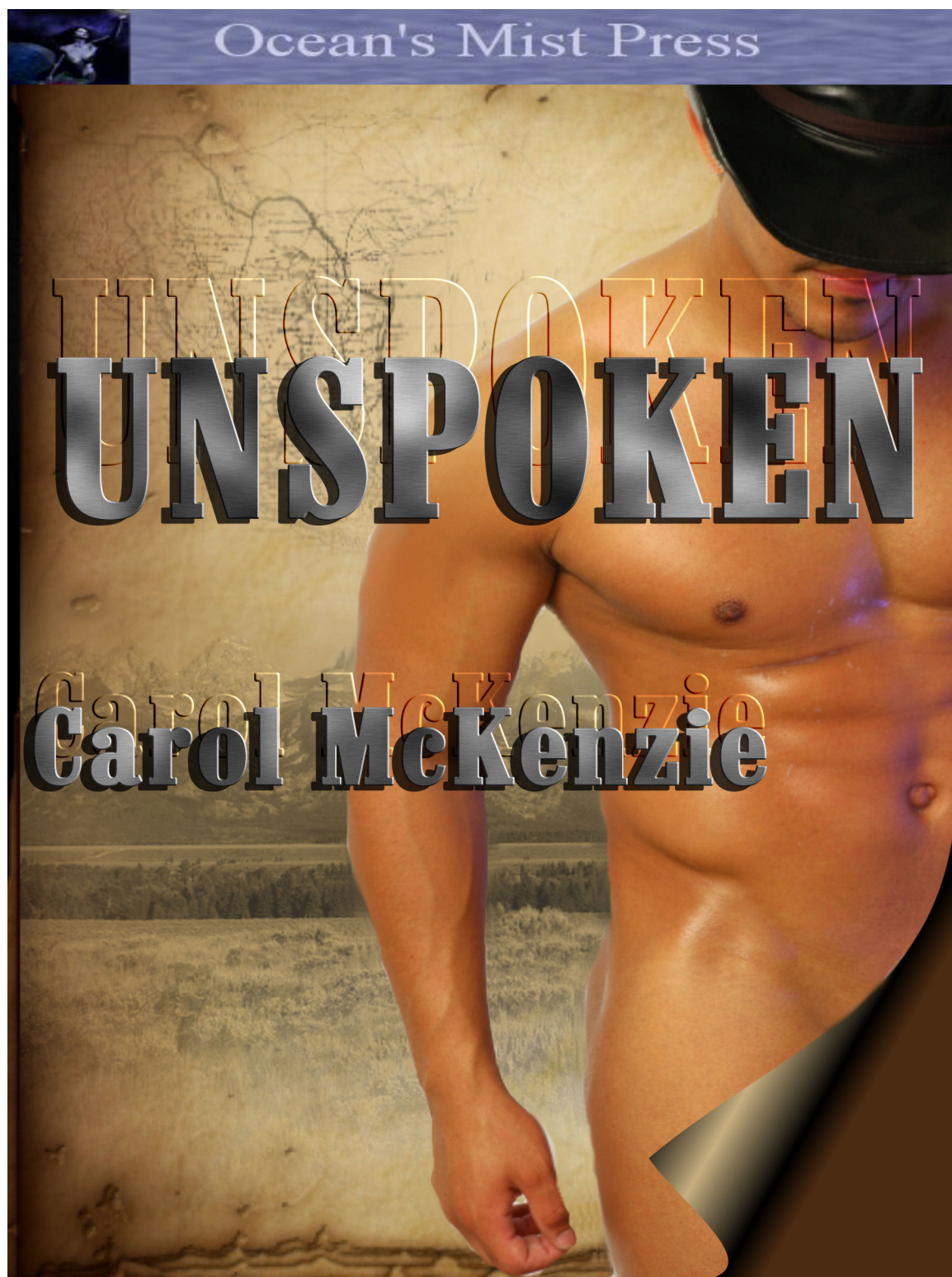


*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*



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## **Unspoken**

by Carol McKenzie

### **One**

It was hot as Hades that day in June of 1871. Bo Rodriguez and his partner Silk Bennett rode until the North Central Wyoming hills grew steep and rugged. Upon nearing a ledge, they pulled in the reins and peered down at the sweeping green valley below. It looked exactly as Joe had described. The breathtaking view seemed as though it was part of a make believe land – so refreshing, cool and inviting, even though the temperature hovered somewhere in the nineties. The cottonwood, which they paused under, gave them a little relief from the relentless noonday sun compared to the view below.

Bo stepped down off the saddle and glanced up at Silk. Did he too smell wood smoke? Someone had just cooked breakfast.

Two corrals stood off to one side. He pulled a bloodstained, tattered, hand drawn map from his shirt pocket and held a hand over his thick black brows to block out the bright sun.

"Yep. This has to be it."

His back ached from a fall he took while busting broncos ten years back. It looked like his days of riding were coming to an end, and he was only thirty.

"Joe's spread," he said to his riding buddy in a dry and raspy voice

that had a hint of a Mexican accent.

His long, lean, silky-haired, high cheek-boned partner looked over at Bo and nodded. "It looks like we've made it, *amigo*."

Bo didn't know what possessed him when they had ridden in to Sheridan. He had been hot, tired and dry and should have stopped for the night, rented a room, ate a hot meal and spent the night. Maybe they would have looked presentable to Joe's Mrs. when they rode up. They just hadn't been thinking clearly.

But he wanted to see Joe's woman. Bo felt like he knew her already from all of Joe's stories. He'd bet his bottom dollar Silk felt the same way. Instead of cleaning and resting up in town like they should have done, they had stopped at a saloon to quench their thirst by downing a few shots of red eye with beer before they headed back down the trail toward the ranch.

Silk looked straight at Bo; their eyes locked and Silk said, "Damn, I hate doin' this."

"We've gotta do it...we promised Joe."

A sad image of their shipmate came to Bo's mind as he lit the half-smoked stogie he'd clamped between his taut lips. "Maybe she'll let us wash up and eat some supper later on." He blew out the match and flicked it down onto a large rock. Taking a thoughtful sip of fragrant smoke, he said, "I'd like to feel civilized again."

"Don't get too comfortable in your thinkin'. She just may shoot our asses on sight, too."

Bo nodded in agreement, raised his cowboy hat and wiped his wet brow line with the sleeve of his shirt. He moved over into the shade. "I've

thought about that."

"She'd get spooked seein' us bad guys," said Silk with a frown.

"She just might." He tapped his hat back onto his dark brown mane and continued, "If she's been runnin' this ranch nigh over a year, I'd say she'd not mind doin' it. It'd take a mighty damned tough woman to run this big son of a bitch while..." Bo's voice trailed off. "Well, hell, never mind."

"Accordin' to Joe she has plenty of spunk."

Aila must have pleased him in bed. The red hot "bedtime" stories Joe had shared were so potent that weeks later, just thinking back upon them, caused Bo's dick to harden. Joe had been a friend, but damn it, he had been a bastard for traipsing off like he did, leaving her to fend for herself. Upon Joe's death, the thought of possibly having her as their own woman, sent Silk and Bo on horseback across the country, a hard ride through hostile Indian territory, in search of her.

He didn't know if Silk experienced similar upheavals, but on occasion he'd daydream sexy stories as they poked along the dusty trails. It helped Bo to pass the time. Perhaps Silk had similar ideas, but he kept them to himself.

Bo revisited one dream more than the others. Bo would pull Aila tightly to his chest and say, "I've come to take care of your needs--all of them." He murmured words of need and frustration as he looked down hard into her delicate face—a lithograph of poignant sweetness.

Her cheeks stained to a shade of crimson rose as he skimmed her throat with his lips.

The idea of her small, soft form leaning against his body, stopped his breathing and melted his tough exterior like ice in the summertime. Joe

had described the blonde-haired, eye-catching woman, and Bo felt he knew her from the top of her head down to the soft female folds of her center and to the tips of her toes. Joe told Silk and Bo that she did not ever have any man's cock except his, but she was a hot-blooded woman. Bo figured that her solitary life was about to have a couple of men in it shortly. If Joe had told the truth.

In his daydream, Aila would resist his attention and the temptations he presented at first. Any good woman would turn away from a stranger, especially a woman who felt she was still married to a living husband.

Bo imagined her voice even though Joe had never mentioned it. "I've never done it with any man b'sides Joe," she would admit.

Most likely, in real life, Aila would never fuck outside marriage, but it didn't hurt to dream. He set about winning her heart for a while. He wouldn't try to bed her down until he knew she positively ached for him and didn't want him to stop the obvious seduction.

His penis stirred as he thought of her yielding, helplessly enthralled by his attentions. And he would handle her like she had never been handled, with the utmost care and thoughtfulness, causing her to wage war within herself until she succumbed. He'd make Aila want him as much as he wanted her — he'd tease and tantalize the daylights out of her, until she pleaded with him to ravish her with his bed chamber prowess and passionate sweet talk. Aila would stay in Bo's arms when he brought her tightly to him. That would solidify his belief that she wanted him as much as he wanted her.

In her disturbed green eyes, he would see her answering love and desire. A forgone conclusion that she accepted his invitation, he would reach down and unfasten the top button of his trousers, at last freeing his

bound erection. Aila's past with Joe was gone, as far as Bo was concerned, and her future with Bo was about to begin.

"I'm here to please you and take care of you," he would say tenderly. "I won't leave, like some men would do." His tone was unmistakably intimate but the meaning implicit – Joe abandoned her, plain and simple.

Her firm "no" stance would be wearing down. "Help me then. Make me feel whole again," she would breathe into his ear. "Let me feel you inside me."

The acceptance was all he needed to feel, see and hear to up the level of their relationship. Not lingering a second more, almost feverishly, Bo would pick her up off her feet and whisk her off to the bedroom. The back of her skirt would drag along the floor as he entered the house and carried her effortlessly across a dining room that blurred in his mind to a bedroom. He guessed he fell in love with Aila after listening to Joe's stories depicting how wonderful she was.

In his dream, Bo kicked the door closed and began undressing Aila, relieving her of her long skirt, top and undergarments. Once on the soft feather bed kissed the corner of her closed eyes, dragging his lips across her cheek while he fondled her breasts. He captured her nipples between his first and second fingers.

His lips replaced his fingers and he fed on her nipples.

"Mmm," Aila moaned, lying back and letting him have his way.

Her ivory body of nubile curves lay before his feasting eyes. Bo took in the nest of blonde ringlets that adorned the V at the top of her thighs. To test her wetness, he'd slip his fingers into the slit, moving against her nub and got his answer when he felt her moist, contracting opening.

As he scrutinized her growing need for relief, excitedly and eagerly,

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

she raised her hips off the bed, riding his hand, whimpering and hungry for him.

Blood surging through his veins like white water down a creek bed, he opened her mouth with a deepening kiss as his hands spread over her bare ass.

She reached for his waistband and pushed at his pants.

"Wait a second." Breathlessly he rose off the bed, determined to drive her insane with pleasure. Standing nearby, he pulled off his pants and underwear then stood before her aching for her inspection and approval. His strong burgundy cock stood like a statue; its plum smooth cap glistened with pearls of white, oozing sticky liquid from the slit.

He climbed back onto the bed, positioning himself between her parted legs. He slipped his hands under her slim derriere and pulled her to his erection. His knees depressing the mattress, with a swift movement, he thrust it into her giving her the jolt of a lifetime and an exquisite sensation for him. Her warmth surrounded him, clasping him tightly as he lunged harder and deeper over and over again, withdrawing and thrusting into her until an orgasm threatened to erupt. Bo's head whirling, he groaned softly as he heard the slap-slap-slap of his loins pounding Aila's pussy. In the wake of tumultuous passion, with his hands to the bend in her legs, he stopped long enough to drape her limbs over his shoulders for deeper penetration, and sped up his effort.

The bed rattled and their breathing rasped from their lungs.

Aila shuddered and her pussy spasmed as it bathed his cock with her juices. Simultaneously, he thrust his sex one last time into her, exploding inside her with great force, causing a jolt of sensation that seemed to come over her like rippling waves crashing through her nerve endings.



*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

A series of groans and a grunt of release followed. As the returned to reality, he whispered, "You're a beautiful woman, Aila." And then Bo's daydream ended.

Feeling let down a bit, as they rode in closer to the ranch, Bo raised his field glasses and caught a better look at Joe's wife. It was hard to see her; she was merely a speck. Two horses stood in the corral. Beyond the fence several heads of cattle stood in a grassy pasture. After they rode a few dozen more feet, Bo saw her more clearly. "*Buenos dias, Senorita*," he said in perfect Spanish, and then whistled lightly under his breath. He watched her for a little longer. What was she doing out there? Culling cattle? He sat there surveying the property and her.

"You lookin' at her?"

"Yeah buddy I'm lookin' at her," he said, his stogie still on his lip and the field glasses to his eyes.

Waiting, Silk asked in a complaining voice, "So what's she look like? Is she pretty like Joe said?"

"Mm-hm. I see she can ride and I'll just bet she can shoot, too."

"Well?" demanded Silk.

"Well what?" Bo asked without taking his eyes off her.

"How's she look', I asked?"

Bo laughed and then hesitated as he continued spying on her.

"She's...better lookin' than he said. A lot better. Nice."

"Go on," said Silk frustrated, removing his hat to mop his brow.

Bo touched a finger to his chin. "Oh...I'd say she comes to about here

on me. Yes sir, she's hell of a woman it looks like." Teasing Silk, he said, "She has long light yellow hair that's brushed neatly back into a bun of some sort at her neckline. Wish I knew what color her eyes were, but I'd bet my bottom dollar they're green as summer trees. Nice big bubs; the kind you can get your hands on and enjoy. A nice ass on her--damned nice. The kind a man likes to get hold of when he brings her to him. You know what I mean?" She was definitely a woman Bo wanted to get to know better. "A man can ride a lot of country and not come across a woman like that one there."

"I'd say she's been without for many months."

Bo added, "But just remember, she *is* Joe's widow. We need to respect that if you're gettin' ideas of tomcattin' around when we get down there."

"I'm not lookin' to disrespect Joe," Silk fairly shouted. His exhaustion and hunger getting the best of him. "Not at all. Let's ride on down there and do what we come to do."

Silk reached back and untied the small leather thong that had been holding his long hair. He held the piece of leather in his hand as they slowly went down the trail from the mountains. Awkwardly he reached down into his saddle bag and brought out a hairbrush. If he was going to see a handsome woman at least he wanted his hair tidied up. He probably looked a sight and needed a bath. He caught his hat on the saddle horn and drew the brush through his hair a few times as he felt Bo's aggravating eyes, watching. The air seemed unbelievably still; the sun beaming down over them. Bo and he should have stayed at the hotel in Sheridan. Silk should have said something. He put the brush away and tied his hair back, while his nag continued the trek downhill. Silk set his hat back on his head,

vaguely aware that Bo again noticed him sprucing up.

"You doin' that for the woman?"

"Just never you mind," Silk rolled his eyes skyward.

Back in Sheridan they had played a few hands of poker at the saloon and decided to hold off on renting a room until after they rode out to the Carver Ranch. If he slapped his shirt, dust would rise from it. Damn if it wasn't going to be a heart wrenching job to tell Joe Carver's widow her husband wasn't coming back. That he had been murdered. Just what the hell was he getting himself in to this time around, he wondered as he brought a hand to his unshaven chin.

He'd love to settle down in one place. Riding aimlessly around the west with Bo wasn't his idea of living a good life. He liked his buddy Bo, but a good life would consist of living with a beautiful, loving and sexy woman. At one time he thought he had a lady friend, but she up and ran off with a blacksmith from Alabama. Then, after floundering between jobs in Calgary, Silk was suddenly struck with wanderlust. He met up with Bo in Texas. Now, for Silk, the world was a lonely place. Maybe someday he'd also get a ranch like the one he viewed: the Rocking C. He didn't know when that day would come, but he wished it'd hurry.

Reflecting further, Silk brought a harmonica from his shirt pocket to his lips and began blowing a song that he wrote himself.

Bo asked, "What's that?"

Silk brought the harmonica down an inch from his lips. "What's what?" he said in his tenor voice.

Bo brought the cigar from his lip and said, "That song. What's it

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

called? It's pretty."

"I just thought it up. *I'm wantin' to Settle Down* 's its name, I guess," he said as they neared the blonde haired woman who sat straight and strong on her horse.

## **Two**

The log home that she and Joe had built was located at the mouth of Crazy Woman Creek--beautiful country. She wished her mama could see it, but she and all her kin were killed by the fever and other bad diseases. Hired carpenters rode in from Cheyenne and helped them build most of it. The land boasted straight lodge pole pines that had grown up everywhere near the house, saving the ranch from heavy snows of the winter. Cottonwoods and chokecherry trees dotted the area.

Aila Carver rode south to cull some cattle out of a canyon on her property. While locating a couple of strays that took a notion to wander, she suddenly heard something rustling in the brush.

Birds flew skyward with a "whoosh!"

"What the..?"

Turning her head sharply, Aila looked toward the trail on into the ranch. Her heart stopped beating as she reached for the loaded rifle. Call it women's intuition, but she knew someone was watching her. Then she heard music...harmonica music.

"Damn it."

When she saw the two men on horses, her breath caught in her tight chest. Someone had come onto the Rocking C. Were they friend or foe?

Her heart beat double-time as she watched two drifting cowpokes coming in off the west trail onto her land in Central Wyoming. Wearing their cowboy hats high and proud, riding their nags slowly, their upper bodies looked as if they bounced above the tall, rolling grass.

*What in hell did they want?*

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

Behind the Rocking C stood the majestic high pastel mountains which were her home, the home she'd fight and die for.

Sioux and Cheyenne rode in the area; they seemed peaceful enough, so Aila wasn't too worried. But these riders were definitely not Indians. She hoped they were peaceful sorts; she sure didn't need any trouble.

"Git up," she said then made a clicking sound with her mouth, while making her horse trot faster, heading toward a clearing then toward the corrals that lie beyond a small ridge. Dust rose behind her and the horse.

Aila waited and frowned, preparing for the worst as she glared at them. To be safe, keeping her eyes on them, she pulled out her Remington, made sure it was loaded and carefully touched the trigger like Joe had once taught her.

She held it steady on them as they continued coming closer. Some drifters were good and some weren't in these parts. She'd heard gory rumors and believed that a woman could never be too careful. Though the more she saw of them, the less they looked like mean cusses. But, she could be wrong. She didn't want to make a mistake and shoot an innocent man.

The harmonica music grew louder--a pretty song he played.

She figured they'd been riding for a long time, perhaps days, and were tired, hungry and in need of a place to sleep. Her view of them lightened by the second.

Since Aila was a God-fearin' woman, she didn't mind being a little neighborly, if the need arose. But she prayed to the Lord above that they wouldn't take advantage of her, a solitary woman who lived alone and way out in the middle of Wyoming, if she gave them food and shelter.

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

She cocked the rifle. "Hold it there, boys. If you come any closer, I'll shoot you straight through the heart." They stopped; one of the cowboys drew the harmonica down from his mouth and slid it into his pocket. "You see, I got dead aim and ain't afraid to pull the trigger. State your business or turn those horses around and head back into Sheridan." *It had better be good for their sake*, she thought.

The man to the right, the one who seemed swarthy as a pirate, frowned. He had a stubby cigar parked in the corner of his mouth. Under different circumstances, he probably could be rough as a grizzly that just came out of hibernation. He took off his black ten gallon hat and used his sleeve to wipe the road dust and sweat off his forehead. The cowpoke said a friendly, "Hi there Ma'am. Are you Aila Carver, Joe Carver's wife?" He reached down and patted his horse.

A man who was good to animals appealed to her, though his initial greeting took her back. *How do they know my name?* she wondered.

"Who are you?" she asked in a neutral tone.

"Well, Ma'am, I'm Bo Rodriguez," said the man as he put his black hat back on his dark mane, "...and this here's my sidekick, Silk Bennnett." He grinned and took the stogey from his mouth. "We don't aim to hurt you none, Ma'am."

"Oh. Of course you won't. I have this." She raised her rifle.

"I'm originally from down Mexico way. Northern Mexico. My friend here's from Canada. It's nice ta meet you, Miss."

She didn't bite at their friendliness...not just yet. "How come you don't talk like you're from Mexico?"

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

"Because of my mother. She's from Tyler, Texas...a white woman. My dad's from Durango. He's from Mexico."

"What's his story?" She asked, frowning with gruffness in her tone.

His brow wrinkled and he touched his shirt pocket. "What's whose story? My dad's?"

"No. His over yonder," she said bluntly then nodded toward the man with the straw-colored hair who looked rather handsome.

"He's Silk. Like I said, he's Canadian. He's like me. Lookin' around tryin' to make himself some money, I guess. Like me he's a bronco buster out of Calgary. But I'm from Texas. His kinfolk all died of the fever here while back. We don't mean no one no harm to you or no one else. But we've brought some information you'd most likely want to hear." He frowned at the barrel of her rifle and tossed the cigar into the dust. "Can ya lower that rifle a bit, Ma'am? It's makin' my horse nervous."

"Your horse?" She considered his plea and bit her lip, not wanting to smile.

"Yeah." He paused thoughtfully; his tone changed. "It's not good, Ma'am. The news ain't...so you might want ta brace yourself. If you're Aila Carver...are you really her?"

"I'm her."

She raised a hand to her brows and studied the bronzed, obviously strong-backed men as they introduced themselves. They seemed her age--thirty years, or so. For better or worse she took her finger off the trigger and lowered the gun. The men looked instantly relieved.

*These men could be swindlers, thieves or worse, killers. Were they being*



*truthful?*

She clucked her tongue. Men who looked like them probably had women friends all along the trail. They probably made a baby or two. Real scoundrels.

They looked decent enough, not like murderers or thieves. They talked in a kindly tone...soft. Right or wrong, she took a chance and invited them in for supper and to sleep in the barn overnight. That was the way her husband would do it. It seemed good having company, she guessed. A woman could get a might lonely living out in Wyoming country. She had no desire to look at them in any other way than drifters along the road who needed a bath, a bed and food before they went on their way, hopefully at sunrise.

Though she didn't say anything, she desperately needed a couple of men to help her with the chores. She thought about asking them if they wanted to work, though she didn't have any extra money. But, she could give them a place to sleep and food. Her regulars had taken off because she couldn't pay them. Aila didn't blame them for going.

Her beloved husband Joe had traipsed off to God knew where to earn money--maybe out California way. He was supposed to return and pay off a couple of years' mortgage to the First National Bank in Sheridan. He didn't come back; damned if he didn't even write one lousy letter. Working the ranch took every ounce of strength she had; some chores didn't get done.

The cowhands couldn't seem to keep their eyes off her clothed breasts, and it was all she could do to not turn away. Probably they looked at her that way because they hadn't been near any women lately. Looking

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

never hurt, she guessed.

"So where're you boys headed to?" She asked, keeping her voice firm. She pressed a hand over her brows and peered at the rifles sheathed on their saddles.

"Well, Ma'am I think we're ridin' toward Nevada after we leave here. Don't rightly know for sure. We're a-needin' to hole up somewhere for the winter mebbe."

"There or Sante Fe. We don't know yet," Silk finally chimed in. "We were figuring it out as we rode."

"There's not much to see in Nevada," Aila said, pausing thoughtfully. "Been there once and 'm sorry I went ever since. Ain't nothin' but a bunch of tumble weeds and funny birds. You sure you wanna go to Nevada? There ain't much in Sante Fe either."

"There's gold we heard," the man called Silk mentioned. "I'd like to take some riches up to Canada and settle one of these days. Maybe have a spread, like you have here. Maybe Bo'd go up and help out."

The darker man raised a hand making a simple gesture. "Mind if we get down and stretch our legs a bit? We're kind of saddle sore. My horse needs water."

At least he asked permission. "I guess so. Help yourself."

"I'm rightly thankful Ma'am."

Bo Rodriguez, tall and obviously proud, dismounted and led his dun to a watering trough. "We came to talk."

"To me?"

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

"Yes 'm."

She peered at Bo skeptically as he led the horse to the water. "You do?" Their tones and attitudes seemed sincere.

She held one arm to her waist and the rifle barrel down, for the sake of politeness. She was totally disarmed by Bo's charm and Silk's boyishly good looks. Silk didn't talk much, but he seemed friendly.

"Joe wanted us to come and clear up some things, if it's all right with you."

*Joe? How did they know Joe?*

Silk turned away and stuffed his fingers slightly under his belt as if it hurt to hear what Bo was going to say.

"Don' beat 'round no bush--level with me if ya don't mind."

Maybe it was his soft tone that alarmed Aila, sort of a warning, but she feared he was going to tell her something she didn't want to hear...something really bad. So, she braced and looked at him through a haze of unwanted confusion. Damn Joe. Where was he?

"I need to get my words together first for I say anything. Is that okay?"

"Well, all right. We'll eat at five. But before nightfall I'd like to know."

\* \* \*

They ate supper at the table quietly and still hadn't told her the secret. After she finished washing dishes, she retired to the porch where Silk played the harmonica. In the distance the dog gave chase to a small varmint. She sat on the steps three or four feet away from the men.

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

Bo whittled on a stick then blew the shavings onto the ground, while their horses looked on from the corral.

Though they didn't confide in her right away, Aila appreciated and admired their unobtrusive demeanor.

"Do you mind if we make us a pallet in the barn?" asked the dark, handsome Bo, whose voice sliced into the solemnity of the evening.

Experiencing a strong, negative wave of suspicion, Aila peered up and away from Bo's dark penetrating gaze. She glanced at the barn, seeing, but not seeing its splintery boards, as she considered possible implications that may arise. Once she'd made a decision, she peered toward their way and said, "No, you go right ahead." She raised a finger and opened her mouth to speak again, stopped then finally the words came. "I think you were gonna tell me somethin' earlier...if you're afraid to say it, please...don't be. I'm ready, whatever it may be. I just want to know."

Bo glanced Silk's way, then looked down. Bo put his knife and wood down. Silk quit playing music.

*Yes, she thought, the message would be news she dreaded hearing. Maybe it was why she hadn't seen Joe for a long time, 'nigh over a year.* That moment she didn't know how, but she knew he'd died. She *felt* it. Her knees liquified; she weakened and strange ideas became clear and then fogged in her mind. How could Joe do this to her? Damn his hide.

"Well, Ma'am...this ain't easy."

"Please...go ahead."

Bo cleared his throat nervously, it seemed. "Well Ma'am, we met your husband long before we boarded the Hannah Q."

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

"And..."

"That's a ship ya know."

"Okay."

Bo made a simple hand gesture toward Silk. "Anyways, Silk, myself and Joe, we were friends. We'd been shanghaied and taken aboard a ship that'd been moored in Frisco Bay. We'd all been given knock out drops in our drinks in a damned..."

"Bo..." said Silk shaking his head.

"...'er sorry for my cussin'. Well, this Captain. He was not a good man. Not a-tall. Anyway, he needed mates to work, so he resorted to druggin' and shanghaiin' men like us outta saloons. A real, real bad sort, the likes of which you never want to meet. The more I think of it, the more I think he paid the saloon owners off for lettin' him do it. Well anyway, me and Silk here happened to be there when the Capn' murdered Joe."

"Ohhh," grief stabbed at her like a sharp saber.

"Sorry Ma'am. We took it real hard too. 'Cause Joe was a friend. We were together a lot before..." Bo swallowed hard. "...fore Joe fought the Captain."

"Joe wasn't a man who'd stir up a fight just to be doin' it!" Aila said.

"How well I know. With words he fought the bastard. Joe didn't actually fist fight 'em; though he wanted to then. I just know that Joe wanted to get back here with you. It seems he loved what he had here with you. He wanted you and this more 'n anything."

"Well, why didn't he stay?" Pools of unshed tears filled her eyes making them seem luminescent, her heart aching.

"He even told us how to get here. Drew a map even. Well, Joe got busted up bad inside several times by the Cap'n who beat 'em mercilessly. He hated your husband. But b'fore he died, he told us all about you. How special you were. Everything. He knew he was dyin' and told us he wanted us to come and help you out so you could keep the ranch." Bo's voice broke up considerably. "Twice more this damned bear of a man beat Joe but kept it up until he died. The whole while it went on, a matey held a gun on your husband and Silk and me. Ma'am, the Cap'n took all the money he had saved for you and the ranch. The no good bastard. We were locked up and couldn't do a damned thing. For this we feel real bad."

Her brow rumped as she let the information sink in, not wanting to believe them. They looked honest, talked in an honest tone and used honest expressions.

Bo stopped, let her experience the expected shock, grief and pain. Aila sank to the ground at Bo's feet, cursing and throwing dirt. Screaming with a fist to her mouth, she asked, "Why take Joe, God? Why my husband?"

The men leaned and took each of her arms. They brought her to her feet and guided her to the house, while she wailed in aching grief.

Later, when she composed herself, Joe's story continued. "Your husband, the whole time he was aboard, fought with the Captain," said Bo as he took a swig of coffee at the table in the kitchen. "And it got plainer and plainer that the Cap'n hated him with a mean and wicked passion. It was all a matter of time, we thought. In the beginnin' we all knew the Captain would end up killin' him. So nights after everyone went to sleep 'cept us, Joe talked privately to Silk and me. After awhile we knew all about you

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

'fore we ever met."

"Everything?" she asked trembling.

"All of it."

Silk looked away at the distant tree line. "Ma'am, he wanted us to come and see if you were okay and tell you, I guess. Actually, he wanted us to take care of you, but--" Silk's voice trailed off as he took off his hat. His adam's apple bobbed as he continued. "But Ma'am, that Capn' beat him so hard that he tore up his innards."

Later, numb, Aila looked out toward the sunset until the sun completely dipped below the dark tree line. Tears came and so did the heartache--weeks of it would come, she could tell.

Bo rose from the front porch before sunset and kicked the dirt. "Also, I need to tell you somethin' else. We got loose 'cause we mutinied." Bo's jaw line tightened before he continued. "Just to let you know, Ma'am, we--you got justice. That man's dead, I'm glad to say...we threw his body overboard and fed the sharks with him."

Nodding, she felt a little better because Joe could rest in peace, since his killer was dead.

"But before the Captain killed Joe, he asked me and Bo to come and help you out, if we ever came ashore. He gave us a map to this ranch, so we'd know how to get here."

"He was right..." started Bo.

Wandering, lost in her own thoughts, she swallowed hard, feeling a night of crying coming on. Something about Bo's partial statement brought her back to the here and now. "About...what?"

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

"You're a fine woman, Ma'am. Least you seem to be. We're not here to cause you one bit of trouble. And we couldn't find Joe's money."

"All right. I'm not worried about the money."



### Three

Bo and Silk chatted as they helped her out by mending a fence in the morning sunshine near the house. Bo looked at his newly clean shaven, square-shouldered friend as he took off a broken bottom rail of the fence. "You think we ought to be movin' on from the Rocking C?" Bo asked as he threw the thin log aside.

"Hell, I don't know," Silk said as he shook his head and shrugged. He pulled a handkerchief from around his neck and wiped his tanned forehead. "Why?"

"I don't want to leave her way out here...you know...alone. We owe it ta Joe to look after her."

Silk nodded. "I dunno. I s'pose," said Silk as he dragged up a new rail and dropped it in the dust. "Hell, maybe she wants our asses out of here."

After Silk finished driving a nail, they looked over and eyed her as she carried wet clothes to the clothesline and hung them out in the sun to dry. Nearby the horses whinnied and overhead a hawk screeched, banked and soared, but neither of them noticed.

"I kind of like it here. This reminds me of the place in Canada I want to buy someday," said Silk as he looked around yard. "It's like home."

"I wouldn't mind stayin' on a while. I think she needs a couple of strong hands for a while...to get on her feet."

"Sounds okay. I don't have any place to be goin' right now."

"Me either, *amigo*, if she happens to ask."

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

Bo peered over at the buxom blonde. The sight of her gentle curves made his dick go hard the minute she came into view. Squinting into the sun he watched as she raised a gray shirt to the line and pinned it so the wind wouldn't blow it away. Her long calico skirt flowed and ruffled like a flag in the hot wind that breezed in from a ridge of mountains that lay to the west. Bo yearned to have his way with her and had felt that way since he first laid eyes on her. He didn't remember ever bedding down a woman as beautiful as Aila. He'd bedded down a few señoritas down Mexico way--beauties whose skin was dark. They were soft and hot. He liked all women, he guessed. But this one was special; she was a hard-working, soft spoken, strong woman.

Silk cut into his thoughts. "Want some water?"

"Huh?" Bo blinked and looked at Silk.

"Water. Want a drink?" he asked, holding up a canteen.

"Sure."

Joe knew what he had and asked Silk and Bo to take over his ranch and help out his woman. Bo remembered the nights they lay awake in the bowels of the *Hannah Q*. It was well known that the ship's Captain would kill Joe eventually; Joe merely protected his wife and property by requesting help from Silk and Bo--men he trusted.

"It's her that's on your mind, isn't it?" Silk took a few long swigs and handed the canteen to his partner.

"Thanks," Bo said as he lifted the canteen to his lips. He poured the cool water down his face and wet his shirt then handed it back to Silk.

"Yeah, I don't know what it is about her, but I like what I see."

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

"She's really somethin'." Silk sniffed then said, "I get hankerin's at night for her. My cock gets bone hard. I get to thinkin' what it'd be like to push all of my nine inches into her. But it's more than that I like. She's strong and honest."

"I wonder what she'd do if both of us courted her?"

"Both?" Silk chuckled. "She'd probably take aim and shoot us."

Bo laughed and reached for his tool. Before he began hammering off the next rail up he said, "Probably so. But think about it...there's two of us and one of her."

\* \* \*

That night while laying in his bunk, hearing the drone of insects outside, Bo remembered Joe's account of how hot-blooded and receptive Aila was in bed. His dick went hard so he reached under the covers and grasped its thickened length. Sometimes she liked it rough. Sometimes she liked Joe to kiss her pussy then fuck her in the ass. He probably shouldn't have told Bo and Silk all the intimate details of their bed life. But, he did. The harm had already been done. Bo wondered if it had been the truth. Up and down he moved his hand, creating glorious friction, causing blood to engorge his veined cock while Silk slept.

It was a hardship to go without a woman in the wilderness. Using his hand to make himself come just could not satisfy him the way real fucking could do--especially with a woman like Aila. He imagined how good it'd feel if Aila's tight pussy replaced his hand. Tight and juicy.

Silk probably felt the same way. Better yet, how would Aila like it if she had two cowboys in her bed?

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

Just as he was about to shoot his load, a silhouetted Aila stood in the doorway, stars and heat lightning flashed behind her. "Bo? Silk?"

"Ahh," said Bo.

"You all right?" she asked.

"I'm fine." Bo took notice and stopped moving; Silk awakened in the next bunk and sat up.

"Yeah?"

Her feminine voice cut into the silence. "Bo, if you boys want to stay and work, I can't promise any sort of wages 'til I get some money comin' in. I can offer food and a roof." She paused before she left then continued, "But sun up I need the south corral fence to be mended. I need a lot of other jobs done, too. There's no smoking of cigars or cigarettes in the house."

"Yes Ma'am. We'll be in to breakfast at sun up."

## **Four**

For weeks on end she mourned Joe's death. She'd never quite been able to get Joe's murder out of her mind. She looked upon it with confusion wondering why it had to happen.

The drifting cowpokes stayed their distance, though she felt their lingering eyes travel her body on occasion. Nightly she lay in her bed, thinking about them sleeping in the barn, womanless and probably needy...like her. She'd envision their bare chests and imagine the thick lengths of their cocks as she slipped her fingers into her pussy. She'd slide her fingers in and out of her hot, moist entrance. But, she didn't want her own fingers...she wanted their cocks, because both men heated her passion. She could almost feel one cock in her ass and one in her squeezing, slick pussy. She'd enjoy the effects she'd have on them too. Such sex might be bad, but it would obviously feel so damned good. She cursed her weakness for the men and forced herself to relax and get sleep for the coming day of hard, hot work.

One day Aila spent time tidying up the log cabin, trying to keep her wits about herself, ignoring her needs the best way a widow could in the 1870s, while living out in the wilderness.

Like Bo and Silk were sent from heaven, they knew what to do to help without her telling them. They did the heavy work, the work she could not do or had difficulty attempting. They took care of the crops, the cows and the cattle. They chopped wood, mended fences and fed the other animals on the Rocking C. They kept the ranch going so she could pay the greedy banker in Sheridan. They looked so good and stirred her pussy like no other men ever had. Not once had they tried to touch her

inappropriately.

One afternoon a week the men saddled up and rode to town. They seemed to have plenty of money, but she'd never given them a cent, simply because she didn't have it to give. She supposed they went to the saloons and gambled for pocket money.

They returned late, but by the next morning, they seemed fit, healthy and ready for work. During weak moments, need of their attention burned in her mind and wicked yearnings stirred in her core. She endured bouts of longing desire. After all, they were virile and obviously good men.

Weeks turned into a month then into two months; time whizzed past, and, as her attraction to the men grew, hidden lust threatened to make itself known. What would she do if they stayed on? If they did touch her she'd melt like ice in the springtime. Aila didn't want to think about it.

Aila figured they had twelve weeks of good weather until winter broke loose in all its fury with the snow, cold and wind. She warned them one night when they sat out on the steps, saying "You're welcome to stay. But you need to know if ya don't already, some winters the snow rises over the window tops. I'd be jailed up inside the house. I'd not be able to see out the windows for days. It comes down heavy and deep. I s'pose you men might not want to be cooped up with me all winter."

At first they seemingly thought over her words. Bo dropped his head to his fingertips while Silk rolled his eyes skyward and then drew an extended finger under his chiseled nose. The whole time she felt like a clod wondering what they thought of the awkward situation: two men living all winter under her roof, with her. Finally, much to her relief, they nodded like they understood and agreed to stay, relieving her. The three of them

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

living under one roof was embarrassing to mention. They'd have to bunk in the cold, unheated upstairs; she'd stay in her bedroom.

"I usually put away enough jars of canned food, potatoes, apples, beans, salt pork and what have you to get through the bad months." She cleared her throat and decided to finish her statement. "...if you're thinkin' about stayin' that is. I can put up enough food. At least you're welcome to stay. But I need to know...but, I can't have any cigar smokin' in the house."

"That's fair enough. We'll talk it over and all, Ma'am. But I guess we will. What do you think, Silk?" Bo looked at Silk then nodded her way. "It looks like it's a yes."

"Okay. I don't mind tellin' you. You men came in handy through the warm months and that's why I'm askin' you."

"Thank you, Ma'am."

## **Five**

Bo and Silk helped her get through the winter months too, doing the heavy chores. They chopped wood and kept the animals alive, well and fed. But, most of all, they gave Aila company and support.

She found them attractive...very attractive. Each man had his long hair tied back with a small bit of leather. At times she saw them bare-chested. Gorgeous, strong men. Once, before it got real cold, when Bo and Silk were chopping wood, she peeked out at them through the lacy curtains. She felt a little flushed and guilty, needing deliverance from her sexual frustration.

Neither man opened up to her about their past; she wondered if she scared them into silence. Even at the supper table they stayed quiet as the winter dragged on. They treated her and each other with respect, unlike most men of the day would have treated friends.

\* \* \*

One night early the next spring, after the big thaw, but before hot weather set in, they sat on the porch enjoying the mild weather.

Bo cleared his throat a minute or two after Silk had come outside. The three of them stood on the porch. Aila looked at him and waited, wondering what he wanted to say. Instead, Bo shoved his hands into his pocket and walked toward the barn. Bo returned and faced her squarely. His intense, penetrating gaze took her back, but she stood frozen. As Silk looked on, Bo raised a finger and almost touched strands of loose blonde hair that fell from the bun at the nape of her neck. Shivers of delight undulated down her spine, and the fine hair rose on the back of her neck.



*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

Even though he didn't touch her skin, she felt a resulting sexual pull curling deeply within her core. It made her wonder if she would collapse at their feet.

*Did they notice what they were doing to her?*

"What?" she asked.

He seemed to open his mouth to talk, but no words followed. Instead he turned and went to the barn.

She fought the battle being waged inside, turned and went inside cursing herself for nearly succumbing to lust. Nothing more happened between them that night, but she felt a big internal thaw coming on.

They worked hard from sun up to sun down, shoulder to shoulder a lot of days; sometimes without speaking. The tangible tension sparked like lightning between them. At night, her fingers had less and less of an effect; fingers could not replace a man's erect cock.

People in the area probably figured they were just hired hands who had come in off the trail goin' east from California. Most folks thought they slept in the barn and were helping out until Joe returned. Due to Aila's insistence, they continued sleeping in the house.

One sweltering night, Aila sat outdoors wearing nothing but a homespun shift in the cooling night air. Dabbing her skin with a cool cloth, she was aware of her nakedness under the thin fabric. Her breasts rose high and her nipples hardened, needing attention as cool air swirled through the arm opening of the translucent undergarment.

It was enjoyable to sit outside barefooted after a hard day's work, her breasts freed of their constraints. Bo, who obviously noticed, sat down

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

beside her on the steps, his strong back straight, his body like a slab of granite. Their shoulders touched. Then Silk sat on the other side of her. It was the first time they sat on each side of her, and they touched her simultaneously.

"I think your hair is pretty as spun gold, Ma'am," Bo said softly.

"Thank you, Bo."

"Can I touch it?" he asked.

"I-I don't know." It was plain, their intentions regarding her.

"I won't...hurt you, Aila. Neither will Silk."

It was the first time either of the men addressed her using her God given name, and tingles shot down to her core.

"Well, okay."

He began touching her hair gently while Silk brought her finger tips to his lips and kissed them lightly. Womanly stirrings started sparking and twirling within her like the Fourth of July gone crazy. Bo's massaging hand moved onto her shoulders, then back and down onto her spine. Aila's senses charged with need for more as his hands moved over her back through the thin cotton. She could sense that Silk wanted to fondle her breasts. Silk began dragging his finger up and down her upper arm causing her naked pussy to moisten.

Bo's words entranced and enthralled Aila. "We're glad you took us in." He dragged her palm to his lips. "We want to stay and help for as long as we can. But..." Bo's voice softened and stopped then put her hand back into her lap.

"We haven't been with a woman for many months, Ma'am," said Silk

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

into her ear.

A long silence followed.

*They both wanted to fuck her?*

She wanted them both...at the same time, in her on her licking, sucking and fucking her so hard the bed rattled.

*Oh dear God. Could they see or hear what she was thinking?*

She cleared her throat. "I 'preciate your help. Without it I wouldn't 've been able to pay the mortgage. I don't know where I' would've--"

"We want to help. Both of us...in other ways--sexual ways that will benefit all of us."

"What other ways?" she asked as if she didn't know. If she lay with the both of them, no one would ever find out, would they? How many visitors came out her way a year? Three?

"In bed, we want to take care of you and do it right," said Bo.

"We?"

They both sounded serious and hot. "Both of us want and care 'bout you. Can you take both of us? Right now my dick is hard as that rock over there."

"How can two...?" she started to ask with astonishment tainting her tone. It was a dream, and now it was becoming real. Realistically though, she knew and expected what he'd say and do.

Silk's voice gentled the situation further and whispered in her ear, "In bed. We're men and we both need your attention. We can make you feel so good."

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

*They really wanted to fuck her? Oh God Almighty she wanted them in and on her more than she wanted air to breathe. Would Joe be looking on from heaven? They pushed her needs to the limit!*

Her heart about stopped, but she didn't get mad. Who could get mad at those sweet and sympathetic men?

"I don't know what you must think of me." She cared about them and couldn't deny herself any longer. Her heart stopped as she peered at Silk's ready and willing lips.

"Joe wanted us to help you and take care of your womanly needs in every way possible. And Aila, we don't think nothin' ill of you," said Silk.

Bo added, "We can do things for you that one man can't do..."

She looked down into her lap, highly aware that their thighs touched hers.

"You think on it, Aila," Silk whispered into her ear as he drew her hair behind her ear. He rose then walked to the far end of the porch, seemingly deep in thought. As she looked his way, he brought his harmonica to his lips. Sweet music followed, carrying her away.

During a thoughtful pause she listened while contemplating their risqué idea. A light wind rustled in the treetops. She so very much yearned for what they offered, and it seemed so...natural and inevitable. The tune Silk played stirred her. She wondered if she was losing her mind as she mopped the perspiration from her throat with a damp handkerchief. Long ago she ended her grieving period, so that wasn't a problem. And, after all, Joe sent them to her, not vice versa. She didn't think she could get pregnant, because if she was going to get pregnant she would have long ago with Joe.

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

All of a sudden, she figured she'd lost the will to not have sex with them. In fact, she decided she'd go along. She needed their attention, emotionally and sexually. God would just have to forgive her.

Bo rose to his feet, raised his hands and walked away. "We ain't goin' to push you into nothin' you don't want to do, Aila. Let us know if you ever want us, and we'll oblige ya."

**Six**

On a Sunday evening, long after supper, after a sleepless night she imagined Silk going down on her bud while Bo fucked her pussy from behind. She went outside to their quarters in the far end of the barn, mopping her damp throat with a moist handkerchief. Bo stood before a small looking glass, daubing his shaving brush into a cup. Bo turned her way. He hadn't lathered his cheeks or chin. Aila stood on her tip toes and kissed him long and lingeringly, giving him her tongue. Her hands slid around to his nice ass and parted. She crossed to Silk who put down an old newspaper; his mouth dropped open. It was obvious he had been reading but quit. She pressed a sultry kiss to his lips, giving him plenty of tongue too. Bo crossed to them wearing an intrigued expression.

Highly aware of what she was doing, Aila slid her hands up Silk's bare chest; her lips re-found his lips. After she withdrew, she drew an extended finger down his cheek, throat and muscular chest invitingly. Turning, she gave a sultry smile to Bo, hoping her action made his cock hard as granite. She noticed that darkness had come as she stepped across the grassy yard toward the house.

\* \* \*

Was she having a moment of reckless courage? It didn't matter to Bo; he liked her in a state blatant indigence.

Without words, they followed her inside the house and into the bedroom.

As Silk closed the door after them, Bo lowered the wick of the hurricane lamp, darkening the room. He felt as though his dick would

explode. They'd both have her before the night ended. Silk drew the lacy curtains aside so the moonlight could filter in and bathe everyone and everything in dark blue. God, Bo was so ready for her; his cock pressed against the buttons in his trousers wanting freedom.

\* \* \*

"We'll go gentle."

"And we won't play around with your affections. We love you, Aila, and you'll be our woman...our only woman."

Bo put his large, strong hands between Aila's ample clothed breasts and began unbuttoning the top button at her throat as Silk looked on. He moved down between her breasts undoing one button at a time. Standing behind her, Silk began pulling her top up when Bo finished. He pulled it from under the waistband of her long gray skirt.

Her breath caught when she felt their rough hands moving on her soft skin. They pulled her petticoat off and each took a part in unlacing and loosening her undergarments until she stood naked before their appraising eyes, which fell gleefully prey to their roaming hands. She liked their hungry, appreciative eyes feasting on her moonlit breasts and pussy.

Her ample, heaving breasts still stood high and proud, all tingly. Her nipples were taut, since they were loosed from their restraints. The moment was utterly exhilarating.

"They're beautiful," Silk murmured.

She watched the adoring men shed their clothes and take a place before her, ready to fuck her silly. Their cocks were hard, coming up to just under their navels--potent cowboys who were ready to please. Something

hit the floor with a clunk. Upon further inspection, Silk's harmonica glistened from the darkened floor near the bed.

Bo swept her back on the bed, keeping her positioned between them. Their rough hands moved slowly and deliberately over her smooth skin, taking possession, making her breath hitch every few seconds as they explored never aroused spots of her body. Her pussy needed all they could give to replenish her and make her feel like a whole woman again. She found their nearness overwhelming and bracing.

"You're so lovely, you make me breathless," Silk said, his breath tickling her skin.

Aila felt his warm breath in her hair and on her scalp as he pulled the combs out of her long blonde hair and began finger-combing its silky length down her back. It caused her cunt to clench.

His hard shaft pressed into her backside as she faced Bo; both men showed her their eagerness. Bo's cock positively pulsed when it touched the soft, quivering skin of her abdomen. She had an urge to suck its head...but didn't move. At the moment they were in charge and that was the way she wanted it.

"Being near you, thinking of you like this, wanting you...nearly drives a man crazy..." said Silk. He bent his head and nipped her shoulder.

"The touch of your skin causes me to shake," said Bo as he lowered his head. His lips found hers and he kissed her gently while Silk cupped her hips and moved his hands down, then slid his hand around to her front side; he massaged the soft skin of her tummy. The side of his hands brushed the hair of her pubic mound, causing her inner muscles to



violently contract and her to suck in a deep breath.

Bo's mouth re-found hers. In response, she parted her lips like an opening flower and allowed his probing tongue deep passage into her mouth. It slid along hers as he simulated fucking, sliding back to the inner recesses and pulling out. Hands, she didn't know who fondled her breasts. Aila felt Silk running his wet, flat tongue up her spine, starting down between her hips and going up, over and over again. It caused a fiery, ravaging inner hunger that could melt steel, readying her for the three way union that surely was in the works.

Behind her, Silk slid his hands down and grasped each of her ass cheeks, spreading her, as he ground his front side against her and pressed his lips to her shoulders and neck. Dragging his teeth over her skin, he pressed and released his cock between her ass cheeks, simulating fucking. It was clear Silk and Bo planned to fuck her real good that night. It was long overdue; she wanted it until she got sore. She *needed* their cocks.

She raised her buttocks from the soft bed, seeking and asking for their entrance into her body. Silk said softly, "Not yet, Aila. We want you to be ready."

"I-I am ready."

But the men refused to rush her. When Bo said, "I want to taste you first," she didn't know for sure what he had meant, but had a pretty good idea.

*Suck me and do naughty things to me. I want it. Tongue fuck my pussy. I want both of you to do it to me at the same time.*

While lying on her side, Silk continued to make love to her backside.

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

His cock pressed toward the back entrance of her pussy, while Bo cupped a breast and ran his wicked, torturous tongue along the outer pinkish brown ring. He wetted it thoroughly and then blew on it, tearing her up with sensation until her butt moved against Silk's hard cock, asking him to slip it into her.

"Not yet." Bo nipped and gently bit and pulled on her taut nipples. "Mm," said Bo. "You're sweet as honey."

"We can do this all night and in to next week," said Silk. "I'll bet you're pussy is just as sweet as you," murmured Silk into her ear. "I'd almost bet you'd like it to be eaten."

Aila felt Silk's hands slide down to her taut ass and smack it hard a couple of times, around and under the curves nearing her sex. His fingers slid between her wet inner thighs causing her rebellious body to writhe and undulate. She ached for more and cried out some gibberish, some foreign words of which she didn't know the meaning. When Silk's fingers moved up and down the length of her slit, on both sides, her breath caught and more animalistic sounds escaped her throat.

Bo sucked her lower lip as though it were a bit of peppermint candy. She parted her thighs more, needing to feel the sliding friction of his massive organ up into her from behind, filling her. But, he stopped short, teasingly. The touch of its head between her buttocks reduced her to a whimpering, pleading mass of nerves and sensation.

"Not yet, darling," Silk said as his dick pressed into the small of her back. "We've not finished."

"Ohhhh," she said weakly.

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

*Fuck me hard. Stick both your cocks into me at once; make me come. I don't care...spank me and suck me. Do it until I scream your names and beg for more.*

"Mm, Aila. You're making me so hot." Bo guided her hand to his cock, drawing her fingers around the end, wincing at her touch while they shared a deep-throated kiss. She tasted a bit of his cigar and tooth powder. "See what you do to me. Some days I can't even button up my pants."

Silk's cock lingered and pressed toward the rear entrance of her pussy again without slipping inside, enticing her. She wanted to scream it felt so good; her pussy needed release.

"Feel mine too." He guided her hand back to his standing rod.

"What if one of us came in your mouth?"

*Do anything you want to me. Eat me. Do wicked things to me. I'm so ready for the both of you.* "Mm-hm."

"Would you like it, Aila?" asked Bo against her open mouth as Silk's fingers located her nub and ran over it several times.

"Take me. I want your cocks. I need them. Let me suck it."

"My cock will explode if I can't have you," said Bo as he massaged her breasts, lovingly ministering them equally. He moved his mouth and tongue down her ribs, sucking each part of her as he moved down. He licked under each breast then down to her navel. Once there, drew wet circles with his tongue and nibbled her skin. Down he moved to her pubic mound. She panted while he lingered, licking the patch of hair, reeking havoc. The movement caused her inner walls to contract, especially when his fingers pushed past the lips and entered her.

"Mm, you're drenched."

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

Her inner canal spasmed around his fingers.

Aila's soul blazed with raging passion for them as she spread herself wide.

"Let me just do this..." Bo took his hands off her then strongly took hold of both her legs.

Silk also withdrew so Bo could put her more fully on her back. There, in the blue moonlight, as Silk took a place under her and sat with his back to the headboard, she sat up with her back to his chest. He reached around and massaged her breasts while Bo's mouth went down between her thighs and fed on her sensitive, aroused bud. She raised her knees to her chest and spread more, if that was possible.

From behind Silk reached around, down and held the lips of her pussy apart while Bo lightly sucked, brushed and blew on her sex, causing her extreme but sweet agony. She squirmed and cried out for mercy. "Take me...do what you want."

"Mm," said Silk his hands moving on her ample breasts, pinching her nipples hard to enhance the pleasure-filled moment.

Aila felt her blood rushing through her veins and her pussy begging Bo for more.

Silk released the lips and re-positioned himself at her side on the bed. He suckled her breasts deeply. Both men fed on her sex simultaneously. It was all she could do to keep her ass and back on the bed and her legs spread wide; she feared they'd quit. She feared they'd get the mistaken impression that she didn't want them. They continued until wonderful waves of sensation floated over and through her, undulating through her

body.

The men stopped, watched and enjoyed her release, holding her near, pressing in to her.

After her body shuddered, she said, "Mm, that's so good."

"I like makin' you come, Aila," said Bo.

"You want a cock in your mouth *and* pussy?"

"Mm-hm. Yes....oh yes..." She *loved* his suggestion.

"All right then."

Bo got her into position by grasping her knees on each side. He gently pulled her down the bed toward his hard, straight dick. Bo positioned himself near her mouth. The head of Silk's cock touched her parted lips while below Bo's cock pressed against the lips of her pussy.

Aila licked Silk's cock from its base to its cap; she grasped its thick base and nibbled the taut skin. Both men shuddered; an erotic grunt or two left their lips as they moved and touched her in private places.

She cupped and rolled Silk's scrotum, then tilted her head and fondled and kissed his balls.

A jolt followed--the force of Bo's entering cock below stretched her slick pussy; it grasped his sex like a tight glove. It sent her senses spiraling out of control as Bo's member rested deep inside her a moment before it began rubbing the walls of her canal, shoving itself in and withdrawing. She couldn't remember Joe's lovemaking ever feeling so good. In and out he shoved, shaking the bed, jarring her. It caused her back to move up and back on the bedspread, jarring her as she suckled Silk's cock.

"Oh Aila, that feels so good," said Silk, seemingly out of his head with pleasure.

"Do it hard and fast. Please! Do it!" she begged Bo as Silk slid spread fingers into her blonde hair at the scalp.

*Never in her life had she felt anything so utterly good!*

He thrust into her and withdrew over and over, causing luscious friction, the kind a woman would die for. Bo's potent sex caused tears to stream down her cheeks and Silk's magnificent cock and tight balls. She licked and sucked, going up and down Silk's cock, taking his shaft deeply into her throat and over her tongue. She withdrew. "Ohhh Silk. I love the taste of you. I want to swallow it all."

Her heart pumped.

Bo's lower body slap-slap-slapped her sex even as she sucked the sticky pre-climax cream that oozed from the slit of Silk's cock. Bo pressed in one more time...deeply up into her; his cock exploded as he grasped her breasts firmly. Bo shot his juice into her, lightly bit into her shoulder during a quick series of thrusts, while Silk shot come into her mouth.

Vaguely, she realized that she was twitching and uttering animal noises as she licked the length and head of Silk's pulsing sex. She stopped as she too came for the second time that night.

Her pussy clenched Bo's cock tightly even as he withdrew and slowly pushed back inside her. Wave after wondrous wave of pure sensation swept her away with them atop a plateau of a world class climax. Together, during a series of grunts, moans and sighs, they rode high.

Bo's cock left her pussy with the promise of more to come soon. He

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

leaned over and down so he could kiss her chin. Silk came down on the bed to her side, leaned and kissed her cheek while she ran her fingers through his clean, straw blond hair.

"It was...unreal. Just wonderful." It was the best sex she'd ever had. Ever. No wonder Joe had sent them. He knew how good they'd make her feel. They were everything she needed and wanted for help around the ranch and taking care of her womanly needs.

"There's more to come. Much more," said Bo dozing.

Immediately, exhausted, she caressed their hair for a while. Soon she left them and she went into the next room, cleaned up and returned. She fell happily unconscious between them. They curled up and nestled to her nakedness, asleep.

\* \* \*

The threesome's legs and arms entangled, they slept until Aila heard early morning birds twittering in the lodge pole pines and the chokecherry trees. It was while sitting at the breakfast table the next morning that she put the food down and broke the silence over coffee.

"I'm worried. I mean... I know it's the 1870s and all, but..." She sank to the table and dropped her head onto her arms, confused and troubled. "What will people say...the three of us...I dunno."

Bo knew her worries, it seemed. He looked up from his eggs and stopped chewing. Quietly he put his fork down. Silk reached across the table and held her hand.

"How often does anyone come out this way?" Silk asked.

"I've been here three maybe four times someone's rode up, right?" Bo

*Unspoken by Carol McKenzie*

asked, his eyes meeting hers.

After a frustrated sigh, she admitted, "Not too often. It's very rare. "

"Well then, as far as they're concerned we're nothin' more than hired help and that is all we are. It's none of their business anyway. I'll be here for you always, Aila. I don't want to go to Nevada."

Silk patted my arm reassuringly and said, "I'll be here too. We ain't goin' anywhere. This is home as far as I'm concerned."

She couldn't stop them from staying any more than she could stop the stars from coming out at night. Aila loved those two men and figured she would until her dying day. Yes, they would live together until death do them part, just like Joe had wanted.