Where’s Candy?”

“Upstairs, I guess.”

“She always calls out.” He pushed open the door to the kitchen and sniffed. He looked at the stove, bare except for the red kettle. He lifted it and touched the burner. “Cold as a brass monkey’s balls.”

Since Adam still had his boots on, Bryan headed up the stairs. Two minutes later he pounded back down.

“Every damn thing we bought her is folded on the bed beside her suitcase. I don’t like it.”

Adam pointed to the full key board by the back door. “She didn’t take one of the trucks.”

“She wouldn’t have gone out riding with this storm coming, would she?”

They looked at each other and strode to the door, jamming feet into boots. Adam wrenched it open to a face full of snow.

“Christ, she’s not stupid enough to go out in that?”

“It wasn’t this bad this morning. She doesn’t know the weather patterns.”

They were half way to the barn when one of the hands ran up to them.

“I went to feed Bess but she’s gone,” he yelled over the wind.

Bryan rubbed his hands over his face. The possibility of Candy stuck half way up the mountain in the dark, without shelter, supplies or the survival skills every local kid knew by age ten, shot a dagger into his heart. He grabbed Adam’s arm but the man shook him off, heading for the barn.

“Dammit, Adam,” Bryan grabbed the front of Adam’s shirt and yelled into his face. “You can’t go tonight. Even down here you can’t see more than a foot in front of your face. It’ll be worse in the mountains.”

Adam swung, clipping Bryan in the jaw and knocking him down. Bryan dragged Adam with him, cursing through the blood from a split lip.

Adam fought for a moment before letting go. “Get off me.”

“You gonna to listen?”

“No more than I ever do.”

The hired hand ran to the barn with the news. Adam took Bryan’s outstretched hand and hauled himself to his feet. They’d only have a few minutes of privacy before all hell broke loose. Candy was the best thing that had happened to any of them, hired hands and owners. Everyone would want to help.

“What the hell was she thinking?” Adam wiped the melting snow out of his eyes.

“If she left early enough, she might have made it to the line camp. She’d be safe there.”

“She’d better be safe or I’ll blister her bottom the next time I see her.”

They turned toward kitchen, men pelting out of the barn and bunkhouse.

“Aw, shit,” muttered Adam. “Who’s gonna tell Doc?”

## Chapter 15

“Doc wasn’t surprised that she’s gone,” said Bryan. He slammed down the ancient wall-mounted phone with a crash. “Said she mentioned a ‘last ride’ when he spoke to her the other day.”

“Maybe she made it to the line camp,” said Adam.

“She liked it there,” said Johnny. When his bosses glared, the camp cook blanched in the spotlight. “We talked about it over the grocery list is all!”

Adam stopped pacing across the kitchen and turned to the old man, “What else did she say?”

“Are ye gonna fire me for talkin’ with Miz Candy?”

“Dammit, man, I’m not my father!”

“Ignore the roar, Johnny,” said Bryan. “Adam’s a mite upset. But you might know something to help us figure out where she might be.”

“She liked to go up there and make a cup of tea. Look out over the valley and pretend,” said Johnny.

“Pretend what?” Adam had his voice under control, but the corded muscles, visible where he’d turned back his cuffs, proved he was anything but calm.

“That she could live here forever. Said she had to leave ‘cause she loved it too much.” He gave a ‘women!’ shrug. “That never made much sense to me.”

\* \* \* \*

“Ow, ow, ow.” Candy flapped her tongue in the cold air. She should have waited a bit longer before trying the soup. She felt a bit

like Robinson Crusoe, only with snow instead of sand, mountains instead of ocean and pines instead of palm trees.

She did *not* need rescue. Tomorrow she'd head down the mountain, likely meet Adam and Bryan on the way up, eager to make sure she got back safe.

*Safe as houses.*

Only, there weren't any here, just a shack that barely kept the snow out and did little for the wind.

At least she was inside with a hot stove. Bess wasn't so lucky, though the horse didn't seem too unhappy once Candy got her into the lean-to behind the shack and covered her back with a blanket. She put out a few handfuls of grain and made sure the first melted snow went to the animal. After all, Bess managed to get her to the only place they might survive the night.

At least she had enough wood. She'd helped Joe haul branches and put them near the door to add to the chopped logs. She'd felt useful doing it, thinking that some little part of her would remain behind. She looked up at the rafters where she'd carved her initials, adding them to so many others. She'd leave a few letters but take the heartache with her.

As a child back East, she'd imagined being a pioneer wife, struggling to keep her husband and children alive in something as small and cold as this shack. Many women had done it, but many others died. Looking back at pioneer times it sounded so heroic. She now knew that living it would be a nightmare.

While living on a ranch like the Double R was too much work for most people, she liked it just fine.

If only Adam loved her. Her eyes prickled and she jammed them shut, holding a deep breath until she could let it go slowly.

No. Once she got back to the ranch house and gathered her things, she was gone. A week, even a few more days and she'd never be able to tear herself away, but staying would lead to shame, bitterness and, eventually, cold nothingness. She'd had enough shame

and humiliation as a child when she hadn't a choice. She'd been stupid to marry Dan to escape her parents.

Unless Adam loved her enough to tell his friends and neighbors to take a hike, she'd face the same situation again. While she knew he cared for her more than Dan ever did, he hadn't said a thing above love.

When he came home and found the place empty, her luggage packed, it might shake him up enough to admit it. Either way, by morning she'd know.

She finished her soup and cleaned up. Thanks to the wind's howl, and her aching heart, she'd not sleep tonight.

She curled up in the bed facing the stove and drifted, adding wood to the stove now and then. She allowed herself one last pity party, letting the tears fall. The wind died near morning and she sank into a deep sleep.

\* \* \* \*

Bryan, following Adam breaking trail in snowshoes, lifted his head at the faint whiff of smoke. They'd left the horses farther down the mountain, the steep slope and deep snow making it too dangerous for them. The rest of the men waited there as well.

He whistled, and at Bess's whinny, surged forward.

"She's there, Bry."

The two men approached the door, mercifully free of a deep drift. Adam slipped off his snowshoes and pushed the door open. Bryan, waiting to pass on the signal, watched Adam exhale, his breath showing white in the cold room. The single bed in the corner held a lump. A snoring lump. The sweetest sound Bryan ever heard. Adam shuddered, murmuring a prayer. He wiped his eyes and returned to the door.

"She's out cold in bed, snoring louder than a chainsaw."

“Does that mean we have to follow through on all those things we promised God?” Bryan turned away without waiting for Adam’s sarcastic comment. He’d made his own deal with God and knew Adam would do every one of those penances, gladly. Whether she wanted to stay and marry Adam or not, she was alive. He walked just far enough to call out that Candy was fine and that they’d better get after the cattle.

Adam’s arms were full of wood when Bryan returned.

“Bess is fine. Give me your pack and bring in another load. It’s cold in there.” He shut the door behind him, a determined look on his face.

Bryan counted to twenty before a shriek let him know Adam had woken sleeping beauty, likely by placing cold hands on her warm boobs. Grinning, he went inside for the show.

“What the hell did you think you were doing?”

Adam bellowed at Candy curled up in the bed. The way she pulled the covers tight, Adam must have touched something warm.

“Morning, darlin’.” Bryan winked at her on his way to the kitchen area but he was invisible to her. He placed the packs on the table and checked the stove, keeping an eye on the lovebirds. He whistled softly to himself while he stoked the fire. Candy had banked the ashes so it wouldn’t take long.

“Doc almost had a heart attack!” Adam paced like a caged predator in red bush socks. “Johnny’s pulled out what little hair he had left and you scared the hell out of Joe. He blames himself for this.”

Bryan winced when Adam said nothing about himself, how he’d paced most of the night fretting about her. How he’d vowed he’d never be able to get over it if something bad happened to her on his watch. It didn’t take long for the whole crew to realize how much Adam loved Candy.

Too bad the damn fool wouldn’t admit it.



Candy squawked at Adam's yelling, fighting with the covers until she stood on the bed facing him. She wore her coat, a pink, white and baby blue toque she'd knitted and matching socks. Standing on the bed made her eyes the same height as Adam's. She glared hot enough to warm the room ten degrees. The naked legs below her coat raised Bryan's temperature even more.

"You think I did this on purpose?"

She wrenched her coat open, twisting the buttons viciously as if each was a portion of Adam's anatomy.

"Listen, buster, I did nothing wrong. It was sunny when I started out, perfect for my last ride. I got here and thanks to your demands last night, was so tired I had a nap. When I woke up the storm blasted too strong to go back. I took good care of Bess, and neither of us were in any danger."

Bryan put coffee and bacon on to cook, making himself useful. They hadn't taken time to eat before setting out. He put on a pot of snow to heat. Bess deserved warm mash for her ordeal. Candy deserved far more, but was Adam mature enough to recognize that?

"And why do you care anyway?" she bellowed. "You don't want me."

"What?" Adam ripped off his coat and tossed it to the floor, his ire making up for the chill. "Why the hell did you think I don't want you?"

"What?" Candy lifted her hands, face screwed up. She turned her head away, shook it then faced Adam again. "Duh! Because you never told me you did?"

"I thought you knew!"

"Did you even ask me to stay? No!"

Candy tossed her coat away, leaving her in a sweater and thigh-length shirt. Bryan couldn't tell about panties yet.

"I'm here, aren't I?" growled Adam. "I thought you were happy, so why bring it up?"

Candy snarled like a mountain lion. “You could have asked me. But don’t worry, I’ll get out of your way.”

She pulled her sweater over her head. It lifted her shirt but not high enough to tell if she had anything under it. The way her breasts moved, she wasn’t wearing a bra. Bryan’s blood pressure shot up a few hundred points. Adam’s face darkened as if his was up a thousand.

“I don’t want you out of the way, dammit. I want you in my bed!”

Adam ripped open his shirt, buttons flying. Candy’s eyes dropped to the muscles outlined by his white tee-shirt. Bryan saw her lick her lips but Adam was too wild to notice. When Bryan cleared his throat to speak, both glared at him. He held up his hands and backed away, biting back a grin.

“Too bad. You just want me for cooking, cleaning and sex. A perfect package deal for a man, but I’m not going there again.” She shrugged and looked at the wall. “Since you don’t like the rest of the package, it doesn’t matter anyway.”

Her slim fingers twiddled with the buttons on her plaid shirt. It hung to her thighs, hinting at what might, or might not, be underneath. She ran her hand down the placket, unbuttoning as if on auto-pilot.

“What part of the package don’t I like?” Adam pulled his tee-shirt off and tossed it behind him. He stuck his hands under his armpits to warm them.

Bryan dropped bacon into a cast iron pan, smirking to himself at the two fools. Crazy about each other but too scared to admit it. Candy was in fine form. Even with her face creased from the blankets, blotched and puffy from the obvious tear streaks, she was sexy as hell.

“Me, Candy Stevenson.” She jabbed her finger between her breasts and Adam’s eyes dropped. “The living, breathing person with feelings, hopes and desires. I love you, but I guess that’s not good enough.”

“What?” Adam’s eyes found her face again.

“Gee, you don’t want to commit to loving someone because you might get hurt?” She sniffed at him, making it an insult. “Join the club and get over it.”

“You go, girl,” called Bryan in a falsetto. Like a helpful girlfriend, he gave Candy the thumbs up when she looked over.

“No, what did you say before?”

“I love you. But if you don’t love me...”

“I want you, Candy. You make me so hard.”

“So?” Candy rolled her eyes at both men. “If you go without sex for two days, any female makes you hard.” She jammed her fists on her hips. The unbuttoned shirt pulled open to reveal a flash of white fabric.

“You’re wrong, sweetheart. No one else has ever done this to me.” Adam unzipped his pants, kicked them off and stood on the cold floor in his wool socks.

She stared at his cock, jutting up thick and hard from its dark nest. Nostrils flaring, she flapped the edges of the shirt a few times as if to cool herself. She shrugged it off her shoulders and it dropped, unnoticed. Her chest heaved, stretching her last piece of clothing. Her nipples strained to burst through the thin, silky fabric of her short lace camisole. Other than their rough breathing, the only sound was the crackle of the fire.

“Ouch!” Bryan brought his attention back to breakfast. He licked the spattered bacon grease off his hand and moved the spitting pan to the cool side of the stove.

“So?” She stared at Adam’s cock while he focused on the dark junction of her legs.

“So it means I want you. Badly.” His voice rasped. He cleared his throat.

“How badly?” She bit her lower lip and lifted her hand to cup her left breast. Adam’s cock bobbed, swelling even larger.

“Jesus, woman!”

“You want some of this?” She slid her other hand between her wet folds. She looked like Eve offering an apple, though she smiled like Mona Lisa.

Adam reached out but she stepped away.

“I made a decision last night. No more sharing my body with men who don’t love me.” Without moving her eyes from Adam, she called out. “Do you love me, Bryan?”

“I already said I love you, darlin’.” Bryan approached, carefully unzipping his pants as he walked. “You offering that wonderful brain and gorgeous body, woman? ‘Cause I’m ready for action.”

“She’s mine.” Adam growled low in his throat. His fists clenched, arm muscles tight. His breath rasped as hard as when he’d slogged uphill, desperate to find her alive. “I’ll share, but she’s mine first.”

“Better ask the lady,” replied Bryan. “Remember, it’s the lady’s choice. Always.”

Adam jammed his eyes shut and stood like marble for a moment. He exhaled heavily and dropped to one knee, cock jutting at Candy. She stood on the narrow bed, back stiff and head high like a general reviewing her troops.

“Candy, I want you,” said Adam, meeting her eyes. “Not just your body but the woman inside it. The one who makes us laugh while we play. Who draws a picture of an old man that makes his whole life come alive. I don’t want to live without you.”

She sniffed once and blinked rapidly but kept her mouth closed.

“You said to ‘get over it.’ I guess I did last night, when I thought I’d lost you forever.” He shook his head. “I thought a lot last night pacing the floor, waiting for the storm to calm down enough to go after you. Nothing could ever hurt as bad as last night, waiting to see if you were still alive.” He took a deep breath. “I love you, Candy. Will you be my...my...” He blinked, biting his lip.

“...our wife,” said Bryan. “Breakfast is ready. Coffee, anyone?”

Adam glared at his laughing friend. “Jeez, this is hard enough without your interruptions.”

“But not as hard as it was,” said Candy. Eyes shining, she pressed her lips tight to hold back further comments and pointed at his drooping member. “Cold really does shrink the poor thing.” A giggle escaped from her.

Damn, thought Adam. He pour his heart out and they thought it funny? He opened his mouth to roar then shut it again. He looked up at his nearly naked woman. A sultry pout on her lips, she swung her body side-to-side to advertise her assets, wearing nothing but a camisole that enticed more than it concealed.

And a wicked smile.

“Ooh, he’s not shrinking anymore,” she whispered.

Adam realized he knelt on a freezing cabin floor wearing bush socks and an erection. The woman he loved grinned down at him, teasing him as if he were a starving dog and she held a piece of steak. He pulled himself to his feet and stepped to the edge of the bed. Candy, now eye to eye with him, shrank back a step.

“Candice Stevenson?”

“Yeah?” Her voice was breathy but determined.

“I love and want to marry you. But if I don’t put this where it belongs in the next ten seconds I’m going to explode.”

“Oh, Adam. I need you. Now!”

She stepped to the edge of the bed. Adam gripped her camisole and ripped it in half. She grabbed his neck and pressed cold breasts against his chest. He kissed her, sliding his tongue in to taste her. He grasped one hip in each huge hand and lifted. She curled her legs around and enfolded him.

His cold cock sank deep into her warmth. She shivered and clung harder.

“Home,” he growled. He held her for a second then lifted and slammed her down. She was so hot and wet it only took a few minutes for her to explode. At her first tremor Adam went wild, slamming her like a piston, setting her off again.

When he could think again he turned and sat on the bed before his legs gave out, still attached to his woman. He lay back, the chilly blankets cooling his sweating skin. He cupped one palm under her butt cheek, curling his fingers to keep her aroused. The other he used to hold her tight.

“You want kids, right? ‘Cause we didn’t use protection again.”

“Mmm,” replied Candy, twirling her fingers in his chest hair.

“Bryan’s part of the package deal, but he’ll find his own wife one day and bring her home to share. Right, Bry?”

“That’s the plan,” said Bryan.

“Candy’s going to marry me, Bry,” Adam gloated, fully satisfied.

Bryan tossed off the last of his clothes. Candy squirmed until Adam reluctantly let her go. She stood up, still on the bed, thighs glistening.

“If Adam’s my husband, what do I call you, Bryan?”

“The Best Man,” he growled. “And I’m gonna prove why.”

## **Epilogue**

Candy, both arms loaded with her babies, beamed at the camera. Hungry men crowded the laden kitchen so she'd moved into the sunroom with women who'd become good friends.

When she arrived back home after her snowstorm ordeal she'd been stunned to find Doc and his cronies holding fort in the kitchen. People she'd never met crowded the house, ready to help in any way they could. They'd joyfully welcomed her as Adam's new fiancé, caring only that she was safe and the men of the Double R finally had found happiness.

"I want a few pictures with the whole shebang," declared Madge, Doc's new partner. They'd loved each other for years but married others because she was from the wrong side of the tracks and the wrong color, to boot. Both now free, Doc had courted Madge until she realized he was serious. "Get the boys in here while both babes are smiling."

Candy, still nursing, didn't know how moms with only one husband coped with tag-team twins. For the first few weeks she'd barely got one fed and dry before the first started up again. Their wonderful neighbors had pitched in with the chores for a few weeks. Now the twins were a few months old and the party was to thank everyone.

She looked around at what she'd gained. After her divorce from Dan she'd demanded independence, never realizing the increased joys of interdependence. She'd become an equal partner to Adam, buying half of his half with her investments.

As Candy Richardson she was an integral part of the Double R. She understood the joys of sharing love, life and laughter, along with hard work and a few tears.

“Where’s my girl?” demanded Adam. He slipped Diane from Candy’s arm, already an expert, holding her in the crook of his long arm. Anyone could see the two were dad and daughter, both with dark curly hair and brown eyes. Prominent photos of Candy’s mother explained Evie’s reddish blond locks to those who didn’t know the truth, that her mom’s hair color came from a box.

Bryan strolled through, acting as host since Adam was into pompous father mode. Evie was his daughter, but he didn’t need to boast like Adam, and those who knew about it didn’t care.

“I want the whole Double R gang in the picture. Bryan, you get behind Candy,” ordered Madge.

Bryan scooped up Evie and settled her tiny back against his heart. Unlike Diane, who loved to snuggle and watch the world, Evie demanded to be part of the action. He said he couldn’t wait to get her on a pony, though Candy had another opinion.

Adam and Bryan snuggled their precious daughters, Candy sandwiched between them once again, and smiled for the camera.

# THE END

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Growing up, Reece read shelves worth of science fiction, fantasy, western, paranormal, mystery, history, action and adventure. Now that she's grown up, romance captures her heart—and her free time—with a vengeance.

She loves a Happily Ever After, has a vivid imagination and a mind that loves to trail in the gutter. Add in a respect for competent, confident heroes and strong heroines, and what else would she write but hot romance?

In addition to reading, writing and research, Reece enjoys dancing and learning to ride her first motorcycle.

Watch for the sequel to *Cowboy Sandwich*, where Bryan tells his story.

p.s. It's Bryan's fault that Reece bought the motorcycle since he owns a sweet bike and, well, she loves doing hands-on research....



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