



CATTLE VALLEY

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a woman's face and upper body. She has long, dark hair and is looking slightly to the right. In the background, two shirtless men are visible. One man is wearing a white shirt with small, dark polka dots. The overall color palette is warm, with shades of brown, orange, and gold.

All Play
and No Work

CAROL LYNNE

Total-e-bound

www.total-e-bound.com

Copyright ©2007 by Carol Lynne

First published in 2007, 2007

NOTICE: This eBook is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution to any person via email, floppy disk, network, print out, or any other means is a violation of International copyright law and subjects the violator to severe fines and/or imprisonment. This notice overrides the Adobe Reader permissions which are erroneous. This eBook cannot be legally lent or given to others.

This eBook is displayed using 100% recycled electrons.



Distributed by Fictionwise.com

A Total-e-bound Publication

* * * *



* * * *

www.totalebound.com

Cattle Valley: All Play & No Work

ISBN # 978-1-906328-50-4

©Copyright Carol Lynne 2007

Cover Art by Anne Cain ©Copyright October 2007

Edited by Claire Siemaszkiewicz

Total-e-bound books

This is a work of fiction. All characters, places and events are from the author's imagination and should not be confused with fact. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, events or places is purely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any material form, whether by printing, photocopying, scanning or otherwise without the written permission of the publisher, Total-e-bound eBooks.

Applications should be addressed in the first instance, in writing, to Total-e-bound eBooks. Unauthorised or restricted acts in relation to this publication may result in civil proceedings and/or criminal prosecution

The author and illustrator have asserted their respective rights under the Copyright Designs and Patents Acts 1988 (as amended) to be identified as the author of this book and illustrator of the artwork

Published in 2007 by Total-e-bound eBooks 1 The Corner, Faldingworth Road, Spridlington, Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, LN8 2DE, UK.

Warning:

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

All Play TITLE No Work [Cattle Valley Series Book 1]
by Carol Lynne

Cattle Valley

ALL PLAY & NO WORK

Carol Lynne

Dedication

To Drew Hunt, my fantastic Beta reader

Trademarks Acknowledgement

The author acknowledges the trademarked status and trademark owners of the following wordmarks mentioned in this work of fiction:

Mercedes—DaimlerChrysler AG Corporation

Barney's—Barney's, Inc. Corporation

Malo—M.A.C.-MANIFATTURE ASSOCIATE CASHMERE S.P.A.
CORPORATION

Etro—Etro S.p.A. CORPORATION

Burberry—BURBERRY'S LIMITED CORPORATION

Boy Scouts—The National Boy Scouts of America
Foundation NON-PROFIT CORPORATION

Coke—The Coca-Cola Company CORPORATION

Chapter One

Nate Gills looked out the passenger window at the Rocky Mountains. It was beautiful country, but he was ready to get the hell out of this truck. It seemed like he hadn't really had a home since he left Chicago to help his friends, the Good brothers in Nebraska.

He looked over at the hunk of a man driving. Rio was like a wet dream, the best bits from all his fantasy men rolled into one. At least he now had a family. Rio and their other partner Ryan meant the world to Nate. They may have only been together for a month, but damn, what a month.

Thinking of Ryan had him depressed again. He sighed and crossed his arms, putting his expensive Italian loafers on the dash. Feeling Rio's hand cup his cheek he turned his head.

"What's wrong, baby?" Rio asked, trying to keep one eye on the winding mountain road.

"I'm tired of this damn truck and I miss Ryan." Nate automatically nuzzled against Rio's hand.

"About two more hours and we'll take care of both of those problems. We'll kidnap Ryan away from the Sheriff's office if we have to."

Nate turned his head and kissed Rio's palm. "I think that sounds like a good plan." Ryan had left the small Texas town they'd been living in nearly two weeks earlier to take a job in Cattle Valley, Wyoming. Seemed the town needed a new Sheriff and they were looking for a bad ass with law enforcement training. Ryan fit their description to a T. Nate

didn't think he'd ever seen a man who looked more like a rebel than Ryan.

With the shining, long black hair of his Native American ancestors, Ryan exuded confidence and sexuality. The town of Cattle Valley had been experiencing a few problems with protestors coming in and threatening its residents. The mayor wanted someone tough. Since Ryan looked more like a heavily tattooed biker than a Sheriff, he was perfect. Nate was just worried about what he would find. He and Rio hadn't yet seen Cattle Valley and Nate was born and raised in Chicago. It wasn't like he was snooty or anything, heck he'd loved Sommerville, the small Nebraska town where'd he'd met Rio and Ryan. Nate and Rio had been hired to investigate a scumbag in Sommerville who'd shot a good friend's partner. If you booted out the few assholes in that town, it would have been kick ass fun. But Cattle Valley...

At least from what he and Rio had been told, there were more gays that lived there than straight people. What would that be like? The town had been founded by a man whose son was murdered for being gay. Having no other heirs, the man had donated one of the biggest parcels of privately owned land in Wyoming. His entire financial portfolio had founded the town of Cattle Valley. Seemed the guy wanted a place where gay people could live without fear or prejudice. It was all fine and dandy with Nate as long as the town had a decent coffee shop and a good restaurant.

Rio started humming along to the radio, bringing Nate's attention back to that fine face. As he studied Rio's profile, he thought back to the night Rio and Ryan had saved him in a

club in Lincoln. He'd gone with his friends Rawley and Jeb to the upscale gay club. Nate remembered trying his best to get over his attraction for Rio and Ryan that night. They were already a long standing couple, and it didn't appear they had a need for a third.

Since Nate had planned to make a weekend out of the trip to Lincoln, he'd rented a hotel room right down the street from the bar. When Rawley and Jeb said they wanted to take off, Nate happily waved them on their way. That was when the real fun began...

* * * *

Nate begged off the next dance and returned to his table. Finishing off his scotch and soda, he signalled the waiter for another. Deciding to brave the restroom, he headed to the rear of the club. You never know what you might find in a gay bar's restroom. Opening the door, he was pleasantly surprised to find it empty. "Excellent," he said unzipping his fly.

After a quick wash of his hands he went back out amongst the vultures. He had several men circling his table, trying to get him to dance but Nate's heart just wasn't in it. Drinking though, he thought as he spotted his fresh scotch and soda on his table, now that, he felt like doing.

Sitting down, he took several sips before one of the birds of prey landed in the seat next to him. "Care to dance?" The big oaf in leather pants said. *Who the hell wears leather pants in the summer?*

Nate shook his head and held up his drink. "No thanks, I'm taking a break."

The man smiled and nodded his head as he watched Nate closely. "I'll wait for you to finish." He ran his hand up Nate's thigh, and narrowed his eyes.

"If you want to keep that, I'd suggest you move on."

The guy rose and held up his hands. "Sorry," he said as he walked off.

Nate finished his drink. The booze seemed to be hitting him hard and fast. He went to signal for another but his arm felt too heavy to lift. Noticing his vision was starting to blur, he thought he'd had enough. "Time to get myself to bed," he slurred.

"I'll help you with that," the guy in the leather pants said, reaching for him.

Nate tried to get out of the man's arms, but his body wouldn't cooperate. What the hell was wrong with him? He felt his eyelids becoming heavier and realised he'd been drugged. "What de hell d'you pud in my dink?"

Bending over, the guy picked Nate up. "Just a little something to make you friendlier." Nate tried to squirm his way out of the guy's arms, but he couldn't keep his eyes open.

He heard a voice that sounded like Rio's, a split second before he was grabbed out of the man's arms. He managed to open his eyes enough to see Ryan holding him. "Drugged," he slurred slowly. "Need ta be sick."

Ryan looked at him for several seconds before looking back at Rio. "Take out the trash, while I see if we can get this thrown up."

Holding him close to his chest, Ryan carried him back to the restroom. Ryan sat down on the floor of one of the stalls and leaned him up toward the toilet. "Can you stick your finger down your throat?"

Nate felt his head fall back, helplessly. "Shit," Ryan said seconds before Nate felt a long finger work its way into his mouth. Ryan poked the back of his throat several times but Nate didn't gag enough to throw up. "Come on, baby, we have to get it up." Ryan tried again, using two fingers while applying pressure to his stomach.

Coughing, Nate finally was able to gag enough to throw up most of the several drinks he'd consumed. He felt another set of hands holding his head above the toilet and new Rio was with them in the tiny stall.

"Get a wet paper towel," Ryan told Rio. Seconds later, a cold towel was pressed to his forehead as another wiped his face and mouth.

"You think he got it all up?" Rio asked.

"Enough I think. He'll be doopey for a while, but I don't think it'll be enough to do any damage."

He was picked up again, only this time it was Rio who cradled him. Nate snuggled against Rio's chest. He turned his face enough to place a kiss on the skin visible above Rio's T-Shirt, feeling the vibration of Rio's groan as he made his way through the club.

The next thing Nate knew he was in Rio's arms in the backseat of Ryan's rental car. "Hotel," Nate said still slurring a bit, although he was feeling more alert.

"Think we should take him there, or back to the apartment?" Rio asked Ryan.

"Which hotel?" Ryan asked.

"Around the block, key card's in my billfold. Room two-forty-six." Nate was starting to feel a little better, but he didn't let on because he didn't want Rio to put him down. He felt the car start and pull away from the curb.

Within moments, Ryan pulled up to the front of the hotel. "You go ahead and take him in, and I'll find a place to park and be up in a minute."

"You think you can walk? They might look at us funny if I go carrying a grown man into a hotel lobby."

"Think so," Nate mumbled. He ended up having to rely heavily on Rio for support, but he made it to the elevator. "You'll have to get my wallet for me."

"Gladly," Rio said reaching his hand inside Nate's back pocket.

Nate moaned as Rio seemed to take his time. They were walking down the hall to their room and Rio was still fumbling around in Nate's jeans. When they stood in front of his room, Nate faced the wall and stuck his butt out toward Rio.

"Tease," Rio said in his ear as he finally pulled the wallet out.

"Not teasing," Nate said as he turned around to face Rio.

Picking him up, Rio lifted him until they were eye to eye, Nate's legs automatically wrapped around Rio's torso as he

leaned in for a kiss. Snaking his tongue out, Rio licked at the seam of Nate's lips until he thrust inside. Fuck, Rio tasted good. Nate felt his cock throb in the close confines of his jeans. He ground his groin against Rio's as their kiss went even deeper. Rio started humping him right there in the hallway, and Nate couldn't have been more turned on.

"Goddamn that's hot," Ryan said, coming up beside them. "Where's the fucking key card, let's get into the room before we all get arrested."

Without stopping, Rio held up the billfold.

Digging for the key card, Ryan grunted. "I swear, if the two of you come without me, I'm gonna kick some ass." Ryan opened the door and pulled them both inside.

Rio carried him over to the big king-sized bed and fell down on top of him, never breaking their lip lock. "Shit," Nate heard Ryan say. He felt someone taking off his shoes and socks before hands felt their way up his cock to the snap of his jeans.

Ryan's hands tried to unfasten his pants, but with Rio grinding and humping against him, it didn't leave Ryan enough room. "Okay, stop, just fucking let me get the two of you naked."

Finally breaking apart, Rio fell to the side of Nate. He was breathing heavily as he tried to take off his clothes. Ryan, Nate noticed was already naked as he attacked the rest of Nate's clothes. By the time he was naked, Rio was too and the three of them moved as one to the centre of the bed.

"Wait, I need the condoms out of my front pocket."

Rio retrieved Nate's jeans and pulled out the strip of rubbers. He looked at them and then at Nate. "I don't even want to think about the reason these are in here." He tossed the condoms onto the bed and pulled Nate into his arms.

"You don't need those. From now on, it's just the three of us, no more cruising the clubs." He punctuated his statement with a bite mark to Nate's pierced nipple.

Nate looked at the two men. "You mean it? This isn't just a one off?"

Ryan shook his head, flicking the other nipple ring. "That's why we didn't approach you before. I knew Rio's feelings went deep, but until mine matched his, I wasn't willing to risk my relationship with him."

Swallowing, Nate arched his back as Rio continued to lick and suck his already sensitive nubs. "And do they? Go deep I mean?"

Leaning over, Ryan kissed him. His first taste of the heavily tattooed stud sent Nate's libido into overdrive. Reaching for the strip of condoms he held them up. "Please, someone make love to me."

"We're clean. We don't need those between us." Ryan tried to take the condoms out of Nate's hand but he shook his head.

"No, I've always worn protection, but I haven't been tested in almost a year, and until I can get to a clinic, we use these."

Ryan looked into his eyes and finally nodded his consent. Taking the strip, Nate tore off one of the rubbers and passed it to him. "Lube?" Ryan asked.

"Suitcase, side pocket," Nate replied, flipping over onto his stomach. Rio scrambled for the lube and Ryan ran his hands over Nate's ass.

"I don't want to make love to you this way the first time. I wanna look into your eyes when I make you come."

Nate froze. In all the years he'd been a businessman's bottom-boy, not once had anyone asked to make love to him face to face. Nate closed his eyes and said a quick prayer of thanks.

"Hey," Rio said, turning him over. "What's wrong?"

"I've never made love in this position. It just kinda threw me for a second." He could feel a blush creep up his face and turned his head away.

"Oh, baby," Ryan said, turning Nate's head. "Evidently, no ones ever made love to you. A fast fuck's fine when the time is right, but there's nothing like being made love to."

Ryan handed the lube to Rio, who slicked his fingers and touched Nate's rosette. He felt himself tense at the intimacy of the moment. He felt like a damn virgin which was funnier than hell, but he sure didn't feel like laughing.

Spreading his legs, he allowed Rio's fingers to work their magic on his body. Ryan took the opportunity to map every ridge and hollow of his lean frame. "So sexy," Ryan whispered against his throat. He moved down Nate's torso licking and kissing. Nate was going out of his mind with want, trying to reach enough of his men's skin to stroke and pet.

Rio shook his head, "Tonight's all about you, relax and enjoy."

By the time Rio had him stretched, Nate was insane, riding his hand and reaching for his cock. Rio pulled his fingers away and Nate opened his eyes. "Don't stop, so close."

"I know, but Ryan wants to make love to you, and I wanna watch." Rio stretched out beside him and rested his head on his hand. He nodded to Ryan and they both watched as Ryan rolled the condom on.

It was Nate's first real look at Ryan's cock. "Holy shit," he looked over at Rio.

"Why do you think I spent so much time preparing you?"

Nate looked back at the large, pierced cock. "Fuck that's beautiful."

After rolling on the condom, Ryan held his hand out for another one. At Nate's questioning look, he shrugged. "I've never tried a condom with the piercing, it's fairly new. I figure two would be better than one."

Nate grinned, "You do love me," he teased.

"Yep," Ryan said leaning down to give him a kiss. He crawled between Nate's spread thighs and positioned the head of his cock at Nate's hole. He looked down at him and waited, after a deep breath, Nate nodded and Ryan slowly pushed inside. The stretch was overwhelming at first, but a few soothing strokes to his cock from Rio had him relaxed in no time.

Rio continued to stroke his cock as Ryan began a slow but hard rhythm in and out of his body. "So good," he moaned as he ran one hand up and down Ryan's chest as the other danced its way through Rio's black hair. He watched as Rio ran his hand from Nate's cock back to the point of contact

between Ryan and himself, Nate almost lost it. He felt Rio's fingers slide inside his body alongside Ryan's cock. "Oh fuck," he yelled as his cock erupted.

His release seemed to give Ryan and Rio permission to finally let themselves go. Rio leaned over and kissed him as Ryan picked up his pace. Nate reached down and wrapped his fingers around Rio's dick and stroked him to the rhythm set by Ryan. Before long, Nate saw the chords in Ryan's neck bulge as he buried himself as far as he could. "Shit," he howled.

A second after Ryan slipped over the edge, Nate felt Rio come in his hand. The threesome landed in a pile of arms, legs, tongues and teeth. Nate couldn't get enough of these men. "Love you," Nate said, looking Ryan in the eyes. He then turned toward Rio, "I love you."

Ryan and Rio wrapped their arms and legs around Nate. "We love you. You're a part of us now," Ryan said.

* * * *

"Are we there yet?" Nate whined.

"You just asked me that ten minutes ago. And no, before you ask, I still can't get cell phone reception in these mountains."

God he was bored. With a devilish grin, Nate unzipped his khakis and pulled out his cock. Not even paying attention to Rio, he idly stroked his shaft as he watched the scenery out the passenger window.

"Damn that's hot, but you're fixing to make me wreck the truck." Rio said.

Nate stroked a few more times, just smiling at Rio. "Just trying to keep myself from being bored out of my mind."

Rio moaned and spread his thighs, giving his own erection more room. "Do you see this road? Do you have any idea what could happen if I took my concentration off it long enough to do anything about either of our dicks right now?" Rio glanced over and winked. "First place I find, I promise we'll stop for a little R and R."

"Rest and relaxation, that's not exactly what I had in mind," Nate said, trying to tuck his hard shaft back into his pants.

Rio chuckled, "Well, I was thinking more along the lines of rimming and riding."

"Oh fuck, I like that idea a lot better."

Chapter Two

After a very satisfying stop, Nate immediately fell asleep, head resting against Rio's shoulder. Looking down at his little ball of fire, Rio grinned. Nate would just die if he knew he was drooling all over Rio's shirt. Nate prided himself on being all metro-sexual. Rio thought that's what Nate called himself anyway. Always neatly pressed, even though his brown hair had that messy look, Rio knew Nate spent at least twenty minutes every morning arranging each strand until it was just so.

Passing a road sign he gave Nate a squeeze. "Wake up, baby, we're only three miles out of town."

Rio knew as soon as Nate opened his eyes and saw the large wet patch on Rio's red T-shirt. His spine stiffened as he wiped his mouth. "What the hell did you do to me back there? You've got me haemorrhaging fluids."

Rio burst out laughing. *Damn*, he thought, shaking his head. *Life was never going to be dull with Nate in the mix*. He motioned toward the mountains. "Pretty aren't they?"

"Yeah, but I've seen nothing but mountains for the past several hours." Nate yawned and sat up in the seat.

"Liar, you've seen nothing but the inside of your eyelids for the past several hours."

"Picky, picky. I meant before that." Nate looked all around them. "Yeah, looks real nice. Where's our new place from here?"

Rio glanced at Nate and shook his head. "How the hell should I know? That's why Ryan told us to meet him at the station."

"Okay, you are really begging for it. I just asked a simple question, no reason to go all snippy on me." Nate scooted back over to his side of the truck and crossed his arms, bottom lip sticking out in that adorable way he had.

It was hard, but Rio managed to suppress a grin. Nate reminded him of a six-year-old at times. Cresting the hill, the town of Cattle Valley was laid out in front of them. It looked like a storybook village nestled in the shadow of the Big Horn Mountains. Rio whistled. "Damn, I had no idea they still had places on earth that looked like this."

Pulling the truck to the side of the road, Rio took in the view for a few more minutes. The mountains appeared to have their first coating of snow. "I think I'm gonna have to do some shopping. My wardrobe consists of mostly jeans and T-shirts."

"I have sensible winter clothes, you can borrow some. Oh, that's right," Nate's eyes got big as he put his hand over his mouth in shocked surprise, "you're a giant. Sorry, Rio."

Rolling his eyes, Rio mussed Nate's hair, the one thing he knew would get Nate's attention. "That's okay, you can go with me. I doubt very much if your fancy-pants city-boy clothes will go over in a town this size. We can get each other decked out in thermal underwear and flannel shirts." Rio laughed as Nate visibly shivered.

"Bite your tongue. I'm sure the great citizens of Cattle Valley will appreciate a man who wears cashmere," Nate said in his stuffiest city-boy voice.

Shaking his head, Rio put the truck back into gear, and drove down the hill into the picturesque valley. As they rode through town, he noticed how new all the buildings appeared. Well, that wasn't exactly true. They looked old but Rio could tell they'd been built within the last fifteen years or so. Quaint would be a word he'd use to describe it. The town really did look like it belonged on a Hollywood studio back-lot.

"Shit," Nate murmured. "Just look at the people."

Rio looked toward the direction Nate was staring. Same-sex couples walking hand in hand along the sidewalk. "Damn, Ryan was right when he said this was a gay-friendly town."

Rio pulled into Gill's Gas and Garage at the edge of the business district. "I gotta pee, and since I don't know where the station is, I'm gonna run in here. Why don't you put some gas in the truck while we're here?"

"Sure if you'll get me some candy."

"Deal," Rio said climbing out of the truck. His legs felt stiff after the long drive down I90. He held onto the door trying to work out some of the kinks before heading toward the office.

The old fashioned sound of the bell ringing as he entered the building made him smile. He looked around the small space until he found the restroom.

After taking care of business he perused the junk food aisle and picked out a couple of candy bars.

"Can I help you?" a deep voice asked from behind him.

Rio turned. One of the biggest men he'd ever seen stood in the doorway, wiping his greasy hands on a shop rag. The man's chocolate brown skin glistened with sweat even though it was damn near chilly outside. When he finished with his hands, he folded the rag and wiped it across his shiny bald head.

"Hi," Rio said, walking toward the man. "I was hoping you'd tell me where I might find the Sheriff's Station?"

The man's big brown eyes filled with concern. "Problem?"

"No," Rio smiled and shook his head. "The new Sheriff is one of my partners. Nate and I just drove into town."

A huge hand was stretched out toward him. "Nice to meet you. You must be Rio. I'm Darshawn Gilling, but folks around here call me Gill."

Rio's own extra large hand was swallowed by Gill's mammoth grip. "Nice to meet you, Gill. Yep, I'm Rio." He pointed toward the truck, "and that hot little number trying to pump gas without getting dirty is Nate." Rio put the candy on the counter in front of Gill. "He's got a bit of a sweet-tooth as you can tell."

Chuckling, Gill rang up the candy. "Looks like Nate put the gas on a credit card."

"Well, that's a change," Rio grinned.

"You can find the Sheriff a block down on the corner of Main and Bradley." Gill smiled. "I'm kinda surprised you stopped to ask. Most guys don't."

"Yeah well, I had to empty my bladder and when you have a highly strung partner in the truck who would absolutely kill you if you got lost, you learn to just stop and ask."

Gill looked out at Nate again and started laughing. "He must be quite a fella."

"Oh he certainly is. Don't let anything I say sway you in the wrong direction. Nate's one of the finest men I know, but we've been cooped up in the truck for too long. I'm just feeling a little ornery."

Rio paid Gill and headed toward the door. "I'm sure I'll see you around, Gill. It was nice to meet you."

"Like-wise," Gill said.

* * * *

Nate tried to pump the gas and pretend he wasn't staring at Rio getting all laughy with Mr. Big Man. He took the handkerchief out of his back pocket and wiped his hands. How was he supposed to greet a man he hadn't seen in two weeks smelling like gas? Nate spotted Rio coming his way and quickly decided they had enough fuel. Recapping the tank, he climbed in the truck and looked at Rio. "Am I going to have to worry about you in this town?"

"Huh?" Rio asked, handing over the chocolate bars.

Nate pointed toward the building. "You just seemed awfully friendly with that guy."

Rio smiled and shook his head. He leaned across the seat and gave Nate a quick kiss. "No one could take your place, baby. You know that."

Nate rolled his eyes. "Sure, go all sweet and seductive on me now."

Rio pulled out onto Main Street. "You know who that was?"

"Uh, the guy who owns the gas station? I'm just taking a guess here." Nate held up his hands in surrender.

"That was Darshawn Gilling."

"The football player? Here, in Cattle Valley?" Nate was shocked. No way, Rio must be seeing things. Darshawn was like only the best linebacker the game of football had seen in the last twenty-five years.

"I swear, it was him. He didn't let on that he used to play, but it was him. He said everyone around here calls him Gill. Nice fella." Rio pulled into the parking lot beside the Sheriff's Office. "Should we call Ryan now?"

Nate grinned. The last time they'd had good enough reception to talk to Ryan, they'd been in the middle of him giving Rio a blow-job as they drove through South Dakota. Rio had described in detail what was being done to him, making Ryan so hot he told them not to call again until they got in town.

"What shall we do?" Rio asked, mischief written all over his face.

"Let's just pretend we accidentally hit speed dial while we were fucking or something. We won't even acknowledge his presence." At Rio's laugh and nod, Nate punched in the number and set the phone on the seat.

Nate decided to start, trying to keep the laughter out of his voice. "Oh, yeah, fuck that ass," Nate cried, hitting his fists together. He was surprised how much it sounded like Rio's balls slapping his ass.

"Shit you're tight, baby. Feel so good on my cock." Rio did a few moans, stifling a laugh. "Oh, yeah, take that cock."

Nate made a few whimpering noises as he started to silently giggle. A knock on the window had both of them turning to face the driver's door. Ryan was standing outside, holding his phone looking at them. Oh shit. Ryan looked at them through narrowed eyes. That was never a good sign. Reaching for the phone, Nate quickly turned it off.

Ryan motioned toward the window and shook his head. As soon as Rio had it down, Ryan said, "If one of my deputies hadn't told me they saw you pull up, I'd have been pissed with a phone call like that." He tried to look all mean and gruff, but Nate saw through it to the need below. "Follow me. I just took the rest of the day off." Ryan turned and walked to a big brown and tan Sheriff's SUV.

Nate looked at Rio. "Oh he's going to make us pay for that isn't he?" *At least he hoped he was made to pay.*

Chapter Three

"Oh my god, would you look at that place," Rio said, jaw dropping as he followed Ryan down the drive of their new house.

"I see it, I see it," Nate shook his head. "Can we really afford this?" The large log and glass home stood on a slight rise just in front of the tree-line. Nate shook his head counting his pennies. He knew between the three of them they could afford a hell of a place, but this? Nate knew Ryan hadn't signed the final papers for the house yet, he'd been waiting on their approval. For now, they were officially renting the place with an option to buy.

Rio pulled the dusty truck in front of one of the garages. "At least we'll all be able to park in the garage this winter."

Nate nodded, thinking about his Mercedes convertible. It was his baby and he hadn't wanted to leave it in Chicago. Rio had convinced him they needed to see what the layout was like in Cattle Valley before they brought it all the way to Wyoming.

Rio must've known what Nate was thinking because he put a hand on Nate's thigh and gave it a reassuring squeeze. "The Mercedes would do just fine in one of the bays. Maybe we can find a used four-wheel drive for the winter."

"You think?" Nate asked. He was attached to very few things, but his men and his car were three things he didn't ever want to live without.

"Come on. Let's go get our welcome home." Rio pulled Nate out of the truck as Ryan rushed toward them. They came together in a three-way kiss, none of them willing to wait for their turn. Tongues were sucked and lips nipped as hands began to roam.

"God, missed you two," Ryan moaned, trying to get his jeans unzipped.

"Do you think we should take this inside?" Rio asked, glancing toward the road.

"Oh, yeah, I guess so." Ryan zipped his jeans and led them toward the large deck at the front of the house. "What d'ya think? Beautiful isn't it?" Ryan asked as he climbed the steps.

"Breathtaking," Nate said, looking directly at Ryan's ass. Damn, his man was sexy. He was glad Ryan was allowed to wear his jeans instead of those nasty uniform pants, because Ryan in a pair of tight jeans was a thing of beauty.

Nate looked around as he climbed the steps. The large deck out front would be perfect for sunbathing, and the two covered decks on either side, perfect for rainy summer days. He felt like he needed to pinch himself. Never had he thought he'd live in the country, and definitely not in a house like this.

Ryan unlocked the door and went in, holding it open. "Welcome home," Ryan said, gesturing toward the great-room.

Nate stepped in and his eyes almost bugged out of his head as he stared at the towering open-beamed ceiling. "Damn," he whispered, looking from the ceiling to the huge river-rock fireplace. "You were right, Rio, my furniture

wouldn't have fit in." He understood that now, but it had been hard to sell his condo furnished. He'd spent years slowly building his collection of ultra-modern, sleek furnishings. Rio and Ryan's sturdy brown leather furniture looked right at home. Although he couldn't wait to get to a decorating store and spruce up the place.

"Through here's the only room I'm interested in right now," Ryan said, pulling Nate into the bedroom.

Their large king-sized bed faced a wall of windows and Nate couldn't help but to shake his head. "How did you ever find this paradise?"

Ryan looked at Nate and started undressing. "Well, I got a call that my man was being pursued by a little pipsqueak named Nate. I believe the first time I saw you was at the Dead Zone looking sexy as fuck. I knew right then and there that I was glad I'd come to Summerville."

Ryan's words had the desired effect and Nate tore off his clothes and jumped onto the middle of the big bed. He grinned and motioned Rio and Ryan over, "Come to paradise, where all your fantasies come true."

Rio looked over at Ryan and rolled his eyes. "He's been weird since you left," Rio said, tackling Nate. Rio started his normal game of tickle-me-Nate, which had Nate squirming to get away, neither of them paying attention to Ryan as he finished getting undressed.

"Help me, Ryan," Nate pleaded through tears of laughter.

Instead of pulling Rio off of Nate, Ryan chose to distract Rio another way. Nate felt Rio stiffen before a moan erupted, all tickling forgotten. Nate looked over Rio's shoulder to see

Ryan's face buried between the crack of Rio's ass. Shit, no wonder Rio had gotten distracted.

Moving out from under Rio, Nate knelt beside his head and painted the big man's lips with his cock. "Come on, you owe me," Nate said, continuing to tease Rio.

With a growl, Rio opened and took the crown of Nate's cock into his mouth.

"Yes," Nate said, thrusting his hips toward Rio's face. Through heavy lids, Nate watched as Ryan backed off Rio's ass and reached for the bedside table.

"Sorry, loves, it's been too long. If I do any more playing, I won't last." Ryan grabbed a new bottle of lube and slicked his fingers.

Rio continued to lick and suck Nate's cock, as Nate watched Ryan stretch that beautiful hole of Rio's. Reaching out, Nate ran his hand around the outside of Rio's hole as Ryan's fingers disappeared inside. "So hot," Nate panted, thrusting again into Rio's mouth. He wasn't sure if he was talking about Rio's ass or all that fine-as-fuck tattooed skin of Ryan's.

Ryan must've felt Nate's gaze on him because he looked up and grinned. "You haven't even said anything about my new one."

Nate blushed. Ryan knew how much his tats turned him on. "You got a new one?" Nate asked excitedly almost dislodging his cock from Rio's mouth. He searched the bronzed chest and arms in front of him. "Where? Tell me." Nate pumped in and out of Rio's mouth faster as his excitement level rose.

Ryan scooted around Rio's body and ran his hand across the skin above his cock. Where there used to be only Rio's name written in script, now Nate's name was forever tattooed there, too.

Looking from the tattoo up to Ryan's face, Nate's orgasm overtook him, shooting his seed down Rio's throat. "Ah fuck," he cried as Rio drank every drop of his cum.

Once Nate was licked clean, Rio pulled off and looked at him. "It's about damn time, I wanted to see the new art, too."

Falling toward Ryan, Nate brushed his fingers over his name. "I never thought ... I would have never asked..." Shit, for the first time in his life he was left speechless. This was way better than any ring. This meant he truly did belong with Ryan and Rio. Nate felt tears cloud his vision and quickly blinked them away. "Thank you," he whispered.

Ryan pulled Nate up into his arms and kissed him, tongue swirling within the depths of his mouth. Ryan broke the kiss and hugged him. "You belong there just as much as Rio does."

"We love you," Rio said looking Nate in the eyes.

Nate felt himself start to tear up again and shook his head. "At least I'll forever be on top," he remarked, touching his tattooed name that sat above Rio's.

"Oh, ha ha, Mr. Funny-Man." Rio sat back up on his hands and knees. "Is someone gonna fuck me or did I get all nice and stretched for nothing?"

"Shall we take pity on him?" Ryan asked Nate.

Nate shrugged. He loved torturing Rio. "Well ... he did suck me off."

Nate grabbed the bottle of lube and poured some into his palm. Running his hand up and down Ryan's long thick cock, he felt his own begin to stir. When Ryan groaned and thrust his hips, Nate laughed. "Better do Rio before he starts whining again."

Releasing his hold on Ryan's shaft, Nate watched as Ryan pressed himself against Rio's stretched hole. Nate never tired of watching the two of them fuck. They'd done it for so many years, Ryan knew just how to position himself to peg Rio's gland on every thrust, and Rio in a state of bliss was sexy as hell.

Running his lubed hand down the cleft of Ryan's ass, Nate tapped against Ryan's tight hole. "Ooh, someone's been neglected."

"Uh huh," Ryan grunted as he thrust in and out of Rio.

"Good to know," Nate smirked, slipping his finger into Ryan's puckered hole. With Ryan busy, Nate knew he could say or do pretty much anything he wanted. He thrust a second finger in and then a third. "We saw that big hunk-of-a-man at the gas station. You haven't been flirting with him, have you?" Nate pulled his fingers out and waited for his answer.

"No, no flirting," Ryan shook his head, spreading his legs wider, his pretty hole just begging for Nate's fingers.

"Well alright then." Nate thrust his three fingers back inside Ryan's hot body. He studied the tattoos on his lovers back as it rippled with every thrust. Rio started moaning and rocking back into Ryan's cock, Ryan in turn pushed back

against Nate's hand. The eagle inked on Ryan's shoulder blades looked like it was taking flight.

"Gonna," Rio grunted.

"Do it," Ryan grunted back.

Nate worked his fingers in and out of Ryan's ass to the rhythm already established. Reaching down, Nate wrapped his shaft with his free hand, stroking as fast as he could to catch up. "Now," he yelled.

Rio howled, followed quickly by Ryan. Bringing up the rear was Nate as he covered his hand in hot, thick seed. With after-shocks still rippling through his body, Nate removed his fingers and fell onto the pile of sweaty bodies. "Love you guys."

Ryan turned enough to wrap an arm around Nate. "Love you, too."

Rio started whining he was being squished, so they all readjusted until Ryan was in the centre of the bed with Nate and Rio on either side. They kissed and touched, trying to reacquaint themselves.

"Have I told you how fantastic this place is," Nate said, breaking the silence.

"No, but I'm glad you like it." Ryan turned toward Rio, "What about you?"

"The house is great, but this view is better."

Nate followed Rio's gaze out the window. He could see the Big Horn Mountains in the distance and a small barn. Shit, he couldn't believe he'd forgotten about the horses. "How's Lady? Does she miss me?"

Chuckling, Ryan gave Nate a quick kiss. "That damn horse is ornerier than you are. You've got her spoiled rotten, always digging in my pockets for sugar cubes. Why you ever started her on that habit I'll never understand."

"I didn't start her on it. The old man who sold her to me did. I'm just continuing to feed her habit. Besides, it's nice to just be able to go out and hold up some sugar and have her come running, rather than chase her all over the damn pasture."

Hugging both Rio and Nate against his chest, Ryan kissed their foreheads. "Lord it's good to have you both here. I thought I'd go crazy in this big house alone."

"Um, I hate to bring it up, what with all the male bonding and everything, but do you think I could make arrangements to have someone deliver the Mercedes before the snow starts to fly?"

"You'd better get on the phone first thing in the morning because the first snow fall could happen any day. And from what I hear, if you don't have a snow plough hooked onto the front of your vehicle you're screwed." Ryan grinned at Nate. "I think the Mercedes will look damn good with a plough on the front."

Nate gasped, "Bite your tongue."

"I'd rather you did that," Ryan teased.

Nate looked over and giggled. "I think we've worn poor Rio out." Their little welcome home party combined with driving all day, "which was his own fault I might add. He refused to turn over the wheel to me, something about being

scatterbrained. Now I ask you, and be honest. Do you think I'm scatterbrained?"

Ryan rubbed his chin, appearing to mull the question over in his mind. "Scatterbrained, no. I think you are so incredibly devious that you enjoy fooling people into thinking you're flighty."

"Damn, you've found me out." Nate held his index finger to his lips, "Shh, don't tell Rio. I love it when I can drive him batty."

Laughing, Ryan pulled Nate closer, "Your secret's safe with me."

Chapter Four

After breakfast the next morning, Rio and Nate got their first real look at the house and land. "Forty acres, huh?" Rio asked, looking at the sweeping views out their back deck. "And we're going to buy it?"

"Well, that's my hope," Ryan said. "But we won't actually own the land. Charles Beauregard, the guy who owned all this, set it up so all the land stays with the James Beauregard Trust. He was the son that was murdered. Anyway, Charles wanted to make sure the town lasted so he has all the land on a hundred-year lease. We'll pay yearly payments to the trust. The trustees then use the money for community improvements."

"Sounds like a pretty smart man," Nate agreed, as he stepped off the deck toward the barn.

Rio watched Nate move across the dewy grass in his expensive Italian shoes and shook his head. "You're going to have to get some more sensible footwear."

Nate stopped and looked down at his feet. Sighing he nodded, "Yeah, I'm afraid you're right. I wonder if Brunori makes boots?"

Laughing, Rio walked up behind Nate and swung him up into his arms. "I'll carry you, princess. We wouldn't want your four hundred dollar shoes getting ruined."

Nate slapped his chest. "You know I should be pissed after a crack like that, but my shoes thank you." Nate took the opportunity to suck up a hickey on Rio's neck.

"As good as that feels, I don't really want to meet the residents of our new town covered in love bites." He gave Nate's cute little ass a goose.

"They'll have to get used to it," Ryan said coming up behind Rio. He moved Rio's black, shoulder-length hair aside and gave him another hickey.

The pull of Ryan's suction had Rio's cock hardening painfully in his tight jeans. "I hope to God this barn has a decent place to fuck, because the two of you are just begging for it."

Ryan started laughing and squeezed Rio's ass. "Oh, you have no idea. I set our spread up right, complete with lube and blankets in the barn."

"Yee haw," Rio said walking faster.

* * * *

"And this is Beauregard Park," Ryan said, pulling under the arched entrance. "Even though it's on the edge of town, the park is the heart of the community. Everything happens here, sports, picnics, weddings in the summer." Ryan pointed toward a gazebo next to a pond, "There was a wedding right there last weekend."

"Pretty," Nate commented, squeezing Ryan's thigh. "You like it here don't you?"

Ryan smiled, "I love it here. For the first time in my life, I don't have to worry about my sexual preferences. I can openly talk about the men I love and not worry about my job." Ryan shook his head. He didn't know how to explain his feelings. There was a sense of inner peace whenever he

walked down the sidewalk, or ate in the diner across the street from the station.

Rio pointed toward the large playground as they drove by. "Are there many kids here?"

"Some, yeah. I think the school has about a hundred and twenty-five students, and then there are younger children in town, too. Some belong to the gay couples, but there are also straight couples living in Cattle Valley. Most of them have other family members that they've followed here."

Exiting the park, Ryan drove down Main Street. Nate looked at the quaint brick buildings, some of them colourfully painted. "I know these are fairly new, so why don't they look it?"

"Mr. Beauregard wanted the town to feel settled, like it had been here for a hundred years, so he had used bricks shipped in from all over the country. The backs of the buildings are just wood, but from the front, you'd never know this town is barely twenty-years-old." Ryan couldn't keep the pride out of his voice. It was ridiculous really. He'd only been in town for a couple of weeks, but he already felt like a part of the community.

Pulling in front of a little restaurant at the edge of town, Ryan turned off the truck. "How 'bout some lunch?"

Rio's stomach took that moment to growl. "Sounds good."

Ryan got out and waited for Nate and Rio on the sidewalk. He happily put his hands on the small of both his men's backs as they walked up the stairs to the Canoe. "Feel like eating inside or out?" Ryan asked, gesturing toward the outdoor seating at the side of the restaurant.

Nate shivered and burrowed further against Ryan. "Are you nuts?"

Laughing, Ryan opened the door. "You're from Chicago. I know they have cold weather there, why are you suddenly a puss?"

Smiling at the waiter, Nate looked up at Ryan. "Just because Chicago has winter doesn't mean I indulged. I like my body nice and hot."

Ryan ran his hand down Nate's back to pat his butt. "I like you nice and hot, too."

After being seated in front of the bank of windows at the front of the restaurant, Ryan introduced Rio and Nate to their waiter, Jim. They were looking over the menu when Rio's cell phone rang. Ryan watched Rio look at the display, his brow furrowing.

"Excuse me, I need to take this. Order me an iced tea, please." Rio stood and walked out the front door of the restaurant.

Nate watched out the window at Rio before turning to Ryan. "What was that about?"

Ryan was afraid he knew, but didn't want to upset Nate if he was wrong. "Not sure," he said watching Rio pace up and down the sidewalk. The longer Rio talked, the lower Ryan's heart sank. He was just about to say something when Rio closed his phone and stuck it in his pocket. He looked toward the windows and Ryan watched him take a deep breath. *Oh shit.*

They gave Jim their drink orders before Rio had a chance to get back to the table. Ryan noticed the look on Rio's face

as he approached. "Who was it?" Ryan asked, afraid of the answer.

Rio waved his hand, "Just business, we can talk about it later." Rio gave Ryan a look that said it wasn't good news.

Nate must have picked up on it because he reached out and cupped Rio's cheek. "Tell us. You know I won't be able to eat if I think something's wrong."

The waiter approached the table with their drinks and asked if they were ready to order. Ryan looked from Rio to Nate and shook his head. "Sorry, Jim, but I think something's come up. We'll have to take a rain check on lunch." Ryan pulled a bill out of his pocket and gave it to Jim.

"I hope you can bring your partners in another time. Eric was looking forward to impressing them with his food."

"Oh, don't worry about that. You know this is one of my favourite haunts when I'm hungry." Ryan stood and clapped Jim on the back. "Tell Eric we'll be in sometime within the next couple of days."

"Will do," Jim said and turned to Rio and Nate. "It was nice to meet the both of you. Ryan's talked a lot about you. It's nice to finally be able to put faces with names."

"Nice to meet you, Jim," Rio mumbled pulling Nate up out of his chair. Wrapping a tight arm around Nate, Rio led him back to the truck.

Once inside the cab of the truck, Rio set Nate on his lap and kissed him. "Give Ryan enough time to get us home and we'll talk."

* * * *

The drive back to the house seemed to take forever. Rio kept his hands on Nate, petting and stroking his head and thigh. Usually, Nate would have been hard as a rock, but now, nothing. Rio seemed to notice and reached over to unbuckle Nate's seat belt. "Screw the law," Rio mumbled, pulling Nate into his lap.

Burying his head between Rio's neck and shoulder, Nate felt lost. He couldn't take another minute of this. "Please talk to me. I'm in your arms, that's all I need, not home, just you."

Rio took a deep breath. "That was the agency I work for. They have a job they need me to go on, but it'll be for at least six months. Some aide workers are going to South America. They'll be travelling around the rainforest vaccinating villagers, and they want me to help protect them."

"Six months?" Nate asked in a whisper. "Just tell them you can't go. You have a family here, I moved here for you and Ryan. No way can you just take off for six months."

"It's my job, baby." Rio kissed the top of Nate's head. "I have to earn a living."

"Well, get another job," Nate pouted. "I'm sure there's something around here you can do."

"Like what, sack groceries in town?" Rio repositioned Nate on his lap and tilted his chin up. "I'm a trained soldier. It's all I'm really qualified for."

"That's a lie. You're so much more than you give yourself credit for." Nate looked over at Ryan. "Please tell him not to go."

Nate looked at Ryan and his heart broke. He could tell Ryan wasn't about to tell Rio what to do. Nate knew the two of them had been through this very thing for years. They'd both worked as paid-protection before Ryan got the job in Cattle Valley.

"Stop the truck," Nate yelled.

As soon as Ryan pulled to the side of the road, Nate pushed away from Rio and stormed out onto the gravel road. Rio watched as Nate's body seemed to vibrate with anger. He took off walking back in the direction of town.

"Shit," Rio said and looked at Ryan. Jumping out of the truck, Rio walked toward Nate. Suddenly, Nate spun around and looked at him.

"Fine, if you're going to South America, so am I," Nate yelled, hands on his hips.

"The hell you are," Rio shouted in Nate's face.

"If you're going, I'm going. There's no way I could stay here not knowing if you're alive or dead from day to day." Nate squared his shoulders and looked up as Rio towered over him.

Rio shook his head, "You wouldn't survive. It's a different world down there." God, just the thought of Nate traipsing around the rainforest getting shot at was enough to make his heart skip a beat.

Nate's eyes narrowed as he poked Rio in the chest. "Need I remind you that I'm a fourth degree black-belt in four different martial arts? I think I can take care of myself."

Wrapping his arms around the smaller man, Rio kissed the top of his head. "Those belts wouldn't do you any good, baby.

By the time you got close enough to one of the rebels to use it on them you'd be dead of a gunshot between your eyes. They've been known to come into your tent at night and just slit your throat while you sleep. What good would martial arts do you then?" Rio felt Nate begin to tremble before he pushed away. Nate fell to his knees and threw up. Shit, Rio was trying to scare him out of going, not upset him so much he got sick.

Looking at Ryan, Rio pulled a red bandana out of his back pocket and knelt beside Nate. "Oh, baby, please don't do this to yourself." Rio wiped Nate's mouth. "I was just trying to make you understand why you aren't prepared to follow me. Ryan and I are used to that life. We know what to look for in the vegetation, you don't."

Rio sat down on the side of the road and pulled Nate into his lap. "I need to know you're here with Ryan, safe, and waiting for me to come home."

Nate shook his head. "No, I won't sit by and wait for word of your death. I can't do it, I won't do it." Nate had himself so worked up again he started a round of dry heaves.

Rio looked up at Ryan, trying to figure out what to do. Without saying a word, Ryan bent and lifted Nate into his arms and carried him back to the truck. Rio got up, brushed off the ass of his jeans and followed, like a schoolboy. It wasn't like he wanted to leave, hell it was tearing him up just as much as Nate. But this was his job, what was he supposed to do, just retire and live off Ryan and his savings?

"Get in," he heard Ryan say.

Rio glanced up and saw Nate sitting in the middle of the bench seat. Nodding, Rio opened the door and slid in. "I'm sorry," he whispered, kissing the top of Nate's head.

"No more talk until we get home," Ryan ordered. He looked at Rio and Rio knew one of Ryan's famous *talks* was coming. He turned toward the passenger window and watched the small ranches pass by. All he really wanted to do was just get home and take a nap, maybe eat a sandwich first. On second thoughts, maybe he needed to take off toward the mountains on Ryan's Harley.

Glancing Ryan's way, Rio tried to figure out if he could ask to borrow the bike. He watched as Ryan's long fingers gripped the wheel. His tattooed forearms rippled with tension as the veins stood out in stark contrast. Nope, not a good time to ask for a favour.

* * * *

Once inside, Nate withdrew to the bathroom, saying he was going to shower as Ryan pulled Rio out to the covered porch. Sitting side by side on the big porch swing, Ryan wrapped his arm around Rio's neck and pulled him in for a kiss. As he tasted Rio, he couldn't help thinking about him going away. It had always been hard when Rio went out on a job, but it seemed even worse now. This was supposed to be the place they set down roots. Ryan couldn't explain it, but he felt like they had even more of a family bond with Nate in the mix.

Breaking the kiss, Ryan leaned his forehead against Rio's. "I don't want you to take this job."

Rio closed his eyes, "Believe me, I don't want to take it, either, but I don't know what else to do."

"Give us time, give yourself time. Take a year off and figure out what you want to do with the rest of your life. I really don't think it's trudging through jungles babysitting aide workers." Ryan traced Rio's perfectly sculpted black brows. "We've got the money. You just need the desire."

"Oh I have the desire to stay with you and Nate. I just don't want to feel like I'm sponging off the two of you." Rio opened his eyes as he heard the front door open.

Nate came over, feet bare, brown hair wet and dripping, and sat on Rio's lap. "How many private investigators do you know that can afford four-hundred dollar shoes and a Mercedes?"

"One," Rio mumbled.

"None," Nate corrected him. "The PI business pays peanuts compared to what I'm worth, and I'd give up every cent to keep you out of the jungles and here in Wyoming where you belong."

Ryan felt his chest tighten as he watched Rio lay his head on Nate's shoulder. Rio was seldom at a loss for words, but the few times Ryan had seen him like this, it was because he was so deeply touched words failed him.

Wrapping his arms around both his men, Ryan cleared his throat. "Let's go find something to eat. I'm starving and we all know Nate doesn't have a damn thing left in his gut."

Rio nodded and set Nate up on his feet. As they walked into the house, Rio slung his arm around Nate's shoulders. "So what are the two of us going to do all day if we aren't

All Play TITLE No Work [Cattle Valley Series Book 1]
by Carol Lynne

working?"

Chapter Five

"Sheriff? Deputy Jenkins would like to speak with you. He's on line two."

"Why's he calling on the phone instead of using the radio?" Ryan asked.

"I don't know."

"Thanks, Pam," Ryan smiled at his dispatcher and picked up the phone. "Hey, Roy."

"Hi, Sheriff. I've made a traffic stop and I'm not sure how to handle it. The radar shows the car going ninety in a fifty-five zone."

"So give the bastard a ticket." Ryan couldn't understand why Roy was even asking.

"Well, see ... uh ... the problem is ... Nate's the speeder. He said he just got his car back this afternoon and he was testing it out."

Crap. Ryan ran his hand through his hair. "Well, give him a ticket anyway and if he tries to give you any shit, tell him the order came from me."

"Yes, sir," Roy said and hung up.

At least now he knew why Roy had called instead of using the radio. Ryan bet about a quarter of the people in town had police receivers in their houses. Usually it was in case an emergency happened and the fire department needed help, or if a child was lost and needed to be found. The rest of the time, Ryan knew it was just to get the latest gossip about what was going on around town.

Twenty minutes later, Nate stood in Ryan's doorway with his hands on his hips. "You told him to give me a ticket? Doesn't sleeping with the Sheriff have any privileges?"

Ryan looked up from his paperwork. "Are you saying that sleeping with me isn't enough, that you want extras?"

Nate started sputtering and walked in, closing the door behind him. "You know that's not what I meant. I just got my baby back this morning and wanted to see that she was okay." Nate held up a piece of paper. "And now I find out it's going to cost me almost a hundred and twenty bucks."

Turning his chair, Ryan spread his thighs and gestured for Nate to come closer. After a moment's hesitation, Nate crawled into his lap. Ryan kissed his sweet man and sighed. "Do you have any idea how reckless it was to drive around these narrow roads at ninety-miles-per-hour? You could've killed someone. What would you have done if you'd come around one of those hairpin turns and there was a kid riding his bike. It happens, Nate. Kids miss the school bus and are forced to ride their bikes."

"I'm sorry," Nate mumbled, refusing to look into Ryan's eyes.

Ryan stopped and took a deep breath. In a calmer voice he continued. "Just the thought of something happening to you, makes me want to impound that damn car of yours. I can't let you take chances like that, and you and Rio have got to understand that just because I love you, doesn't mean you're above the law. Last weeks cherry bomb incident is still the talk of the town. Roy let you off with a warning on my orders,

but you can only get away with so much before the townspeople start doubting my abilities."

Nate's bottom lip stuck out in a cute little pout as he listened. Crossing his arms, he pouted even further. "I still don't know what the big deal was. Hell, we blew up our own mailbox. It wasn't like we destroyed someone else's property."

"Fireworks are still against the law in this town, and you both knew it." Ryan leaned forward and nibbled that cute little lip. "Why don't you and Rio do some shopping today? You both need to get outfitted for winter and it would keep you guys out of trouble. I'll meet you at the Canoe for supper around five-thirty."

Sighing, Nate melted into Ryan's arms and kissed him. As the kiss grew deeper, Ryan's cock began to press against the zipper of his jeans. Reluctantly he pulled back, breaking the kiss. "You're trying to get me into trouble." Ryan moaned as Nate pressed the heel of his hand against the bulge in Ryan's jeans.

"I can take care of this for you." Nate started on Ryan's zipper.

"No, baby, not here," Ryan said, stilling Nate's hands. "You call Rio and tell him to meet you next door at Wynfield's." *Oh, there was that bottom lip again.* "You know I'd like nothing better than to have you suck me off, but you also know how I like to take a nice nap afterward." Ryan spread his arms. "Not exactly the best place for either."

"Later?" Nate said, devilish twinkle in his eye.

"Definitely." He stood Nate up and patted his cute little ass. "Make sure you buy some warm clothes. I'd like to sit out on the terrace at Canoe's tonight and watch the sunset."

"Do I really have to buy clothes? I already put a rather large order in at Barney's. They should be here next week."

"I don't think you have much choice. Snow's supposed to come in before the weekend. Besides, Wyn might just surprise you with his selection. Don't forget, there are a lot of gay men in town who are just as picky as you."

Turning his nose up, Nate winked. "Not possible, but I'll help outfit our Rio in the finest flannel money can buy."

* * * *

Nate decided to drive back to the house and get Rio. No sense in having three vehicles in town. Besides, Nate had missed his car and driving around the winding roads that led home was fun.

When he was unable to find Rio in the house, Nate trekked out to the barn. "You in here?"

"Yep," came Rio's reply.

Nate heard a loud noise and decided to investigate. *Ha, investigate, yeah like he'd ever get a job doing that again.* The thought started to depress him until he spotted Rio. A laugh burst out of him and his unemployed status was soon forgotten.

Sitting on the floor of the barn, Rio was covered in black soot. "Sure, you laugh now, but when I get this stove cleaned out and it's nice and toasty in here this winter you'll be on your knees thanking me."

"Uh ... why wouldn't we just stay in the house if it's that cold?" Nate hated to bring up the obvious, but sometimes he couldn't figure Rio out.

Shrugging, Rio pulled his ever present red bandana out of his pocket and wiped his hands and face. "I just figured we'd start gettin' a little stir-crazy after a couple months and need to spread out. It was a stupid idea, I guess."

Oh, he'd hurt his man's feelings. Here Rio thought he was doing something Nate would be overjoyed about, and he had to go and make fun of him for it. Looking down, Nate kissed his clothes goodbye and made room for himself on Rio's sooty lap. "Hold me, you big lug."

Rio wrapped those long tree-trunks around Nate and pulled him against his chest. Nate relished in Rio's warmth. They'd decided as a group that Rio wouldn't take any jobs out of the country for at least a year. After that time, they'd see where their finances were. Nate knew Rio still felt guilty about not bringing in money, and maybe this was his way of contributing. Nate grinned as he looked at Rio's face and clothes. Maybe he'd buy Rio a how-to book for Christmas if Rio was going to insist on being their resident handy-man. "Didn't mean to hurt your feelings," Nate said, taking the rag away from Rio and wiping the black stuff off Rio's face. "I love you, you know that, right?"

Nodding, Rio kissed him. "I was just bored and thought I'd do something special for our first winter in Wyoming. I thought I'd try and build us a bed of sorts for out here, too."

Grinning, Nate nipped Rio's chin. "Now you're talking." Nate looked over at the stove. "So what's wrong with it?"

"Nothing, just needed the pipes cleaned out."

"I know Ryan already got wood for the house, but should we get more for the barn?" Nate asked, pulling Rio's dirty T-shirt over his head.

"I'll get mine from the same place Ryan got his." Rio reciprocated, unbuttoning Nate's tailored dress shirt.

Nate sighed as Rio pulled the tiny gold hoops in his nipples. "Wh-Where did Ryan get the wood?"

Replacing his fingers with his mouth, Rio sucked Nate's nipple into his mouth. Nate arched his back and dug his fingers into Rio's black chest hair.

Rio seemed to realise he'd been asked a question and released Nate's nipple ring. "I'm gonna cut it. There are plenty of trees in the back of the property, a couple shouldn't hurt."

Nate felt his cock try to bust out of his khakis. "Oh, you're going to swing a big axe like a real lumberjack?" He wrestled his zipper down, "Damn that'll be hot to watch. Maybe Ryan will help you." The thought of two bare-chested men swinging big heavy axes almost had him coming before he could get his pants off. He pictured that eagle inked on Ryan's shoulder blades taking flight with a fine sheen of sweat glistening in the sunlight. "Oh fuck, I'm gonna," Nate moaned as Rio repositioned him and swallowed his cock.

The squeeze of Rio's throat muscles as he buried his nose against Nate's hairless groin was his undoing. Grabbing two handfuls of Rio's hair, Nate bucked up and rode his mouth for several seconds before shooting down his throat.

As soon as his breathing returned to normal, Nate sat up and looked at Rio's still-hard cock. "Where's that lube you keep out here?"

While Rio rose to retrieve the tube from an overhead shelf, Nate licked his fingers and began stretching himself. The heat in Rio's eyes as he knelt between Nate's legs caused goose flesh to rise on Nate's skin.

"So sexy," Rio whispered. He slicked his fingers and batted Nate's away. "Mine," he growled, turning Nate until he was on his hands and knees.

Starting with two fingers, Rio pumped in and out of Nate's hole. "More," Nate cried. He needed the burn to combat the October chill in the air.

At four fingers, Nate felt his cock begin to stiffen as he slammed back, fucking himself on Rio's hand. "Now," he panted.

Fingers withdrawn, Nate felt the large silver hoop of Rio's Prince Albert pressing into him. "Ah, fuck." Nate never tired of the feel of Rio's fat cock topped with that thick piece of silver.

Gripping Nate's shoulders, Rio began riding him hard and deep almost throwing Nate down into the dirt several times. Deciding to fight fire with fire, Nate braced his arms and thrust back, impaling himself over and over. "So good," he groaned as he watched his pre-cum drop onto the floor creating tiny puddles in the dust. Rio reached around and gripped Nate's cock in his big meaty fist. It only took a couple of strokes before jets of seamen spewed out of the tip of his cock, painting designs on the floor.

Rio slammed into him once more and came with a roar. Nate couldn't help the chuckle that erupted as the horses began getting restless. Rolling to the side away from the muddy mess he'd created, Nate continued laughing. "The horses think a bear's wandered into the barn."

With a grunt, Rio fell beside him. Nate was tempted to take a nap, but realised they had too many things to do before meeting Ryan at five-thirty. The thought of his lumberjacks wearing flannel suddenly took on a whole new appeal for Nate. "We need to get cleaned up and head to town. Ryan says it's supposed to snow this weekend." Nate buried his fingers in Rio's chest hair again. "I'm going to pick out some of the hottest flannel shirts you've ever seen for you and Ryan."

"Oh yeah? The lumberjack thing does it for you?" Rio teased.

"You have no idea," Nate said just before sealing his lips over Rio's.

Chapter Six

Stepping into Wynfield's Department Store, Nate wasn't expecting much, it *was* Wyoming after all. As he passed by an exquisite glass enclosed mahogany display case, he was stunned. So much so, that his hand immediately reached to his chest, to still his racing heart.

"Can I help you?"

Nate looked at the very handsome, older gentleman. "Oh my God. You have Malo and Etro sweaters?" He still couldn't believe his good fortune. The selection wasn't vast, but to have these designer sweaters in the middle of nowhere felt like a sign from the man upstairs. Maybe he was meant to be here after all, he grinned to himself. "May I?" he asked, his hands just itching to touch the soft cashmere.

The slim, but very well dressed, gentleman produced a set of keys and opened the case. "I can see you're a man after my own heart."

"Sorry, but his heart's already taken," Rio said, coming up behind Nate. He put a proprietary hand on Nate's shoulder, warning the handsome man off.

"Of course." The man bowed his head slightly. "I was only speaking of your friend's love of fine clothing."

"Don't mind him, Mr...?"

"I'm Palmer Wynfield, but most people call me Wyn."

Nate reached out and shook Wyn's hand. "It's nice to meet you, Wyn. I'm Nate Gills and this is one of my partners, Rio Adega."

A smile spread across Wyn's face. "I believe I'm correct in assuming Sheriff Blackfeather is your other partner."

"Yes," Nate smiled. "He's the responsible member of our little family." Nate turned and looked up at Rio. "We've been sent to find winter clothing. Although I'm from Chicago and have a closet-full of sweaters, Ryan seems to think I need something more practical for the Wyoming winters." Nate squeezed Rio's hand, still resting on his shoulder. "This big guy's from Texas and he needs the works."

Wyn pulled a few sweaters out of the case and began checking sizes. "I'm not sure if I carry anything large enough for you, Mr. Adegä."

"Oh no," Rio stopped him with a hand on the pile of sweaters. "I'm looking for something in flannel." Rio gave Nate a heated look and winked.

Catching the heated look, Wyn seemed to blush. "Of course."

Wyn started to put the sweaters back in the case, but this time Nate stopped him. "I, on the other hand, would love to look at the winter-white Etro and the cranberry Malo, please."

Handing over the two sweaters, Wyn smiled. "If you wish, you can try them on just through those doors."

"No need," Nate ran his hand over the fine cashmere, "I have a few at home in just this size." He handed them back to Wyn, "Could you hold them at the register for me while I help Rio shop for lumberjack clothes?"

"Of course," Wyn blushed again.

Nate bet he wasn't the only one in town with a lumberjack fetish. He pulled Rio over to the other side of the aisle to the

more rugged outdoor clothing. "Ooh look, this one looks almost like a Burberry plaid," Nate said, holding the tan plaid up to Rio's expansive chest.

Rio rolled his eyes, "You're killin' me here. Can't we just grab a couple in different colours and a couple packages of thermal underwear and be done with it?"

Standing on tip-toes, Nate kissed him. His big bear was getting growly, it must be almost dinner time. Nate walked over and picked out a couple of sets of thermals in coordinating colours with the shirts Rio had already grabbed off the rack. Turning back to Wyn he asked, "Is it okay if Rio changes here? We're supposed to meet Ryan at Canoe and he wants to sit outside, the beast."

Chuckling, Wyn showed Rio the way to the dressing room. While he was gone, Nate started looking at the ghastly parkas. He, himself, had a beautiful Burberry trench with zip-in lining, but doubted it would be appropriate for feeding the horses in the winter.

"Find something else you're in need of?" Wyn asked, coming to stand beside Nate.

"Coats," he mumbled, shaking his head. "They're just so ... poofy."

Another big grin, and Wyn steered him over to another rack. "These are actually as warm as the ... poofy ones, just constructed differently. Might I also suggest a vest? If you'll be working as well as dining outside, vests are nice, surprisingly warm, too."

The coats weren't that bad actually, and Nate found one all in black, perfect. He picked a navy one out for Rio, before

turning to look over the vests. Settling on a red for Rio and a black for himself, he carried them to the register.

Wyn began to remove the tags from the items and slip them into bags. His cuff rode up his arm a bit and Nate couldn't help but notice the nasty bruise that Wyn had inadvertently uncovered. The purple and blue marks were in the shape of fingers. Without thought, Nate reached out and ran his hand over the bruise. "Wyn?" Nate looked into Wyn's grey eyes questioningly.

Quickly pulling his shirt sleeve back down, Wyn shook his head. "It's nothing, just a misunderstanding." With a stack of tags in front of him, Wyn began scanning.

Seeing the subtotal, Nate knew Rio would freak and feel even more guilty about not having a job. "Let me go get Rio's tags." He slipped away and knocked on the dressing room door. "You about ready?"

"Yeah, except this one is a little tight in the shoulders. Would you get me a bigger size?" He handed the red and black checked shirt over the door.

"Do me a favour and pull off your other tags so Wyn can ring them up. It's damn near five-thirty and we need to get a move on."

Several seconds later, Rio opened the door, clad only in a dark blue thermal shirt and handed Nate the small slips of cardboard. Nate couldn't help tracing the outline of Rio's nipple rings through the tight waffled fabric. "Sexy," he growled as he tweaked Rio's nipple.

Chuckling, Rio shook his head. "Glad you like it." Rio took Nate's hand and lowered it to his hard cock. "Someone else likes that you like it, too."

With a moan and a quick grope, Nate kissed him. "You're too damn yummy for your own good, now get dressed."

Stopping by the rack of shirts, Nate picked up a larger size and proceeded to the counter. Handing over the tags, he waited while Wyn scanned them. Nate noticed Wyn didn't make eye contact, and seemed a little on edge. He glanced several times out the store window, but said nothing.

When everything was rung up, Nate handed over his debit card and quickly signed the receipt as Rio came walking up. "Hand me those vests, Wyn. I think we'll wear them out."

After slipping his own on, he helped Rio with his. With a sigh and a pat of Rio's pecs he stepped back. "You're definitely chopping wood tomorrow."

That got a chuckle out of both Rio and Wyn. Nate turned and shook Wyn's hand. "It was nice to meet you. I'm sure you'll be seeing a lot of me from now on."

"If there's anything you'd like me to special order just let me know." Wyn said, walking them to the door.

"Oh God, please don't tell him that. His clothes take up two full walk-in closets as it is," Rio teased, giving Nate a goose as they stepped out onto the sidewalk.

"Walk or ride?" Rio asked.

"What would be the point in walking if we just have to walk back here to pick up the car after dinner?" Nate looked at Rio. The man really was too butch for his own good.

After stowing the bags in his tiny trunk, Nate drove them to Canoe. He grinned as he spotted Ryan seated along the edge of the outdoor dining area. With his feet resting on the bottom rail, Ryan spread his thighs a little further apart when Rio climbed out of the car. Rio really did look dreamy. All that black hair blowing in the cool evening breeze. His red and blue plaid shirt stretched across his broad shoulders.

Nate shook his head, feeling his own cock respond to the heated look Ryan was giving Rio. Damn, would they ever be able to eat in a restaurant without the three of them getting hard. At home it was no big deal. It was no hardship to take a break while eating and play a little, but he didn't think the other patrons of the Canoe would appreciate it.

They started to walk toward Ryan, but he shook his head and pointed toward the main entrance. "You have to be seated. I'll walk around and meet you."

Rio took Nate's hand and led him up the stairs and through the front door. They were met by a smiling Jim. "I'm so glad you're back." He greeted them. "Eric will be out a little later to introduce himself." Jim turned to escort them to the deck and almost bumped into Ryan. "Hi, Sheriff, I was just bringing your fellas out."

"I can take them, Jim. Why don't you give us about ten minutes before bringing out a dry martini and two bottles of Michelob." Ryan quickly kissed both men before leading them outside.

Nate sat between Rio and Ryan, facing the street. It really was a beautiful town and so far, with the exception of

whoever had bruised his new friend Wyn, everyone seemed really nice. He felt a finger on his bottom lip and looked up.

Ryan grinned, "Whatcha pouting about now?"

Sucking his lip back in, Nate sat up straighter. "I'm not, you're imagining things."

Ryan continued to rub the soft skin of Nate's lip. Snaking his tongue out, Nate licked the tip of Ryan's finger.

With a grunt, Ryan pulled back. "Trouble. That should be your new name."

Giving Ryan an innocent smile, Nate shrugged. "Do you know if Wyn is seeing anyone?"

Ryan's face turned to stone before Nate's eyes. "What?"

Nate rolled his eyes, and took Ryan's hand. "Relax, Sheriff. I'm not interested in Wyn like that. I was just wondering." Nate didn't want to tell them about the bruises. As ashamed as Wyn appeared when Nate had seen them, he doubted the older man wanted anyone to know. But, even though Nate wasn't going to tell, didn't mean he wasn't planning on doing something to help Wyn.

Ryan seemed to relax a little and looked at Rio. "It was the cashmere wasn't it?"

Chuckling, Rio clapped Nate on the back, almost throwing him face first onto the table. "Our baby's a cashmere whore alright."

Stiffening his spine, Nate crossed his arms. He knew his men were just teasing, but they weren't the only ones who could tease. "Fine, if you're going to start calling me names I'll just go into the kitchen and introduce myself to this Eric who's so anxious to meet me."

Nate started to stand, but was pulled back down, his lips soon covered by Rio's. "I'm sorry, baby, you know we were only teasin'."

Leaning forward, Nate nipped Rio's heavily stubbled chin. "I may be a whore, but I'm your whore and you know you wouldn't like me any other way."

"You got that right, although I wouldn't be opposed to seeing you in flannel." Rio's eyebrows danced as he smirked.

Reaching out, Nate tweaked his nipple. "Settle down, Paul Bunyan." Nate turned back to Ryan. "So you never answered my question about Wyn."

Ryan shrugged and shook his head. "As far as I know he isn't seeing anyone, but I've only been here three weeks. You want me to ask around?"

"No, it's nothing really. Just a feeling. I might have to do a little more shopping in the next couple of days." Nate scratched his jaw as he thought about the bruises on Wyn's arm. They were definitely inflicted by someone else. Who, Nate intended to find out.

Their drinks came and they finally took a few minutes to look over the menu. The food seemed to be simple, but elegant. Looking up at Jim, he pointed toward the menu. "I'll have the Trout Almondine, with wild rice and a dry white house wine."

Nate handed his menu to Jim, and watched as the sun slowly began to set. He'd been so lost in the beautiful sight, before he knew it a plate was being set down before him. "Thank you," he said, looking up. Expecting to see Jim, Nate was surprised by the tall man standing over him. "Oh my

God, Erico?" Nate stood and gave the tall, olive skinned man a hug.

"Mr. Gills, I had no idea you were the Nate, Ryan spoke so highly of. How've you been?"

Nate continued to hug Erico. He couldn't believe he had a Chicago connection right here in Cattle Valley. Although they were never actually friends, Nate had known Erico for years.

A tap on his shoulder had Nate breaking the embrace. He looked around and grinned at a scowling Ryan. "I know Erico from Chicago. He was the chef at Glover's, my favourite restaurant in Chicago."

Turning back to Erico, Nate shook his head. "They call you Eric, now?"

"Yes," Erico answered. "It's much easier, and I wanted a fresh start." Now it was Eric's turn to shake his head. "I can't believe you're here."

"Me neither, what made you decide to leave the big city for Cattle Valley?" Nate asked.

Eric spread his arms and turned his face to the sky. "I came here to visit some friends and never left. This is my idea of heaven on earth."

Nate heard Jim calling Eric from the doorway. "I have to get back to the kitchen, but we'll catch-up soon, yes?"

"Absolutely," Nate said giving him one more hug.

After Eric left, he answered Ryan and Rio's questions and soothed their fears about him being an ex-lover to the Latin heartthrob. "Never even dated," he'd told them. What he didn't tell them was that he'd never had the chance. Eric always seemed to have a new hot hunk on his arm every time

Nate had run into him in Chicago. He wondered who was warming the Italian god's bed these days.

Swallowing the last bite of his exquisite dinner, Nate wiped his mouth and leaned back in his chair. He had a beautiful home, glorious men and high quality cashmere right down the street. Who could ask for anything more?

Chapter Seven

Opening the door to Wynfield's, Nate looked around. He'd only lasted two days before the need to do something had finally driven him back into the shop. Nate was surprised when Wyn didn't appear right away, so he walked toward the back of the store. As he neared what he assumed was the office, he could hear Wyn talking.

Knowing it wasn't polite to eavesdrop had never stopped Nate before. In his job as a private investigator, he learned the art of subtly listening in on other people's conversations. He heard only Wyn's side of the conversation, so Nate assumed he must be on the phone. His new friend was begging someone to please leave him alone. It was obvious to Nate it was a lover or an ex-lover that Wyn had tried more than once to break it off with, and apparently the guy wasn't getting the hint.

The thought of someone strong-arming the distinguished gentleman didn't sit well at all with Nate. He heard the phone slam down and quickly retraced his steps to the front of the store. "Hello? Wyn?" He called out, waiting for Wyn to appear from his office.

"One moment, please," Wyn said through the door, voice cracking mid-sentence.

Nate decided to look at the flannel selection again, this time with Ryan in mind. Ooh, wouldn't it be cute to have his men in matching shirts? He picked up the Burberry plaid just as Wyn walked out of his office.

"Nate? Back so soon?" Wyn didn't walk over to Nate, but instead went to stand behind the sales counter.

"I thought I'd pick up some new flannels for Ryan." He quickly grabbed two more shirts and a couple of packages of thermals. "Hey, Wyn, do you happen to have any of the silk thermals?"

"Sorry, they're on backorder. I should have them in next week, though. Would you like me to save you back a couple of sets?"

"Yeah, that would be great." Nate set the clothes on the counter. He noticed Wyn didn't look up when he approached. "Wyn?"

"Yes," Wyn said, trying to busy himself taking the tags and hangers off the shirts.

"Would you look at me?" When Wyn didn't make a move to comply, Nate reached out and put his fingers under Wyn's chin and lifted his head slowly. His jaw was swollen and purple. Nate closed his eyes. "Please tell me who did this to you."

Wyn's eyes looked everywhere but at Nate. "I can't," he said, swallowing a sob.

"Can't or won't?" Nate asked, taking his new friend's hand.

"In this, it's one and the same. This is what happens when I try to deny him." Wyn shook his head. "It's getting worse all the time, though. I'm thinking of selling the shop and moving away. I don't know what else to do. He's well respected in this town so no one would believe me anyway."

"Bullshit, tell me who it is, and I promise he won't bother you again."

Wyn's eyes filled with tears. "Thank you, Nate, but I can't." He released Nate's hand and ran his fingers through his short hair. Nate could tell Wyn was only in his forties, but his hair was a beautiful shade of silver. Nate continued to study Wyn for several seconds. The shaking of the older man's hands told the story of just how afraid he was. Nate decided then and there to help Wyn whether he asked for it or not.

Now he'd just have to come up with a way to tell Rio and Ryan he'd be gone every evening. Nate knew they'd try to stop him, and Ryan would go all town-Sheriff on him, but this was something he wanted to take care of himself. He didn't know why, but he had a funny feeling about Wyn's ex.

* * * *

That evening, Nate talked Rio and Ryan into going on an after-dinner ride. As he rode Lady through the pasture, Nate gave up trying to figure out what to say and just said it. "I'm going to be gone in the evenings for awhile." Nate continued, not letting his men object. "Wyn's being threatened and beaten by someone in town, but he won't tell me who it is. I've decided to put my training to work, and find out just what's going on."

Ryan pulled his horse, Bucky up short and stared at Nate. "I don't *think* so. It sounds like a police matter. If these things are really happening to Wyn why hasn't he come forward and pressed charges?"

"They are happening. I've seen the bruises and I heard him on the telephone earlier begging whoever it was to leave him alone. Wyn said he can't tell me who's doing it because

he's a prominent member of the community." Nate rode Lady over to Bucky. Leaning across the distance he gave Ryan a quick kiss. "I managed to last a few years in this business without two hunky men to protect me. I know what I'm doing, and I'm damn good at it."

"I'll go with you," Rio said, riding up on the other side of him. "I've got nothing else to do anyway."

"And just how am I supposed to concentrate on watching Wyn when I have a lumberjack in the car with me? Nope, sorry, but I need to do this on my own."

"Just how do you expect to sneak around town with that expensive car of yours?" Ryan asked. His eyes were still narrowed which meant he wasn't convinced yet.

"I was going to buy a new truck anyway. I'll just have Rio take me into the city and pick one up." He kissed Ryan again. "Stop worrying, Sheriff."

Ryan's face softened, "I'll always worry about you. Since that night in Lincoln when that guy drugged you, I haven't felt easy about leaving you alone." Ryan closed his eyes. "I love you, and I plan on keeping you for a good long time."

"Good to know. By the look of Wyn's bruises, I'd say this guy is more of a physical threat, and we all know, in a fight, I can take care of myself."

Rio laid a hand on Nate's back. "Promise us you'll keep your cell phone on and charged while you're away from the house?"

Nate turned and kissed Rio. "Scout's honour," Nate replied, holding up his hand.

"Were you ever a Boy Scout?" Rio questioned.

"God, no. Have you seen those dreadful uniforms they make those boys wear? Even at eight I had a keen fashion sense." Nate grinned. When he finally got a nod of acceptance from both men, they continued their ride.

* * * *

Rio cornered Ryan in the kitchen later that evening. "What do ya think?"

Ryan wrapped his arms around Rio and rested his chin on the bigger man's shoulder. "I don't know. I don't like it, but what can we do?"

Tracing the tattoo on Ryan's lower back, Rio grunted. "Watch the watcher. You in?"

Before Ryan had a chance to answer, Nate came sauntering into the kitchen in nothing but a towel. "I'm in, what are we doing?" He asked, wedging himself between Rio and Ryan.

Knowing they couldn't discuss following Nate anymore, Rio decided to distract him. "I was just thinking about having an orgy in front of the fireplace."

"Oh, then I'm definitely in." Nate wasted no time unzipping Rio's jeans.

Within seconds the three of them were naked, still standing in the kitchen. Rio kissed Nate, as Ryan sunk to his knees. With a hand on each of their cocks, Ryan began to take first one and then the other into his mouth. Rio groaned into Nate's mouth. Breaking the kiss, he looked down. Ryan was laving the head of Nate's cock with his fingers buried in the smaller man's ass. "Fuck that's pretty," Rio moaned.

Ryan looked up and pulled off Nate's shaft to swallow Rio's. As he did, Nate broke away and knelt on the floor, devouring Ryan's needy cock. With Ryan's fingers still buried in Nate's ass, and Nate's lips wrapped around Ryan's cock, Rio knew both his men were being taken care of. With his hands buried in Ryan's long black hair, Rio began fucking his lover's mouth. "Damn," he groaned as he watched Nate begin to push back against Ryan's hand, fucking himself faster and faster.

"Hold that thought," he said to Ryan and pulled out of his mouth. He couldn't take the sight of four of Ryan's fingers buried inside Nate and not want to join them. Rio quickly dropped behind Nate and removed Ryan's fingers. He filled Nate's well stretched hole with his cock and pounded in and out of his lover.

"Fuck," Nate yelled around Ryan's cock. With his hands gripping Nate's hips, Rio leaned over and took Ryan's mouth in a sloppy, tongue licking kiss. Ryan broke the kiss as he howled his climax. As Ryan shot down Nate's throat, Nate's tight little body squeezed Rio's cock almost to the point of pain as he splattered the hardwood floor with his seed. Once Nate's body relaxed enough to allow Rio to move, he thrust in three more times before emptying himself inside his love.

The three of them toppled to the floor in a heap. "Damn, so much for the fireplace idea," Rio panted.

"The night's still early," Ryan replied. PAGE BREAK

Chapter Eight

From his four-year-old maroon SUV, Nate watched the front of Wynfield's. He'd forgotten how much he hated stake-outs. It was even harder now that he had two men at home waiting for him.

As he watched a couple of people go in and out of the store, Nate looked at his watch. Eight-thirty. He knew Wyn closed-up at nine. What he did after that, Nate had no idea. Ten minutes later he watched an older gentleman enter the shop, dressed in khakis and a flannel shirt with a fishing hat perched on the top of his snow-white hair.

Feeling a vibration at his hip, Nate grinned. He didn't even need to look at the display to know who was checking up on him. Unclipping the phone, he brought it to his ear. "You're both bored without me, aren't you?"

"Aahh," he heard Ryan pant. "If you could call getting the best blow-job of the century, boring, I guess I am."

"You, asshole, why are you calling me if it's the best?" Nate asked, the heel of his hand pressing against the tented fabric of his pants.

"Payback, baby. Just returning the favour for all the times you tortured me while I was on the job." Ryan chuckled and then moaned. "When are you comin' home?"

Nate looked at his watch again. "The store closes in twenty minutes. I'll follow Wyn after he leaves until I'm sure he's fast asleep. Since this is my first time tailing him, it's anyone's guess. The man could be a night-owl for all I know." Glancing

back at the shop, he saw the old fisherman leave without carrying a bag. Why would someone go into a store at this time of night unless he was going to buy something?

"I'm going to go check on Wyn. I'll have to call you back."

"Is something wrong? What happened?" Ryan's voice had suddenly taken on a protective edge.

"I don't know. Something just doesn't feel right. I'll call you as soon as I'm done checking it out." Nate hung up before Ryan could say more.

Nate ran across the street and attempted to enter the store, but found it locked. Looking at his watch, he determined something must definitely have happened because it wasn't yet nine o'clock.

Pounding on the door, he was relieved to see Wyn's silhouette through the glass. "Can you open up for me, Wyn?"

The shadow just stood there for several moments before walking toward the door and into the light. The first thing Nate noticed was the handkerchief being held at Wyn's mouth. "Please, I just want to help." Nate begged through the door.

Finally, Wyn unlocked the shop and Nate slipped inside. "Lock it," Wyn mumbled.

After doing what he'd been asked, Nate led Wyn back to the office. "Do you have a first aid kit?"

Wyn settled in a chair and sighed. "I'm fine, just a split lip."

Nate looked at the dishevelled man and shook his head. "Was it the old fisherman-looking guy?"

Wyn tensed and narrowed his eyes. "You saw him? How?"

"I just did." Nate's head whipped around at the pounding on the front door. If the asshole was back to finish the job, Nate would be more than happy to *discuss* it with him. He rose from his kneeling position in front of Wyn and looked around the doorjamb to the front of the shop. "Shit," he said, shaking his head again.

"It's Rio and Ryan," Nate said as he watched Wyn shrink further into himself. "No, don't worry. I'll get rid of them." Wyn closed his eyes in relief before giving Nate a quick nod.

Stalking toward the door, Nate had mixed feelings. It was apparent his men had been in town and not at home where they should have been. Even though it warmed him that Rio and Ryan were trying to protect him, it pissed him off that they didn't trust him to take care of this on his own.

Opening the door, Nate stepped outside onto the sidewalk and faced his loves. "What the hell? I told you I could handle this. Don't you trust me?"

Ryan sputtered a few syllables before getting his mouth to cooperate. It was obvious they hadn't expected him to be so angry. "What happened to Wyn? You can yell at us later."

Nate ran his hands through his hair in an uncharacteristic gesture. "Someone busted his lip. I think it was an old guy, but it just doesn't make sense yet."

"I need to take a report," Ryan said.

"No, you need to go home, and I need to get to the bottom of this. Wyn won't trust me at all if I bring you two in." Nate stood on tip-toes and gave each man a peck on the lips. "Go home and let me do my job."

Ryan looked over at Rio, his jaws tensed. Nate knew it was against Ryan's nature to let something like this drop. The slight nod of his head spoke more of his love and belief in Nate than anything he could have said. Nate looked at Rio.

"I don't like it," Rio growled.

"I know," Nate whispered.

* * * *

Nate pulled into Wyn's driveway. The house, on the edge of town, was gorgeous. "Wow," Nate said as he looked at the stone house. It was obvious Wyn either came from money or had built his own fortune before coming to Cattle Valley. He knew the store did a good business, but nothing like the fortune this house would've cost.

Getting out of his SUV, Nate followed Wyn to the door. He watched as the older man tapped a code into the alarm system soon after stepping inside. Well that was comforting at least. So, Wyn had to let his abuser into the house or the police would be notified. "You always have that on?" he asked.

Wyn gave a nod, "Most of the time. Didn't use it for years, but recently..."

"Good to know." Nate followed Wyn into the kitchen. Sitting in a chair, Nate waited while Wyn dug out a first aid box. Nate's patience had paid off so far. At least he'd been allowed to follow Wyn home. Now if he could just get a name. "Beautiful house," he remarked.

Wyn closed the lid, producing some cotton and peroxide. "Thank you. I had it built shortly after moving here."

Wyn started to administer his own first aid and Nate rose. If he was going to gain Wyn's trust, Nate knew he must be seen as a caregiver. "Here, let me do that for you."

Taking the cotton ball out of Wyn's hand, Nate dabbed at the split to his bottom lip. When the cut was cleaned, Nate looked the other man in the eyes. "Did he hit you anywhere else?"

Looking toward the floor, Wyn shrugged. "A punch in the stomach, but nothing appears to be damaged."

Nate pointed toward Wyn's midriff. "May I?"

Taking off his suit jacket, Wyn untucked his dress-shirt with shaky hands.

After unbuttoning, Nate took in the myriad of bruises to Wyn's torso. "Fuck," Nate whispered.

It was obvious the abuse had been going on for some time. Nate was surprised by the toned chest and stomach. Although Wyn wasn't in Ryan or Rio's league as far as muscles, Wyn had a damn fine six-pack. "Why don't you ever fight back?"

Wyn took a step back and re-buttoned his shirt. "I can't," he mumbled. "Even if I knew how to defend myself, I don't think I could."

Nate studied Wyn for several seconds. "You've never been in a fight? Excuse me for being forward, but how old are you?"

Turning away, Wyn made a show of putting away the supplies. "I'm forty-six. I know this might come as a bit of a surprise, but I was raised in a very devout Christian family. My parents came from money, but decided to spread the

word of God to those less fortunate. I was raised in Africa, but sent away to a private Christian boarding school when I was eight. People in the circles I grew up in don't fight. Therefore, I never learned how."

"Would you like to learn?" Nate asked, putting a hand on Wyn's shoulder. "I could teach you. I'm a fourth degree black belt in several different arts."

"I don't want to hurt anyone," Wyn said, turning to face Nate again.

"Well, I would suggest Taekwondo, it focuses on kicking, but since you probably would just like to get away from your abuser, I'd suggest good old-fashioned Karate. It will give you the tools for hitting your attacker with your elbows, knees, open hands, you know, self defence stuff."

"It would be a waste of time, Nate. I can't hit my ex."

Taking a deep breath, Wyn put his hands on his hips and looked down. He couldn't understand it, how could a man allow another to beat him without fighting back? "I'd still like to work with you. That way, at least I'll know that if the situation ever becomes dire enough, you'll have the tools to save your life."

Nate looked around the room. "What do you do to keep in shape?"

"Swim, mostly. I'm probably the only fool in town with a pool. I've had a retractable dome built over the top, cost me a bloody fortune, but swimming's my only real passion."

"What about weights? You ever lift?" Nate followed Wyn to the living room and sat on the offered chair.

"I have a set, but I don't do it much, too boring, isolated." Wyn winced as his cut began bleeding just a bit.

Nate knew he should stop making the man talk, but he still hadn't gotten any answers. "Is there any way I can convince you to tell me the name of your ex?"

"No. I'm sorry, Nate. I know you're trying to help, but I can't. I will however, let you teach me a few Karate moves."

Nate smiled. "It's a start." He stood and reached out to shake Wyn's hand. "Do you have a piece of paper? I'd like to give you my cell number in case you need it. Maybe we could start working out tomorrow evening."

"Not here," Wyn was quick to say. "Can we do it at your place?" Wyn asked, retrieving a slip of paper from a notepad beside the phone.

"Sure," Nate said writing down his number. "As long as you understand Rio and Ryan will be there. Actually, Rio might enjoy working with us, if that's okay?"

"Maybe. I'll have to let you know." Wyn walked Nate to the door.

Without thought, Nate pulled the older man into his arms. He was surprised at the quick intake of breath seconds before Wyn's arms wrapped around Nate. "You don't deserve this, Wyn. You're a good man, and you should be treated with love and respect."

Chapter Nine

Opening his eyes the next morning, Rio did a double take. He nudged Nate in the ribs and pointed toward the window. "Is that what I think it is?"

Rubbing his eyes, Nate groaned. "Shit, yep, that white stuff falling from the sky is snow." Nate fell back against the pillow and covered his head with the blankets.

Rolling his eyes, Rio reached over Nate to pat Ryan's ass. "Hey, wake up."

"What time's it?" Ryan asked without opening his eyes.

"Doesn't matter, it's snowing." Rio knew it was stupid, but he felt just like a kid. He'd been to the mountains once or twice in his life, but he'd never lived in a place that got snow. Hell, he'd never even seen it fall from the sky.

Bouncing over Nate's buried body, Rio landed on top of Ryan. "Come on, enjoy this moment with me."

Ryan opened his eyes and grinned at Rio. "Well, aren't you just the cutest thing."

Pointing toward the floor to ceiling window, Rio smiled back. "Look. Have you ever seen anything so beautiful?"

Ryan made a point to look from Rio to Nate. "Yeah, a couple things, but the snow's real pretty, honey. Are you going to get Nate to go outside and play with you later?"

Rio reached under the covers and pinched Nate's ass cheek. "I'm sure I'll have to bribe him with something."

"I can already think of a few things," Nate mumbled, head still buried beneath blankets.

* * * *

Nate and Rio kissed Ryan as he set out for work. "Be careful driving," Nate said, stealing an extra kiss, "and don't forget Wyn's supposed to follow me home tonight to start working out."

"I still don't like it," Ryan said, putting on his Sheriff's hat. "Not that I don't think Wyn should learn how to defend himself, but the fact he won't tell you who he's defending himself against. I casually asked around, and no one even knew he was seeing anyone. Whatever he had going on, it was secret. That tells me that one of the parties involved has something to hide, and I don't think it's Wyn."

"I think he needs friends, Sheriff, so when he gets here, put the badge in the drawer, please." Nate couldn't resist running his hands over the broad expanse of Ryan's chest. He kept trailing them down until he cupped Ryan's semi-hard cock.

"Nate," Ryan warned. "You've already got me running late."

"Yeah, but first-snow-sex is worth it. Don't you agree?" Nate gave the cock in his hand a slight squeeze before releasing it. "I guess I'll have to make do with Rio today."

"Make do?" Rio questioned. "I'll show you make do."

Nate looked up at Ryan and winked. Turning to Rio he sighed. "It's just that you don't ever let me do you. I may be a lot smaller, but I assure you, my pecker does still work."

Ryan chuckled as he headed for the door. "Sounds like a challenge, Rio. Guess that'll keep the two of you busy and out of trouble for the day." Ryan waved as he headed out.

Rubbing his morning whiskers, Rio eyed Nate. "Tell you what. You show me how to make a snowman and I'll let you top me for a change."

"Deal," Nate agreed and wrapped his arms around Rio's neck. Looking out the big picture window, Nate grinned. "Of course, it'll be another couple of hours before there's enough snow to build one. What ever shall we do in the meantime?" Nate asked batting his lashes.

"Feed the horses. Stoke up the fire in the barn. Fuck. You know normal stuff."

"Well, let the day begin," Nate said with a flourish.

* * * *

Watching Rio make snow angels had been the funniest part of Nate's day. The big man was like a kid hopped up on candy. The ensuing snowball fight had led to a wrestling match, with both men digging the cold stuff out of their ears. Now, as Rio took an afternoon nap, Nate looked out the window at the carnage in the backyard. What had once been a beautiful white blanket had been transformed into a hell of badly shaped angels, tracks made from rolling around, and creating what had to be, the ugliest snowman ever. *Just because he knew how to make a snowman didn't mean he was good at it.*

Rio had loved every second though, so it had been worth it. Nate's favourite part had been the after-snow-thaw in the

bedroom. Taking Rio's ass had warmed them both quickly, and from the looks of Rio, Nate had done a very good job of topping.

He was trying to think of a way to find out the identity of Wyn's mystery-ex. Deciding dinner in town with his men might prove fruitful, Nate picked up the phone.

"Sheriff's office."

"Hi, Pam, is Ryan busy?" Nate took the phone and walked into the living room. The last thing he wanted was to wake the sleeping bear in the bed.

"Hey, baby," Ryan said coming on the line.

"Hey, I thought maybe we'd have dinner in town tonight. I was hoping we might spot the old guy I saw coming out of Wynfield's."

"Sounds good. Tell me what you boys did today," Ryan inquired. Nate could tell by the tone of voice, Ryan wished he could've stayed and played.

Walking toward the kitchen French-doors, Nate stopped and stared. His jaw dropped in surprise seconds before he started laughing. "Oh fuck, Rio's gonna kill Charlie."

"Why?"

"Somehow that damn horse of his must've gotten out of the barn. He's outside in the backyard eating the nose off our snowman."

"Quick, take a picture, then call me back."

Nate hung up and stepped just outside. His bare body was freezing in the frigid temperature. Good thing he had on underwear. His bits and pieces surely would've snapped right off had they been left exposed. He held up his phone and

snapped a photo for Ryan before quickly moving back inside the warmth of the house.

After sending it, Nate waited a few minutes before calling Ryan back. When Ryan answered the phone he was still laughing so hard he could barely talk. "Priceless," was all Ryan managed to get out before choking on his merriment.

This was what he loved about his men. The simplest things they took joy in. Yeah, Charlie eating their snowman was funny, but Nate knew, it was Rio's soon-to-be reaction that Ryan found so funny.

When his laughter slowly ebbed, Ryan sighed. "You know you're going to have to put clothes on and put Charlie in the barn."

Nate looked down at his near-naked state. "Why can't Rio do it," he whined.

"Because if you're calling, it means Rio's worn out and asleep."

"Damn, you're a smart man." Nate started walking toward the bedroom. "I love you," he whispered, not wanting to wake the bear. "I'll let Rio tell you about our day. I want you to experience his joy as much as you can."

"I love you, too, baby. I'll meet you both at five-thirty. Do you want to go to the Canoe or Deb's Diner?"

"Which place gets the most foot traffic on a Thursday night?" After grabbing up his clothes, Nate walked back into the living room.

"Uh ... Thursday is fried chicken night at Deb's. It seems to be a town favourite, so that would be our best bet."

"Okay, we'll meet you there," Nate said, wincing as he slipped on his cold wet boots. He hung up the phone and looked back toward the bedroom. "You owe me for this," he whispered as he opened the door.

* * * *

Deb's was buzzing with activity as Rio filled Ryan in on their day. Nate was listening with one ear as he studied the faces in the crowd. Evidently snow wasn't a reason for these folks to stay home. Nate shook his head as he looked outside.

Old man winter was having some kind of party with Cattle Valley, and it didn't look like he was going home anytime soon. Nate watched as two women tried to get a toddler to eat his green beans. One of the best things about the town was the children. Although Nate had never had the desire to sire such small beings, he enjoyed watching them. Kind of like zoo animals he surmised. They were just so foreign to him. Big personalities wrapped up in small, sticky packages.

"Right?" Rio asked, nudging Nate's leg.

Looking back at Rio, Nate blushed. "Sorry, I wasn't paying attention. I was watching that kid defy his mothers."

Ryan looked over at the table of three. "I know one of the women is a nurse at the clinic, not sure about the other one. Damn, that sucks. I should know the people I've sworn to protect."

"Maybe we should have a party." Nate said. Suddenly the idea had him bouncing in his seat. "Maybe a Halloween party so everyone can bring their kids."

"Don't you already have enough on your plate with Wyn?" Rio asked, taking Nate's hand in his.

"That's only in the evening. I've nothing to do all day but let you lead me astray." Nate winked at Rio.

"Is there a community centre in town?" Nate asked Ryan.

"Of sorts, but the town is quickly outgrowing it. It's used mostly for meetings, and classes. The church is planning a big expansion. They are trying to build a reception area big enough for the population of Cattle Valley, but they haven't even started building yet." Ryan sat back as their waitress delivered their food. "Speaking of, why don't you go ask Reverend Doles? He just walked in."

Nate turned and almost swallowed his tongue. As soon as the waitress left, he reached across the table and took Ryan's hand. "That's him. The guy I saw at Wyn's."

"Who? Which one?" Ryan asked, looking over the crowd.

Nate blatantly pointed, "Him, that guy with the white hair. Is that Reverend Doles?"

"Yeah, but you must be mistaken, baby. Brian Doles is one of the nicest fellas in town. He's respected by everyone."

Nate looked at Ryan like he was crazy. "And ... don't you remember what I told you? Wyn said no one would believe him, that his ex was a well respected member of the community." Nate pointed again. "I'm telling you, that's the guy."

Ryan pushed his plate back and ran a hand over his face. "Shit. If I try and do something like arrest the Reverend without absolute proof, this community will run me out of

town. I'm sorry, but I either need a formal complaint by Wyn, or a witness to the assault."

Standing, Nate looked down at Rio and Ryan. "You may not be able to do anything, but I can sure give the fucker a piece of my mind. At least he'll know someone's watching."

Without waiting for his men to protest, Nate walked across the diner. Reverend Doles was sitting at the front counter sipping coffee. Coming up beside the bigger man, Nate wedged himself in between Doles and the guy on the next stool. "I don't believe we've met, but I know who you are." Nate narrowed his eyes, as Doles smiled.

"No use smiling at me," Nate said, "I'm not one of your flock."

The Reverend looked confused. "I'm a friend of Palmer Wynfield. You do know him, right?" Even though Nate kept the question light, he could tell by the purse of Doles lips his secret was out. "I like Wyn. As a matter of fact, I consider him a good friend. I'd do just about anything for one of my friends. By the way, did I mention I have black belts in four different martial arts? No, well, I might just have to give you a demonstration some time. Perhaps the next time I see you around Wynfield's."

By the time he was finished talking, Doles face was beet-red. "See you around, *Reverend*." Nate nodded curtly and walked back to the table.

As he slid into the booth, Nate tried to calm his anger. The smug look on that evil bastard's face had soon been replaced by pure rage. Nate had a feeling he knew just who would bear the brunt of that anger. "Sorry, guys, I'm going to have to

get my dinner to go, and order one for Wyn. I have a feeling Reverend Doles is going to pay a surprise visit to Wynfield's."

Chapter Ten

Carrying his dinner with him, Nate pushed open the front door of Wyn's store, the tinkling bells announcing his arrival. "It's just me, Wyn." Nate walked toward the office.

Wyn was just slamming the phone back into its cradle when Nate entered the tidy office. "Thought I'd bring you over some fried chicken from the diner." He held up the bag before setting it on the desk. "I'm guessing from the look on your face, that was your ex on the phone."

Wyn's face was absolutely without colour as he sat in his chair. "Why'd you do it?" he asked Nate.

"I wanted him to know that his secret wasn't safe with you. That there was someone else who knew of his nature." Nate set Wyn's food in front of him.

"You've backed him into a corner. You know what animals do when that happens? They become crazed, thinking only about their own survival. He'll kill me for sure now, probably you, too."

Nate took a bite of chicken and gestured toward Wyn's. "Eat up, this chicken is amazing."

When Wyn just sat there looking at him, Nate put down his food and wiped his hands. "According to Ryan, either you need to officially file a complaint, or someone needs to see Doles assault you. I'm thinking a trap is the order of the day." Once again, Nate pointed toward the chicken, "Now, eat up. We've got a lunatic to catch."

* * * *

For the next week, Nate spent every evening in the back of Wynfield's waiting for the Reverend Doles to try something. During the day, he and Rio kept themselves busy planning a community-wide Halloween party.

They'd found an empty building near the office complex on the north side of town that would hold anyone who showed up. After getting the building owner to donate the space for the night, Rio and Nate started making phone calls.

Disconnecting his phone, Nate looked over at Rio, who was busy sweeping the big empty room. "I just talked to Ben Keaning. He's the guy Asa told me to call about some prize donations for the party."

"The video game guy?" Rio asked, pushing the floor debris into a dustpan.

"Yeah, his company's going to donate five brand new games. Better yet, he's paying for a video game player out of his own pocket." Nate rocked back on his heels, knowing he looked smug as hell.

Emptying the dustpan, Rio walked over and put his arms around Nate. "This is gonna be a hell of a party. Ever think about event planning as a career?"

"Nope," Nate kissed Rio, tongue sliding inside to taste his man. "But this building is giving me some ideas."

Rio's brows rose, "What kind of ideas?"

"You ever think of opening a gym?" Nate could see the protest forming so he gave Rio another kiss. "Now just think about it. One of the only things I've missed since moving here was a place to train and workout. If the three of us went

together and opened a small gym, it would keep you and me occupied and it would give Ryan a place to come and workout with the members of the community. What better way to get to know people than to share a locker room?" At Rio's scowl, Nate held up his hands. "Okay, bad example, but you know what I mean."

Rio shook his head. "I don't know anything about running a business, baby. We'd be bankrupt before we got our feet on the ground."

"We could hire someone to manage the place. Surely there's someone in town who'd be interested. If not, we could get someone from outside Cattle Valley." Nate looked up at Rio and gave him the puppy-dog-face. "Please."

Rio rolled his eyes. Nate knew Rio couldn't say no when he used that particular expression. "We'll have to talk it over with Ryan..."

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," Nate said, kissing Rio's chin and jaw.

Lifting his chin, so Nate had better access, Rio chuckled. "Don't thank me yet, you still have to get past Ryan and he's not as susceptible to your cute face as I am."

Giving Rio his most devilish grin, he began to unbuckle his belt. "I know a few of Ryan's weaknesses."

Once he'd shucked his clothes, Nate walked over to the built in counter and hopped up. "Call Ryan and see what he's doing for lunch?"

As Rio hurriedly dug out his cell phone, Nate put his foot up on the counter, exposing himself fully to Rio's view. With a

firm grip, he slowly stroked his cock. If he knew Ryan, he'd be here within minutes.

Rio had to try calling twice, having dropped the phone the first time. Loving every second he tortured his big man, Nate took the game one step further. He lay back on the counter and brought his other foot up. With his ass in plain sight, Nate began fingering himself with his free hand.

In the next instant, a fat cock nudged his fingers out of the way as Rio loomed over him. "He's out on a call, but Pam said she'd give him the message when he checks in."

With a good dose of spit, lubing his cock, Rio surged inside Nate's body. "Oh fuck," Nate howled. Shit, the bite of pain was worse without the slick stuff, but just as erotic.

Rio pulled Nate's ass to the edge of the counter, while Nate slung his legs over Rio's shoulders.

"Damn, my cock looks pretty pumping into your ass," Rio boasted.

"Mmm hmm," Nate muttered, taking a hold of his own cock once again. He stroked himself to the rhythm already established by Rio. "Fuck me," he cried, head moving from side to side. Holy shit, his lover knew how to fuck.

Raising Nate's hips, Rio pegged that all important gland. Nate cried out as his seed erupted from the end of his cock. Rio was still thrusting in and out of him when Nate held up his cum covered hand.

Opening his mouth, Rio took each finger inside, licking Nate clean. "Gonna," Rio panted as he released Nate's fingers. Two deeper, prostate-pegging thrusts and Rio filled Nate's ass with his essence.

Untangling his legs, Nate pulled Rio down on top of him. "Love you," he panted, trying to regain his breath.

Rio grunted, which Nate took to mean I love you back.

As Nate and Rio slid to the floor, Rio's phone started ringing. Evidently too tired to answer, Rio ignored it. Pushing the big man off of him, Nate stretched out and grabbed Rio's jeans. Unclipping the phone, he answered. "Hello."

"Hey, baby, I've got some bad news."

Ryan's tone of voice had Nate sitting up, wide-eyed.

"What's happened?" *Shit*, Nate felt a tightening in his gut.

"Wyn's house was broken into. We got the call from the alarm company at around nine o'clock."

Nate let out a sigh of relief. "At least Wyn wasn't home then," he said.

"No, Wyn was at the store, but it took thirty minutes by the time we got the call and got over there. There was a decent amount of damage done to the place, but according to Wyn, nothing appears to be missing."

"I wonder if he'd tell you if something was stolen. You and I both know who did this." Nate stood and retrieved his clothes. Damn, while he was here getting his groove on, Wyn was still suffering at the hands of that lunatic.

"Can't do anything without proof. We dusted for fingerprints on the back door where the window was broken, nothing. If Doles did it, he wore gloves."

"Where's Wyn now?" Nate threw Rio his clothes and gestured for him to get dressed. He knew he shot Rio a dirty look, but the guilt was really starting to eat at him. He

mouthed the words "I'm sorry." Rio gave him a slight shrug and started getting dressed.

"He's with a deputy at his house cleaning up. If you want to be his friend, now's the time."

"Okay, I'm going on over. Do you think you could come by the party site and help Rio? We've got a lot to do, and only a day to make it all happen. Maybe I'll try and drag Wyn over with me later. Decorating might get his mind off his troubles for awhile."

"I think that sounds like a good idea."

Nate hesitated a minute. "I think I should pack a bag and stay with Wyn tonight. This thing with Doles seems to be coming to a head, and it's entirely my fault. If Doles decides to seek revenge, I'd damn sure like to be there when it happens."

"I don't like the thought of you in any kind of danger, but I know you, and your guilt will get the better of you if you don't follow your instincts. Just promise you'll keep your phone turned on."

It said a lot about their relationship that Ryan was more worried about his safety than the fact he was spending the night with another man, especially one as handsome as Wyn. But Ryan knew Nate loved him, and would never do anything to jeopardise their relationship.

Nate said his goodbyes and hung up the phone before turning toward Rio. Now, Rio was a whole different ball game. He could see the protest forming on his big man's lips. Nate knew he'd hurt his feelings with that look earlier. "You can stay at Wyn's with me if you want. I'm sure he won't mind,"

Nate said, heading him off at the pass. He gave Rio a big toothy grin. Hoping like hell his man forgave him.

With his hands on his hips, Rio seemed to be studying Nate. "We'll see," Rio finally said.

* * * *

Walking into the house, Nate didn't see the chaos he was expecting. "Wyn?" He strode from the living room to the gourmet kitchen, but he still didn't find him. "Wyn, its Nate."

"Back here."

Nate followed the voice to what he assumed was the master suite. Turning the corner, he took in the scene. Though the rest of the house seemed intact, the bedroom looked to have been destroyed. Pictures broken, bedding and mattress slashed, the smell of rage still hung thick in the air. "Oh fuck, Wyn." Thank God the man hadn't been home.

Wyn looked up from the other side of the bed. "Yes, my sentiments exactly. Be careful you don't cut yourself." Wyn continued to pick up pieces of glass from broken picture frames.

Looking around the room, Nate tried to decide what to tackle first. "Do you have any garbage bags?"

Wyn nodded. As if preoccupied, he pointed toward the dresser. Walking over to the box, Nate pulled out two black plastic bags and began getting rid of the ruined bedding. The mattress only had a few cuts, so Nate turned it over. He knew he should say something, but Wyn looked so lost, Nate knew nothing he could say would put the room back together.

After taking the bags to the garage, Nate sat on the edge of the bed and looked down at Wyn. He was still picking up glass, but doing so one small piece at a time.

Stilling his hand, Nate lifted Wyn's chin. Looking into the confused man's eyes, Nate sighed. "I'm sorry, about everything."

"Most of the things he destroyed don't mean anything, but he tore up the only picture I had of my parents." Wyn held up the photo pieces. Nate managed to make out part of a wedding dress. It was hard for him to believe this was the only picture the couple had taken together, but then he remembered they were missionaries. Evidently there wasn't much opportunity for his parents to get their picture taken as they trekked to remote locations around the globe.

Carefully taking the torn fragments from Wyn, Nate began to arrange them on the bedside table. Though messy, all the pieces were still there. "I think you can send these off, and have a professional recreate the picture for you."

"You think?" Wyn asked, looking much younger than his actual age.

"Sure. Why don't you go find an envelope to put these in while I get a broom?" Nate put a hand out and helped Wyn from the floor. "After we get this room cleaned, can I interest you in some Halloween decorating?"

Chapter Eleven

By the time Nate and Wyn arrived at the party site, the decorating looked like it was in full swing. A pickup was backed up by the front door and a big burly man with a thick beard and moustache was unloading bales of hay. "That must be Ezra James," Nate commented watching the man handle the bales with ease.

"I can't believe you got Ezra to help," Wyn said, amazement lacing his tone.

"Why? He seemed really nice when I called him."

"Ezra barely comes into town, except for supplies. He's more of a loner than anyone I've ever met." Wyn smiled. "He seems happy though. Although I bet he won't talk to you. Ezra James doesn't talk to anyone, ever."

"Come on," Nate said opening the door. "Let's see if we can help."

Wyn looked at Nate wide-eyed. "Um ... I'll just go and see if I can help indoors."

"What's the matter? You afraid of getting dirty, or afraid of getting close to Ezra?" Wyn's cheeks flushed and Nate knew he'd hit a nerve.

"I've only met him once, and he called me Mr. Fancy Pants." Wyn shook his head and looked down the street. "I don't think he cared for me much. It would be better if I just bypassed an awkward situation."

"Suit yourself," Nate grinned.

As Wyn hurried around to the side door, Nate walked up to the truck. "Need some help?" he asked, offering his hand. This close, the man was even bigger than he'd originally appeared. A huge paw enveloped Nate's hand. "I'm Nate. I believe we spoke on the phone."

"Nice to meet you, Nate, I'm Ezra." Ezra released Nate's hand and looked toward the side entrance. "Was that Palmer Wynfield I just saw?"

Smiling, Nate nodded. "Yep, he's having a bit of trouble so I invited him to help us decorate."

Ezra's eyes narrowed, "What kind of trouble?"

Knowing Wyn would kill him if he spread news of his ex around, Nate just waved his hand. "You know, ex trouble. We're getting it all sorted." Nate looked at the straw bales. "I sure appreciate you donating your time and resources. We're hoping to have a good crowd."

"No problem," Ezra replied. His voice was so deep, and slightly muffled by the heavy beard, Nate had to strain to understand him. "If you'll grab one of those, we'll get it unloaded so I can pull the truck away from the door."

Nate picked up the closest bale, feeling the rough string chafe his hands. Maybe he should have brought some gloves? Not wanting Ezra to call him Fancy Pants, Nate acted like he did this sort of thing all the time. He needed to remember to thank Rio for always dealing with the hay at home. "This hay? I mean, I know you call it straw, but is it the same thing?"

Setting the bale near the half-circle Rio had started, Ezra chuckled. "You're from the city I take it?"

Okay, now Nate felt like a Mr. Fancy Pants, he could see why Wyn ran in the opposite direction. His body language must have given him away, because Ezra slapped that big hand on his shoulder nearly knocking him to the ground.

"Don't feel bad. A lot of people don't know the difference between straw and hay." He led the way back out to the truck as he explained. "Hay is just basically long grass that you cut and bale for livestock feed. Straw is the stalk of the wheat plant once the tops have been harvested. There isn't any nutritional value to straw, so it's mostly used for bedding and stuff. Make sense?"

"Uh ... yeah," Nate said, picking up another bale of *straw*. He was a little shocked. It appeared Ezra didn't mind talking as long as you got him onto a subject he was interested in.

After the truck was unloaded, Nate asked Ezra if he wanted to stay and help get the building ready. Scratching his whiskers he looked toward the building. "Don't know how much good I'd be. Never decorated anything in my life."

"Well, I could show you what needs to be done and you can decide whether you're up to the task? How's that sound?" Nate had an ulterior motive behind his request. He'd noticed the quick glances Ezra made in Wyn's direction, and even spotted Wyn looking back a time or two.

"I reckon I could do that," Ezra agreed. He held up his big hands. "I might be better at lifting and carrying than I am at the small stuff, though."

Taking one of Ezra's hands, Nate led him back into the building and straight to Rio. "What needs doing? We've got an extra helper, if we have the right job."

Rio, who'd already met Ezra, grinned. "How are you at setting up tables? Wyn and Ryan seem to have the streamers under control."

"I can do tables," Ezra nodded and set off toward the corner of the room where the tables had been delivered.

Nate was well pleased as he turned back to Rio and gave him a quick kiss. "How's Wyn doing?"

"Good, how did his place look?" Rio asked, slipping his arms around Nate's waist.

"Fine except the bedroom. Doles really did a number in there."

"What are you gonna do if Doles shows up for the party?" Rio asked, walking Nate to the cooler. Bending over, Rio got himself and Nate a can of Coke.

"Shit, I don't know. I thought he'd have tried to see Wyn by now. I guess I'll have to head him off in the parking lot." Nate grinned. "Or maybe I'll ask Ezra to guard the front door."

"Damn, he's huge isn't he? That guy makes Gill look small."

"Hey, are we working or talking?" Ryan asked from atop the ladder. Rolling their eyes, Rio and Nate got to work.

* * * *

By nine o'clock, the basic bones of the party were assembled. All they'd need to do the next day was bring in the games and food. Nate had used his charm to acquire food donations from Canoe, the diner, and the bakery in town.

Before leaving, Rio grabbed Nate up in a hug. "I love you."

"I know." Nate looked into Rio's dark brown eyes. "I'm sorry. Ya know, about earlier."

Rio shook his head and silenced Nate with a kiss. "I understand," Rio winked, "and I'll let you make it up to me, later."

"I can do that," Nate said, laying his head on Rio's chest.

"See if you can talk Wyn into filing a complaint." Rio rubbed Nate's back making him almost change his mind about spending the night with Wyn.

When he felt a warm body against his back, Nate groaned. "You guys are making it really hard."

Both men picked up on the innuendo and rubbed themselves against Nate. "Stop," Nate pleaded. "I'm doing the right thing. Don't make me suffer anymore than I already am." He looked over his shoulder and kissed Ryan. "Besides, you two wouldn't want to send me to Wyn's house all hot and horny would you?"

Simultaneously Rio and Ryan stepped away from him. Nate grinned and rolled his eyes. "Thanks, but you know you have nothing to worry about."

"We know," Ryan said, kissing Nate on the neck. "Rio's going to drop you off down the block, before he drops Wyn at the front door. I'm not sure if Doles has the balls to strike twice in one day, but be ready."

"Gotcha," Nate kissed Ryan one more time before walking out the door with Wyn and Rio.

As they climbed into Rio's truck, Nate looked at his big man. "What if Doles is watching us right now? Maybe it would

be best if we both dropped Wyn off, and then you let me out around the corner."

"Damn, I didn't even think of that." Rio looked around the deserted street.

Nate felt Wyn stiffen beside him, and laid a comforting hand on his knee. "I'll be with you, just act natural when we drop you off."

* * * *

After letting Wyn out at the front door, Rio drove down two blocks and then turned left a block before stopping the truck. He turned off the ignition and pulled Nate into his arms. "Love you. You watch your back."

"Yes, sir," Nate said with a kiss. He hadn't spent a night away from Rio since that first time, when Ryan and his big man had saved him at the club in Lincoln. Nate could feel his chest constricting. "I hope this is the only night I ever have to spend away from you," he whispered pulling back from the kiss.

"Better be. If this asshole doesn't try something soon, I may have to pay him a little visit." Rio looked like Nate felt.

"Do me a favour?" Nate asked.

"Anything."

"I need to talk to Wyn for awhile, but can I call you when I get in bed?" Nate felt stupid asking, but he knew he'd sleep better after hearing his men's voices.

"You bet. I'll put the bedside phone on speaker so you can hear me and Ryan at the same time."

"I'd like that," Nate grinned. "I'd better go." He gave Rio one last kiss before climbing out of the truck.

Sneaking down the street weaving between houses, Nate made it back to Wyn's. He took the back garage door key out of his pocket and quickly slipped into the dark space. Waiting for his eyes to adjust, Nate looked around. Wyn had one car in a three car garage. Where most people would have the rest of the space filled with junk, Wyn had nothing but a neatly organised shelf against one wall, and a small closet of sorts for gardening tools he imagined.

Moving toward the door that led into the house, Nate produced another key from his pocket and entered. Wyn was waiting on the other side of the door to quickly punch in the security code. "Did you check the house?" Nate asked, shrugging off his coat. The thick snow on the ground had his pants wet up to his knees. He noticed as he pulled off his boots.

"Everything seems to be okay," Wyn said. He must've been aware of Nate's predicament because he held up a finger. "I'll get you something to put on while I wash your clothes."

Breathing a sigh of relief, Nate waited on the rug until Wyn returned carrying a set of midnight blue silk pyjamas. Nate took the offered clothes and smiled. "It's nice to borrow from someone with good taste."

Wyn showed him to the bathroom and Nate quickly changed, handing his wet clothes to Wyn. "Did you make sure all the blinds were drawn and the lights turned down? We don't want Doles knowing there are two people in the house."

"I think so, but let me check before you come out."

Leaning against the sink, Nate waited once again. It seemed he'd done nothing but wait all week. Not that he minded helping Wyn, but he wished Wyn would wake up and report the guy already.

"All clear," Wyn said from the doorway.

Nate followed Wyn into the living room where Wyn handed him a glass of wine. "We need to talk." Nate said, leaning back in the comfortable, but stylish chair. When Wyn didn't say anything, Nate continued. "I know you feel you'll be betraying your faith if you turn in Reverend Doles, but what are you doing to your spirit by not turning him in?"

Setting his glass on the coaster provided, Nate rested his arms on his thighs. "Do you mind me asking why Doles wanted to keep your affair a secret? I mean the town is full of gay men. Surely a gay minister wouldn't come as a shock. So why all the secrecy?"

Wyn took another drink of his wine as he seemed to war with himself. "We really haven't been dating that long. Several months ago he approached me at the store and asked if I'd be interested in coming over for dinner. Our first couple of weeks was spent either in my house or his, always after dark. I asked him several times to have dinner in town with me, but he always made up excuses. I thought at the time maybe there was someone else, and I was the *other* man. But he explained it to me one night. He said his congregation looked to him for their moral standards."

Lifting the wine bottle, Wyn refilled his glass. "I was a member of that congregation so I understood. Brian told me

he was falling in love with me, and that's why he did the sinful things he and I did together." Wyn blushed, apparently remembering and took a sip of his drink.

"He preached of abstinence, even in a gay relationship. His beliefs are that until you are committed to someone for the rest of your lives you should refrain from pleasures of the flesh."

"And this guy lasted as the head of the church? What a crock of bullshit. Pardon me, Wyn, but no one should ever tell you who to love or when to love them, both spiritually and physically." Nate realised he might've just screwed up with his outburst. "I don't fault you for having faith in God, but Brian Doles is far from God."

"I know," Wyn mumbled. "I finally saw that. It's the reason I tried to break it off. I was tired of him making me feel ashamed every time we made love, had sex, whatever. But Brian wouldn't let me go. I broke up with him over a month ago, and its still going on. The phone calls in the middle of the night, the visits to the shop."

"So why not go to the Sheriff?" Nate asked.

"Brian told me that he was respected in this town, and if I told anyone about ... the abuse, he'd make sure the entire town knew it was my fault." Wyn looked Nate in the eyes. "He could have done it, too. Brian said he'd tell everyone that I'd seduced him and led him away from the church, that I was evil."

Okay, now Nate was starting to understand. Wyn believed Brian because Wyn himself felt maybe he was evil. Born and raised with the church, he'd been taught to respect the clergy

and hold them in very high regard. Maybe to him, having sex with a clergyman was a sin.

Nate knew if he was going to get Wyn past this, he'd need to appeal to his spiritual side. "Knowing what you do, what kind of man do you think Brian is?"

"What do you mean?" Wyn asked.

"Is a man who lies, abuses people, and breaks into houses, worthy of leading a church? Is he the kind of man you want small children looking up to, shaping their moral beliefs?" Nate watched as Wyn paled.

With several tears dripping down his cheek, Wyn shook his head. "I've sinned against my own congregation. Thinking only of myself and the reputation I'd surely lose if Brian told his lies."

Wyn buried his face in his hands, and Nate slipped off the chair to kneel at his side. He pulled Wyn's hands away and held them. "Do the right thing, and your friends will stand beside you."

Finally Wyn nodded. "You're right. I'll go see Ryan in the morning."

"Despite what that lunatic tried to make you believe, you're a good man. Self preservation is a natural instinct. You've seen the error of your ways, and you're going to fix it. No one could ask more of themselves than that." Nate stood and pulled Wyn to his feet. "Why don't you get some sleep? It's been a long day. I'll turn out the lights."

Wyn put a hand on Nate's shoulder. "Thank you, I'm proud to call you a friend."

"Likewise," Nate said. He watched the older man walk toward his bedroom, before Nate began turning off the lights.

He decided to leave his pyjamas on in case he heard something during the night. So he crawled under the covers and called home.

Rio answered on the first ring, "Hey, baby, how are things going with Wyn?"

"Good. He's going to talk to the Sheriff in the morning. Is he there by chance?" Nate needed to hear both his men before he went to sleep.

"Um yeah, he's here, but he's kinda got his mouth full at the moment. He can hear you though, you're on speaker."

Nate closed his eyes, and pictured Ryan going down on Rio. "Damn, I'm missing it," Nate pouted. He pulled off his top and pushed down the silk pants, wrapping his hand around his own throbbing cock.

"Nah, baby, you're not gonna miss it. Close your eyes and pretend my hands wrapped around that beautiful cock of yours. Feel it?"

"Hell, yes," Nate moaned. Evidently Rio's words were making Ryan hot because Nate heard Ryan's groan in the background. Nate grinned when Rio grunted. "Ryan's got his fingers inside you, hasn't he?"

"Oh, yeah," Rio sighed. "I'm pumping your cock as fast as I'm fucking Ryan's face, feel it? Feel the tight squeeze and the thumb pressing down on that sweet spot on the head?"

Nate's fist was moving faster now, his hand automatically doing whatever Rio said. "Gonna," Nate panted.

"Yep, do it for me, I'll come with you."

A few more strokes and Nate erupted. "Oh fuck," he cried as loud as he dared. Even though he'd been lost in passion, Nate remembered he was still in someone else's house. "Did you guys?"

It took several seconds for Ryan to answer. "Yes on both counts," Ryan panted. "Good news about Wyn. If he comes in early enough, I should be able to have the ball rolling by lunch."

Nate felt his eyelids droop. "Love you, going to sleep now."
"Night, baby, sleep well."

Chapter Twelve

"Okay, so just push this button when you leave, and the security system will be set," Wyn instructed Nate.

"Sure thing. What time do you want me and Rio to pick you up to head to the station?" Nate asked, sipping his morning coffee.

"The store opens at eleven, so maybe around ten? I don't know. How long does it usually take to destroy someone's career?" Wyn's sarcastic question let Nate know he was still unsure about filing the complaint.

"I wish I could tell you everything was going to be okay, but I won't lie. There could be bumps in the road ahead. One thing's for sure, you've got at least three people in this town on your side." Nate grinned. "And if my observations are correct, you've got Ezra, too."

"Ezra? Why would you say something like that? That mountain man would just as soon sneer at me than smile." Wyn put on his cashmere top-coat and slipped little plastic booties over his Italian loafers.

Still smiling, Nate shrugged. "I didn't see anything that resembled a sneer last night, but maybe it was my imagination."

Wyn scoffed and picked up his briefcase. "I'll see you before ten."

Nate nodded, and locked the door behind Wyn. He heard the garage door open as he poured another cup and decided to call Rio. Taking his phone off the charger, Nate punched in

Rio's number. While the phone rang, it dawned on him he hadn't heard the garage door close.

Deciding he'd flustered Wyn to the point of distraction with talk of Ezra, Nate moved to the door just as Rio answered. "Hey, baby. I'll be there in about five minutes."

"Okay. Wyn must've forgotten to close the garage door." Nate unlocked the door, and dropped the phone. "Fuck."

Standing beside the open car door, Doles had his hands wrapped around Wyn's neck as the man slowly turned purple. Wyn was doing his best to kick and claw at the hands squeezing the life out of him, but didn't seem to be doing much.

Hearing the door open, Doles looked up and seemed surprised to see Nate standing there. Before Nate could move, Doles had Wyn turned around, shielding himself behind the helpless smaller man.

"Don't come any closer," Doles growled. He reminded Nate of someone strung out on drugs. The glossy look in his eyes told Nate he wasn't sane at all.

Knowing he'd continue to choke Wyn unless something was done, Nate ran forward, tackling Wyn and in the process, they all three went down. Doles released his grip on Wyn's neck as he fell. Pushing Wyn to the side, Nate attacked.

A well placed elbow to the side of Doles' head had him shaken. Hearing voices, Nate looked over and was happy to see Rio bent over Wyn, checking him out. In the next moment a fist slammed into Nate's eye. "Fuck," he shouted, shaking his head to clear it.

Nate quickly got to his feet and into a fighting stance. "Stay down or suffer the consequences," he ordered Doles.

"You think I'm going down without a fight, you're crazy." Doles got to his feet, fists in front of him. "You may be younger, but I'm a hell of a lot bigger."

Nate heard Rio chuckle. "Oh you stupid fuck. You have no idea you've grabbed the tiger by the tail."

As Doles swung, Nate leaned back and placed a kick to the older man's ribcage. A howl of pain, and Doles was dumb enough to swing again. This time Nate's kick was to the side of Doles' big head. Toppling like a fallen tree, Doles went down. "Stay there," Nate spat out.

He heard the sound of sirens pulling up to the house and turned to look at Rio. "Wyn okay?"

"Yeah, bruised, but relatively unharmed." Rio helped Wyn sit up.

"You scared me for a second, Wyn. I've never seen that particular shade of purple before." Nate noticed Doles trying to get up and put his foot on the older man's neck. "Give me a reason," Nate said, applying pressure.

As soon as Ryan and Deputy Buchanon made their way into the garage, Nate released Doles. "What happened?" Ryan asked. Nate looked into Ryan's eyes and knew his Sheriff wanted to reach out to him, but his law man was all business.

Nate relayed the events as they'd happened. Buchanon put handcuffs on Doles and got him to his feet. When Nate was finished, Ryan looked at Wyn. "Do you need an ambulance?"

"No, but I should probably have an x-ray just in case," Wyn said, still holding his neck.

"Rio, would you mind driving Wyn to the clinic? I'll drop Nate off on the way back to the station." Ryan gave Rio the same look he'd given Nate earlier.

As the deputy tried to pull Doles toward the squad car, he broke loose and surged toward Wyn. "You whore. This is all your fault."

A knee to the groin, by Wyn had Doles down on his knees in a split second.

Surprised, Nate looked over at Wyn. "Well done."

* * * *

After Buchanan took a limping Doles away, Rio left to drive Wyn to the clinic. Ryan pulled Nate into his arms. He looked at Nate and shook his head. "It shaved about five years off my life when I got the call from Rio." Ryan lifted Nate just enough to kiss him. Nate parted his lips immediately and Ryan delved his tongue inside.

Breaking the kiss, Ryan leaned his forehead against Nate's. "Rio said something about opening a gym here in town. If I agree, will you promise you won't put yourself in anymore danger?"

"Nope," Nate shook his head. "I'll try not to, but if someone needs my help, I won't turn them down. I'm no different from you, Sheriff. Just by having your title, you risk your life every day. If I can learn to live with it, so can you." Nate kissed him again. "Owning a gym will be rewarding, but not as much as helping my friends."

Ryan knew Nate was right, he was perfectly capable of taking care of himself, but he'd always worry. Ryan loved Rio

to death, but by sheer size alone, it was clear Rio could take care of himself. Nate was his baby. Holding the smaller man in his arms brought out all Ryan's protective instincts. It was nice coddling someone occasionally, and he knew Nate enjoyed it, too.

Nate's life was still somewhat of a mystery to Ryan. Nate never spoke of family. He only went as far as to say he'd come from money, but earned every penny of his inheritance. What exactly had he been through to earn it? Ryan hoped as Nate gained confidence in their new relationship he'd slowly open up.

Hell, Ryan had only come clean recently about his life growing up on the reservation in Oklahoma. His life wasn't a pretty story, but it wasn't a tragic one either. He'd just realised he needed something more than what the reservation could offer. He still spoke to his mother occasionally, though they'd never been close.

Rio, well Rio's story was the sad one. Abandoned on the street of Buenos Aires, Rio was raised in a tiny rundown orphanage until the age of nine. His adoptive Mexican-American parents were much older, and both died before Rio was twenty, once again leaving him an orphan.

"What are you thinking about?" Nate asked, interrupting his thoughts.

Ryan looked down at Nate's smiling face. "Just how lucky we've all been to find each other. Come on, I'll drop you by the clinic."

After making sure the house was locked and the security system turned on, Ryan led Nate to his SUV. "So what are you gonna call this gym?"

Buckling his seat belt, Nate turned toward Ryan. "Well, I've been thinking about that. What will most people call it? I mean we could come up with a catchy name and have business cards and flyers printed up, but what will people always call it? 'The gym', so I think that should be the name, 'The Gym'."

Shaking his head, Ryan pulled out of Wyn's drive and toward downtown. "I think that's a damn fine name," Ryan chuckled. "And you're right. Everyone will call it 'The Gym' no matter the name. So, tell me what all you have to do today?"

Nate started working down the list, counting on his fingers. "Rio and I have to pick up the candy for the kids at Simmon's grocery store. I've still got to do a little sweet-talking to get Elliott to cut me a break on the candy, soda and chips, but I have confidence it can be done."

Ryan pulled in front of the clinic and reached out to squeeze Nate's thigh. "Exactly how much sweet talking are we referring to?"

"Just enough to get my way. Come on, I'll have Rio the Bear with me for God's sake." Nate reached down and laid his hand over the top of Ryan's. "Anyway, after that, we have to start setting up the games, and we're scheduled to pick up all the food at five, so we'll have to go home and change into our costumes before then."

The thought of Rio and Nate collecting food from around town dressed in their costumes made Ryan laugh. "I'm

changing at the station and then I'll be over. Of course it all depends on Doles and how long it takes for the County Sheriff to come pick him up. We have a holding cell, but nothing to accommodate anyone for longer than a few hours."

"So what do you think will happen to him?"

"Well, I've got two witnesses to attempted murder, which will be the biggest charge, but I'm sure I'll come up with a few more to tack on."

"Good man," Nate nodded. "I just hope Wyn doesn't withdraw himself from the community because of this."

"I'll call the church board and inform them they'll have to find a new minister. I'm sure, now with witnesses, Wyn won't be blamed."

"I hope you're right," Nate said. "I want to kiss you again, but we're already getting plenty of attention."

Ryan looked around. The sidewalks were already busy with shoppers and people going into the clinic. As he glanced at them, a few waved. "I'll take a rain check."

"And you'll get a downpour." Nate said getting out of the SUV. Ryan waved as Nate headed in to check on Wyn.

* * * *

Wyn decided to keep the store closed for one more day, and had Rio and Nate drive him home. "Thanks for saving my life, Nate."

Nate looked to his right and smiled. "Anytime you need me, Wyn, just call."

Pulling into his drive, Wyn grabbed his silk tie off the dashboard. "As long as Wynfield's is in business, you pay cost." He said to Nate.

With eyebrows raised, Nate pumped his arm into the air. "Yeah, that's the best payment I've ever received."

"Oh shit," Rio mumbled and covered his face.

Calming down, Nate scooted over to the window as Wyn shut the door. "You're still coming to the party tonight aren't you?"

Wyn looked at Nate for a few seconds before shrugging. "We'll see. I wouldn't want to put a damper on the festivities with all the gossip that's sure to be going around by then."

"You'll have four people who'll gladly shield you from the gossip mongers."

"Four, yeah right," Wyn said and rolled his eyes. Nate couldn't get over the fact Wyn still didn't believe Ezra seemed a little smitten with him. Whether anything would ever come of it, was another matter, but the attraction was definitely there.

Wyn gave a last wave before unlocking his front door and disappearing inside.

Nate scooted back over against Rio and kissed his neck. "Thanks for backing me up this morning."

"You know, my heart nearly stopped when you hung up on me." Rio turned his head and gave Nate a kiss. "But I forgive you."

"Enough to help me sweet talk Elliott into cutting us a deal on the supplies we need from the grocery store?" Nate asked, batting his lashes.

"Look at me, baby. Do I look like a man who knows how to sweet talk?"

"I happen to know for a fact you do. Of course, hopefully, you're only good at it with me and Ryan." Nate kissed Rio again before rubbing his hands together. "To Simmon's grocery store, James."

Shaking his head, Rio drove back toward downtown. "About the party?" Rio asked. "I understand yours and Ryan's costumes, but I still don't get mine. Why did you choose that particular one for me?"

Nate just grinned.

Chapter Thirteen

As they parked in front of Brynn's Bakery, Nate handed Rio his hat. "Put this on."

"Why? Ain't it bad enough I've got the damn spurs on? We're just picking up donuts," Rio grumbled throwing the black Stetson on the dash. "I still don't understand this getup. I mean you're a bum, which is like the furthest thing from your natural personality, and Ryan's a member of a chain gang. Okay, so I get those, they're funny. So why am I dressed as a damn cowboy? This getup has nothing to do with my personality."

Unbuckling his seatbelt, Nate leaned over and kissed him. "That costume is purely for my own enjoyment. I plan on having you take off the jeans later and just leave on the chaps. I've always had a secret thing for the way chaps showcased a cowboy's cock."

Damn, just like that, Rio's cock decided to stand up and listen in on their conversation. Looking down, he shook his head. "Quick, say something totally un-sexy so I can go into Brynn's without embarrassing myself."

Nate laughed, as he opened the door. "There'll be lots of lesbians at the party."

Whew, crisis averted, Rio nodded his head in thanks and got out of Nate's SUV. "So is Elliott delivering the soda or are we picking it up?"

"No, he's delivering. I told you he was a nice guy." Nate opened the door to the bakery and waited for Kyle to appear.

Rio rested his arm on the display case and looked around. He'd never been in here, and had yet to meet Kyle Brynn, but both Nate and Ryan spoke highly of him. He heard the swinging door open from the kitchen and looked over. Damn, Kyle was hot. Nate had mentioned Kyle was in a wheelchair, but he'd said nothing about how good looking he was.

"Looking for these?" Kyle asked, nodding to the three boxes resting in his lap. "There are about twelve more in the back if one of you wants to grab them."

"Shit, Kyle, I didn't ask you to feed the entire town," Nate joked.

With his short blond hair and fair skin, it was easy to spot Kyle's embarrassment. "This town's been good to me, just giving a little back."

"Well you've done that and then some," Nate said, taking the boxes off Kyle's lap. Looking over at Rio, Nate steadied the boxes and opened the front door. "I'll take these out and let you handle the ones in the back."

Nate was out the door before Rio could protest. "Damn, he got me again," Rio mumbled and followed Kyle back through the swinging door to the kitchen. Weight-wise, Rio could've carried the whole stack, but after about six boxes, he could no longer see in front of him. "I'll have to make another trip," he said, pushing out through the door.

Nate was there to hold the SUV door for him. "Oh gee, thanks," Rio growled. "Get that skinny butt back in there and help me carry the rest."

"Fine," Nate purposely put a little extra swing in his step.

"Tease," Rio mumbled.

"Look who's talking, Mr. Sexy Cowboy Man." Nate held the door for Rio.

"Hey, it wasn't my idea."

"You're absolutely right, so I'll be responsible for all the lust-crazed looks you receive all evening."

"Oh, you know you'll get it in the end," Rio joked as they entered the kitchen. He must have said that last part a little louder than he'd thought, because Kyle's cheeks flamed bright red once again. "Sorry about that," Rio mumbled.

Kyle shook his head and smiled. "Don't apologise. It's nice. Usually people ignore me." Kyle looked down at the chair. "It's amazing how invisible you can become after one stupid mistake."

"Mind if I ask?" Nate strolled over and sat on a stool beside Kyle.

"Drinking. Wrapped my jeep around a telephone pole. I told you, one stupid mistake can change the rest of your life."

Nate shrugged, looking completely comfortable with Kyle, but then Nate seemed to be comfortable with everyone. Some people were just that way. Nate never knew a stranger, always the first to start up a conversation with people he met along the way. "It doesn't have to be the end for you. You're a fantastic looking man." Nate looked over at Rio and winked. "If I didn't already have my hands full, I'd be knocking on your door, that's for damn sure."

Oh, there went that blush again. "Thanks. Too bad there aren't more people around who think like you do."

"They're around," Rio butted into the conversation. "You just have to give them a chance. Most people aren't as

forward as my Nate. Could be someone's interested but just too shy to approach you. I think wheelchairs in general are a little intimidating to some people. Try opening yourself up a little more. Come out to the party this evening, and show the town just how much fun you can be."

"I don't have a costume," Kyle said. Rio could tell he was really thinking about it though. He had a subtle spark in his eye that wasn't there before.

"If I can come up with something for you to wear before the party, will you come?" Nate asked, rubbing his chin.

"Yeah, I guess so," Kyle answered.

"Okay, then leave it to me. I'll be back in thirty minutes. Do you want me to come here or to your house?"

"One and the same. I live in a little apartment upstairs."

"How?" Rio started to ask, but Kyle grinned.

"I have a little elevator in the back of the shop. It's just big enough for me and the chair."

"Cool," Nate said. "Okay, so I'll be back in thirty minutes." Nate grabbed a few boxes and left the rest for Rio, *typical*.

Once the boxes were loaded, Nate turned toward Rio. "Can you pick up the food from Canoe? I've got to come up with a costume."

Nate going out of his way for a near stranger was one of the things Rio loved about him. Pulling him into his arms, he gave Nate a kiss. "Love you."

"Love you, too. So does that mean yes?"

"Of course that means yes. Don't you always get your way?" Rio smacked the baggy butt of Nate's hobo pants.

"Most of the time," Nate grinned. With one last kiss, Nate ran down the street. Where he was going, Rio didn't have a clue, but he was sure Nate would come up with something for Kyle to wear.

* * * *

By the time Rio had everything unloaded, Ryan showed up. *Of course.* "Just in time to help me arrange this stuff," Rio called out.

Ryan looked Rio up and down. "Hey there, cowboy, where's Nate?"

"Hey, yourself, convict." Ryan looked like the old-school jailbird with black and white striped smock and pants.

Running his hands over Rio's hips, Ryan pressed up against him. "You look good."

Rio looked up at the clock. "Hurry and help me get this food laid out and maybe we can have a little fun in the broom closet."

Ryan rubbed his erection against Rio's. "Are you sure you wouldn't rather look for cleaning supplies now? It won't hurt anything if someone gets here early and catches us still putting food out, but the other..."

With a moan and a grunt, Rio pulled Ryan toward the closet. "I like your plan way better than mine."

Slipping into the closet, Rio pulled Ryan back into his arms. Pressing his lips to Ryan's, Rio opened wide and thrust his tongue down Ryan's throat. He'd been hard all damn day and this was the first chance he'd gotten to indulge. "Need," he groaned.

"What do you need, lover?"

"Suck me," Rio said, reaching for his zipper.

Ryan smacked Rio's hands away and dropped to his knees. Working Rio's jeans open, Ryan tucked the flaps behind the front of the chaps, the soft buttery leather touched Rio's bare skin almost sending him over the edge without the aid of Ryan's mouth.

"Fucking fine, that's what you are," Ryan said as he lapped at Rio's sac. Shit, maybe he was gonna have to keep these things as a regular part of their bedroom toy box.

Removing the small black and white hat, Rio buried his fingers in the black depths of his love's hair. Ryan slowly released his balls and worked his way up the length of Rio's cock. Feeling his eyes roll to the back of his head, Rio grunted and thrust toward Ryan's mouth.

"Impatient, are we?" Ryan asked, seconds before Rio's cock was enveloped in Ryan's heated mouth.

"Oh fuck yeah," he cried out, as he began to fuck Ryan's face. "Shit, suck it."

Ryan hummed, the vibrations setting Rio off. "Yes, oh fuck," Rio howled shooting his seed down Ryan's throat. Ryan drank every drop before cleaning his cock.

Sinking to the floor, Rio kissed his man, tasting himself on Ryan's tongue.

"Remind me to thank Nate for those chaps you've got on," Ryan chuckled.

"Thank him, hell, I'm gonna fuck him with them on later." Rio's skin broke out in goose flesh as he thought about catching Nate out in the barn one of these days. Of course it

would have to wait until spring if he was going to saunter out to the barn in nothing but chaps, boots and his hat. *Ahh, something to look forward to.* Spring couldn't arrive fast enough.

Ryan stood and held out his hand. Digging in his back pocket, Rio produced his bandana. "Good thing that shirt's long enough to cover you," Rio laughed as Ryan cleaned the cum off his hand and cock.

Grinning, Ryan handed the bandana back. "Yeah, but you and I both know Nate's going to be able to smell me, and boy is he gonna be pissed. Speaking of, you never told me where he was."

"Finding a last minute costume for Kyle. You know Nate befriends everyone he meets."

"Yep, and that's what we both love about him."

"You got that right," Rio said, giving Ryan a quick kiss. "Let's get the food spread out, folks should be showing up any time."

Chapter Fourteen

Nate and Kyle arrived just as people were starting to trickle in. "Hey," Nate said walking up to give Ryan a hug. "Looks like we're just in time. You've met Kyle haven't you?"

Ryan smiled and reached out to shake Kyle's hand. "Briefly," Ryan cleared his throat. "A cop's got to know the best donut place in town."

Nate raised his brow. "Just how many times did you visit the bakery before I moved to town?"

Patting his flat stomach, Ryan winked at Kyle. "I'll never tell."

Nate looked at Kyle, who zipped his fingers across his lips and shook his head. "Fine, I can see there's a donut conspiracy going on." Nate turned to Rio. "Everything looks great, thanks for taking up my slack."

"No problem." Rio looked down at Kyle. "You look like a regular ole grease monkey."

"Yeah, too bad Gill didn't have a set of coveralls that were a little cleaner, but Kyle assured me the grease smell isn't bothering him." Nate said, wrapping his arms around both of his men.

"I grew up working on cars. If anything, the smell makes me a little nostalgic."

Grinning, Nate looked at Kyle. Gill's coveralls were so big on poor Kyle they'd had to roll the sleeves about six times and the legs about eight. Of course Gill had thought Nate was

insane just for asking, but what else was he supposed to do in thirty minutes?

As the party progressed, Nate was pleased with the turnout. It seemed every child in Cattle Valley was in attendance, and Ryan seemed forever in the middle of them. Laughing and telling stories, Ryan was a natural at the PR side of being a public official. Nate knew Ryan's tough biker-like appearance scared some people, but the children seemed to see straight to his good heart.

A big hand landed on his shoulder and Nate looked behind him. He was staring straight at the middle of Ezra's black and red flannel shirt. Moving his gaze up, Nate laughed. "Perfect. All you need is Babe the Blue Ox trailing behind you."

Ezra grinned and held up his axe. "Naw, I left Babe at home guarding the ranch."

"You know," Nate said, taking a step back so the look up didn't hurt his neck, "you have a very nice smile. You really should do it more often."

Ezra's eyes clouded a bit and he gave a short nod. "I'm sure you've heard I'm not one for social events, but there's just something about you. I can't put my finger on it, but your joy in living is infectious. I imagine most people 'bout had a coronary when I walked in."

Without thinking, Nate stepped forward and gave Ezra a hug. "I'm glad you came."

"Me too," Ezra said, gently patting Nate's back.

"Hey, Paul Bunyon, get away from my man," Rio hollered drawing his pretend six-shooters.

Ezra released Nate and took a step back, hands in the air. Nate turned to Rio and rolled his eyes. "You do realise, Ezra could probably squash you like a bug."

Rio narrowed his eyes and puffed up his chest, trying his best to look serious. "Just try it."

Ezra started laughing. Not a normal laugh, but a very loud belly laugh. The room got so quiet it was if everyone left except the three of them. Looking around, Nate started laughing. The shocked look on the faces of the townspeople was worth all the work he'd put into the evening.

Nate couldn't help laughing along with Ezra. The expression on Wyn's face was absolutely priceless. He looked like he was either ready to pee his pants or jump Ezra's body.

Within a few seconds, the room erupted in laughter. Nate clapped the big man on the back. "Welcome to the community, Ezra."

* * * *

The threesome was pleasantly surprised when volunteers stepped forward to clean up after the party, insisting Ryan, Nate and Rio go on home. Dead tired, they all agreed; giving their thanks as they left the party.

Leaving Ryan's Sheriff's vehicle at the station, Rio drove them home in Nate's SUV. Poor Nate was sound asleep on Ryan's shoulder before they even hit the city limits.

"Watch out," Rio said, looking over at Ryan. "He'll drool all over your shoulder."

Nate punched Rio in the thigh. "I heard that."

"I thought you were sleeping?" Rio rubbed his sore leg.

"Just resting my eyes," Nate mumbled before quickly falling back to sleep. He could say what he wanted, but Rio had slept with Nate long enough to know the noises he made when he was out like a light. "Party was fun," Rio said, trying to stay awake himself.

"It was fantastic. I really feel like I connected with a lot of people tonight. I have you and Nate to thank for that, and I plan on doing so as soon as we get home." Ryan reached behind Nate and ran his finger up the side of Rio's neck to swirl around his ear. "Love you."

"I know." Rio gripped the steering wheel a little tighter, suddenly overcome with emotion. "I know you didn't want it in the beginning, but I can't imagine our lives without Nate."

"It was never that I didn't want Nate. Hell I wanted to jump his bones that first morning I came out of your bedroom and found him asleep on the couch. I was just afraid. You have to admit, Nate's a hell of a lot better looking than I am. I didn't want to lose you."

"First of all, it's true, Nate's one of the finest looking men I've seen, but you're the sexiest. And secondly, you were never in any danger of losing me. I can't imagine a life without you in it, badass tattoos and all. Besides, you're the brains of this outfit. Who the hell knows what kind of trouble Nate and I would get into without you here to kick our asses from time to time?"

Ryan cupped Rio's cheek, and Rio took his eyes off the road for a second to look at Ryan. His love looked like he was about to say something profound. "It's a pleasure kicking your ass."

"Butt head," Rio said pulling into the driveway. "Just for that, you can carry drool boy in, while I go lockup the barn and check the horses."

"You're certainly dressed for it," Ryan chuckled as he lifted a still sleeping Nate into his arms.

* * * *

The next morning, Nate woke up squished between his men. For a moment he was utterly confused. The last thing he remembered was riding in the truck. Nate looked at Ryan and then behind him at Rio. They were both sound asleep and snoring so loudly it was a wonder he'd gotten any sleep.

Deciding to make his men breakfast in bed, Nate carefully crawled out from between them. In sleep, Ryan moved immediately into Rio's arms. Nate smiled at the pair before leaving the bedroom.

Busy frying ham and eggs, he didn't hear anyone come into the kitchen until tattooed arms wrapped around his waist. "You should have an apron on, baby." Ryan said, running his slender fingers down over Nate's cock.

Hard in an instant, Nate thrust against Ryan's hand. "You still feel warm. Did you leave Rio sleeping? I was going to make breakfast in bed for the three of us."

"I'm right here, waiting for you," Rio's deep voice said from behind him. Nate turned his head, and almost swallowed his tongue. Rio was leaning against the door frame in nothing but his hat and chaps.

"Damn," Nate said, turning the stove off. "I do love me a cowboy."

Ryan turned them both around so Nate was still in front, but now facing the nearly-naked cowboy. Happy, Nate looked Rio up and down. His fat cock already lubed and standing at attention, framed by all that leather. "Think you can ride a full eight seconds?"

Rio pointed toward the table. "Oh, I think I can manage that. Why, you gonna score me when we're done?"

"Sure, if you don't get disqualified first." Nate pulled away from Ryan and went to take his customary position at the kitchen table, good thing he hadn't set it. Hoisting himself on top, Nate got onto his hands and knees and wiggled his ass. "Get in the chute, cowboy."

Growling, Rio moved up behind Nate and ran his finger down the crevice of Nate's ass. "Ryan, would you go to the cupboard and hand me the slick?"

While Ryan retrieved the lube, Rio bent forward and ran his tongue up the length of Nate's crack. "Oh fuck that's nice," Nate moaned. Moving back down, Rio swirled his tongue around Nate's puckered hole, tasting him. Nate ground his teeth. He enjoyed this almost as much as getting impaled on Rio's long fat cock.

As Rio worked his tongue inside Nate his body started to shake. "Please," he begged, knowing he wouldn't last another minute with Rio's tongue buried inside his ass.

The hot tongue left to be replaced by lubed fingers. Nate shook his head. "I'm not gonna last, just fuck me already." A hand to his head had Nate looking up. Ryan had joined him on the table and bent to give him a kiss. Attacking Ryan's

mouth with all his pent up need, Nate accidentally bit Ryan's lip when Rio thrust inside him.

Nate was unable to speak, but he communicated his apologies through tiny licks to Ryan's lips. After giving him a quick kiss, Ryan knelt in front of Nate and painted his lips with pre-cum. Trying to grab something to steady himself as Rio continued to stretch and hammer his way inside him, Nate put his hands on Ryan's thighs as he took the long length down his throat. His nose buried against Ryan's inked groin, Nate stared at his own name, tattooed forever on the man he loved.

Rio adjusted his position and nailed Nate's prostate. Nate cried out around Ryan's shaft as his cock erupted in pleasure. He could hear his men shouting something to each other, seconds before they both buried themselves to the hilt inside Nate's body. Rio filled his ass as Ryan pumped his seed down Nate's throat.

Nate didn't know if he'd ever felt so wonderfully used in his life. He was forced to pull off Ryan's cock before even getting him cleaned. Collapsing onto his side, Nate thought he might die right there, served up like breakfast on the kitchen table. He closed his eyes and struggled to regain his breath.

Feeling Ryan's fingers in his hair, Nate opened his eyes. "You okay, baby?" Ryan asked, concerned.

"Too much," he panted. "Sometimes you guys are just too much. I'm gonna have to get into better shape."

Rio chuckled. He picked Nate up from the table and carried him toward the bedroom. "Luckily, I happen to know a terrific

guy who'd love nothing better than to get you into shape at his new gym."

"Our gym," Nate and Ryan said at the same time.

"Yeah, ours," Rio said and threw Nate onto the bed. Ryan jumped on top of them and the three of them wiggled until they were once again squished together in bliss.

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.

Email: carollynne@carollynne.info

Carol loves to hear from readers. You can find her contact information, website and author biography at www.totalebound.com.

Also by Carol Lynne

Campus Cravings: Coach

Campus Cravings: Side-Lined

Campus Cravings: Sacking the Quarterback

Campus Cravings: Off-Season

Campus Cravings: Forbidden Freshman

Good Time Boys: Sonny's Salvation

Good-time Boys: Garron's Gift

All Play TITLE No Work [Cattle Valley Series Book 1]
by Carol Lynne

Good-time Boys: Rawley's Redemption

Good-time Boys: Twin Temptations

Total-e-bound eBooks

* * * *



* * * *

www.totalebound.com

Take a look at our exciting range of literagasmic™ erotic
romance titles

and discover pure quality at Total-e-bound.

If you are connected to the Internet, take a
moment to rate this eBook by going back to
your bookshelf at www.fictionwise.com.