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*Ménage Àmour*



# Her Dakota Men

Leah Brooke

# **HER DAKOTA MEN**

## ***Dakota Heat Anthology 1***

**Leah Brooke**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
**[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)**

**A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK**

IMPRINT: Ménage Amour

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HER DAKOTA MEN

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E-book ISBN: 1-60601-368-8

First E-book Publication: December 2008

Cover design by Jinger Heaston

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**PUBLISHER**

Siren Publishing, Inc.

[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)

# **DEDICATION**

Thanks to my family for their encouragement and to Diana for her continuous support.

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*Dakota Heat Anthology 1*

**LEAH BROOKE**

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## **Chapter 1**

Stacy Daniels listened to the minister as she looked down at the coffin. Whether Benton Daniels, her father, had gone to heaven or hell she had no idea. She could hardly believe that a man like him would die of anything as small as a clogged artery.

No, men like Benton Daniels died in stampedes, tornados, or breaking wild horses. Men like Benton Daniels loomed larger than life and dominated their surroundings.

Her father had been a bear of a man. Standing head and shoulders above most men, he'd always been strong as an ox and twice as mean. His deep booming voice carried and could be heard far away, so he didn't have to raise it. But he did.

She looked now across to her father's friends and neighbors. She saw pity in their eyes when they looked at her and she knew stories of her father's mistreatment had reached them. It didn't surprise her. Word got around fast in ranch circles, and her father certainly hadn't tried to be discreet. No one cried, not even her. Her father had been dead to her for a long time. Nevertheless, it had been a shock as she'd realized how much his death would change her life. She had moments when she thought she would crumble at any moment.

She drew her strength from the men standing behind her. Ever since she'd come home, at least one of them had always been in earshot in case she needed anything. They made the ranch a safe haven for her, because she knew they would always be there if she needed them.

The minister concluded the service, and she moved forward to place the single rose on her father's coffin. She wanted to fling it, but didn't. She mourned the way her life would change more than she mourned her father. She turned away from the coffin and started back toward the road. Before she could take a second step, a hand gripped her elbow to steady her. Cash. How she knew who it was without looking, she had no idea, but she did.

Others followed suit and before she knew it they'd gotten into Wolfe's truck and headed back to the ranch. She smiled when she saw Rosa getting into Rex's truck for the ride back. Leaning her head back against the seat, she sighed. She dreaded the next few hours. Everyone would be coming to the house to pay their condolences. She didn't want to see the pity on their faces or answer a lot of questions about what she would do now. She just didn't want to face it.

Strangely, she'd never thought about what would happen when Benton Daniels died. It just never seemed like a possibility for her. Her father seemed like the type that would be around forever.

She would have to stay a few days to do any necessary paperwork before getting back to her receptionist job in Great Falls. The dental office she worked in hadn't been her first choice but she'd needed to pay the rent.

"Are you okay, baby?"

Stacy looked up and met Wolfe's eyes in the rearview mirror. He had a predator's eyes, deep gray and slightly hooded, always watchful. She'd seen ice form in those eyes more than once and knew it could chill to the bone, but never when he'd looked at her.

"I'm fine, thanks. It was a nice turnout, wasn't it? Dad would have liked it."

Travis sat with her in the back seat and reached for her hand. "Yeah, Ben would have loved having a crowd."

Stacy turned at his sarcasm, trying to ignore the effect his touch had on her. "That's true."

Travis opened his mouth to say something but after glancing at Wolfe, closed it again. His silver eyes held hers for several moments before he spoke. "How does it feel to be back?"

She shrugged. "Strange. I wish I could attribute the pitying looks I get to dad's death but they're the same every time I come back." She pulled her hand from his as unobtrusively as possible. It had become hard to sit here and talk to them when just the touch of any one of them could make her forget what she'd been saying. "Thankfully, a few more hours of it and I'll be done. When I meet with dad's attorney tomorrow, I'll sign whatever's necessary and head for home."

"This is your home," Wolfe growled as the others frowned at her.

"This hasn't been my home for a long time."

"That's because your father was here. He's gone now. What about the ranch?"

"What about it?"

Travis shot a glance at his brother then looked back at her. "Honey, you can't just walk away from the ranch. You love the ranch."

Stacy smiled sadly. "I can't stay. It's not my home anymore."

Wolfe pulled onto the road leading to the ranch and met her eyes in the mirror again. "What are you talking about, sweetheart? Of course the ranch is your home."

Stacy shrugged and looked out the window. "I really don't feel like talking about it right now."

Thankfully they dropped the subject and made the rest of the drive in silence.

\* \* \* \*

Stacy waved the last of the mourners off, leaning back wearily against Wolfe. Realizing what she'd done, she straightened and stepped away, only to be pulled back against him again.

"Lean on me, sweetheart. We're all here for you."

All three of them had hovered over her all afternoon, and she'd been grateful for their presence. It had been an exhausting day but now she just wanted some time alone.

After what she'd told them in the truck, they'd kept eyeing each other, and then her but she didn't know what they'd been looking for. Silent messages passed between them but she had no clue what they'd meant and didn't want to ask. They hadn't again mentioned the ranch to her.

"Would you like to go for a ride?" Wolfe asked against her hair.

Stacy turned and smiled faintly. "That would be great. Let me go get changed." Her breath caught as he leaned down to kiss her forehead.

He straightened and lifted her chin with his finger. "The ride will do you good. Everything will be fine now, sweetheart. Benton can't hurt you anymore." He smiled tenderly and her heart did a flip. "I'll get the horses saddled. Come out when you're ready."

Standing in front of her mirror a few minutes later, Stacy regarded her reflection with amusement. She certainly didn't look like she normally did. Her blonde hair wasn't pulled tight into its usual twist. Instead it hung loose around her shoulders. Well-worn jeans replaced the office clothing she normally wore. Her blue eyes sparkled with excitement. She felt a twinge of guilt to be happy about something on the day she buried her father.

She realized how her father's very existence had been like a dark cloud hanging over her. But she loved the ranch, and a chance to ride it again made her happy. It also made her happy to be around the Dakota men again. She hadn't wanted to admit that even to herself but that didn't make it any less true. She sank down onto the bed.



She'd spent the last three days thinking about what she should do. She'd thought of little else since Wolfe had come to inform her of her father's death and bring her back to the ranch.

Wanting to remain here more than anything, she knew she couldn't.

How could she when she loved three men who lived here? She'd never be able to stay without hurting all of them. Wolfe, Travis and Cash didn't deserve to be hurt that way.

So, she had to leave.

She couldn't leave and expect them and their father Rex, the ranch foreman, to run the ranch indefinitely. That left only one option.

She had to make arrangements to sell the ranch, the only place she'd ever found happiness. Then she could leave.

It saddened her to think that she'd never see the ranch again. Wolfe, Travis and Cash, along with Rex and Rosa, would have to find work elsewhere, and she'd probably never see any of them ever again. Her father would probably laugh in his grave to see her so miserable. Moving to her window, she looked down to see that Wolfe waited outside and had already saddled a horse for her.

Her eyes caressed him. He'd changed into his jeans and work shirt. He and his brothers sure did know how to fill out some work clothes. Years of working the ranch had toned their bodies into works of art. They all had brown, sun-streaked hair, and of course, Cash had let his grow too long again. They had varying shades of gray eyes, which today had seemed to settle on her more often than usual.

She turned from the window. Right now they liked and respected her. She had to leave before she lost even that. If she stayed, she would end up killing their feelings for her and would more than likely cause a rift between the brothers, not to mention how disappointed Rex and Rosa would be with her. She had to leave and never come back. That was the only way.

Going down to the kitchen, she paused at the stove, leaning over Rosa's shoulder. "Why are you cooking? The neighbors brought all kinds of food."

Rosa automatically raised the spoon she'd been using to stir the contents of the big pot to give Stacy a taste. "Now that your daddy's gone, Rex and the boys eat at the house. Those boys like my cooking. When they get done working, they're going to want something that fills them up. Lenore brought that stupid casserole of hers. My boys don't want her casserole. They like my beef stew and biscuits. So do you."

Rosa turned and Stacy was surprised by the sheen of tears in her eyes before the older woman embraced her. "Your father never let you ride, did he, honey? Every time he caught you, he'd make you come inside and help me with dinner."

Stacy's vision blurred as she hugged Rosa back. "Wolfe, Travis and Cash used to sneak me out or I never would have been able to ride. You always covered for me."

Rosa straightened and wiped her eyes with her apron. "Well, we don't have to sneak around anymore. Now get on out of here before Wolfe comes looking for you and takes up all the room in my kitchen."

"Yes, ma'am." Stacy gave Rosa a peck on the cheek and headed outside. Rosa had been a mother to her since she was born and being away from her had been difficult. Knowing that after the ranch sold she'd probably never see her again made her eyes well up again. She found her hat in its usual place on the rack and headed outside. No matter how long she'd been gone, Rosa never moved her things.

Wolfe smiled as soon as he saw her. "I was beginning to think that I would have to come and get you."

"I stopped in the kitchen. Rosa is busy cooking." Before she could get her foot in the stirrup, Wolfe lifted her onto the saddle. His hands lingered on her thighs before he handed her the reins. She trembled at

his touch. Her nipples beaded almost immediately. She shifted the reins, hoping he didn't notice her reaction.

He mounted his own horse. "Why is she cooking? There's enough food in the refrigerator to feed an army."

"Yes, but it's not her cooking. Her boys don't want any of Lenore's stupid casserole," she mimicked.

He smiled as expected. Neither of them spoke for a while as they rode, enjoying the scenery. She missed this place so much. The fences had been kept in good shape and everything looked well cared for. It should sell fast. They rode in silence, usually side by side, but there had been a few places that they'd had to ride single file.

She appreciated the silence as she knew he did. Like his father, he didn't feel the need to talk constantly or loudly. He probably knew she'd needed a little peace after the day they'd all had. She appreciated his consideration. Her dad's friends and neighbors had made more than one comment about her moving back to the ranch, and she'd muttered something non committal and changed the subject. She could just imagine the looks on the other ranchers' faces if she told them she couldn't stay because she had fallen in love with three men. She could just imagine the looks on Wolfe, Travis and Cash's faces.

"Do you remember Baby?"

Stacy's lips twitched when she remembered the time Wolfe had carried in a newborn calf, half frozen. Its mother had died in the snowstorm, and luckily they'd found the calf lying next to its mother before it met the same fate.

Wolfe had carried it into the lodge where hot food and coffee had been set up. The ranch hands had been in and out all day, warming up with a hot meal and coffee before heading back out into the cold again. Stacy had only been sixteen then and had been helping Rosa and Will, the ranch cook, to keep up with the staggering amount of food and coffee needed.

When Wolfe walked in, carrying the calf, she'd run over to him. "Is he still alive?"

Wolfe, in his sheerling jacket had looked larger than life carrying the calf, both of them covered with ice and snow. "He won't be for long if we don't get him warmed up."

He'd carried the poor calf close to the huge fireplace, and Stacy had grabbed a towel and followed. Kneeling next to the calf, she began to briskly rub him down, trying to dry him off and get him warm.

Cash had come in soon after with a bottle of warm milk. Stacy fed the calf while the men took over rubbing him dry.

Travis had walked in, his face grim. "We lost the other one on the way in."

Kneeling in front of the fire, bottle feeding a half frozen calf, Stacy had looked up. The fire had back-dropped the men. The sight of the three of them standing in front of it had taken her breath away. Dizzy with unfamiliar emotions racing through her, she realized she had fallen in love.

All three had stared at her in a way that made her heart flutter. An unexpected and unfamiliar feeling of hunger had built inside her that had nothing to do with food. Her heart raced and she became light headed and tingly.

Her father had walked in just then, loud and irate as usual. She'd looked away but not before seeing the way they glared at him. Rage had shone in their eyes before being quickly extinguished.

The spell had been broken but from that day on, she recognized the futility of loving the three men that had become such a big part of her life.

She smiled at Wolfe. "I remember Baby."

Wolfe grinned. "He used to follow you around like a puppy. He ran over anybody standing in his way when he saw you."

"He liked me."

"You used to pet him and talk to him all the time."

Stacy nodded and looked over at him. "I remember how you, your brothers and Rex used to keep him in the closest pasture. You watched out for him because you knew I would be heartbroken if anything happened to him."

"We didn't do a very good job of it, did we?"

Stacy shrugged. "It wasn't your fault. I should have known that if my father knew I got attached to anything, he would get rid of it."

Wolfe's face tightened. "Yeah, but to sell Baby off that way and rush to tell you that he'd be slaughtered for veal was just plain mean. You cried for days."

Wolfe Travis and Cash had all tried to comfort her but she'd already begun to shy away from them. She no longer trusted her feeling for them and was afraid that if her father knew they were important to her, he would get rid of them just as easily as he'd gotten rid of Baby.

"That's when I really began to hate my father. I knew then that I'd leave right after I graduated from high school."

They rode in silence for several more minutes.

"Rosa really misses you."

"I really miss her, too."

"We all really miss you."

She looked over at him to find him watching her intently. Her eyes slid to where his hands gripped the reins and couldn't help but imagine them on her body. His jean-clad thighs looked thick with muscle as he rode, and she couldn't help but wonder what it would feel like to have those thighs spreading hers to move between them. Years of ranch work had made his arms into ropes of muscle. She'd seen him and his brothers use that muscle to train horses, had seen them lift sacks of feed and could only imagine how it would feel to have arms such as those around her.

She'd met several men in Great Falls, had even dated a few but none of them could hold a candle to these three. Every time one of them would try to touch her, she had seen the Dakota men's' faces

and had been unable to give them what they wanted. She'd never felt even an inkling of desire for another man. She'd probably spend her life alone now and that depressed her even more. She wanted them.

"Stacy?"

Damn. He'd caught her staring. She lifted her gaze to his eyes. "Sorry, my mind wandered. What did you say?"

He smiled at her as though he knew what she'd been thinking. Her face burned. "I said that we all miss you."

"I miss all of you, too." Surprised when her eyes welled again, she looked straight ahead. The scenery blurred as her eyes filled with tears.

He moved close and touched her arm. "Stacy, honey, what's wrong?"

Her eyes involuntarily slid to his, and she heard him curse. Pulling on his reins, he grabbed hers out of her hands. He pulled her from her saddle to his lap smoothly, and she wondered absently what kind of strength it would take to do that.

Once the tears started they would no longer be held back, and she began to cry in earnest. Wolfe's arms went around her as he pulled her tightly against his chest. It felt so good to be held this way, as if nothing in the world could hurt her. Surrounded by heat and strength, she came undone.

She held on tightly, her tears soaking his shirt, but she couldn't stop. She'd missed them all so much. She loved them all so much. She loved her home and now she had to sell it. Her father had never wanted her, and even Rosa and Rex would be lost to her forever. The few friends she'd made in Great Falls could never take the place of all that. Why did she have to fall in love with all of them? Why did she have to be so selfish? It broke her heart that she would lose them all with her selfishness but she couldn't seem to do anything about it.

Wolfe moved but she didn't care as long as he held her. He never tried to shush her or tell her to stop crying. He simply held her and let her cry it out. His arms stayed wrapped around her, and he rocked her

as he would a child. His lips touched her hair and she clutched him harder. It seemed like hours before her sobs lessened and then stopped altogether, and she leaned against him exhausted.

“Feel better, sweetheart?”

Embarrassed, she looked up and saw him leaning over her with a handkerchief. Nodding, she reached for it only to have him grasp her hand in his. Her turned it to touch his lips to her palm and lowered her hand and began wiping the tears from her face.

“I’m sorry. I don’t know what got into me.”

“You’ve had a rough day, haven’t you, honey?”

Stacy looked around in surprise to see that she was settled on Wolfe’s lap under a tree. The horses wandered nearby. She knew the horses wouldn’t go far, and if they did, Wolfe, Travis and Cash’s had been trained to come at their whistle.

When Wolfe finished mopping her face, Stacy tried to extricate herself from his embrace. He pulled her back down, and she wearily leaned against him. She would lean on him and pretend nothing was wrong, if only for a little while.

“Are you okay now?”

The heat from his big body wrapped around her from behind. She kept looking out, seeing the mountains in the distance. “I’m fine. Like you said, it’s been a rough day.”

“You like it here, don’t you?”

Stacy nodded, keeping her eyes forward. “It’s beautiful here. What’s not to like?”

His hands on her waist, hot and hard, made her jittery. God, she loved having him wrapped around her this way. He bent his head, and touched his lips to her neck. “Then why don’t you stay?”

Oh how she would love to be able to do that. But loving all three of them would eventually destroy it all. Stacy closed her eyes as a wave of longing washed over her. “I can’t.” She gasped when he started unbuttoning her shirt. She put her hands over his to stop him, but it didn’t even slow him down. “What are you doing?”

“I’m going to try to change your mind.”

“Oh, God. Please, you shouldn’t.” But even she heard the longing in her voice.

He had already unbuttoned enough of the buttons to slide his hands inside her shirt and undo the front clasp of her bra. His hands felt hot and rough against her breasts as he cupped them.

Her head fell back on his shoulder as his lips moved over her neck. Tingles of pleasure ran down her neck from where his lips touched and shot straight to her breasts. Her nipples had turned into hard little pebbles that just ached to be rubbed. Moisture flowed from her slit, and her stomach clenched as fierce need clawed at her. Her hands gripped his thick forearms.

“If that’s not beautiful, I don’t know what is,” he murmured against her neck. “Look at how delicate your breasts look in my hands.”

She looked down, and another jolt of lust shot through her. His large tanned hands looked huge on her pale breasts. As she watched, he pinched a nipple, and she gasped at the exquisite sensation.

“Stay, baby. I’ll take good care of you, I promise.”

She wanted to say yes more than she wanted to draw her next breath. “I can’t,” she whimpered. He turned her, lifting her, rubbing his lips over her breast before sucking a nipple into his mouth. Straddling his thighs, she gripped his shoulder tightly, feeling the play of muscles as he moved. With the other hand she gripped his head, holding it to her breast. She’d never been touched so intimately before, and a firestorm began to rage within her. The tug on her nipples shot between her thighs. She pulled him harder against her. His hand moved to the fastening of her jeans, and she couldn’t have stopped him for anything. He lifted her, laying her across his lap and sliding her jeans down to her knees. The cool air outside did nothing to cool the heat at her slit.

He watched her face as he slid a thick finger through her folds. “You’re already wet for me, aren’t you, sweetheart?”



“Oh God. Yes.” He touched her right where the sensations had gathered.

She cried out at the rough thickness of his finger pushing into her. The slight burning sensation made her hiss.

“You’re still a virgin?”

“Yes. Oh!”

“Good girl. I’ve waited for years for you to come back here to stay, and I’d wondered if you let somebody take you. I’ve had nightmares about it, Stacy.” He pressed again. “Please tell me this is mine to take.”

“Yes, please. I can’t stand it.”

He removed his hand to pull off her boots so he could slide her jeans and panties off. He tossed them aside and sitting back against the tree with her in his lap, began to run his hands all over her. His eyes held hers as he traced his fingers lightly over her breasts. “You are the most beautiful woman in the world to me. Look at you.”

She flushed under his gaze, holding on tightly to his shoulders as he caressed her.

Wolfe groaned. “I’ve never in my life wanted a woman as much as I want you.”

She dropped her head onto his shoulder and began to unbutton his shirt, shivering under his hands.

“Are you cold, little one?” He took off his jacket and wrapped it around her back.

“No,” she smiled at him shyly. “Just the opposite.” She finally had enough buttons undone to push her hands inside. She loved the feel of his springy chest hair under her hands and the play of muscles beneath it.

“You’re not leaving the ranch again, Stacy. I’ve waited forever for you to grow up. This is your home. I want you to stay.”

“I don’t want to talk about it now. Kiss me. Take me.”

Wolfe took her mouth with his in a kiss unlike any other she’d ever had. The soft, teasing kisses she’d had from the men she’d dated

were all but forgotten as Wolfe claimed her mouth with his own. Fire raced through her blood as his firm sensual lips demanded a response, his tongue taking possession of her mouth and making it his. He didn't play or tease or ask. He took, and she gave.

His hand moved back down to her folds, and she parted her legs wide to give him whatever he wanted. She knew he could satisfy this incredible need.

He rolled her clit, and her body tightened as she shook in reaction. He picked her up and deposited her on the soft grass nearby, making sure the jacket protected her from the hard ground. He lifted his mouth from hers to suck a nipple into it. "I love these little nipples."

She arched, pushing her breast harder against his mouth.

"Do you want it harder, sweetheart? I don't want to hurt you."

"Yes, I don't know, anything."

When his teeth scraped her nipple, she froze. She cried out, her voice loud in the air.

"You like that little bite of pain, don't you, sweetheart?"

"Oh! I shouldn't. Why?"

"Because you're perfect, that's why. I've always known you would be like this." He reached down to pinch her folds lightly. "If you'd given your virginity to someone else I would have beaten your ass raw."

He drew a deep breath, his wide shoulders trembling under her hands. He lowered his forehead to hers. "Oh God, honey. Thank you for saving yourself." He lifted his head and smiled at her tenderly, tracing her lips with his thumb. "Your virginity is the most precious gift I'll ever receive."

Wolfe moved over her and unfastened his jeans. "I've waited years for this, Stacy. Years."

His thick length started to press into her, and she gripped him tightly. "I want you so much. Please take me."

He surged into her in one smooth thrust, and she cried out at the brief flash of pain. His big body shook as he held himself completely

still inside her, staring down at her with a look on his face she had never seen before. His face looked tight, almost tortured but his eyes had become hot and hungry, more possessive than she had ever seen them.

He started to move, watching her face the entire time. When her eyes started to flutter closed, he growled.

“No. You keep your eyes open. Look at me. You’re mine, Stacy. I want all of you.”

Stacy couldn’t deny him anything. As he moved inside her, she found herself caught in some kind of spell. It was all so intimate, so erotic, and so raw.

His body thrust deeply inside her own, and he watched every play of emotion on her face as he took her. He nudged a place inside her that made her cry out again. The reality of finally having this man inside her made her heart soar, but the feel of him had her gasping in pleasure.

Nothing in her life had prepared her for this, and she knew she would cherish this memory forever. She trembled all over, the sensations too exquisite to bear. Her body tightened more and more and a rush of pleasure washed over her, gripping her tightly in its grasp and she could do nothing to stop it.

She clenched tightly on the thickness inside her, sending a new rush over her and she screamed at the unbelievable pleasure. Wolfe increased his pace and heard him growl deep in his throat as he held himself pushed to the hilt inside her, touching her womb. Not knowing what to do, she could only hold on and trust that he would help her as the waves of pleasure seemed never ending.

She thrilled as his big body shook from the pleasure he’d found in her body, and she wrapped her arms around him, holding him close for as long as she could.

Several minutes passed as she held him, and their trembles diminished. When he lifted his head, she touched his face lovingly. If

she had to sell and leave the ranch, at least she had been able to have this with him, to give this to him.

When he cupped her face, she automatically turned her cheek into his rough hand. “You are absolutely exquisite, little one.” He ran his thumb over her lips, and she licked it without thinking. “Yes, absolutely exquisite.”

She shivered as the air cooled her body.

“Come on. As much as I’d like to stay this way with you forever, we have to get back. Rosa will have dinner ready and you’re cold.”

Stacy nodded and got up. She got dressed, watching as he refastened his jeans.

“If you keep looking at me like that, we’ll be late and Dad will send out a search party.” He laughed at her blush and helped her finish dressing, running his hands over her breasts as he buttoned her shirt. When he had her completely dressed again, he lifted her into his arms. She automatically wrapped her legs around his waist as he held her tightly against him.

“Stay, Stacy. This is your home. I’ll do whatever it takes to make you happy here.”

Her heart melted. She traced his bottom lip with her finger. “Oh, Wolfe. I wish I could. Please don’t ruin this. I can’t talk about this right now.”

Wolfe stared at her for several long seconds before nodding. “Okay, sweetheart. But this isn’t over. We *will* talk about this. Soon.”

Stacy nodded but she knew she had to leave before then. She breathed a sigh of relief when Wolfe dropped the subject and lifted her into the saddle.

Riding back to the ranch, neither spoke. Wolfe’s gaze kept sliding to her, and she turned to smile at him. He didn’t smile back. His eyes traced down the length of her and back again so intently possessive she quivered. Her breasts swelled, the nipples reaching out to him across the slight distance. His eyes flicked to them, and his lips twitched before he looked away again.

Happiness like she'd never known filled her until she remembered that she had no choice but to leave all this. When they arrived back at the ranch, several hands stood in the yard and two came over to take their horses.

Wolfe leaned close and kissed her deeply. "I'm going to go get cleaned up. I'll see you at dinner." He tapped her bottom lip playfully before walking away.

She smiled and nodded and started walking up to the house. When she got close, she saw Travis and Cash coming out, and she wanted to bolt. "Hi," Cash grinned at her. "Did you and Wolfe have a nice ride?"

Nodding, her face burned and she tried to look away. Travis gripped her chin between a thumb and forefinger and studied her face. "You look better than you did earlier. Not as tense."

Her face burned even hotter. Not knowing how to answer him, she nodded and started toward the house. She couldn't very well tell him that the reason she looked better was because his brother had just taken her virginity, could she? Especially when the sight of Travis and Cash in their work clothes had begun to get her all hot and bothered again. No, the best thing she could do would be to avoid all of them as much as possible.

Her breasts still burned from Wolfe's touch, her panties still wet from his lovemaking. Yet the sound of Travis and Cash's low voices sent fissions of awareness through her. It made her want them to touch her as Wolfe had. Guilt consumed her. She could only imagine what Rex and Rosa would think of her if they knew.

No, she had to leave as soon as she'd made arrangements to sell the ranch. And she could never see any of them ever again.

"Did you have a nice ride?" Rosa asked, smiling at her as she stirred her stew.

Stacy paused in the doorway and smiled at Rosa as sadness almost overwhelmed her. She missed Rosa, missed the talks they had, the way Rosa greeted everyone when they came in and always had the

house smelling of home cooking. Her apartment in Great Falls had never been a real home. God, she missed this place. She wished for what might have been if she could have fallen in love with only one of them. “Yes, Rosa. The ride was wonderful. If you don’t mind, I think I’m going to go soak in the tub and get ready for bed.” She laughed and even to her own ears it sounded hollow. “I haven’t ridden for awhile, and I’m going to be sore.”

Rosa frowned. “But you haven’t eaten dinner.”

Stacy ignored Rosa’s searching look. “I’m not hungry. I’d just like to soak and go to bed.” She kissed the older woman’s cheek, wiping off a spot of flour. “I promise to eat a big breakfast tomorrow to make up for it. Good night.” She just wanted to get to her room before any of the others came in.

## Chapter 2

After her bath, Stacy donned a plain cotton gown and lay down on the bed. She'd pulled out a book to read earlier, and she picked it up hoping that reading would make her tired enough to sleep. Exhausted after her crying jag, and Wolfe's lovemaking, she now sat here wide awake.

Remembering the feel of Wolfe's hands on her made her breasts tingle. Now that she knew what it felt like to have him inside her, she would have a hard time avoiding him while she remained here. The way he'd made love to her and cared for her afterward simply melted her. His body had taken hers to remarkable heights, giving her pleasure she'd never imagined. His eyes, his lips, his tender touch made her feel desired and adored. He'd filled her body and her heart so completely, and it was a memory she'd always cherish.

She loved him so much and the way he had taken her had been so overwhelming and so complete, that she knew he would always have a part of her, always be a part of her. Thinking about the way her life would be without him in it nearly broke her. Before she'd always known that he and the others would be here. Now she didn't know where they would end up.

Would Wolfe be willing to leave his brothers to come back to Great Falls with her? Maybe if she told him the way she felt about him, he would. He had to feel something for her to say that he had waited for her for years.

Feeling better she drifted off to sleep, smiling as she remembered the look on Wolfe's face as he'd taken her virginity.

\* \* \* \*

The next morning she went downstairs, hugging Rosa from behind and kissing her. “Good morning!”

“Well good morning to you, too. You’re certainly in a good mood this morning.”

Stacy briefly thought about asking Rosa to come and join her in Great Falls. Rosa probably wouldn’t go. She would never willingly leave Rex, but she would ask anyway. It would be better though, to wait until she had made some definite plans.

The first thing she had to do was to call her father’s attorney. She had to settle the estate quickly so that she could put the ranch up for sale. She called the attorney’s office and asked to speak with him.

“Of course, oh, may I ask who’s calling, please?”

“This is Stacy Daniels. I’m calling about my father’s estate.”

“Oh, Ms. Daniels, I’m sorry. Mr. Freestone is out of the office. I’ll leave him a message that you called.”

“Thank you.” That had been a little strange. She’d sounded like he was there at first. Shrugging, Stacy headed out in search of Wolfe.

As soon as she walked outside, she saw Rex standing at the fence, watching the horses. She walked up to him, bracing her arms on the top rail. “Hi, Rex.”

Rex had been her father’s foreman since Stacy was only ten years old. Her father had hated that the men listened to Rex more than to him but he couldn’t fire him. He’d needed Rex to keep cowboys on the payroll. They usually quit after dealing with Benton.

“Hello, honey. How are you today?”

“I’m good.” She frowned. “That makes me an awful person, doesn’t it? The day after my father’s funeral, and I’m happier than I’ve been in a long time.”

“Your father was a bully, and you couldn’t be an awful person if you tried.”

If Rex only knew.



Her good mood deflated like a party balloon the day after, and she thought again about her options. If Wolfe wanted to stay at the ranch, could she stay, too? No. Not while Travis and Cash lived here. And she couldn't very well ask Travis and Cash to leave, could she? But if they stayed, her feelings for them would eventually show and then what would happen? Fights. Hurt feelings.

No, she couldn't do that to any of them. They didn't deserve it. Just because she was selfish didn't mean that she had to hurt the people she loved. Damn. She wished she could ask Rosa or Rex what to do. They'd always been there for all of her problems but she just couldn't ask them about this.

Maybe she just needed to get away from all of them for a little while. Just to think. She couldn't keep hiding her emotions, and she needed some time alone. That's what she'd do. She'd just go away for a couple of days. Maybe by then she would be able to talk to her father's attorney and get the estate settled.

"Something on your mind?"

She shuffled her feet. Rex and Rosa always knew when something bothered her. It reinforced her decision. "I was thinking about going away for a couple of days."

"Why?"

Surprised, she looked up at him. "Well, to think."

"Don't see why you have to go away to do that. There's plenty of thinking room right here."

Stacy couldn't prevent a smile at Rex's answer. He always whittled things to the simplest terms and as far as she knew, had never been wrong. But she needed this. "I need to get away from everybody for a while. I need to be alone."

Rex didn't speak for several moments and just when she thought he wouldn't, he said softly. "You know that my sons all love you, don't you?"

“Yes.” She smiled sadly. She knew that Rex thought his sons all loved her like a little sister. “I love them, too.” That had always been the problem.

When she told Rosa of her decision to go away for a few days, the older woman didn’t like it at all.

“Why do you have to go away? Your father’s not here anymore.”

“I just want some time alone, Rosa. I have some thinking to do.”

“There’s plenty of thinking room here at the ranch.”

Stacy smiled at how alike Rosa and Rex sounded. “I know but I just have to get away for a couple of days. I have my cell phone if you need to call me.”

Rosa continued to grumble as Stacy went to her room to pack. She just took a couple of day’s worth of clothing, throwing in a dress in case she got an appointment with the attorney. Saying goodbye to a still grumbling Rosa, she left.

She drove into the next town and almost stopped before she thought better of it. She didn’t actually want to hide but she didn’t want to be found either. She just wanted some time alone, and she didn’t want to run into anyone she knew. Stopping for a burger, she went past a cheap motel to one that looked a little better. It didn’t look exactly high dollar but being a woman alone, she didn’t want to take any chances. She could just imagine what kind of trouble she’d be in when she got home if something had happened.

Checking in, she asked for a room near the back so that her car couldn’t be seen from the road. After getting into the room, she decided that a shower would relax her. She’d bought a few magazines to read and a book if she had trouble falling asleep.

The hot shower made her feel better, and she threw a robe on, not wanting to bother with a nightgown. She’d never slept nude before, but thinking about her time with Wolfe made her body hot. Even though the air outside had cooled, she kept the windows closed and turned on the air conditioner.

Lying in bed with her magazines, she remembered how good it had been when Wolfe touched her nipples. She reached up to touch them, frustrated that she couldn't get the same feeling on her own. Feeling the moisture between her legs, she slid a finger through her folds. It didn't feel the same as Wolfe's fingers. She wanted to howl in frustration.

When her cell phone rang, she jumped and nearly fell off the bed. Looking at the display, she groaned. It was the ranch phone. She knew she had to answer in case it was an emergency. Damn.

"Hello?"

"What do you think you're doing?"

Stacy shuddered at the deep timber of Cash's voice. "What do you mean?"

"Don't play games with me, Stacy. You're going to lose."

"Didn't Rosa and Rex tell all of you that I went away for a few days?"

"Yes. Why?"

Stacy snapped. "I just want some time alone to think, okay?"

"Watch your tone."

Stacy's eyes widened at the moisture that dripped from her now at Cash's dark tone. He'd never spoken that way to her before. She put a hand to her stomach and took a deep breath. "I just want to be alone, okay?"

"No, it's not okay. We're all worried. Anything could happen to you. Where are you?"

"Listen, I'll be home in a couple of days. Don't call me again unless it's an emergency." She disconnected before he could reply. Her stomach clenched. She would be in big trouble now. Cash would be hurt that she'd hung up on him, and Wolfe might be upset that she'd left. She already knew that Rex and Rosa had thought going away had been a stupid idea. Why couldn't they just let her have some time alone?"

Nervous now, she tightened the belt of the robe and moved to the window to look out. Seeing no one she knew, she laughed at herself. Of course they didn't know where she was.

Picking up the magazine, she started reading again and came to an article about what men wanted in a woman. The men interviewed had answered so predictably that it surprised her that the magazine had even wasted the space to print it. Nice smiles and good personalities. Please. That's why men stampeded over everyone in their path when they saw a woman with bleached blonde hair and big breasts, because they liked her smile.

Lying on her stomach, she continued to read the magazine, lost in an article about foods popular in different parts of the country. Rosa would like this, and she continued to read.

She had no warning. Someone using a keycard opened her door, and she bolted. Before she could take two steps, she'd been grabbed from behind, her arms held behind her back. Oh my God! She whimpered, scared to death, kicking out furiously when a voice sounded next to her ear.

"What would you have done if it had been a stranger?"

"Cash. You son of a bitch! You scared me to death."

He let her go and closed the door. "You didn't even have the deadbolt locked."

He grabbed her again from behind, wrapping his arms around her and pulling her back against him. His deep voice rumbled against her neck. "Thank God you're okay. If anyone else had come through that door--"

"I would have locked it before I went to bed." If she told him she'd forgotten all about it she didn't know what he would do. His hands moved up to cup her breasts and she dropped her head on his shoulder. Having him wrapped around her this way sizzled her senses. Her breasts swelled. Her nipples hardened against his palms. Damn it. Why couldn't she resist him? Her robe had come undone in their

struggle. She pulled away and quickly tightened it. She walked to the chair and sat down, not wanting to risk sitting back on the bed.

She pushed back her still damp hair and stared at him. "What are you doing here? I told all of you that I want to be alone. How did you find me?"

Cash studied her for several seconds, and she forced herself not to squirm. "I'm not going to tell you. You never know when it may come in handy again."

"Don't tell me then. I don't care. You see that I'm fine. Goodbye."

Cash shook his head. "I'm not leaving. If you're going to spend the night here, then so am I. Tomorrow morning we'll go back to the ranch."

"You can't sleep in this room. Go get another room. I'll see you tomorrow." She'd wait until he got another room and then she'd move to another hotel. Amazing. Now that her father could no longer run her life, Wolfe and Cash thought they could.

"No."

"What do you mean no?"

"N-O. No. I'm not leaving and neither are you, until tomorrow morning. We're going to sleep right here. First, though, I'm going to paddle your ass for taking off the way you did *and* for hanging up on me *and* for not locking the damned door. You scared the hell out of all of us by leaving."

Stacy blinked at the surge of pure lust that went through her. He couldn't be serious. And what the hell was wrong with her? "What did you say?"

Cash leaned down and lifted her chin, capturing her lips in a kiss so blatantly sexual, she had no choice but to respond. He parted her robe as he continued to kiss her and she gasped into his mouth at the feel of his hands on her breasts. It felt different than when Wolfe had touched her there but just as good. Why couldn't she make them feel that way herself?

He lifted her from the chair, and she went willingly, wrapping her arms around his waist as he held her closely. Running her hands over his back, she reveled in the muscles she found there, feeling small and vulnerable in his arms. The feeling escalated when he pushed her robe from her shoulders, allowing it to puddle at her feet.

Now totally naked, the rough denim brushed against her thighs and his shirt chafed her nipples. Deliberately, she rubbed them across the soft cotton over and over, loving the friction on them. He pulled her arms from around his waist and put them at her sides.

He put his hands on her waist, and she leaned into him, crying out as he pulled her against him and took several steps toward the bed. She tried to hang on but before she knew it she'd been flipped over his lap and staring down at the ugly hotel carpet. Struggling uselessly, she cried out. "What are you doing?"

He positioned her the way he wanted despite her struggles and pressed a hard hand at the small of her back.

"Let me go, you bastard!" The feel of his hand coming down hard on her bottom surprised her so much that she stilled for a moment. Then she began struggling in earnest.

He stroked a hand over her warm bottom. "Damn it. I can't." He picked her up and cradled her on his lap, holding her tightly against him. "I can't even spank you. You scared me to death, baby."

Amazed at the shudder that went through him, she lifted her arms around his neck and held him tightly. He'd sent her into a tailspin. The angry slap on her bottom followed by his tenderness and the almost desperate way he held her confused and warmed her at the same time.

His hands continued to caress her back as he buried his face in her neck. "Why did you run away, baby?"

"I'm a grown woman. I didn't run away. I just wanted to be alone."

He lifted his face and smiled at her so tenderly, it brought tears to her eyes. "Your days of being alone are over, sweetheart. The sooner you get used to that, the better."

He caressed her back, and she arched, moaning deep in her throat as his hands slid over her. She heard his chuckle and tensed.

"No, don't tense up on me. You're so soft, honey. Stroking you is like stroking a soft, sleek, cat. You even purr. Let me see if I can make you purr some more."

"Let me go." She responded to him as strongly as she had to Wolfe. This couldn't be good.

"Never. Spread your legs for me."

His hands moved to caress her thighs, and she froze. Only Wolfe had ever touched her there. She couldn't allow this. Struggling again in earnest now, Stacy fought like a wildcat, scared of these new sensations running through her body.

Her breasts just throbbed, and she wanted to touch them but she wouldn't be able to until Cash had gone. An unbelievable amount of moisture dripped from her. She wondered if Cash could feel it.

He kept her in place easily, shifting her slightly. He stroked her thighs again, distracting her, before lifting her one handed to undo his jeans. Oh my God. What would she do? He sat back down with her on his lap.

The hair on his bare thighs tickled her own. His hard cock pushed at her as his caresses continued.

"Do you have any idea just how long I've wanted you?"

Stacy blinked. "You have?"

The tender smile he gave her made her stomach clench. His hands moved over her breasts and she looked down, watching in fascination as a callused finger traced lightly over a nipple. The throbbing of her clit matched the strokes of his finger. When his other hand moved over her hip, she moaned, gripping him tightly.

She wanted him so much she couldn't stand it. Her body was on fire, the heat between her legs burning her. It got even worse when he

gripped a nipple between a thumb and forefinger and allowed her own movement to give her even more pleasure. She would die of it.

“Open your legs for me, Stacy. Let me know if you want me.”

She had no choice but to obey him, never even made the conscious effort to do so. Her body responded to his words while her mind turned to mush. She opened her thighs for him, needing him to see how much she wanted him. She needed his hands on her, needed to feel him inside her.

She held her breath as his hand slid from her breast and moved between her thighs, sliding over her mound, and froze when he circled her opening.

“Are you afraid?”

“N-no.”

“Good girl. Let me feel your wet little pussy.”

His rough fingers slid through her folds, and she jolted at the sensation as a fresh rush of moisture escaped.

“You’re almost ready to come, honey.” He moved his fingers away from her clit, and she arched, trying to follow.

He chuckled again. “No, honey. No coming for you. You’ve been a bad girl.”

“Please, Cash. I can’t stand it.”

He shifted her position, pulling her until her head became even with his thighs. His cock brushed against her cheek. Fisting his hand in her hair, he pulled it aside and turned her face so that he could see her. “Take my cock in that hot little mouth of your and suck it. I’m dying to feel your mouth on me, honey. I’ve waited a long time for it. Let me feel it, please, honey.”

Stacy had never done this before but she’d read about it in her magazines. She eagerly turned her face and took him in her mouth, trying to remember everything she’d ever read. His finger pressed inside her dripping pussy which made thinking impossible so she gave into her hunger for him and sucked him as deeply as she could. Running her tongue over him made him hiss.



The thought that she finally had him this way, alone and practically naked, made her hotter. She sucked him as hard as she could, taking him to the back of her throat. He released her hair to pinch her nipple, and she moaned at the wonderful jolt of lust that made her tighten on his finger. She'd loved him for so long, wanted him for so long, and couldn't resist this chance to be with him. It might very well be the only one she'd ever get.

Pushing all other thoughts from her mind, she concentrated only on Cash.

She thrust herself on his thick finger over and over, the action also thrusting his cock into her mouth. The sudden warning tingling she'd felt with Wolfe started. Just when she thought she would find her pleasure, he withdrew from her.

"No coming yet. You're so beautiful, Stacy, so responsive." His harsh groans sounded wonderful. The more she could wring groans from him, the hotter she got. His rough voice got lower. His hands tightened on her hair. "I'm going to come. Honey. If you don't want me to come in your mouth, you have to stop, honey."

She answered by gripping his thighs tighter. She wanted, *needed*, all of him.

His muscles tightened as he spurted into her mouth. "Fuck."

She swallowed over and over, even more aroused that she had brought him this kind of pleasure. His harsh groans made her feel powerful and desired. She continued to lick him while he stroked her hair and face.

"That's it, honey. Lick me clean, little cat. God, you're incredible."

She loved the feel of him on her tongue, loved his erotic taste. When she had finished, he pulled her head away and lifted her, curling her into his arms and taking her mouth with his. His kiss tormented her, not thrusting his tongue into her mouth, but teasing her until she chased him. He played with her over and over until finally she grabbed his hair and pulled him forcefully against her.

He chuckled and gave her what she wanted, laying her on the bed and pressing her into the mattress. He took her mouth boldly, hardly allowing her to breathe. Lifting his head, he looked down at her and she couldn't help but lift up to him in offering. Smiling wickedly, he ran his hand down her body before standing to refasten his jeans.

He moved to the foot of the bed, staring at her. Her breasts throbbed so much she reached up to touch them, past caring if he saw her.

He grinned. "Do your breasts need to be stroked, honey?"

"Open your legs wide for me, little cat."

Stacy looked down and thrilled at the big muscular man, seemingly enthralled by the sight of her pussy. She needed him desperately and would gladly do whatever he wanted if he would just end this torment. She opened her legs for him, lifting again for his touch. So aroused, she shook. She didn't know how much more of this she could take.

His smile as he moved between her legs made her shudder. With rough hands grabbing the backs of knees, he lifted them high and wide.

The cool air from the air conditioner breathed over her soaked folds, and she gripped the pillow tightly in her hands and lifted even more. Desire like she'd never known raced through her, and her moans and whimpers filled the room.

"I've wanted to taste you forever. I've wanted my mouth on you for years, little cat."

"Oh God." The first touch of his tongue on her slit had her crying out at the too sharp sensation. Wrapped in a blanket of lust, nothing existed for her except the heated friction that traced her folds over and over again. His hands moved up her body to cover her breasts, his fingers tugging lightly at her nipples.

When he pushed his tongue into her heat, she arched, crying out as he stabbed her again and again. Thrashing on the pillow against the unfamiliar feel, she tightened her hands on the bedding as she started

to spin out of control. He moved his mouth to her clit, closing his lips over it and she froze as he sucked it into his mouth, and her entire body sizzled.

The pleasure that washed over her touched every part of her body, tingles of delight racing everywhere. She cried out at the indescribable feel of sublime ecstasy that spread from her core and exploded throughout her. He licked the cream from her, cleaning her the way she had cleaned him, and the feel of his tongue on her too-tender flesh made her tremble even more.

His mouth moved up to her stomach, placing opened mouth kisses all over her and moving higher. He used the flat of his tongue on her sensitive nipples before lifting to again take her mouth with his. She opened to him readily for whatever he wanted, tasting herself on his tongue as he possessed her mouth with his.

He lifted his head but she couldn't open her eyes to meet his. They'd become too heavy, her body replete and exhausted. He lifted, then shifted her, and she settled against him, trusting his strength. He pulled down the bedding and laid her on the cool sheets. She had almost fallen asleep when he touched his lips to her forehead.

"I've waited forever for you, kitten. You won't be able to run far enough to get away from me now."

## Chapter 3

Stacy looked in the rearview mirror again, seeing Cash's big truck right on her tail. They hadn't even stopped to eat breakfast before he plucked her out of bed, told her to get dressed and went outside to wait in his truck for her to follow her home.

So much for her few days alone.

This morning he looked even more menacing. She could hear the scratching sound as he ran a hand over his whiskers. "If I didn't have these, I'd lap more of my kitten's cream. Your pussy is too soft for these, so let's get going. Wolfe and Travis are waiting for us."

He'd walked out of the room, and she'd slunk to the bed, wondering what the hell she was going to do. If Wolfe found out what had happened last night—

She thought about it the whole ride back, and the closer they got to the ranch, the more her stomach clenched in fear. She had to get in touch with the attorney. As soon as she put the ranch up for sale, she would leave.

Riding through town, she saw with relief that the attorney's office had cars parked out front. He had to be in. As soon as they pulled up to the ranch, Stacy grabbed her bag and raced into the house, not waiting for Cash. Feeling guilty about what she'd done to Wolfe, she just couldn't face him right now.

She ran up to her bedroom and stripped, jumping into the shower. The heated water running over her body reminded her too much of Cash's hands running over it the night before so she showered quickly. Rubbing her skin briskly with the towel as though punishing

herself for her stupidity and weakness that made her vulnerable to both Wolfe and Cash, she dried off and got dressed.

Rosa came in as she worked the tangles out of her hair and a thought occurred to her. "Rosa, would you do me a favor and call the attorney for me? He's never there."

She had called several times and thought it strange that he hadn't gotten back to her yet. It was almost like he wanted to avoid her. Rosa looked at her strangely, probably wondering why she just didn't call herself, but Stacy slid her eyes away and pulled her wet hair into a ponytail.

When Rosa hung up the phone, she turned to Stacy. "He's in." She frowned. "Stacy, Mr. Freestone is in his office every day. Are you sure you called the right number?"

Suspicious now, she nevertheless smiled at Rosa. "No. I probably called the wrong number. Thanks, Rosa."

Rosa went to her suitcase and pulled out the dirty clothes. "So much for your getting away, huh? Those boys were not at all happy to find out you'd gone."

Stacy turned to look at her, her stomach filling with dread. "Did Wolfe know that I was gone?"

Rosa looked at her incredulously. "Of course he knew. Wolfe knows everything that happens on the ranch."

Stacy gulped. "What did he say?"

Rosa walked over to Stacy and hugged her, their eyes meeting in the mirror. "You know Wolfe. He says more not saying anything than most people do when they're running their mouths. He just got this real hard look on his face and didn't say anything for a couple of minutes. Then he looked at Cash and said, 'Go get her'."

Stacy gulped and looked away, no longer being able to face Rosa. "Did he seem really mad?"

Rosa looked uncomfortable as she moved around Stacy's bedroom, straightening things that didn't need to be straightened.

“Don’t you worry about him. You could always wrap all of the Dakota men around your little finger.”

“So he was mad.”

“He got that cold look, you know the one that can freeze a person on the spot? Then he got a really strange look on his face and got up from the table and left.”

“I wonder why he didn’t come get me himself,” Stacy murmured.

“Probably too busy, although he always has time for you.” Rosa frowned then shook her head as though clearing it. “Maybe he was just too mad. I don’t know. What I do know is that if I don’t get busy, lunch will be late, and I’ll have four hungry, angry men in my kitchen.”

Stacy went down a few minutes later and got herself a glass of juice and a piece of toast. “Rosa, I’m going to go into town and talk to Mr. Freestone. I’ll grab something in town for lunch.”

She met Rosa’s worried look. “Don’t worry. I’m not going anywhere. Just into town. I wouldn’t take off without telling you.”

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Freestone’s secretary looked startled to see her, really startled. “Mr. Freestone is very busy this afternoon, Ms. Daniels. Perhaps you’d like to make an appointment.”

Stacy stood with her hands on her hips and frowned at the woman. “I tried that. He won’t even return my calls. What the hell is going on? I need to settle my father’s estate.”

Hearing loud voices, the attorney came out, blanching when he saw Stacy. What the hell? “Ms. Daniels. I really don’t have time for you today. Maybe one day next week.”

Enraged that they’d lied to her, Stacy went toe-to-toe with the attorney, and he turned even whiter. “I want to settle my father’s estate. You’d better make time for me right now!” Peering past him,

she saw that no one sat in his office. "It looks like you're free. This shouldn't take too long."

She walked past him into his office and sat in a chair, waiting for him to join her. "Just give me whatever I have to sign so I can have the deed to the ranch."

"What are you doing to do with it?"

"That really isn't your concern, now, is it?" she asked sarcastically. "Just show me what I need to sign."

Stacy noticed with some surprise that Mr. Freestone kept wiping his face with his handkerchief. She could see the perspiration on his forehead and upper lip. Something had to be very wrong. A lead weight settled in the pit of her stomach. She'd try the soft approach. "Mr. Freestone," she began softly. "I just want to get all of this out of the way so that I can get back to my life. Please help me."

He brightened somewhat, which threw her. "Oh, you want to get back to Great Falls. Don't worry then, dear. There's nothing for you to worry about. Your father sold everything to Wolfe, Travis and Cash Dakota. You're free of the ranch. It isn't your problem anymore."

\* \* \* \*

Stacy walked out of the attorney's office, and down the street and somehow ended up at the park, not even remembering how she'd gotten there. Her father had hated her so much that he hadn't even told her that he'd sold the ranch. Why had he sold it? So she would never have it?

She'd always thought that one day the ranch would be hers. She loved her home, and she loved the people on it. To come to grips with the fact that her father had hated her so much that he would even take the ranch from her was more than she thought she could bear. A strange numbness settled over her. She sat there too hurt to cry, too stunned to absorb it. He'd given her in death what he'd given her in

life. Pain. Heartache. Even though she had planned to sell it, he wouldn't have known that. He'd had no qualms about selling her home and not even telling her.

Why had she never been able to get used to it? Why had she continued to hope that he would have seen something in her to love?

Tears rolled down her face. Her face had become soaked with them, but she couldn't sob or yell or rage at her father's hatred. It stunned her so much, filled her with such grief that she could do nothing but sit there while the tears flowed. The trees and the children playing all around blurred. She gripped the bench tightly, feeling that if she let go she would fall.

She had no idea how long she sat there before she felt a presence at her side. She didn't even have the will to fight when she was lifted onto hard thighs and held against a hot muscular chest. Wolfe.

She would know his scent anywhere. He didn't speak, just held her, and the sobs began. She cried so hard she had trouble breathing and her throat hurt as he silently rocked her in his arms. She cried forever and when her sobs had been reduced to hiccups, he tilted her face up to wipe her tears.

Looking up into his face, she saw the tender expression she knew was reserved just for her. Suddenly the overwhelming guilt, thinking over her lovemaking with Cash threatened to crush her. She didn't deserve him. Still not speaking, he touched his lips softly to hers and lifted her as though she weighed nothing, walking across the park with her in his arms. When he got to his truck, he put her in without a word, holding her hand in his all the way back to the ranch.

When they pulled in, Rosa, Rex, Travis and Cash came outside. Wolfe waved them back and came around for her, lifting her into his arms again and carrying her into the house. She hid her face in his neck, not wanting to face anyone.

"Is she alright?" She heard Rosa ask.

For the first time, Wolfe spoke. "She'll be fine now. She's home."



\* \* \* \*

Stacy stayed in her room the rest of the day, thinking about what she'd learned. Why had her father sold the ranch to them? Had it only been to make sure that she never got it? *When* had he sold it to them? Had it been only recently or had they owned the ranch for years?

Had she been coming to visit a place that hadn't even belonged to them?

If they owned the ranch, why had none of them moved inside? Only her father and Rosa had lived in the house, her father upstairs in the master bedroom and Rosa in her apartment off the kitchen.

Her room had never been changed, and she always stayed there when she visited. How come nobody told her that it didn't belong to her any more? Every time she came home, her things remained just as she'd left them. Her hat and boots never even got moved. Even her father had never gotten rid of anything of hers. Why?

Why hadn't her father told her? She would have thought her father would have gotten a lot of satisfaction out of telling her that the ranch would never be hers.

She had too many questions, and they had started to give her a headache.

She heard the men come in and looked at her clock. Dinnertime. She went downstairs to help Rosa, avoiding the men's searching looks as she helped Rosa put the food on the table. Rex joined them as usual, he and Wolfe mostly just listening to the conversation going on around them.

She didn't speak, not trusting herself not to cry. She ate silently, listening to Rosa talk with Travis and Cash about their day and trivial things, and she had the impression that they kept the conversation light for her benefit.

Finally she couldn't stand it any more. "How long have you owned the ranch?" she asked quietly. All conversation ended. She looked up to find everyone looking at Wolfe.

He took his time, finishing the food in his mouth before answering. "Five years."

Stacy felt all the blood drain from her face. "I left five years ago."

Wolfe nodded and continued eating.

Frustrated by his silence, she looked at Cash. "If you bought this place five years ago, why did my father still live here?"

"It was one of the terms of the sale."

"Why didn't he tell me?"

"Same answer."

When Travis glared at him, he glared back. "Then you answer her questions!"

"Why didn't you ever eat in the kitchen before? Why didn't you move into the house?"

Cash shoved food in his mouth and raised a brow at Travis. Travis looked at her and sighed. "We couldn't stand your father. We didn't want to live with him and didn't want to eat with him."

"Why did he sell?" She looked from one to the other and wondered if anyone would answer. Finally Cash did. "He ran the place into the ground. He was broke. He couldn't even afford to keep the hands."

Stacy rubbed her head. Her headache had started to get worse. Getting information out of them was like pulling teeth. She looked at Rosa. "You knew about this, didn't you? You knew even when you called the attorney for me."

When several pairs of eyes looked at Rosa accusingly, Stacy hurriedly added, "I'd been trying to call and got suspicious when his secretary kept putting me off."

Rosa got up for more iced tea and patted her shoulder. "You don't have to defend me. I never liked that they kept it from you. I thought you had a right to know but they wouldn't let me tell you. Now you know, and you don't have to worry about it anymore. They'll all take care of everything."

Stacy remembered what they'd said earlier. She looked at Wolfe, wanting the answer from him. "Why did you make my dad stay? Why did you make it a condition of the sale?"

She waited impatiently as he watched her intently before answering. "So you would keep coming back."

Stacy started laughing, and when she started, she found she couldn't stop. She laughed until her sides hurt, laughed until she started shaking with sobs, becoming hysterical, and she still couldn't stop. Big tears rolled down her face. Rosa pulled her close, and she cried against her chest, her arms around Rosa's waist.

When she'd settled some, she wrenched herself away from Rosa and stood. She looked at each of them to find them all staring at her in concern. "I didn't come here to see my father. I came to see all of you. And all this time you lied to me. I came back here because I love all of you so much and now I've ruined even that. I've got nothing left anymore. I certainly no longer have a reason to stay."

She spun and left the room, running up to her bedroom and slamming the door. No. Not her bedroom. Nothing here belonged to her anymore. The men had always showed her nothing but love and look what she'd done. She'd already betrayed Wolfe, and she just couldn't live with that. She paced her room for a long time, not able to settle down. She heard the men leave when they'd finished eating. Still she paced. Once it got dark she thought about going back downstairs. Hearing murmured voices coming from that direction, she decided against it.

Knowing she'd been a fool all these years, she didn't want to face them again. She knew they would hear her if she went down the stairs, so she climbed out the window of her room. She'd done it a hundred times before, shimmying down the slanted roof, dropping down on the railing of the back porch to freedom.

She'd done many times what she did now, whenever she needed to get away from some hurt that her father had inflicted. She ran for the stables with the intent of saddling one of the horses and riding.

Wolfe would be mad if he knew. She wasn't allowed to ride alone or at night, but she wouldn't be gone long, and he wouldn't find out.

When she ran into the stable, the door behind her slammed shut, and the bolt clicked in place. She spun, wondering who could be out here. The large figure moved slowly into the light until she finally saw his face, but once he'd moved, she'd already recognized him.

Travis.

"Off on one of your pouts?"

"I don't pout."

"Couldn't have proved it by me."

Stacy shuffled her feet. "I just wanted to go for a ride."

"Are you allowed to ride by yourself?"

Stacy found herself taking a step back for every one he took forward. She raised her chin defiantly, not wanting him to know that he scared her. Travis was not a man to be trifled with. "No."

"Are you allowed to ride at night?"

"No."

"Seems to me you've been breaking a lot of rules in a short amount of time."

Not knowing how to respond to that, Stacy remained silent.

"Wolfe and I made rules for you for your own protection. We've let you get away with a lot over the years because your daddy tried to bully you. He's gone now, and you're our responsibility."

Stacy bristled at that. "I'm not your responsibility. Since the ranch is no longer mine to worry about I'm leaving."

She's known Travis most of her life. She'd seen him pound other men to dust, seen his eyes flare with hot temper, seen him strike hard and fast many times over the years. But she'd never before had it directed at her.

The brief flash of temper in his eyes froze her in fear. He'd looked like a man in a rage. Travis in a rage had to be the second most terrifying thing she could imagine. Wolfe's icy temper would be, hands down, the first.

He moved closer, stalking her. His long legs ate up the distance quickly. Before she could bolt, he had her. Lightning fast, he bent a shoulder to her stomach, gripped her thighs and straightened, all in one move. Just like that she found herself over his shoulder.

He climbed to the loft over the stable, and she closed her eyes against the terrifying height. She didn't dare squirm, afraid she would knock him off balance and both of them would take a nasty tumble.

The hand on her thighs held her firmly and created an unwelcome warmth between her legs. Lord help her. Why did she have to have these feelings with all *three* of them?

She should have known Travis would have no trouble carrying her. When he got to the top, he dropped her into a pile of straw, glaring down at her. The window high on the side wall allowed the silver light from the almost full moon to come through. Her breath caught in her throat as Travis moved, and the light caught his face. The harsh shadows made him look even more powerful and unforgiving.

The Travis she'd always dealt with had been indulgent and tender. He and Wolfe had been the ones to lay down the rules, firmly but with gentle consideration of her feelings. She didn't know how to deal with this Travis.

"So you're not our responsibility, and you don't want to obey the rules that have been laid down for you? And you threaten to leave."

"Travis, you have to listen to me."

"Oh, do I? I think it's a better idea to get you to listen to me."

He lunged for her, and she had no chance of escaping him. He took her down, landing on her hard, not as hard as she knew he could have, even now trying to protect her by holding most of his weight off her. Grabbing her head in his hands, he tilted her mouth to his and ravaged her. There was no other word for it. He took her mouth over and over, eating at her as though starved for the taste of her.

The response he drew from her came immediately and completely. She couldn't deny him any of it. The delicious feel of so

much hard packed muscle surrounding her heated her blood. She'd loved him for so long that the feel of finally having him around her, holding her closely against him, made her hold on tight and grab desperately for more.

He kissed her hotly, his mouth unyielding. His hands moved to her waist, gathered her t-shirt and lifted from her only long enough to rip it over her head. He forced her thighs apart with one of his and moved between them. His mouth moved to her neck as her bra came undone. She cried out at the feel of his hot mouth and firm hands on her breasts. Her entire body shook with the pleasure he gave her.

There was nothing subtle about Travis. He moved fast and hard, taking what he wanted, and she found herself climbing so hot and so high that a little place in the back of her mind almost feared it. He stripped her of all control, all defenses in a heartbeat and took her where he wanted her to be.

His mouth at her breast licked and sucked and nipped at her, making her writhe with need. The pull on her nipples went straight to her slit and already her panties had become soaked. He unfastened her jeans and with a last nip at her nipple, he leaned back.

The last nip had made her nipple sting, and she couldn't believe the jolt of pleasure that went through her. He rolled her to her side and jerked her jeans and her panties down her legs.

She heard him curse as they tangled on her sneakers, and he pulled them and her socks off before ridding her of her jeans and panties. Quivering with need, she now lay before him completely naked. An overlying sense of rightness filled her. Even in his present mood, he wrapped a warm blanket of security all around her. Nothing could ever hurt her when she had one of them around.

He stared down at her body for several moments before finally reaching out to touch her. Caught in the sliver of moonlight, his face looked harder than she had ever seen it before, and she shivered even as more moisture coated her thighs.

He leaned over her, caging her in with his big body. He watched his own hand as it moved over her breasts, plucking at her nipples. She scarcely breathed when his hand moved over her stomach and over the curls on her mound. Pushing a hand between her thighs, he separated her folds with his fingers.

“Do you have any idea how long I’ve waited for you? Do you know what just being around you does to me? Do you know how many times I wanted to kill your father for the way he treated you?”

Stunned to her toes, Stacy lifted her eyes to his. They blazed as they held hers. His expression looked fierce as he rubbed his chest against her nipples while stroking softly over her folds.

Stacy arched and gasped when a thick finger pressed into her and a thumb touched her clit. When he spoke, his words came through gritted teeth. “This is your home. You will stay here where you belong. After tonight you’ll know better than to threaten me with leaving, and you’ll know better than to break the rules we made to keep you safe.”

Stacy didn’t have any time to respond before he’d picked her up with one hand, dangling her over his arm as he pulled a bale of hay closer with the other. Sitting down on the hay, he flipped her over his lap. She knew that he could see her bare bottom in the moonlight and she tried to pull away.

“Please, Travis, don’t do this.”

“It’s too late for that. Next time you’ll think about the consequences of threatening me or with disobeying your rules.”

With that he began to slap her bottom. She fought, and she cried out as he paddled both her cheeks over and over until they started to burn. Embarrassed by the flood of moisture on her thighs, she kept them closed tightly. His slaps became less frequent and less intense until they’d become caresses.

“Damn it.” He flipped her into his lap, his face at her neck, his arms tight bands of steel around her. “Christ, baby. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. You make me crazy when you threaten to leave. Stay, baby.

Please.” He lifted his head. “You love the ranch. Don’t threaten to leave again. Follow the rules. We just want to keep you safe. God, I don’t know what I’d do if anything happened to you.”

He kissed her almost desperately, his hand sliding over her stomach and back down to her folds. He lifted his head and smiled at her. “You liked your spanking, didn’t you, you little hellcat?”

“No. You hurt my bottom.”

His chuckle sounded darkly erotic. “Your soft little pussy is dripping.”

His eyes appeared lit from within. “I’m going to take you in the most intimate way a man can take a woman. I’ll make it good for you, baby. I need you so damned much.” He moved his mouth over her lingeringly before straightening. His hands were gentle as he flipped her to her stomach.

She moaned when his hands moved over her back and bottom. The hand on her bottom burned her heated skin.

“You have the cutest little butt.” He held one cheek in each of his hands, his thumbs moving toward her crease.

Stacy gasped when he separated them and slid thick fingers through her folds. “Oh, please Travis, do something.”

“Oh, I’m going to do something alright. Just not what you had planned.” His eyes searched hers. “Do you trust me, baby? Will you trust me to take care of you, to not hurt you?”

Surrounded by Travis’ heat and strength, his desire for her plain to see, she could do nothing but surrender. She needed to give herself to him and she wanted to take all that he offered. Her body and her heart cried out for him. She turned to look up at him. “Yes. I want you so much. I trust you completely. Please, Travis. Take me.”

His smile flashed before he looked down her body again. “Look at this pretty little rosebud.”

His fingers, slick with her own juices, slid up over and over to touch her forbidden opening. She grabbed onto his leg desperately as



circled her opening with his finger. She gasped and cried out when he began to press into her anus.

“You’re very tight here, baby. I’m going to have to stretch you a bit.”

“Oh God.” She tried to buck as he pushed his finger into her but nothing she did or said could sway him. “It burns.” She stopped squirming when it only moved her on his finger.

“Relax, baby. Breathe deeply for me. Jesus, you have the tightest ass.”

She’d never thought of having anything in her bottom before. It felt forbidden and naughty, and she thought she just might die of it. She would give him anything. She would give him her soul if she could. Parting her thighs even more, she arched further onto his finger.

“You’re so perfect for me, baby. You’re pushing onto my finger. You like having something in your ass, don’t you? Let’s see how much your tight little bottom likes having two fingers inside it.”

A chill went down her spine. How much more of this could she stand? When he slid his finger from her and gathered more moisture, she held her breath and then groaned as two thick fingers pushed their way inside her. Oh. It felt so darkly erotic to be touched this way, so forbidden. Her juices dripped from her, running down her thighs and probably onto his denim clad leg.

She began to push back in time with his strokes as he pushed more and more of his fingers into her. When he moved them around inside her anus, she arched, jolting at the extreme sensation.

“You like that. You like giving yourself this way. I love touching you this way. I can have it all baby, can’t I? Let me see if I can make you want me as much as I’ve always wanted you.”

Perspiration covered her body. She writhed and moaned as Travis pushed three fingers into her. She spread her legs wide, pushing up onto his fingers as they forged their way inside her. “It burns. Oh, Travis. It feels incredible.”

He groaned. "God, honey. If you knew what seeing you this way does to me."

Stacy bucked and clawed at his leg, not knowing how to channel the feelings he brought about. Her body raged like an inferno, the place between her legs burned so hot while her juices continued to flow out of her. When he removed his fingers from her ass, she started whimpering, unable to stand the now empty feeling.

"Please Travis. Do something. Don't leave me like this. I need something. Please."

His hand rubbed over her bottom soothingly. "Easy, baby. I'll take care of you."

He lifted her from his lap, steadying her until she could stand alone. He whipped off his shirt and she reached for his chest hungrily. Strongly muscled, his dark chest shone with sweat, making it glow in the moonlight. He turned from her, and she saw that he had placed his shirt over the bale of hay he'd been sitting on.

He picked her up and laid her gently over it, positioning her to his satisfaction.

Stacy started to shake really badly, fear and excitement warring in her body. "W-what are you going to do to me?"

He leaned over her from behind, his naked body completely covering hers. His cock pressed against her and she closed her eyes as she got an idea of his size. The Dakota man were all big everywhere.

Travis moved close to her, his breath hot on her ear. "I'm going to slowly work my cock in that tight little ass of yours and fuck it until you scream with pleasure. You're never going to forget how good I can make you feel."

Travis lifted from her, running a hand down her back from her neck to her bottom. He spread her legs even further apart. Sliding a finger through her folds, he gathered more of her moisture.

"I don't need any lube with you, do I, darlin'? You have plenty of juice for me. One day soon I'm going to get my mouth on that pussy and feast. I'm going to eat you alive."

Stacy shook with the force of her arousal as Travis pressed more of her juices inside her anus. She held her breath on a whimper when he posed his cock at her entrance. Shuddering, she tightened her hands into fists as he pushed his hips forward, forging his way inside her.

She panted and cried out at the burning, the too intense feeling of her ass being invaded. She felt so small, so vulnerable at such a dominant act. In that moment he owned her. He could do what he would with her, and she lay bent over for him, completely open and a slave to his desires.

“Travis. Please. More. It burns. Do something.” Her voice sounded high pitched and breathless as she panted and whimpered.

Travis’s voice though, sounded harsh and gravelly. “Breathe, baby. Relax your bottom. I don’t want to hurt you.”

Stacy tried to relax her bottom muscles as much as possible. Travis’s cock, so big and hot, pushed inside her so slowly she couldn’t stand it. The head pass through the tight ring of muscle at her entrance. Her moans continued as he pushed forward more steadily now. He stroked inside her, forging deeper and deeper with each thrust.

“That’s it, baby. Let me in. Oh, God, I need to be inside you this way. I won’t hurt you, honey. I’ll go nice and slow if it kills me.”

He held her hips steady, his fingers biting into her as he used his thumbs to part her cheeks wider. Overloaded with sensation as he thrust all the way into her, she cried out. She clenched on him automatically, and she found she couldn’t stop.

“Fuck.” Travis growled. “You have the tightest ass in the world, baby.” He leaned forward, covering her body with his once again. His breath at her ear felt hot, his words so erotic, fresh moisture dripped from her pussy.

“My cock is all the way inside that tight little virgin ass. Remember how slowly I pushed into you. If you ever talk about leaving the ranch again, I won’t go so easy on you. You belong here.

I'm not letting you go, Stacy. Do you feel how deep I am inside you? So deep, so complete that it feels like I'm part of you? You're a part of me and you're staying that way."

He bit into her shoulder, his teeth sinking into her and holding her steady for his thrusts. His hand went around her and between her wide splayed thighs, pressing a rough finger against her clit.

He released her shoulder to growl in her ear. "Come. Let go for me."

The desperate need in his voice went straight to her head. Dazzled and overwhelmed, she shook with the force of the explosion inside her. She bucked and thrashed on Travis' thick steel, unable to stand the strength of it. Clenching repeatedly on the cock in her bottom, the muscles inside her burned even more. That sent her off again. She screamed her pleasure which just wouldn't stop.

Travis, swearing and groaning, held onto her sweat coated hips as he thrust hard and fast into her. His harsh, fierce growl came from deep within his chest, and she reveled in it.

He wrapped himself around her, covering her body completely with his own. They remained frozen that way for several minutes as their breathing gradually slowed and their bodies began to cool. She moaned when he slid from her.

He helped her to stand, pulling her in front of the window until he could see her face in the moonlight. Grabbing her hair, he pulled her head back, tilting her face to his. He crushed his lips to hers, pulling her tightly against him. Cupping her head with his big hand, he devoured her mouth, taking it over and over again.

A big shudder went through him and his mouth became gentler, his kisses lingering and slow until finally he lifted his head. Running his hands over her hair, he smiled.

Looking up at him, she bit back the words of love that almost sprang from her lips. She wanted more than anything to be able to stay here. Her time with each of them was precious to her. She would remember every second of it for the rest of her life.

But it only reinforced her decision to leave. She wouldn't be able to resist any of them.

When they all found out what she'd done, they would all think her a whore.

Why did she have to fall in love with *all* of them?

"What is it, baby?"

Startled out of her musings, Stacy shook her head. "Nothing. I just wish--"

Travis gripped her chin. "Don't *ever* threaten to leave again. You won't like what I'll do to you."

## Chapter 4

Stacy woke the next morning, wincing at her sore bottom. Suddenly, the events of the previous night all came rushing back to her. Remembering the way Travis had taken over her made her smile. She'd wanted everything he'd had to give and had wanted to give everything in return.

Sitting up, she brushed the hair away from her face and sighed. She had felt the same way after Wolfe had taken her and the same after the night with Cash. And yet she'd betrayed each and every one of them.

Tears well up in her eyes. It just wasn't fair. Why did she have to love all three of them? Any one of them had always been more than enough man in her eyes. Why couldn't she have just fallen in love with one of them and have nothing more than brotherly affection for the others?

Had she become so starved for love because her father never gave her any?

Laying her head on her knees, she circled her arms around her legs and looked toward the window. She knew if she went over to it, she would see the yard full of ranch hands and at least one of her lovers.

One always stayed close to the house in case of emergencies and to take care of the million and one chores that had to be done. None of the ranch hands could ever slack off. The Dakota men watched every part of the ranch like hawks. Nothing escaped their notice.

How long would it be before one of them found out what she'd done?

She couldn't face them again. They'd always been able to read her. She would collapse under the weight of the guilt she now carried and they'd know the truth. She'd really done it this time. She wouldn't even be able to stay in Great Falls anymore. If any of them decided to come after her, she had to be gone. But where could she go?

\* \* \* \*

Wiping her forehead with the back of her hand, Stacy reached for a towel to start to dry some of the mounds of dishes she'd just washed. The work wasn't hard but it got hot in the kitchen. Right now she was grateful that she even had a job. She hadn't yet found a job as a secretary or receptionist and had been willing to work wherever she could.

Since she'd had to leave her other job with no notice, they wouldn't give her a letter of reference even after she'd explained the situation to them. She'd moved to a small town just south of Great Falls and had leased a small house. She'd lost the security deposit on her apartment, once again because of leaving with no notice. She wouldn't work as a dishwasher forever, but she had to do whatever became necessary to live.

She'd left the day after her night with Travis, knowing she couldn't sit at the dinner table with all of them ever again. She'd left a note for Rosa to find and took off like the hounds of hell were behind her.

Probably a good analogy.

It had been a little over a month since she'd gone, and she hoped that they had cooled down. She'd like to be able to call Rosa to talk to the older woman, but so far hadn't dared.

A week after she'd gone, her monthly flow had come right on time and she'd cried like a baby that she wouldn't have that part of Wolfe to keep with her. It would have been selfish, she knew, but she

would have told him about it one day. Probably. With the marks already against her, what was one more?

“You look wilted, girl. You’d better get a good night’s sleep tonight.”

Stacy looked over at John, the friendly cook. “I will. I just have a few more resumes to send out.”

“What? And leave all this?”

Stacy laughed as he’d meant her to and continued to dry and put away dishes.

John had been nice to her since she’d first started but the owner had been a bear. He yelled at the waitresses for not moving fast enough and took half of their tips. Nobody liked him and if it hadn’t been for the good food and nice waitresses, the place would have already closed down. The customers couldn’t stand him.

A lot like her father, Buck yelled unnecessarily. He liked the sound of his own voice, and he got on Stacy’s nerves so much she had a headache every night when she left. She felt the same way with him as she had with her father. She couldn’t wait to get away from him.

Shortly before closing time, she heard the bell on the door announce new customers. Great. They would have to stay late again tonight, and Buck didn’t pay past the time the diner closed.

The diner suddenly got silent and John looked out the door to the front. “Whoever they are, I think Buck’s in a lot of trouble if he opens his mouth.”

“Where’s Stacy?”

Stacy froze and almost dropped the plate she had been drying. Wolfe.

“Who are you and what do you want with her?” Buck’s voice didn’t carry its usual venom, and Stacy would have smiled if she hadn’t been so scared.

Stacy glanced out the swinging door, hiding behind John and watched in amazement as Wolfe lifted Buck a good foot off the floor



with one hand. Travis and Cash stood on each side of him, glaring at Buck.

“Where’s Stacy?”

Buck, the rat, pointed to the back, and she saw all three lift their gazes directly to hers. Damn.

Wolfe dropped Buck to the floor as all three headed for her. Panicked, she took off, running out the back of the diner, hearing the sounds of their heavy boots closing in fast behind her. She cut across the parking lot in the back and kept going, her sneakers sliding on the damp grass.

A hand reached out as she passed a tree, grabbing her shirt and pulling her to a skidding halt. “Hey, pretty thing. What are you doing out here alone?” Smelling alcohol and sweat, she glanced at the man, who looked at her hungrily.

Looking over the man’s shoulder, she saw Wolfe approach, Travis and Cash flanking him. Her mouth went dry when she saw the looks on their faces. They knew! She had no idea what they planned for her but it couldn’t be good and she sure as hell didn’t want to find out.

She didn’t feel the least bit of fear for the man holding her and apparently he didn’t like the fact that she all but ignored him. He looked over his shoulder, probably wondering what had her so scared and looked directly into the eyes of three very large Dakota men in a rage.

The man let go of her so fast she might have been on fire and took off, stumbling in his haste to get away. Cash flicked him a glance but none of the brothers moved to follow him. They all stood looking at her, and she trembled under their combined gazes. She started backing away again, watching them closely.

They all looked madder than hell and she knew that things would never be the same again. She’d ruined it all. Why hadn’t they just stayed away? Why did they feel the need to punish her? Couldn’t they just have called her a bitch and forgotten all about her?

No, not the Dakota men.

They made people pay for the smallest slight, and she had been naïve in thinking that they would let her get away with betraying them. She'd thought that with the history they had, they would have let her go but knew that she was really in big trouble.

She spun and took off again, blind fear ruling her feet, only taking about three steps before she found herself hauled up by a steel band at her waist. Travis. She fought uselessly, desperation giving her strength.

"Going somewhere, hellcat?" His low rumbled sounded close to her ear, holding onto her easily.

Finally she slumped, realizing the futility of fighting him. "I'm sorry," she whimpered.

"You're definitely gonna be sorry, little hellcat."

He tossed her over his shoulder, and they headed back the way they'd come, walking through the parking lot behind the diner and going up the alleyway between the buildings. Coming out at the front they moved to Wolfe's truck with Stacy bobbing sickeningly on Travis' shoulder. Shaking, she wondered what they would do to her.

Travis opened the back door and pushed her inside, climbing in behind her. Wolfe got behind the wheel and Cash sat in the passenger seat, turning to look at her accusingly before facing forward. The hurt in his eyes brought tears to her own.

Wolfe started the truck and turned, his big arm across the top of the front seat. "Are you pregnant?"

All three watched her intently, and she shook her head, lowering her eyes back to her lap. No one said a word as Wolfe pulled away from the curb. She kept her head down, not wanting to see the hurt and accusation on their faces and after only a few minutes, Wolfe pulled over and stopped the truck.

Stacy glanced up then, surprised that he had driven to the house she now rented. They knew where she lived. Why did that surprise her?

Travis half carried her, half dragged her out of the truck and followed Wolfe to the house, Cash following close behind them. When they got to the door, Wolfe held out his hand.

“My purse is back at the diner.”

Stacy stood there, stunned to her toes, as he kicked the door with one big boot and sent it crashing in. He went in ahead of her with Travis nudging her forward to follow, holding her steady as she stumbled over the broken door. She turned to see Cash righting it before Travis nudged her again.

“Keep going, hellcat.” The steel in his deep growl made her shudder and she fought to put one foot in front of the other. She deserved this and owed them the chance to yell at her. Knowing how badly she had to have hurt them, she would take whatever they dished out. Once they left, she wouldn’t see them again.

Wolfe walked straight to her bedroom and sat on her bed, removing his boots and socks. He didn’t even look at her as though knowing one of his brothers would catch her if she tried to bolt.

She stood there shaking as Travis also removed his boots and socks. Before he had finished, Wolfe’s hand reached out with the speed of a rattler and grabbed her arm. He pulled her close and grabbing her shirt in his big hands, ripped it off of her. Her bra met the same fate.

He moved so fast she couldn’t keep up with him as he tore at the fastenings of her jeans. He pulled them and her panties down to her knees in one strong jerk and tossed her over his lap. Oh God. One of them flipped on the light, and she knew they could all see her naked bottom, would all witness what would happen.

The other two had spanked her but it had been nothing like this. Wolfe never said a word, no warning, no erotic teasing. He just tossed her over his lap and started spanking her. Hard. One of the others grabbed her kicking feet and took the rest of her clothing off of her. It never slowed Wolfe down.

This spanking hurt. Her bottom was on fire, and he just kept going. She fought, she struggled, screaming at him the whole time. Finally spent, she lay docilely across his lap, whimpering. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." Whatever he did to her she more than deserved. He'd taken her virginity, and she'd betrayed him.

As soon as she'd stopped fighting, the spanking ended. His hand caressed the cheeks of her bottom and she winced at the heat. She deserved this from him after what she'd done. Now that he'd spanked her, they would all probably leave.

No one said a word for several long minutes as Wolfe caressed her heated bottom, spreading the heat to the place between her thighs. Impossible. After a spanking like that? It appeared that however any of them touched her, she couldn't help but respond.

"You left."

The unbelievable sadness in his voice had her throat clogging with tears. "I'm sorry."

"Why?"

Why? "You know why. It's why you're here. I betrayed you."

He lifted her to her feet with a speed that made her dizzy, standing her between his legs directly in front of him. She looked in his eyes and could see the love for her shining in them even now. But even he could never forgive her for this.

"Betrayed me?"

Stacy nodded, her face burning in shame. "I'm sorry. I couldn't help it. I love all three of you." A sob escaped as the extent of her actions had been spoken out loud.

Wolfe stared at her for so long that started to wonder if he would speak again or just walk out of the room. Finally he spoke. "Have you let anyone but Travis and Cash touch you?"

She frowned at him. "Of course not. Wasn't that enough?"

"Did you also think that you were betraying them?"

Stacy nodded.

"All three of us knew about the others the entire time."

Nothing he could have said would have surprised her more. “What? You mean I’ve been going around feeling like a piece of shit and all of you knew it the entire time?”

“Watch your mouth,” Travis growled from his position across the room.

Stacy ignored him for now and kept her eyes on Wolfe. Right now he was the most dangerous one in the room.

“We know everything that goes on at the ranch and with you. All three of us have loved you for years. We’ve waited for you for years. We always knew that we would share you. You belong to all of us.”

Stacy’s knees buckled. “All three of you?”

Wolfe nodded, his eyes blazing.

Stacy put a hand over her mouth, looking at each one of them in turn. She could really have all three of them? A gulping sob broke rising from someplace deep inside her when she realized just what that meant. “I can live at the ranch with all three of you?”

Travis moved in behind her, running a hand over her warm bottom. “Yes, hellcat. You’re going to marry Wolfe but you’ll belong to all three of us.”

Her eyes flicked to Cash to find him leaning against the bathroom doorway, smiling, obviously content to sit back and watch his brothers at work.

Her attention quickly went back to Wolfe when he stroked a nipple. “If it bothered you, and you thought you were betraying us, why didn’t you come to us and tell us.”

“I couldn’t.”

“So if you have a problem in the future, you’re going to try to hide it from us?”

Stacy squirmed, not liking the direction this was going. “No. I just didn’t know how to tell you. I hated keeping secrets from all of you.”

Wolfe raised a brow at that and said nothing. Uh oh.

Travis leaned over her shoulder. “Do you really think you’re going to get away with running from us, making us look for you a month before we could find you and keeping secrets from us?”

Stacy smiled hesitantly. “Just this time, right?”

Cash bared his teeth. “Wrong. Do you know how worried we were that you might be alone and pregnant? Do you have any idea of how often Rosa cried, afraid that we would never get you back? Do you know how many dirty looks we got from Dad because we hadn’t told you everything from the beginning?”

Stacy latched onto that quickly. “See. It *is* partially your fault. If you had told me in the beginning that all three of you wanted me none of this would have happened.”

Travis ran his hand threateningly over her bottom. “You had the chance to come to us and tell us what was bothering you and you didn’t. What did I tell you would happen if you ran away again?”

Stacy shook her head, aware that standing here naked while they all remained dressed left her in a completely vulnerable position but relief made her giddy. “You said that I would be in trouble if I *threatened* to leave. I never threatened to, I just did it.” She smiled at him but apparently he didn’t appreciate her logic. Her smile fell.

Wolfe eyes glittered and the look on his face took her breath away. “Do you have any idea what we’re going to do to you?”

Stacy shuddered, gulping and shook her head. With all three of them there she couldn’t even imagine what they had in store for her. “Can I take a shower? I’m all sweaty.”

Travis reached his hands around to cup her breasts, nuzzling her neck. “Later. You’re going to get a helluva lot sweatier before we’re through with you.”

He pinched a nipple in each hand and she moaned, letting her head drop back against his chest. More moisture flowed from her slit. Wolfe’s hand moved between her legs, she hoped he would think it came from her nipples being pinched and not his spanking. Her body

blazed with heat, ultra sensitive, as she stood, for the first time, before all three of her lovers completely naked.

“You liked your spanking,” he said softly, looking at her.

Damn. She kept silent and Travis pinched her nipples harder.

“Answer Wolfe, baby.”

“He didn’t ask me anything. Ohhh God. Yesss! I liked my spanking. But it hurt.”

Wolfe’s lips twitched. “It was supposed to. You’re lucky I went easy on you. I won’t go so easy if you ever try to run away again. *Talk* to us, Stacy. We’ve always been there for you. That certainly isn’t going to change.”

Stacy’s eyes widened. *That was easy?*

With his hands on her bottom, the heat of them making it burn even more, Wolfe lifted her dripping pussy to his mouth. Travis lifted her and she dropped her head back onto his shoulder. Wolfe didn’t tease like Cash, but went straight for what he wanted, immediately pushing his tongue inside her. He thrust into her several times before moving to her clit. The jolts of pleasure from her nipples being pinched made her clit throb even more. When Wolfe closed his mouth over it, she gasped. He held it with his teeth, causing her whole body to shake as he sucked it hard into his mouth. She came hard and fast, digging her nails into Travis’ biceps as she held on tightly.

Wolfe lifted his mouth from her and moved aside, motioning for Travis to lay her on the bed. Three sets of hands ran over her, three pairs of lips touched her, and she writhed on the bed as her system went on overload.

One kiss slid into another, a hand at one breast and a hot mouth on the other had her body struggling to catch up. A thick finger pressed into her pussy, and she lifted herself, trying to move on it. When it withdrew she whimpered until it was replaced by a thick cock.

“Oh. Fuck. She’s so tight.” Cash.

Wolfe and Travis leaned on an elbow on either side of her, their gazes moving from her face to where their brother thrust into her.

She loved the feeling of all three of them being a part of their lovemaking. Wolfe watched her, his eyes indulgent as the pleasure took her higher and higher. Travis looked down at her, his eyes fierce, his hands sliding back and forth between her breasts and pinching her nipples. Cash's face looked set in stone as he thrust into her hard, his pace quickening. She held onto both Wolfe and Travis's shoulders as Cash's thrusts threatened to push her across the bed.

When Wolfe's hand moved across her stomach and lower, she whimpered, knowing what came next. Her eyes became fixed on his as he touched a finger to her clit and pressed. Cash's movements provided the friction and her climax bloomed from her clit outward, sizzling along her skin. She grabbed onto both Travis and Wolfe even harder, groaning into Wolfe's mouth when he covered it with his own.

She heard Cash's harsh groan. He tightened his hands on her hips, and with one last thrust, he emptied himself inside her. Cash held her against him, running his hand over her stomach. Wolfe lifted his head and slid his own hand from where it had covered her clit, to smooth over her stomach. Several minutes passed as they stroked and fondled her.

"What if I get pregnant?"

She thrilled at the look of raw heat that flared in Wolfe's eyes and turned to see that both Travis and Cash had a similar look in their own.

Wolfe gripped her chin and turned her to face him. "We would love it."

"But how would we know which one of you is the father?"

"We will all be the fathers of all of your babies." He smiled so sweetly at her and traced her bottom lip.

"Can this really work?"

With a finger on her cheek, Travis turned her to face him. "We'll make it work."



She kissed each of them and complained that now she desperately needed a shower. Laughing, she went into the shower and wasn't surprised when someone walked into the bathroom to join her.

Travis pushed aside the curtain and got in, and her knees went weak as she saw him completely naked for the first time. She had taken *that* in her bottom? Travis obviously read her face because he chuckled. "Don't worry, you already know you can take me. Come here so I can wash you."

He soaped her everywhere, and she'd become a quivering mass of jelly by the time he'd finished. She grabbed the soap and used the excuse of washing him to be able to touch him all over. She couldn't get over his chest and back. Like his brothers, years of working the ranch had left their bodies roped with muscle. She'd seen many cowboys take off their shirts in the heat of the day, and none could compare to her men.

Her men. She loved the sound of that. She reached down to take Travis's cock in her hand. It looked hot and hard and thick, and she wanted it. Now.

Travis grabbed her hand and pulled it away from his impressive erection. "No, you don't. You'll just have to wait. Get out of here and let me shower."

She opened the curtain, surprised that Wolfe stood waiting for her. He had undressed except for his boxers, which tented nicely. He held out a towel for her and dried her. Picking her up, he carried her back into the bedroom. She looked down at the bed in surprise to see a towel laid out on it along with a can of shaving cream and a razor.

"What are you going to do?" She hated the sound of the little girl fear in her voice but couldn't help it.

Wolfe laid her gently on the towel, opening the one he'd already put around her. "I'm going to shave your pussy. I want you to keep it bare for us. You'll love it. It'll make your soft little pussy even softer and much more sensitive."

Wolfe had spoken more tonight than she had heard him speak in a long time and almost every time he opened his mouth something dark or erotic came out of it. Cash had gone into the bathroom and came back with a damp towel as Wolfe spread shaving cream on her. “Lay very still, little one. I don’t want to cut you.”

Her body began to tremble but she stayed as still as she could as Wolfe slid the razor over her again and again, ridding her of her curls. Travis had come out of the bathroom by then and watched raptly as Wolfe revealed her now bare pussy. Cash went into the bathroom and she dimly heard the shower start again.

“Beautiful,” Travis murmured after Wolfe had wiped away the last of the cream.

Wolfe threw the wet towels toward the bathroom and Travis lowered his head to her slit. His mouth felt even more devastating on her highly sensitive flesh. Travis didn’t tease her with his tongue the way Cash had. No, not Travis. He ate at her hungrily as though starved, the way Wolfe had. He ravaged her, sending her higher and higher with every devastating lick, every scrape of his teeth.

He threw her over so quickly that she hadn’t even known she’d been close, then kept going, stabbing his tongue inside her over and over until she thrashed wildly beneath him. Her juices flowed as fast as he could consume them. When her body gathered again, he lifted his head.

She twisted frantically. “I want more.”

He chuckled and grabbed her by the waist, lifting her high as he lay back on the bed and poised her pussy over the head of his cock. She gasped at both the quickness of his move and the feel of his cock pressing into her. He lowered her inch by inch on his length until he became fully imbedded inside her.

She grabbed onto his shoulders and started to move but he held her still, his face tight with tension. “Don’t move, little hellcat.”

“But I want to—”

She froze as Wolfe moved in behind her.

“Look what I found.” She turned to see him holding up a bottle of baby oil from her bathroom.

“Oh God.”

Wolfe pushed her hair to one side and leaned down to kiss her neck. “Trust us.” With a hand to her back Wolfe lowered her to Travis’ chest.

Travis wrapped his arms around her and held her tightly. His hot cock shifted inside her.

The first touch of Wolfe’s oil coated finger on her bottom hole had her gripping Travis tighter and burying her face against his chest. “I’m scared.”

“We’ve got you, baby. Relax those muscles. Remember?”

Her grip on Travis got tighter when Wolfe pressed the oil into her puckered opening. When he began stroking inside her, she moaned and her pussy clenched on Travis. She heard his low curses and groans as though from a distance as Wolfe began to press his cock into her opening.

She jolted as the head pushed against the tight ring of muscle, but Travis’ arms around her held her steady.

“Damn. If that isn’t a beautiful sight.” Cash moved beside them, sitting on the bed next to them. He stroked her back. “Easy, kitten. Loosen up so Wolfe can get inside your tight little bottom.”

She heard the strain in his voice and knew that watching Wolfe pushing his cock into her bottom had to be arousing him. Wolfe steadily pressed into her, and she whimpered. “It burns. It’s too much.”

Travis lifted her face to his and nipped her lips, forcing them open and taking possession of her mouth. Cash’s hand covered her breast, tugging at a nipple, making her body clench. Both Travis and Wolfe groaned as she tightened on them but she couldn’t seem to stop. She whimpered into Travis’s mouth as the burn got hotter.

Wolfe began to stroke in and out of her, and she lifted slightly.

Holding onto Travis's shoulders she began to move with his thrusts.

Travis took over, gripping her hips, and he and Wolfe set up a rhythm. Every stroke took Wolfe a little deeper inside her, until finally he'd become seated to the hilt, Wolfe's hands on her shoulders pushing her down onto him.

With both of their cocks all the way inside her, Stacy began to shake. Her whimpers and moans echoed in the room along with the groans of her lovers. She felt full to bursting, fuller than she'd ever thought she could be. The erotic pleasure-pain and having all three of them touching her cut through all her inhibitions and made her wild.

Stacy could do nothing but go for the ride. Cash had one hand on her back, stroking her while the other teased and tormented her already too sensitive nipples.

With her pussy bare, the friction on her clit increased and within only a few more strokes, her body gathered and tightened, then exploded. She screamed out her pleasure, almost overwhelmed by it. It went on and on and wouldn't stop. She clenched on both hard cocks thrusting into her, and it intensified the pleasurable-pain. Another climax hit her before the first could diminish.

Her screams spurred her lovers on and their thrusts became almost violent. When she tightened on them again, their roars of pleasure filled the room as they held themselves deeply inside her. Their cocks pulsed as they shot their hot seed into her.

She collapsed onto Travis's chest. Wolfe's lips moved on her back as he withdrew from her. She shuddered when the head of his cock passed the tight opening, and Travis's arms came around her.

He nuzzled her forehead as he stroked her back and she snuggled closer. With his arms wrapped around her and the heat of his body along hers, she was warm and sated. She never wanted to move again.

Almost asleep, she grumbled when Travis lifted her. "Come on, little hellcat. It's time to go home."

"Tomorrow," she mumbled, almost asleep.

He stood her up, chuckling and steadying her when she swayed. "We have a ranch to run. Come on, baby. Cash will help you get dressed while Wolfe and I carry your stuff to the car. You can sleep in my arms on the way home."

Stacy opened her eyes. "Home. I like the sound of that."

Wolfe came out of the bathroom. "That's why we bought the ranch from your dad. We knew you loved it and wanted it to be a home for you."

Stacy looked at each of them. "I love all of you so much." She went to each of them, kissing each of them softly. Suddenly bursting with energy, she scrambled to get dressed. "Come on. Hurry up. I want to go home."

\* \* \* \*

Stacy woke the next day with bright sunshine coming through her bedroom window. They'd gotten in late the night before. She'd fallen asleep in the car and when they got home, Wolfe had carried her straight up to her bedroom. He'd tried to help her undress but Rosa had shooed him away and stayed to help Stacy herself.

She took her shower and got dressed and started down the stairs, pressing a hand to her nervous stomach. The only thing now that could interfere with her happiness would be if Rosa or Rex had a problem with her relationship with all three men.

Walking into the kitchen, Stacy approached Rosa hesitantly. "Rosa?"

Rosa beamed and turned to her enveloping her in a big hug. Rosa's hugs always smelled like cinnamon, and Stacy closed her eyes at the wonderful familiarity. "It's about time you came back. Those boys haven't been fit company since you took off." She wagged her finger at Stacy.

"No, ma'am. I'm sorry I left the way I did. But you know why I had to leave, don't you?"

“Sure, ‘cause those boys didn’t tell you the truth about all three of them lovin’ you. I heard them fight with Rex about it. Well, not exactly fight. You know Rex. He said what he had to and gave them dirty looks until they found you.”

Stacy took a deep breath. “Do you think I’m bad because I love all three of them?”

“Bad? Baby, with the mean old father you had, you deserve every bit of love you can get. Those boys love you to death. Always have. And you love them. Do they make you happy?”

Stacy giggled. “When they’re not making me crazy.”

Rosa nodded. “That’s just the way it should be. They hired some guys to come in and fix up the master bedroom. Took all of your daddy’s stuff and threw it away. They said they wanted to start over.”

Stacy’s eyes burned, touched that they had thought of that. “So you’re happy for me?”

Rosa clucked. “Of course, you silly girl. Now go out there and say hi to Rex. He’s missed you.”

Stacy kissed Rosa’s cheek and skipped outside to see Rex standing at the fence, his arms draped over the top. She stepped onto the bottom rung so she would be high enough to kiss his cheek. He kept his eyes forward as she touched her lips to his leathery skin. She saw his lips twitch but he didn’t say a word. Dropping back down, she stood beside him.

Looking out into the yard she saw all three of her men on their horses. They all started toward her when they saw her.

“Been waitin’ for you to get up,” Rex murmured.

“Who, you?”

“Nope, my sons. None of them wanted to leave the yard ‘til they saw you this morning. Rosa’s keepin’ them out of your bedroom ‘til the wedding. Better be soon or we’ll never get any work done around here.”

She saw her men advancing and couldn’t keep from grinning at them or at their father. “That’s the most I’ve heard you talk in a long

time.” She giggled. “Does that mean you don’t have a problem with me taking all three of your sons off the market in one fell swoop?” She carefully kept her tone teasing but her gut tightened anxiously, waiting for his response, watching out of the corner of her eye as Wolfe, Travis and Cash approached.

Rex looked over at her, and she was surprised to see the sheen in his eyes. “My sons have always loved you, and you’ve always loved them. I hated that bully who sired you. I’ve considered you my daughter for years. Might as well make it legal.”

With a sob, she threw herself at him, and found herself enveloped in a hard hug. Looking up she saw her men staring at her, love and possessiveness glittering in their eyes.

Rex nudged her. “Go on. If you don’t kiss those boys good morning, we’ll never get any work done around here.”

Stacy laughed as she climbed over the fence and flew to her Dakota men.

# THE END

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## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Leah Brooke has always loved to read and is addicted to happily ever afters. A bit of a daydreamer, for years she's written stories for her own amusement.

At her mother's encouragement, she decided to send one in.

Her first manuscript was born.

Since then, she spends most of her time working on the happily ever afters that keep racing through her mind.





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