

A shirtless man with a muscular physique is the central focus. He is wearing a black cowboy hat with a decorative band and blue denim jeans with a large, ornate silver belt buckle. He is looking down and to his right. The background is dark and textured, possibly a wall or a backdrop. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of his body.

Sonny's
Salvation

Carol Lynne

Good-time Boys: Sonny's Salvation
by Carol Lynne

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Warning:

Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

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Dedication

To the amazing Drew Hunt, and my friends, Brynn, Lacey and Bronwyn.

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Wrangler: Wrangler Apparel Corp.

Jeep Wrangler: DaimlerChrysler Company LLC LTD LIAB

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Chapter One

COM: BEGINEXCERPT

Sonny Good hung up the phone cussing a blue streak. His older brother, and town Sheriff, raised his eyebrows as he walked into the kitchen. "What's got you so fired up this morning?" Rawley Good took a mug out of the cabinet and poured a strong cup of coffee.

"That new guy next door's bull got into our pasture last night. Shelby thinks he might have bred some of my Angus." Sonny sat back down at the kitchen table and took another gulp of his coffee, the burn going down his throat just what he needed. "I tell ya. That city boy doesn't deserve a ranch. Why Jack decided to sell it to him and not me is beyond me. I bet the guy's never even seen a cow before last week."

Rawley chuckled. "Jack always had a reason for everything he ever did. I bet we'll figure it out eventually. Didn't you say Jack told you he met the city fella when he went to Chicago for the cattle convention? Maybe he saw somethin' in him that made Jack think he'd make a good rancher. It's only been a week. Cut the poor guy some slack. Maybe if you tried helping him instead of always criticizing he'd turn into a damn fine rancher." Rawley rocked back in his chair, tipping it back onto two legs. Sonny gave him the look. Their momma would have killed Rawley for doing that had she still been there.

Taking his empty cup to the sink, Sonny ran water over it and set it in the dish drainer. "No, I think I'll just ride the city fella out. Let him screw up so bad he's forced to sell the ranch

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to me." He took his battered straw cowboy hat off the hook by the door and adjusted it on his head. "Will you be home for supper?"

Setting his chair on all four legs, Rawley shook his head. "I've got a date with Meg. I probably won't be home at all. I'll just pack an extra uniform in the cruiser."

Sonny started to turn around and stopped. "When are you gonna just admit you're gay and stop stringing that poor girl along? It's been almost two years, if it hasn't happened by now, it's not gonna."

Rawley shook his head as he put his cup on the dish drainer. "I'm not gay. Three gay Goods are enough. I've had my share of fights with some of the people in this town. I'm not interested in another. Besides, how long do you think it would take this town to run off a gay Sheriff? And for the record, Meg and I are perfectly happy." Rawley took his Sheriff's Stetson off the peg by the door. "Now I've told you my personal business, don't bring it up again." Rawley shoved past Sonny and walked to the brown and tan sheriff's SUV.

Shaking his head, Sonny strode toward the barn hollering for his ranch hand. "Shelby. Let's get that fence fixed."

* * * *

It was close on seven-thirty when Sonny quit for the day. His back felt tender as he slipped off his T-shirt. Summers in Nebraska were damn hot and this year was no exception. As much as he wanted to sit in front of the television in the air conditioned house and drink a beer, his stomach told him he also needed food.

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Walking into the house, Sonny stripped off the rest of his clothes on the way to the bathroom. He figured he would take a quick cold shower and head in to the Dead Zone for a beer and a bite to eat.

Standing under the cool spray, Sonny soaped his hands and ran them over his body. He was the first to admit he wasn't a big tough cowboy like folks saw in the movies. He stood only five foot nine and weighed no more than one hundred eighty pounds. His muscles though, those he was plenty proud of. Not buffed up like some crazy weight lifter but they looked good on his smaller than average frame.

Running his hand down, Sonny quickly relieved himself of the day's tension. After coming, he cleaned up again and turned off the shower. He needed to get laid and stop taking care of it himself, he decided as he put on a fresh pair of jeans and a tight black T-shirt.

Grabbing his keys off the dresser and putting on his black-dress cowboy hat, Sonny headed into town. His stomach growled as he pulled into the Dead Zone's parking lot. It looked pretty empty, but then it was only Tuesday. The Zone was normally packed on a Friday and Saturday once everyone's work was done for the week. Although for Sonny, work was never done. He'd come back home when his daddy died and took over the ranch for his momma. She'd been happy to hand over the duties and went to live with her sister in Florida. He knew one of his brothers could've taken over, but Rawley was the town's sheriff and his twin baby brothers ran their own feedlot. So Sonny quit his job with the FBI and returned to Summerville.

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Opening the heavy bar door, he tried to adjust his eyes to the dim lighting inside. He walked toward his usual table in the back and took a seat. Lilly came right over.

"Hi, gorgeous. You want the usual?" Lilly cracked her gum and winked at him. He'd known Lilly since she was a girl in pigtails. She was only twenty-one now, and he didn't understand what her momma was thinking letting a beauty like her work in a rowdy cowboy bar.

"Yeah. Give me the usual." Sonny finally looked around. "Seems kinda dead in here tonight." Sonny adjusted his black dress Stetson. This was one place that taking it off wasn't necessary.

Lilly nodded her head. "Yeah, that's why I'm taking off as soon as I get your order. The new bartender, Garron, will bring it over. I'll make sure I get your beer first though." With another wink, Lilly walked up to the bar and talked to the bartender. Gary? Garron. That was it.

Sonny looked at the hulking man behind the bar, definitely his type. Shoulder length dark brown hair held back in some sort of ponytail. He was big, at least six three with shoulders wider than a barn. He looked a little rough too. That was also how Sonny liked them. If he wanted sweetness and walks in the moonlight he'd be dating a woman. No, Sonny liked his sex hard and fast. Men just didn't require all the other. Sure a quick snuggle before he got up and went home was fine, but he didn't want anyone hanging on to him all the time. When he'd worked for the FBI in Dallas he'd had his share of rough looking biker dudes like this one. They were, by far, his

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favourite. They never wanted any ties from him. Sex on a regular basis and they were good to go. COM: ENDEXCERPT

Lilly brought him out of his musings by setting his beer in front of him. "I'll catch you later. How are Ranger and Ryker by the way? I haven't seen them in here lately."

Sonny smiled at Lilly. Everyone in town knew she'd had a crush on his twin brothers for years. "Good, the feedlot is going gang busters right now. You should stop in sometime and say hi." Sonny was an evil man and he knew it, his brothers had spent the last four years skirting poor Lilly.

"I might have to do that. See ya later." Lilly took off her dingy apron as she walked toward the bar. She went behind it and picked up her purse saying something to the delicious bartender and pointing toward Sonny. She waved as she walked out the door.

Taking a good swallow of his beer, Sonny continued to watch the bartender. He could see a tribal tattoo of some kind on the back of the guy's neck. It reached around his sides like talons. Fuck that was hot. Sonny wondered if he had any more hidden on his body. From this distance he could tell he had one on each arm plus the one on his neck. What the hell was a biker dude doing in Summerville? Right now Sonny didn't care. As long as he had this nice piece of muscled man to look at, he'd be coming into the Zone more often.

Sonny almost swallowed his tongue as the perfect specimen of manhood came walking toward him with his rib dinner. His eyes were black as coal, framed with long black lashes. Sonny swept his eyes quickly down the long length of the man. Mmm ... legs that wouldn't quit ended in a much

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bigger than average bulge in his low-rise jeans. The tight yellow Dead Zone T-shirt accentuated his sun bronzed skin to perfection. *Yum.*

His meal was set in front of Sonny bringing him out of his lustful haze. "Rib platter, right?"

Looking up into the face of the God, Sonny nodded and cleared his throat. "Yeah. Could I trouble you for another beer before you leave?"

"No trouble at all." Garron walked back to the bar.

Sonny watched that perfect ass move across the room. He slid his hand down under the table and tried to adjust his steel hard shaft. When Mr. Perfect brought his beer, Sonny smiled. "Looks like I'm your only customer. Care to sit a spell and have a drink with me?" Sonny picked up a sloppy barbecued rib and started eating as he waited for Garron's answer.

Garron watched Sonny eat for a couple seconds then nodded. "I think you could damn near talk me into anything. I'll go get a drink."

When Garron came back, he turned the spindled chair around backward and straddled it. Sonny almost groaned but managed to look unaffected as he licked the sauce off his fingers. He wiped his hand on the napkin and stuck it out. "I'm Rutger Good but that was my dad's name too, so folks just call me Sonny."

Garron stuck out his big hand and enveloped Sonny's. "Good to meet you. I'm Garron. Most folks just look at me funny and don't call me anything."

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The heat from Garron's hand travelled up Sonny's arm and straight to his already aching erection. When Sonny tried to release him, Garron held on. "Can I be honest with you?"

Sonny swallowed and nodded. "Sure."

"Lilly told me that you might be looking for a bed warmer and I'd like to apply for the position, or positions." He winked and released Sonny's hand.

Barely managing not to swallow his tongue, Sonny took a gulp of beer. "Why'd Lilly tell you something like that?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Garron watched Sonny pick up another rib. Sonny felt Garron's eyes on him as he ate his dinner with gusto. When Sonny started to lick his fingers, Garron grabbed Sonny's hand in mid-air. He brought the hand to his mouth and slowly sucked the sauce off his fingers.

Eyes rolling to the back of his head, Sonny moaned. "Ah fuck. Why'd ya have to go and do that?" Sonny opened his eyes and looked at Garron. "Consider the position filled. What time do you get off?"

Garron stood and looked around at the empty bar. He pulled Sonny up from his chair and lead him toward the bathroom. As soon as the door was shut and locked, Garron slammed Sonny up against the wall. "I'm getting off in about three minutes." He started unfastening Sonny's jeans. "You?"

"Hell yeah." Sonny reached for those sexy low-risers. He was surprised when he pulled up Garron's T-shirt and was greeted by a cock head sticking out the waistband. "Damn that's sexy. Could get kinda dangerous though. You shouldn't be flashing that pretty thing around to just anyone in this town. Could get a fella in a hell of a lot of trouble."

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Garron thrust into Sonny's hand as he lowered Sonny's zipper. "You're the first to make Goliath take notice. And he's mighty glad you did." Garron wrapped his hand around Sonny's bigger than average cock and began stroking it. Sonny returned the favour and kissed him. It wasn't gentle or sweet, but a claiming kiss, all tongue and teeth.

Oh shit, this man felt good. When Garron insinuated his long leg between Sonny's, he broke the kiss and flung his head back, hitting the wall behind him with a solid thump. "Oh fuck that's good. Been too long." Sonny rode Garron's thigh like the cowboy he was. "Gonna come, man." Sonny had the presence of mind to lift Garron's T-shirt higher so his seed wouldn't ruin it. His cock erupted with spurt after spurt of his pearly essence.

Garron looked down as his hand milked Sonny's cock. The sight of Sonny's seed seemed to send Garron over the edge. As his stomach muscles clenched and his cock continued to shoot, Garron leaned in to him and took another deep kiss. "Beautiful." He attacked Sonny's mouth again. "You're fuckin' beautiful, man." He pulled away and wet some paper towels. Cleaning them both up Garron looked into his eyes. "I'm off work in about three hours. You wanna stay or do you wanna meet me somewhere?"

Sonny stuffed his still half-hard cock into his jeans. "Why don't you come by the ranch and let yourself in. I'll be naked and waiting in the first bedroom at the top of the stairs." He ran his hand down the front of Garron's jeans.

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"Sounds good to me. Just give me some directions and I'll be there as soon as I can." Garron thrust his hips against Sonny.

"Go down Fisher road about seven miles. It's the Flying G." Sonny leaned in and kissed Garron one more time.

"Cool. That's right next door to my brother's place. I won't have far to go to get clean clothes in the morning." Garron unlocked the restroom door and started to walk out.

Sonny stopped him with a hand on the door. "You're Jeb Greeley's brother?"

Garron nodded. "Yeah. Why?"

Sonny felt the heat rise in his face. "Because that no good son-of-a-bitch bought that ranch out from under me. He doesn't know a damn thing about ranching. He even let his Hereford bull get in with my Black Angus."

Garron narrowed his eyes at Sonny. "I'm not the one to tell the tale, but I'll say up front that Jeb didn't buy that ranch out from under you. The rest you'll have to discuss with him. I'm his brother, not his keeper." Garron put his hands on either side of Sonny's face and tilted it up to meet his eyes.

"Is this gonna be a problem?"

Breaking eye contact, Sonny shrugged. "Don't know. Need some time to think about it." He looked back up at Garron.

"You have a problem with that?"

Garron leaned down and swiped his tongue across Sonny's lips. "No problem here, cowboy. You're too damn pretty to just throw away because you have a problem with my brother. When you work it out in that finer-than-fuck head of yours, come see me." Garron picked Sonny up and physically

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moved him out of his way. Before setting him back on his feet, Garron kissed him, slow and deep. He opened the door and looked back at him. "Don't think too long. I want a piece of that ass and I'm not gonna be able to think of anything else until I get it."

Chapter Two

Friday afternoon, Sonny was in his office doing some bookkeeping when his brother Ranger came in. "Hey bro. How's it going?" He flopped down on the red leather couch and put his feet up on the coffee table.

Grunting, Sonny motioned toward Ranger's feet. "Get your feet off the table, boy. Were you raised in a barn?"

"Well, yes, actually, I believe I was. As were we all. But I guess that answers my question." Ranger took his booted feet off the table and stood. "Rawley came by the lot today and said you've been in a foul mood. What's up?"

"Nothing's up. Just trying to figure out how I'm gonna expand this ranch enough to make some more money." Sonny got up and fixed a glass of scotch and water.

Ranger walked toward the bar. "I thought the ranch made good money? What's happened?" Ranger fixed his own drink, whiskey straight up.

"The ranch is doing well enough, but what's the point of me giving up my career if I can't better it?" Sonny tossed back his drink in two gulps and set the glass down.

Ranger narrowed his eyes. "You shouldn't have quit your job and come back to run the ranch if you didn't want to. We could've figured something out."

Running his fingers through his midnight black curls, Sonny sighed. "It's not the ranch. I love this place as much as any of us. And it's not quitting my job. I'm just lonely, I guess." Sonny went back to his desk and sat down. "In Dallas

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I didn't have trouble meeting men, but in Summerville it's next to impossible."

"I thought you were looking toward that new bartender down at the Zone? That's what Lilly said. Thanks for sending her to the feed lot by the way. You're a real peach. It took us over two hours to get rid of her."

"Why did Lilly tell you that?" Sonny shook his head and waved his hand. "Well I guess it doesn't matter anyway. I liked him yeah, but he's Jeb Greeley's brother. I just can't do it. No matter how much I think about all that hair and those tattoos. I can't bed my biggest enemy's brother."

"Enemy hell. You've never even introduced yourself to the man. How can he be your enemy?" Ranger fixed Sonny another drink and passed it over.

Taking the drink, Sonny looked out the window. "I'll tell you how, because I thought I'd always had a special relationship with Jack. He was like an uncle to all of us. I talked to him about his land for years. I practically begged him to let me buy it when he found out he had cancer. He just kept putting me off, and now I know why. He was a greedy sonofabitch. That's the only thing I've been able to come up with."

Ranger took the empty glass from Sonny and walked toward the door. "You and I know that Jack Anderson didn't do anything out of greed. If he sold that land to Jeb Greeley he must've had a damn good reason. Stop feeling sorry for yourself and get over it." Before he disappeared out the door he looked back at Sonny. "Seems to me if you like that fella

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at the Zone it shouldn't matter who his brother is, or are you just after another piece of ass?"

* * * *

Sonny sat in his blue truck outside the bar. Damn his brother. Between Ranger and the three scotch and waters he'd guzzled down, Sonny was contemplating the unthinkable. He thought of Garron and immediately went hard. *Dammit, not now.* Willing his erection to subside he thought about all the lonely nights he'd spent since taking over the ranch three years earlier. At thirty-two, he was still a relatively young man. Why shouldn't he continue to sew his wild oats?

With his cock at semi-rest he locked up his truck and went inside. The music and smoke hit him in the face as soon as he opened the door. *Nothing like the Zone on a Friday night,* he thought. They had a little country band playing in the corner and the dance floor looked filled to capacity.

When he didn't spot an empty table, he looked toward the bar. Garron was talking to one of the cowboys, but his dark brown eyes were trained on Sonny. Sonny nodded and found an empty stool at the end of the bar next to the wall. He watched as Garron filled another tray for Lilly and turned toward him.

Garron wiped the bar down in front of Sonny and smiled. "Good to see you again. What can I get you?"

Almost blurting out what he really wanted, Sonny said, "You can get me a beer, for now." Sonny held Garron's eyes for another couple of seconds.

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With a slight lift to the corner of his mouth, Garron went to the cooler. Sonny was impressed that he remembered what brand he drank. He slid it across the bar but refused Sonny's money. "It's on me." He winked bold as you please and went to fill another drink order.

Sonny looked around to see if anyone else had noticed the wink and caught a smiling Lilly looking right at him. Sonny rolled his eyes and shook his head. Damn. It wasn't as if the whole town didn't already know about the gay Goods, but he was used to discreet encounters. Sonny had a feeling that an affair with Garron would be anything but discreet.

Taking a long pull of his beer, Sonny looked around the bar. Same old faces he'd grown up with. He watched as Delbert Short got turned down for a dance by Betty Jameson. Sonny chuckled to himself. He and his brothers had gotten into so much trouble when they were younger. The whole town called them the Good-Time boys because they'd always done exactly what they wanted and suffered the consequences later. He remembered getting Delbert into trouble with his father when he'd made the mistake of going out one night with the Good-Time boys. Delbert hadn't hung around any of them since. Of course it could also have something to do with their sexual preferences, but that was Delbert's problem.

A hand on his arm brought his head back around. Garron was leaning over the bar looking him in the eye. "You gonna stay and wait for me tonight?"

Sonny looked at him for a long time before nodding his head slowly. "Reckon I can do that. I'll have to call Shelby

though and tell him to start chores without me in the morning. I've a feeling it might just be a late night." He surprised himself by winking at Garron.

Garron licked his lips. "I get a short break in about forty-five minutes. Not long enough to fuck you, but long enough to get off. Interested?"

"Hell yeah." Sonny pushed up the brim of his hat. "Just tell me where."

Garron actually reached across the bar and tweaked Sonny's nipple through his T-shirt. "The storage room."

Sonny rubbed his nipple as he watched Garron's fine ass retreating. He felt a body pressed against his side and turned his head. "What the hell do you want?"

"I just wanted to tell you how cute you two are. It gives me goose bumps just watching you guys flirt with each other."

"Yeah well don't go spreadin' that around. It's hard enough to be gay in this town without the townspeople thinking we're being *too* open about it."

Lilly bumped her hip against Sonny. "Well for what it's worth, I think it's hot."

Chuckling, Sonny turned back toward the bar and picked up his beer. He finished the remainder in one swallow then held it up for Garron to see. Garron fished another out of the cooler and brought it over.

Leaning with his forearms on the smooth surface of the mahogany bar, Sonny was mesmerised by the display of muscles trapped under the tight yellow T-shirt. He leaned toward Garron subtly. "I wanna kiss you."

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Raising one brow, Garron leaned further forward. His lips came close enough to Sonny that a mere hair wouldn't have been able to pass between them. "Then kiss me."

Sonny thought about the table of red-necks in the corner. Even though most of the town seemed to except him, there were still a few that liked to cause trouble. He and his brothers had been in several big brawls over the years. For the most part, the trouble seemed to die down, but Sonny was afraid it was merely simmering under the surface. He looked back at Lionel and his table of lap-dogs.

To hell with the consequences, Sonny opened his mouth just a bit and thrust his tongue into Garron's mouth for a short but deeply sensuous kiss. They broke apart when they heard a few choice words shouted from around the bar. Seemed they had an audience. Sonny looked into Garron's eyes and winked. He turned around and yelled at the people in the bar he'd grown up with. "Oh right, like you guys have never kissed anyone in public before. Just because my date happens to have a hairier chest than yours is no reason to cause a scene."

That broke the tension and got the whole bar to laughing. Sonny turned back to Garron and rolled his eyes. "Rednecks. You gotta love 'em."

Garron shook his head. "Oh shit. I've a feeling you're gonna get me all kinds of trouble." He winked and went back to work.

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Once everyone had finally left and they'd cleaned up, Sonny went out to sit in his truck. He waited for Garron to lock up and get on his big black Harley. He felt the rumble in his chest when Garron started the bike. He watched as Garron rode his bike across the parking lot toward his truck. His long legs looked even longer astride that damn thing.

Sonny pushed the power button and his window slid down. "I'll follow you. No sense in you eating my dust the whole way."

Garron nodded and roared off. Sonny put the truck in gear and gave chase. He wished he didn't have to drive his truck home. He could just picture himself on the back of that bike, legs wrapped around Garron as the loud machine took them to heaven. He thought about their earlier rendezvous in the storeroom. You gotta love a man that carried current HIV papers in his wallet. Sonny had never even heard of such a thing, but evidently Garron was serious. He'd gone the day after meeting Sonny and been tested.

Fifteen minutes later they pulled up in front of Sonny's ranch house. It was still a good looking house despite being more than a hundred years old. Each generation made sure they'd left their mark. Sonny had already refurbished the kitchen and bathrooms. He was hoping to make enough profit in the coming season to add on to the deck and maybe install a hot tub.

He stood on the porch as Garron walked toward him. "Come on in. It's not much, but its home." He opened the door and led the way to the kitchen. Opening the fridge, he pulled out two beers and handed one to Garron.

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Sonny took Garron's hand and led him up the stairs to his bedroom.

* * * *

Taking a drink of his beer, Garron surveyed the room. He was surprised to see how tidy the room was. He never thought of a cowboy as being particularly neat. "Like to clean do you?"

Sonny took off his hat and placed it on the peg just inside his bedroom door. "I wasn't always this way. It comes from being in the army for four years."

"No shit. I just got out of the marines five years ago." Garron took Sonny's beer from him and set both of them down on the bedside table. He pulled Sonny into his arms and kissed him.

Sonny rimmed Garron's lips with his tongue. "What'd you do after the marines?" He rubbed his hands over Garron's ass.

"I went to work for the Chicago Police Department." Garron looked down at himself. "As you can tell I worked vice until Jeb asked me to come out here for a while."

"No offence, man, but why'd you quit a job with the Chicago PD to come to Nebraska and be a bartender?" Sonny kissed him again before Garron could answer.

"Mmm that's nice." Garron held him even tighter. "I came because Jeb asked me to. We're not only brothers but the only family each of us have. I'd do anything for him." He pulled Sonny's T-shirt off over his head. "More. I need to see

more." He went to work on the zipper of Sonny's Wranglers as Sonny toed off his boots.

When Sonny stood before him completely nude Garron stared in awe. "Damn you're fucking perfect. You have women hands down in the pretty department and men in the body department. How is it that you're not attached? Because man I have to tell you. I'm thinking of keeping you tied up in my house for the rest of our lives."

Sonny blushed and looked toward the floor. "If you think I'm pretty please don't go near any of my brothers. I'm the runt of the family."

Garron tipped Sonny's chin back up to meet his eyes. "You're not a runt. You're perfect. I've never in all my life seen eyes the color of yours. What do you even call that shade of blue, or are they purple?" Garron ran his fingertip around each of Sonny's eyes. He fanned the long black lashes on both the top and bottom.

"Momma always called them amethyst. They run in my dad's family. My brothers have them too." Sonny pulled Garron's shirt up. "Let's get you naked. I wanna feel your skin."

When Garron stood before him as naked as the day he was born, Sonny's eyes grew big as saucers. "You look even better than in my fantasies." Sonny ran his tongue around the two tattoos on Garron's arms. One a tribal design, the other was a piece of barbed wire. Sonny moved from the arm tattoos to Garron's chest. He watched as Sonny looked at his dark brown nipples before leaning forward and sucking one

into his mouth. He bit down gently, just enough for Garron to feel it. "So hot."

Garron pulled him to the bed. "I need you. Now." They hastily threw off the covers and sprawled on the bed in a tangle of arms and legs.

Sonny ran his hand down Garron's six pack, and stopped at his closely shorn pubic patch. "So how do you manage to keep this cock contained in those itty bitty jeans you wear?" He ran his hand up and down the length of Garron's shaft.

Thrusting into Sonny's touch, Garron shrugged. "I just pack it in. It's not normally a problem unless I see you come in the door. I thought the damn thing was gonna rip through my fly tonight when I spotted you." Garron ran his hand down Sonny's back, then smoothed a finger along Sonny's crack and applied some pressure to his tightly puckered hole.

Sonny thrust back against his finger. "Yeah. Need it." He sat up and reached for the lube in his bedside drawer. He held the tube up. "You wanna get me ready or you wanna watch?"

Licking his lips at the bobbing cock in front of him, Garron shook his head and reached for the lube. "As much as I enjoy watching that fine body of yours, I need to feel you." Garron squirted a dollop of lube on his fingers and pulled Sonny back down on the bed. He positioned Sonny on his hands and knees and looked at his puckered prize. "Sorry, but I've got to have a quick taste." He ran his tongue up Sonny's crease and tongued his hole.

Sonny leaned down on his shoulders and used his hands to spread his butt cheeks. "Feels so good."

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"Mmm hmm." Garron continued to lick and kiss the hole, feeling it relax. Withdrawing his tongue he pushed first one then two fingers inside the tight heat of Sonny's body. "Can't wait anymore. Need you." Once Sonny relaxed, Garron slipped another finger inside. He felt around and found Sonny's prostate gland. Pegging the smooth button with his finger, Garron stroked over it again and again. As Sonny writhed in ecstasy Garron used his other hand to slick up his cock. He grabbed the tube of lube and squirted a generous glob on the end of his shaft.

Positioning himself, Garron removed his fingers and replaced them with the head of his cock. He slowly rocked back and forth until the head and about a third of his length was inside.

Grabbing the sheets in a fisted hand, Sonny moaned. "Oh shit."

Garron ran his hand down Sonny's back trying to relax him again. "It's okay. I won't hurt you. Just bear down on my cock. Let me in." He continued to smooth his hand over Sonny's back until he could feel the muscles relaxing. Garron picked up the lube and applied even more as he continued to rock in and out. Eventually he was buried to the base of his cock, his heavy balls brushing against Sonny's soft skin. Garron stopped moving and savoured the feel of Sonny's body. He felt his chest tighten as he looked down. They looked perfect joined together. Shit, had he ever felt this way? What the hell was wrong with him?

Sonny looked back at him. "So good. 'M ready now." He braced himself back up on his hands and pushed back.

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Taking the move for what it was, Garron began to slide his cock in and out of Sonny's hole. As Sonny slowly stretched to accommodate him, Garron picked up his pace. Soon he was driving hard and deep inside Sonny. "Oh God. Not gonna last much longer." Garron reached around and fisted Sonny's dripping shaft. He gave a few tugs and Sonny's heat exploded over his hand and onto the sheets. The smell of release and the grip Sonny's ass had on his cock sent him over the edge with a howl.

Garron was so loud he swore the windows shook. He collapsed on top of Sonny just as the bedroom door came bursting open. The light was flipped on and a naked Rawley stood in the doorway, still half asleep. "What? What's going on?"

Garron's head snapped up as Sonny started laughing. "It's okay, bro. Just havin' a little fun."

Rawley seemed to finally realise he was naked and quickly lowered a hand to hide his still asleep cock. "Fuck, Sonny. You guy's scared the shit out of me."

Garron repositioned them so he was spooned behind Sonny. He reached around and covered Sonny's cock with his hand as he continued to talk to his brother. "Sorry, I figured you were staying in town with Meg. Thought we were alone." Sonny looked down at the way Garron was protectively covering his cock. He looked up at Rawley and smiled. "We'll be quiet from now on. I promise. You can go back to bed now."

Rawley looked at the two of them and nodded. "See you both at breakfast." He started to close the door and stopped.

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"Hope this puts you in a better mood, Sonny. I was just fixing to go live with Ryker and Ranger." He shut the door and Garron could hear him laughing as he walked down the hall.

"Smart ass." Sonny turned in Garron's arms and kissed him. "Sorry about that. He's the big bad sheriff in town and protection comes naturally to him, even if he's naked." He looked into Garron's eyes. "Don't even think about going for my brother. He's got a girlfriend and he refuses to admit he's gay."

Garron smiled and kissed him again. "He's not my type. Too big, I like my lover's small enough to fit in my arms. Like you." He kissed Sonny's nose. "But my brother, now that's another story. Rawley is exactly his type. Jeb likes the big tough ones."

Snuggling in against Garron, Sonny sighed. "Okay you passed the test with Rawley. That only leaves Ranger and Ryker. They're both way hotter than me."

"Not even possible." Garron drew circles on Sonny's back with his fingers. "My heart is set on you. And I will accept no substitutes."

Nipping Garron's jaw, Sonny pushed his half-hard cock against Garron's. "Good, because I'm keeping you for myself." He ran his fingers through Garron's hair.

Moving his hands down to Sonny's twin globes, Garron squeezed. "I like that idea." He kissed the top of Sonny's head. "Sleep now, cowboy. We'll do another round before breakfast."

* * * *

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Garron had Sonny backed against the counter dry humping him when Rawley walked in. Rolling his eyes he went over to take the burning bacon off the stove. "Nice breakfast."

Sonny and Garron broke apart. "Damn. That's all the bacon we had too." He looked at Garron's swollen lips. "But I gotta say it was worth it." He motioned toward Rawley. "I'd like you to meet Garron Greeley. This is my brother, Rawley."

Chuckling Rawley stuck out his hand. "I would have shaken your hand last night but it seemed to be occupied by my brother's cock."

"Watch it." Sonny stepped aside so Garron could shake Rawley's hand.

"Nice to meet you. Sonny tells me you're the town sheriff. I don't suppose you have any openings in your department? I just left the Chicago PD and I'd much rather be a cop than a bartender."

Rawley rubbed his jaw. His large hands were about the same size as Garron's, Sonny noticed. "Sorry, I don't need any help right now, but I'm thinking maybe Lincoln does. I could make a couple of calls for you. If you don't mind making the hour long drive everyday. I think my brother would kill me if I sent you off to live in another city."

Nodding his head, Garron pulled Sonny into his arms. "I worked vice in Chicago so I could get by with the hair and tattoos, but I'm not sure if a town the size of Lincoln would have a need for a cop that looked like me."

"Don't know until I ask." Rawley looked around the kitchen. "So what the hell are we gonna have for breakfast?"

Chapter Three

A month later, Sonny was sitting inside the air conditioned tractor cab singing to the radio thinking about Garron. They'd both had a couple of small altercations with Lionel and his crew, but nothing too bad, yet. Sonny could feel it coming though. It wouldn't surprise him if the town started picking sides any day now.

Feeling a low vibration in his chest, Sonny looked around. He smiled when he saw Garron's Harley coming across the freshly mowed hay field. "That crazy jackass is going to kill himself," he laughed as he turned off the tractor. Deciding the cab was a little too small for both of them, Sonny climbed down and waited for Garron to reach him.

The roar and rumble of the bike vibrated Sonny's chest as he pulled up beside him. Sonny eyed the beautiful machine. God he loved to ride behind Garron on that thing. Turning off the engine, Garron smiled at him. "Thinking about the ride we took the other evening?"

"Hell yes." Sonny reached down and readjusted his quickly filling cock. "Did you risk your neck to come out here and get me for another one?"

Laughing, Garron pulled him into his arms. "I came to tell you I got the job in Lincoln. Looks like I'll be sticking around."

Sonny leaned in and kissed him. "You'd better be sticking around." He ran his hands over the fancy dress shirt Garron was wearing. "Nice shirt, by the way. Of course it looks all

wrong on the motorcycle." Sonny started unbuttoning Garron as he kissed his way down his chest.

With a hand to the back of his head, Garron directed him toward a nipple. Sonny greedily latched on and moaned. Garron gasped, "Nice. Tell me you and Rawley will come over tonight for dinner to celebrate."

Sonny pulled off his nipple and looked at him. "You mean with Jeb?"

"Yep. If we're going to be together, you two need to talk. Maybe what he has to say will change your mind about him."

Looking at the man he was quickly falling in love with, Sonny couldn't refuse. "Okay, but if he starts any shit, I'll finish it."

Garron looked at him and smiled. "You do that, Cowboy. But right now, why don't you finish me?"

Happily, Sonny began unfastening Garron's dress slacks. Easing the zipper down over his rigid shaft, Sonny sighed. "Yum and I haven't even had lunch yet." Swirling his tongue around the crown, Sonny began stroking Garron. Receiving a grunt from the man he loved, he took the head into his mouth. Sonny felt the ridges under his tongue as he used his tongue to press against the sensitive underside of Garron's crown. Feeling his own cock aching, he reached down and opened his own fly. Cock in hand, Sonny resumed eating his lunch.

"Oh God, yes." Garron panted as he ran his fingers through Sonny's curls.

Looking up to meet Garron's eyes, Sonny took him as deep into his throat as he could and moaned. He knew the

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vibrations surrounding his cock would set Garron off and he was right. Two strokes later, Sonny was rewarded with Garron's salty sweet essence jetting down his throat. After licking him clean, Sonny stood and kissed Garron.

"You're so good to me," Garron said between kisses as he reached down and began applying pressure to Sonny's cock.

Rocking into Garron's hand, Sonny took the next kiss as deep as possible without actually giving Garron a tonsillectomy. Feeling his balls draw up tight, Sonny ground against Garron's hand and unloaded. He felt the ripples of pleasure work their way from his cock up through his stomach muscles, and out through his mouth, as he broke the kiss and shouted Garron's name to the hay-field.

Sonny collapsed against Garron, who was still sitting sideways on the motorcycle seat. "Nice," he rumbled against Garron's neck.

After several more minutes of kissing and petting, Sonny pulled a bandana out of his back pocket and cleaned them both. He kissed his way up Garron's chest as he rebuttoned his dress shirt, and stood back to look at him. "Damn you're hot."

Garron started his motorcycle and leaned in for one more kiss. "You be done about seven?"

"Yeah, why don't you give Rawley a call for me and ask him to meet me there." Sonny took one last swipe across Garron's chest, tweaking his nipple in the process.

"Later," Garron said with a wink before he rode off across the field.

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Shaking his head, Sonny climbed back into the tractor.
"How the hell did I manage to go and fall in love?"

* * * *

Trying to tame his wayward black curls, Sonny couldn't believe he was nervous. "For fuck's sake, man, it's not your first date. What the hell is your problem?" He looked at his deep purple polo shirt and wondered if he should change. He'd never worn the thing, but his momma had got it for him for Christmas. She said it brought out the purple in his eyes. He thought it sounded stupid at the time, so why had he put it on now? It wasn't like he needed to impress Jeb or Rawley, and Garron already liked him. But did he love him?

Finally figuring out the cause of his nerves, Sonny gave up on his hair and put his good dress boots on. Grabbing his keys off the dresser, he went down the stairs and out the front door. Climbing into his truck, he took a deep breath. "You can do this. You can go over and play nice with the jerk that bought the land you wanted."

Driving down the ranch road, Sonny hoped to hell his brother was already there.

Pulling behind Rawley's Sheriff's vehicle, Sonny blew out a breath of air. "Thank God." He looked in the mirror and rearranged his windblown curls as someone knocked on his window. Startled, Sonny jumped a little and spun around. He narrowed his eyes at Garron and opened the door. "Trying to give me a heart attack?"

Garron pressed him up against the truck with his long body. "Damn you look good tonight. Usually the only time I

see you without a hat is when you're in bed." Garron played with Sonny's curls. "So pretty," he whispered against Sonny's mouth, just before kissing him.

Forgetting himself, Sonny put his arms around Garron's neck and wrapped his legs around his hips, grinding his hardened cock against Garron's. A throat clearing broke the two apart. Embarrassed, Sonny let his legs slide to the ground. A gorgeous blond man stood next to Rawley. *Nice first impression asshole*, he thought to himself.

Garron started laughing and smacked him on the ass. "Don't worry, Jeb isn't a prude." He led Sonny over to the porch. "Meet my brother, Jeb."

Sonny reached out and shook Jeb's hand. "I guess you've already figured out who I am."

"Nice to finally meet the man my brother can't stop talking about. Come on in, dinner's almost ready." Jeb turned and walked into the house, followed closely by Rawley.

Turning to Garron, Sonny grinned. "Did you see the way my brother was looking at your brother's ass?" He shook his head and laughed. "He's so gay."

"Shh, don't tell him that. Let him figure it out for himself." Garron took Sonny's hand and led him into the house.

Jeb and Rawley were already sitting at the kitchen table with beers in their hands, when they walked in. Sonny took the seat across from Jeb as Garron handed him a beer. "So can I ask you something before we begin the small talk? I know I'm going to come off like an ass, but I gotta know. Why did Jack sell you this ranch instead of me?"

"Sonny!" Rawley yelled. "Show some manners, boy. You don't just come into a man's house and ask him something like that."

"It's all right," Jeb said. He rubbed his jaw and took another drink of his beer. "Jack Anderson was my father. I didn't even know he existed until about three months before he died. Seems he had an affair with my mother." Jeb looked over at Garron. "She was married to Garron's dad," he shook his head, "my dad at the time."

"And Jack didn't know about you?" Sonny couldn't keep from asking.

"He knew, but my mom asked him not to interfere. It would have ruined an entire family. So Jack kept his mouth shut until he found out he was dying. He came to Chicago and we met and talked for a couple of days. He told me about the ranch, and he told me about you and your brothers living next door."

Sonny felt the fight go out of him. Here sat a man who had only known his real father for a couple of days, and he'd been mad that Jack hadn't sold him the ranch. He felt like a Grade A bastard. "I'm sorry."

"Its fine, Jack told me how much you meant to him. He said it was up to me whether to tell you the truth or not." Jeb looked at Garron. "And my big brother has been on my case about telling you the story."

"Well I'm sorry I've been an ass. If you need any help or advice I hope you'll give me a call." Sonny reached under the table and took Garron's hand. Garron squeezed back and Sonny knew everything would be okay.

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After dinner, Garron took Sonny on a motorcycle ride. As they flew down the narrow country roads, Sonny held on tight. God he loved this. Feeling the wind in his hair as he snuggled against the man he loved. He leaned forward and kissed the tattoo on the back of Garron's neck. "I love you," he whispered against his skin. He knew Garron couldn't hear him, but it felt good just saying it out loud.

Taking an old farm road, Garron bounced them both along ruts until they came to a dead-end. He turned off the bike and pulled Sonny across his lap. "Did you say something back there?"

Looking into Garron's dark brown eyes, Sonny felt like shouting it from the rooftops. "I said I love you."

Closing his eyes, Garron took a deep breath before crushing Sonny's body in his arms. "I love you, too. I have for a while, but I didn't know if I could say it."

"Well I hope you know what this means." Sonny began unfastening Garron's jeans.

"What does it mean, Cowboy?" Garron shrugged out of his T-shirt and threw it on the ground.

"It means you'd better be prepared to be the centre of town gossip, because I'm gonna want you to move in with me. And I can think of at least a couple of people who might have a problem with that." Sonny took Garron's cock in his hand and lowered his head.

Leaning back on the bike, Garron groaned, "Bring 'em on."

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About the Author

An avid reader for years, one day Carol Lynne decided to write her own brand of erotic romance. Carol juggles between being a full-time mother and a full-time writer. These days, you can usually find Carol either cleaning jelly out of the carpet or nestled in her favourite chair writing steamy love scenes.

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