

ELLORA'S CAVE *Moderne*

MAGGIE CASPER

Enough  
*Love*  
For *Tua*

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Enough Love For Two

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# *ENOUGH LOVE FOR TWO*

**Maggie Casper**

## **Chapter One**

Tara Sanders drove her beat-up clunker of a car toward her hometown of Chaos, Texas with nothing more than her clothes in the backseat. She repeatedly thanked the stars for every mile marker her car passed. The damn thing was older than dirt and held together with more bailing wire and electrical tape than even a redneck would consider fashionable.

It completely amazed Tara how, after three years, she was heading back home in nearly the same damn shape and confused state of mind she'd fled in. There was no help for it. Not a single choice in the matter. At least not one she could think of. An only child with her parents both gone and not much money, she was pretty much left with no choice but to run back home and hope for help from friends.

The McCain brothers had always been there, four strong brothers to keep her and Casey, their only sister, on the straight and narrow. She'd always been a pest. Casey and she had enjoyed every minute of every day they'd spent riling them, but for Tara it had been Carson who her heart always belonged to. Even as a teenager she'd known they were meant to be.

The whispered rumors that Carson and Connor liked to share couldn't even sway her. She'd all but thrown herself at Carson for the better part of her teenage years, but nothing she did seemed to matter because he wouldn't even consider a relationship with her until she turned twenty-one. Those years, when he all but alienated her, were among the most frustrating of her life. And then, the night of her twenty-first birthday, he'd kissed her.

Just remembering the way he held and kissed her, bold and strong yet utterly gentle, still had the ability to make her damp between the thighs.

It was hard not to go over all that had happened between their first kiss and the night she nearly gave herself to both brothers as she drove along, alone with nothing but her thoughts and the deserted highway for company.

Tara could still remember the thrill of Carson's hands on her, unbuttoning her blouse, opening it until her breasts, cupped in the tight lace confines of her bra, were exposed. His tongue had been like heaven and hell all rolled into one, torturing her but never going quite far enough.

The long kisses and groping hands had been so hot. The type of heat only a new, budding relationship could kindle. The taste of him on her lips as well as his murmured words of encouragement kept her on edge. The probing of his skilled fingers sent her over, forever changing who she was.

He had a way about him. The way his cock filled her to near bursting always had the ability to make her climax repeatedly, and during those times, Tara couldn't help but wonder what it would be like to be filled by Connor and Carson both. Although frightened of the repercussions of being intimate with two men at once as well as the turmoil she often found her emotions in, she couldn't help but dream of being impaled on the thick, rigid lengths of both their cocks. What they would feel like stroking deep within her body. She could almost feel the heat, the all-consuming heat that would surely set her aflame.

Things between Carson and her progressed from there and soon Tara found she couldn't stay away. Not only was the sex explosive, but her heart was involved even more than before.

In the back of her mind, Tara knew the day would come when Connor would join them. She waited, unsure yet anticipating the possibilities. Would she be able to go through with it? Would Carson still want her if she didn't? Those thoughts were among many others flashing through her mind on a daily basis.

And then it happened. After a night of work at Raising Cain, the bar co-owned by the McCain siblings, Carson had invited her to the apartment he shared with Connor.

Tara had gone with him knowing exactly what would happen, and at the time, she'd been completely okay with it.

Being shared between two strong men who could pleasure her beyond belief was one of her secret fantasies. Knowing both men cared for her to some degree only deepened the feelings of want and sexual need coursing through her body.

She could still hear Carson's voice in her mind. While kissing and caressing on the couch in a bout of heated foreplay, Connor had come home. Carson had already removed her blouse and bra, leaving her completely bare from the waist up. Instead of being embarrassed by her nudity, she'd felt empowered. Connor's gaze roamed her body, making her feel slightly wicked and beautiful.

He stood tall and strong, looking so like Carson and yet so different that he made Tara's heart pound even harder against her ribs.

"Are you okay with this, baby?" Carson asked the question, his voice a low rumble.

Just thinking about the answer she'd given that night made her nipples peak and her inner muscles clench with need.

"Yes."

The single whispered word had an effect on Connor unlike any Tara had ever seen or experienced before or since. Every muscle in his body seemed to tense as he moved into the room. His green eyes bore into her, taking in Carson, who was sitting behind her on the couch, cupping her breasts in his palms, lifting them as if he were offering them to Connor.

The way he'd rolled and pinched her nipples while Connor watched, studying her reaction to the slight bite of pain, had excited her beyond belief.

She'd been unable to tear her gaze from his as he stalked closer, his face set in stone, his demeanor that of a predator hunting its prey. He was quiet and calm, set on a path he meant to follow through with, not a smile on his face as Carson teased her with his teeth on the sensitive curve of her shoulder.

Carson's husky chuckle was the complete opposite of Connor's staid countenance. It sent a wave of goose bumps along her spine, alerting every nerve ending until Tara thought she might explode.

Connor's russet-colored hair was cropped short in almost flat-top fashion, making him look even more opposing. As usual, his long legs were covered in faded denim. Strong thighs led to an impressive bulge, and for the first time, Tara wondered if her body would be able to accommodate the two of them.

"Reach behind you, Tara. Clasp your fingers together behind Carson's neck and don't let go unless I tell you."

Deep and gravely, Connor's voice sent tremors of breath-stealing excitement straight to her core. She wanted to sass back but something about the set of Connor's mouth and the seriousness radiating from his gaze warned her not to.

"Here. Let me help." Carson had saved Tara whatever devilment Connor might have been planning had she not listened by running his hands down the backs of her arms until he reached her wrists then lifting until she was positioned as Connor requested.

The first touch of Connor's hands on her body confused, excited and scared her to the point she couldn't breathe. Thoughts and feelings so strong she nearly drowned in their intensity crashed over her body and through her mind. Unable to talk due to the breath sawing in and out of her lungs, Tara tried to concentrate. She needed to push away what Connor's touch was doing to her heart.

Stilling the bewildering emotions clawing their way to the surface was easy when Connor knelt before her. His hands were warm and slightly callused, abrading her skin in an intoxicating way as he pushed her skirt up her thighs where it bunched in her lap, baring the tiny triangle of silk covering her mound.

The first touch of Connor's finger as he slipped it beneath the elastic leg band of her panties nearly had Tara seeing stars. When he yanked hard enough to rip the barely

there bikini panties from her body, causing her to slide to the edge of the couch, she gasped.

Connor's answering chuckle sounded gruff and rusty as if he weren't used to laughing often, the complete opposite of Carson.

"Mmm, bare. Just the way I like my pussy." His words were shocking. Exhilarating, but not nearly as much so as the feel of his tongue against her folds.

"Oh God." She had wanted nothing more than to clasp his head to her, holding him tight right where she wanted him, but with just a few words, Carson had changed her mind.

"Remember what he said, baby. Stay just like Connor said." He'd let his voice trail off. Then, licking the shell of her ear, he'd added, "Unless you'd like a spanking. Move and I'm sure it can be arranged." Even now just thinking of those heated words made her want to whimper. Would Connor really have spanked her? And if so, would Carson have stood idly by and watched, or would he have helped?

When she'd finally come, it had been an orgasm of mind-numbing proportions. Coming back to earth had evidently taken several seconds because by the time she'd regained her composure, Connor, who was gloriously nude, was passing Carson a foil-wrapped condom.

Tara couldn't keep her eyes off his body. His cock was at least as big as Carson's. The man was a work of art. Not for the first time, Tara wondered how in the hell she'd ended up with not only one fine man but two.

Carson, still behind her, whispered erotic words in her ear. He told her of the things he and Connor wanted to do to her, with her. Things Tara couldn't help but crave. Naughty things a woman did with the man she loved. Without warning, unresolved emotions and feelings tumbled forth, ruining it all.

She'd loved Carson since her teenage years. Loved him until she thought the pain of not having him would be the death of her. She'd known and cared for Connor, never letting herself go, never once imagining him as more than a friend and a man who she



would eventually have sex with even if only to see the joy it brought Carson. Never once had she allowed her long-denied feelings for him to make a presence.

How could she do such a thing? She couldn't, not and live with herself. Giving her body was one thing, but her heart was another. It rightfully belonged to Carson. What was she going to do?

It was then that Tara made the first of a long line of mistakes, ones that had not only taken her away from her hometown and the people she loved but changed her life forever.

She'd run, far and fast. Tara still remembered it clearly, grabbing her clothes with shaking hands. The hurt look in Carson's eyes as she'd hastily donned the garments and fled out the door as if the devil were giving chase.

Had she stayed and worked through the fog of confusion clouding her good sense, things could have been so different, but she'd taken the coward's way out, fleeing like a thief in the night.

She knew it was her inability to accept what had happened between Connor, Carson and herself and the feeling their actions had invoked deep within her heart all those years ago that led her to the predicament she now found herself in, asking for help from the very men she had run from.

The same questions remained, scaring the crap out of Tara because now not only was she still in love with the both of them but she needed them. Literally.

\* \* \* \* \*

It had been a slow night at Raising Cain. Most weeknights were, which was why extra help only came in on weekends. Their menu was limited, making it easy enough to throw a burger on the grill while serving beer on the slower weeknights. Connor preferred working horses on the ranch he shared with his twin brother Carson over bartending, especially on a slow night, but there was no help for it. Carson was out of town and his youngest brother Cooper continued to claim his only job where Raising

Cain was concerned was in keeping the books. The oldest of the bunch, Cash had finally talked his wife Noelle into a week away as a mini honeymoon, and although a grown woman, none of the brothers would allow Casey to run the place alone at night. It just wasn't safe.

So here Connor stood, wiping the dark surface of the bar for the umpteenth time, wishing like hell he wasn't the only person in the place. He was carrying a box of beer from the storage room when his wish was granted and the front door opened.

The curvy outline of a woman appeared in the open doorway illuminated only by the corner streetlight. She stepped across the threshold slowly, as if allowing her eyes the time to adjust to the dimness of the bar's interior or unsure.

"Can I help you?" Connor moved behind the bar so he wouldn't frighten her since there was no one else around.

She took a step closer and then another before the light shimmered along the length of her golden-blond hair. Connor would have recognized the color anywhere and knew who she was even before she spoke.

"Hello, Connor."

His cock throbbed to life, followed swiftly by anger so deep he would have liked nothing better than to send her back out the door the way she'd come.

"Tara." Connor's upbringing wouldn't allow him to throw her out, especially after she moved closer and he saw the intense look on her face and the way she tried to hide her fear behind a mask of indifference.

With the body of a goddess, Tara looked even better than he remembered. Her brown eyes were wide in her suntanned face. The golden strands of her hair tumbled over her shoulders, stopping just above the curve of her breast.

The snug T-shirt she wore caressed her body, making Connor's fingers itch to do the same. What garnered most of his attention though, was the way her pants hugged her full hips, hips Connor had dreamed of holding while sinking the full length of his cock into the fist-tight sheath of her pussy.

Instead, he'd been left standing as naked as the day he'd been born, watching her hastily don her clothes before fleeing the room, taking Carson's heart with her.

"I'm sorry. I can't do this." He still remembered the words she whispered as she dressed. It was the anger of that memory he would hold on to when just looking at her made him hard and achy.

Knowing she could leave town without a word to either of them, no explanation, nothing, still had the ability to make his blood boil. And now here she was back in town, as pretty as you please, as if nothing had ever happened.

"Is Carson here?" Her voice trembled slightly as she asked the question.

"What do you need, Tara?"

His words stopped her in her tracks. The way she clasped her white-knuckled fingers together in front of her, a nervous gesture he remembered well, nearly made him back down. When she looked over her shoulder toward the door, Connor had to stop himself from reaching out for her.

If she chose to leave, then so be it.

"I need your help." She lifted her chin and boldly met his gaze. Her defiant look was completely undone by the quivering of her bottom lip.

It took all Connor had in him not to gather her close and insist she tell him what was wrong. Instead, he crossed his arms over his chest and waited for her to elaborate. She made her way to the bar where she pulled out a stool and sat.

"I need a job."

She was just as strong and stubborn as always, and except for the tiny waver in her voice, Connor might have thought it was only a job she needed, but there was more going on. Much more, and although he wanted nothing to do with the woman who could very well bring Carson to his knees, he couldn't send her back out the door without knowing she was at least safe.

Of course, that didn't mean he had to make it easy for her. She'd made his life a living hell. Not only by giving him a glimpse of what could have been possible in a relationship involving the three of them but by running the way she did and in the process leaving Carson lost and alone.

Carson, who had watched her grow from a gangly teenager to a full-fledged woman, waiting until she was ready for the intensity of a ménage relationship before initiating anything sexual.

And she had been ready. She'd known from the very beginning, from the very first kiss between herself and his brother, and when the time had come, she'd consented. Why, he had no idea. It still made Connor angry as hell every time he remembered the desolation and pain in Carson's eyes.

And now here she was again. Connor was willing to listen and even help, but there would be a price to pay for both.

Connor moved opposite Tara. Then, leaning casually against the bar, he said, "There's more to it than just you needing a job, Tara, so you might as well spill it...or leave."

She narrowed her eyes, obviously irritated by his brusque manner. Connor could tell by the tightening of her jaw just how much it took for her to remain silent. Too damn bad, he thought to himself. Things were going to happen on his terms and hopefully they could come to some type of agreement before Carson made it home.

Tara seemed to mull over her choices. She gave a tiny nod after evidently coming to some type of decision. The first words to come out of her mouth sent wave after wave of blinding anger coursing through his body.

"The man I was living with stole money from the law firm where he was a junior partner. I recently finished school to become a legal secretary and Oliver helped me get a job at the firm. As a result of my involvement with him, I was *relieved of my duties* when he skipped town."

Her hurt and anger were palpable yet nowhere near the level of his as far as Connor was concerned. Not only had she fled town without a word but she'd been shacking up with another man, one who had evidently fucked her over. Connor couldn't seem to find much sympathy for her predicament.

"You were fired, so what? Why not just get another job?" Connor wondered if it was his obvious disregard for what she was going through that caused her eyes to mist over, or if she was the type of woman who thought she could use tears to get what she wanted. He hoped like hell it wasn't the latter. There was much he could endure, but a crying woman gave him the jitters.

"I uh..." Tara's tear-filled gaze lowered to where her hands were clasped on the surface of the bar. Clearing her throat, she continued. "I didn't know where else to go, so I came home."

Her words were a mere whisper, so low Connor barely heard them. When she looked back up at him there was bleakness in her eyes he had trouble ignoring.

"So you want a job here, at Raising Cain?" Connor was being a jerk and knew it. He just couldn't seem to stop. God only knew he'd been raised better. There was just something about Tara that had the ability to bring out the beast in him.

More than anything Connor wanted to corner her and mark her as his—Carson's and his. He wanted to kiss her until she gasped for air and was begging for his cock.

Muttering a string of heated curses under his breath, he paced the length of the bar. Once at the end, he rounded the corner. Within seconds he stood in front of Tara, who had turned on her stool, watching him every step of the way.

"And where will you live?" Connor was being relentless. Ruthless. As much as he wanted to stop the train wreck he was headed for, he couldn't seem to make himself back down.

Tara had yet to answer him. She sat before him wide-eyed and pale and absolutely, stunningly gorgeous. "I'll tell you what, babe." Connor nudged her knees apart then

stepped into the space he'd created, bringing them face-to-face. "I'll talk to Cash about getting you on the schedule and in the meantime you'll stay with us."

"Thank you." The breath she'd been holding whooshed from her lungs.

"Don't thank me yet, Tara. I'm not done."

The depth of her coffee brown eyes staring back at him nearly had Connor mesmerized. Shaking himself free of the lust surrounding him due to her closeness, he continued. "In return, you'll pretend you came back for the sole purpose of fixing things with Carson."

She was nodding before he'd even finished the sentence. "I want that. Really, I do."

Connor stepped away from her. He was sure he was making a huge mistake by all but blackmailing Tara into a relationship. Before overwhelming guilt had the ability to make him change his mind, he headed back down the bar.

"Connor?"

Her voice was low and husky. Without a word, he turned.

"You too?"

It was the one question Connor had been hoping she wouldn't ask and yet the one that needed addressing most.

"Me too."

Tara nodded, her gaze skittering from his as if made nervous by his answer. He might be an utter asshole and angry to boot, but there was no way he would force himself on a woman, any woman.

"Is that going to be a problem?"

She shook her head, which sent the silky strands of her hair swaying. "It was the answer I was hoping for."

It took everything in Connor not to walk back to her. "Oh and Tara?" She quirked a perfectly arched brow. "There'll be no running this time." Without waiting for an

answer, Connor headed behind the bar, thanking his lucky stars when the door opened to allow entrance to a small group of people.

## **Chapter Two**

Carson pulled up to the ranch house with a sense of urgency. The hair on the back of his neck stood on end. Something deep inside him, in the place he and Connor shared, warned something wasn't quite right.

Everything appeared normal. In the predawn darkness of the morning, the large two-story log ranch house appeared to be sleeping. Except for a dim light shining from the front porch, the place was dark.

The same could be said for the small cabin that served as the bunkhouse. The McCain ranch only had three fulltime hands, but the men worked as if there were no tomorrow. Breeding and raising horses was a love they all shared.

Reminding himself of that love was what kept Carson awake on the long journey home. He'd decided to drive through the night when things would be much cooler and more comfortable for the beautiful young mare loaded in the trailer.

As he climbed from the cab of his truck, Carson scanned the yard again. He loved the place more than life itself. Owning their own ranch was something he and Connor had dreamed about most their lives. It was a dream he wasn't sure would ever come true. One they'd worked night and day to see happen, and with the help of their family, friends and a loan from the local bank, had finally turned their dream into reality.

Now after two years of breeding and training some of the best horses in Texas, making a name for themselves and the McCain Ranch in the process, the ranch was solvent, a business making money long before they'd ever planned to see a profit. Every time Carson thought of how well things were going, every time he drove up to the house after a long day of hard work or walked into the new state-of-the-art stable, he felt pride swell in his chest.



"Come on, darlin'. We're home." Carson crooned softly to the bay mare as he backed her out of the trailer. She was a glorious sight with her shiny coat and long black mane. With her perfect conformation and sweet disposition, she was going to make a damn good addition to their breeding stock.

After settling the new addition in her stall, Carson fed her a ration of food. He couldn't wait to get into the house and tell Connor all about her. It took several more minutes to park and unhitch the trailer from his truck. By the time he was finished, he was ready for a hot shower and a few hours of sleep.

He wound his way around the rear of the house and onto the back porch where he entered the mudroom then proceeded to remove his boots before heading into the kitchen. Unsure if the lack of sleep was playing games with his mind, Carson blinked rapidly. He peered into the dark kitchen where someone obviously smaller and decidedly more feminine than Connor sat at the kitchen table, her face buried in her hands, her hair pulled away from her face in a braid that hung over her shoulder.

She'd evidently been deep in thought not to hear him enter the room. It wasn't until Carson cleared his throat that the woman's head popped up, her eyes wide. In the exact moment their eyes met, Carson recognized her and once again felt the hurt and anger he thought he'd buried come raging back through him.

"Carson!" Tara jumped from the chair and moved closer, stopping with only inches between them.

Carson couldn't seem to find his voice. His jaw was locked so tight he wouldn't have been able to get a word through his clenched teeth regardless. What in the hell was she doing back in Texas? In Chaos? Most importantly, what was she doing in his house?

Connor! He would have all the answers. Suddenly, Carson didn't only feel tired. Now his head ached with the strain of holding back the memories. Memories, he'd thought long forgotten.

"Connor!" Carson skirted around Tara without a word or touch, bellowing his way up the stairs to the second floor, his ultimate goal, Connor's bedroom.

He didn't have to complete the trip before Connor bolted up the hall toward him. "What! What the hell's going on?"

"That's the same thing I was coming to ask you." The sneer in his voice was unmistakable, but Carson didn't care. He wanted answers and he wanted them now.

Turning, he walked back the way he'd come. When he reached the top step and saw Tara standing at the bottom, he turned back to Connor.

"What's she doing back in town and why the hell is she here at the ranch?" His mother would probably come back from the dead just to smack him upside his head. He'd been taught better manners than he was showing.

Carson did his best to ignore Tara's sharp intake of breath and the slight sniffing sound to follow. He was road weary and tired, and had no damn liking for surprises, especially the kind involving anything to do with Tara or their past.

"Well shit." Connor's green eyes, still drowsy with sleep, stared back at him, worry shining from their depths. "I tried to call you on your cell but was never able to reach you. I didn't expect you until tomorrow." He rubbed his hand over the short spikes of his hair. "I was hoping to catch you before you made it home."

Carson searched Connor's features and saw emotion he never allowed others to see. His brother was worried about him, angry for him, and more than likely remembering how long it had taken him to get back on his feet after Tara left.

Connor stood stock-still for a minute before evidently reaching a decision. "I think we should wait and talk about this after you've had some sleep."

He wasn't at all sure whether to insist they speak of it now, getting it out in the open and answering his questions, or if Connor was right. For whatever reason, he agreed with Connor's decision. He needed sleep and some time to think.

More than anything else, he needed to be away from Tara. Her curvy body and wide brown eyes had the ability to render him senseless even with a cloud of heartache and anger hanging over his head.

"Tara." Connor's voice was calm, icy cool in a way that let a person know he was not pleased.

Carson heard Tara's footsteps as she ascended the stairs. Her pace was slow, tentative, as if she were afraid of his reaction to seeing her again.

"Yeah?" she answered Connor in a voice so small and lost-sounding it made Carson's chest ache. He couldn't help but turn toward her. He nearly smiled at what he saw.

She might sound a bit afraid, but the way she stood before Connor with her back ramrod straight, shoulders squared and her chin held at a stubborn angle proved she was still the strong-willed woman he remembered.

Not many people stood up to Connor with any type of attitude, and yet here Tara was, staring him straight in the eye, nearly challenging him in a silent battle of wills.

"Go back to bed. We'll all talk tomorrow afternoon."

It was clear she wanted to argue. Her body seemed to sway toward Carson but he wasn't ready to accept her touch yet. To do so before talking would be sexual suicide because just looking at her had him as hard as steel and aching for her touch.

Just the thought of her lips wrapped around the head of his shaft, her tongue flicking and swirling the way he'd taught her, nearly brought him to his knees. The fact she was wearing nothing more than a paper-thin T-shirt that barely reached the top of her thighs only made matters worse.

Had she come back to town with plans of seduction on her mind? Did she honestly believe she could move in and waltz around half dressed and he'd drop to his knees in front of her, glad she'd come back to rake his heart over hot coals once again?

Carson was scared most by the knowledge of just how close he was to pulling her into his arms and tasting every inch of her luscious body and damn the consequences.

He couldn't think of a thing to say to make the situation any better. So, without a word, he edged around both Connor and Tara and headed for his room, praying the whole way Connor hadn't put her in the center bedroom.

Carson stripped down to his boxers then sat on the edge of the bed, waiting, listening to learn where Tara would be sleeping. He heaved a sigh of relief when the soft sound of her footsteps padded to the far end of the hall.

It was a good thing Connor hadn't placed her in the room adjoining theirs. They'd added the three connecting rooms to the blueprints first thing with the anticipation of one day sharing it with the woman they loved. Shared. Only it had never happened.

*Because your one and only love is Tara.*

Carson did his best to thrust thoughts of love and Tara from his mind. He needed a shower and some sleep, and then he would worry about what she was doing under his roof, just down the hall from him.

"Fuck!" His mumbled curse sounded loud in the bathroom. There was no way in hell he was going to get much sleep, if any, knowing Tara was just down the hall. She was probably sleeping in nothing more than a nearly transparent shirt just begging to be ripped from her body.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tara spent most of the night sitting on the bed in her borrowed room, staring out the window. She was waiting for the sun to rise so she had an excuse to go back downstairs where she had a better chance of running into Connor, Carson or even better, the both of them.

Not for the first time, she wondered what her return was going to do not only to herself but to Carson and Connor. Hurting Carson again was the last thing she wanted.

The thought alone was actually almost unbearable.

When morning finally rolled around, Tara climbed into the shower. She dressed then made her way down the stairs and into the deserted kitchen. She tried not to be disappointed at the lack of company. Connor was more than likely outside working somewhere and Carson was probably still asleep given his late arrival home.

After pouring herself a steaming mug of coffee, she set about finding something to eat for breakfast. She wasn't at all sure whether or not Connor had already eaten but sitting around doing nothing wasn't her way.

Tara couldn't help but be awed by the house they built for themselves. It was absolutely gorgeous and so different from the tiny apartment they had lived in. Carson had spoken of his dreams many times, so it made Tara extremely happy to know things had turned out great for him.

Connor hadn't said anything about what type of ranch they were running, but they had always talked of breeding horses, so she assumed that was what they did. She couldn't help but hope she'd have a chance to ride and work with the magnificent beasts. It was a love she hadn't been able to pursue of late.

After eating a few slices of toast and downing enough coffee to wake the dead, Tara made her way out through the kitchen door. The walk to the barn took a few minutes, giving her enough time to become nervous as hell. After their meeting last night, she wasn't at all sure Carson would agree to allow her to stay with them or work at Raising Cain, much less live on the ranch, hopefully giving her enough time to once again claim their hearts.

It was an awful feeling knowing she'd made so many mistakes, unable to do anything to make the hurt she caused disappear. What was even worse though, was not knowing how to ask for forgiveness or make up for so much lost time.

Tara walked through the open double doors of the stable, feeling as if her heart were in the pit of her stomach. Getting kicked off the ranch and not having the prospect of a job at Raising Cain would be scary, but true devastation would come from being kept from Carson and Connor.

For years she had thought daily about both men. She'd tried to fit in and be normal, the type of woman who didn't crave rough sex and domination. Instead, all she'd managed was to find herself living with a man who not only couldn't dominate a fence post if he had to, but a man who evidently didn't give a shit about her. The same sorry excuse of a man cared so little he'd left her holding the bag when he'd fled town.

Tara thanked her lucky stars she'd had the foresight to document some of the going-ons when things first started looking fishy. It was her visit to the senior partner, who ultimately caught her asshole of an ex-boyfriend and kept her out of jail.

A noise from a stall off to her right pulled Tara from her inner musings. Following the low sound of a male voice, she peeked over the half door to find Carson grooming a horse. His voice was pitched low, his touch gentle as he glided his hands along the animal's gleaming coat.

His hands were strong-looking with long, blunt-tipped fingers she couldn't help but remember well. They'd often stroked along her flesh, wickedly teasing and tantalizing every single inch.

As if he'd heard her thoughts, Carson's hand stopped on the horse's withers, his gaze snapping to hers, freezing Tara in place. The green of his eyes bore into her with the intensity of lasers. Tara wanted to see them turn soft like moss as he threw his head back, the muscles in his neck cording taut with the orgasm she coaxed from his body.

Carson said nothing in invitation or denial. He merely watched her as she stood on the other side of the stall door as memories of heated passion burned her from the inside out.

It took her a minute to gather her senses. The sight of Carson, so tall and strong, made her want to weep at all she'd given up. So many times she'd tried to explain away her reaction that night so long ago, but when all was said and done, it came down to the fact she had been scared.

Scared of loving two men. Scared of what Carson would think when she admitted to loving not only him, who she'd shared herself, heart, body and soul, but also of loving his twin brother just as deeply.

It was still hard to come to terms with. Even once she'd come to the decision to return to Chaos and the McCain brothers, Tara still had a hard time welcoming her kinkier side. How was it possible to be raised to believe oral sex was dirty and touching yourself unhealthy only to find herself as an adult longing for the darker side of love?

Were women supposed to crave bondage? Was the thought of being spanked supposed to turn her, a normal woman, on? Tara raised her chin even though she was sure her cheeks were flushed. No longer was she going to give in to second guessing herself. So what if she wasn't normal. Hell, who in this day and age was normal, she chided herself.

Not knowing what else to say, Tara blurted the first thing to come to mind. "I'm sorry if I upset you last night."

He'd been angry, and yet she hadn't been at all afraid, at least not physically. Her emotional well-being was another matter entirely. Since coming in contact with Connor and Carson again, she felt as if her composure were under attack. There were so many things she wanted to say, needed to say, but she had no idea where to start or even if they would listen once she figured it out.

Right now, she was no more than a burden, a woman who needed help, and there was no way the McCain brothers would turn away a woman in need, especially one they'd known their whole lives. Tara wasn't sure whether their familiarity was a blessing or a curse.

Carson continued to stare until she became increasingly uneasy under his scrutiny. When she tried to speak again, her voice wavered. Awkwardly, she cleared her throat. He wasn't going to give an inch, Tara thought miserably.

When it remained clear Carson had no desire to even speak to her, it became nearly impossible to hold back the tears. Cursing her cowardly self, Tara turned on her heel,

suddenly anxious to escape his disturbing presence. It was hard to see her way through the veil of unshed tears and anger but Tara managed.

Connor caught Tara in his arms, her soft curves nearly staggering him as she stalked away from Carson, muttering what he could only assume to be curses under her breath. It had worried him to see her look so defeated when she first headed his way, but the way she was muttering and stalking made him smile. She had nearly made her escape through the wide open stable door when he intercepted her.

She still had fire in her and hopefully along with it the ability to make Carson see the light. Never in a million years did Connor ever think he would be taking Tara's side after she'd hurt Carson so deeply. But there was just something about her, about the possibility of a relationship between the three of them that made him decide a change of tactic was necessary.

Connor joined Tara by adding a few of his own muttered curses. He was going to have to remain a hard-ass, keeping her on edge while holding her close. It was the only way.

"Giving up already?" He flashed a not-so-nice smile. Connor knew the minute his taunt hit because her gorgeous brown eyes narrowed dangerously. She was winding up to blast him, but Connor wasn't done yet. He planned to keep her on edge both emotionally and sexually.

"This isn't going to work." Her voice was low and rough with unshed tears.

"You're not going to run this time, Tara. Remember?"

Her hand shook when she lifted it palm up as if to ward him off. "But you didn't see him." She spoke in a weak whisper, and for the first in a long time, Connor wanted to take care of someone besides himself.

Stilling his heart against her hurt and anguish, he continued as if she hasn't spoken. "And what did you expect? Did you think he'd welcome you back without thought to



the pain you caused him? Did you really expect to be able to send a man to hell and back then just return one day as if nothing happened? It doesn't work that way, baby."

Connor grabbed her shoulders, turning her back to face him when she would have walked away. Moving in close until they were nearly nose to nose, he gritted between clenched teeth, "We have an agreement, don't fuck it up now."

Tara's mouth hung open in shock. Connor could only assume it had to do with the crudeness of his words. She might as well get used to it, he thought grimly to himself, because things were going to get worse before they got better.

"I won't—"

"Yes you will, so just shut up and listen." He ran the flat of his hand over the short stubbly crown of his flat-top. Connor reached into his pocket for the keys to his truck and some cash. Once free of his jeans, he tried to hand them to Tara. "Go buy something nice for tonight. Do whatever it is women do to themselves before a night out with a man. In your case, men."

Once again Tara's mouth gaped open. This time a look of pure astonishment clouded her features as she thrust her hands behind her. "You can't be serious."

Without thought of what the closeness would do to his body, Connor pulled her to him. She molded to him as if tailor-made to fit. The firm swells of her breasts pressed against his chest, and before Connor knew what hit him, his cock was standing at attention.

In order to give her an idea of just how serious he was, Connor backed her to the wall then wedged a knee between her thighs. Even through the fabric of her jeans she was hot. His lips were only a breath away. "I'm dead serious. Unless you no longer want or need our help or Carson's attention, this is the only way."

When her hand moved between them, grappling at his chest, Connor grasped them and lifted until Tara stood on her tiptoes, unable to keep her balance without wiggling against his leg, which was still wedged between hers, rubbing and teasing.

She looked stunningly erotic all stretched out before him. Connor's cock strained against the fly of his jeans. The stiff fabric abraded his sensitive flesh. Going sans underwear had never been so arousing.

A whimper of need escaped her tightly pursed lips and Connor had to fight not to smile in triumph. "You like being at my mercy, baby?"

Her brown eyes widened then closed tight. She wrinkled her nose but didn't answer. Connor took it upon himself to show her the error of her ways by nipping her lush bottom lip sharply, causing her eyes to pop open and a startled yelp to burst forth.

"I asked you a question. You like being at my mercy. Was that why you left before? Did the rumors you'd heard about me, about what I like scare you, or was it being with both Carson and me at the same time?"

Her throat worked as she swallowed. The tip of her pink tongue peeked out to moisten her lips. Connor wasn't sure if it was a nervous gesture or one to seduce, possibly making him forget what he'd just asked.

Instead of pursuing the line of questioning, he slowly backed away, releasing her arms in the process. She was breathing heavily, a look of utter confusion and raging lust glazing her eyes. He'd let her go for now.

"We'll talk about it later." Connor placed the keys to his truck as well as the money in her hand and closed her fingers tight around them. When she didn't move, he physically turned her. Connor then swatted her sharply on the ass, enjoying her surprised gasp. "Go into town and do as I said. We'll see you this evening."

"I'll take my own car." She stubbornly jutted her chin.

"No, you won't be driving that death trap anywhere." She was trying his patience. If it wasn't for the lost and hurt look in her eyes, he would have gone a bit more in depth on how he expected her to obey his orders without any grumbling or arguing. But as things stood now, Tara appeared at the end of her rope.

He wanted to warn her again it wouldn't be easy. Carson was afraid of losing his heart again and would protect himself fiercely because of it. Connor watched Tara walk

away before turning toward where he knew Carson stood, watching. It was time they had a little talk.

## **Chapter Three**

Everything in Carson screamed out for him to stop Tara and pull her back when she turned to walk away. He'd loved her before, probably still did, but admitting it to either of them could open up Pandora's Box and he wasn't sure he could live through the hell of it again and remain whole.

It angered him how she had come back to town now, when his life was once again on track. He watched as she unwittingly plowed into Connor in her haste to leave, stiffening at what might happen between the two of them.

It wasn't Connor's hands on her or the heated way his brother looked at Tara that caused the reaction. It was knowing how Connor felt about her that had Carson worried. He might only be older by a matter of minutes, but Connor was a world apart from other men, himself included.

Where he was easy-going, except when it came to Tara, Connor was dark and brooding. He'd always been one to keep his own counsel. He believed family came first, and if a person was smart he kept his friends close and his enemies even closer.

Not that Connor had many enemies. Like their oldest brother Cash, Connor was not a man to be messed with and everyone who was anyone knew it.

Carson watched in complete fascination as Connor backed Tara up to the roughhewn wood wall. When he stretched her hands high above her head, he thought he'd explode. It seemed as if all the blood in his body rushed south of his belt buckle and stayed there.

His cock throbbed painfully to life, pulsing and jerking with every movement of the two of them together. A riot of emotions warred through him when Connor backed away from Tara.

Thankfully there had been no loud arguing, and yet Carson felt slighted over the fact. He wasn't at all sure what he thought when Tara walked away, rubbing her ass after Connor's timely swat.

It was so unlike Connor to let someone off so easily, especially when the someone in question had hurt a McCain. Connor had all but hated Tara after her disappearance, so why now was he going out of his way to be nice?

Carson didn't ask questions when Connor approached him, he merely waited. If his twin had something to say, something he wanted to share, he'd let Carson know.

It didn't take long before Connor made himself comfortable leaning against the doorjamb of the tack room. His arms rested at his sides in the loose-limbed way of a cowboy. Not for the first time he thought Connor had been born a few hundred years too late.

"She's come back for you. For us. She'll be joining us tonight." There was no underlying sensuality to his words. Connor spoke matter-of-factly, his tone even and firm.

Carson shook his head. His cock still throbbed against the denim of his jeans, a stark contrast to the fear in his heart. It was an emotion he wouldn't admit to or talk about, something better kept locked deep inside. Connor understood though, better than anyone. Yet, he offered no sympathy or words of advice. It wasn't his way.

"Not a good idea."

Connor's only reaction to his half-assed argument was a deep rumble of laughter, having nothing to do with joy. "You're probably right," he finally admitted.

The cynicism of his remark irritated Carson. "Then why invite her? I don't understand where you're coming from."

There was a slight hesitation in Connor's eyes. If he didn't know his brother so well, Carson would have missed the slight change in his demeanor at what he believed to be an easy and fair question.

"Second chances don't come easy from me, Carson. You know that, but there's something there, something between us, the three of us. You know it as well as I do. We need to find out what it is."

It was a long speech by Connor standards. Carson was too close emotionally to keep his thoughts and emotions on even ground. It was too god-damn difficult to keep Tara neatly compartmentalized in his mind, but he'd do it if it meant he'd make it through this little test untouched.

They would show Tara a good time, show her what she'd been missing, but for Carson it would only be sex. It could only ever be just sex. He hoped like hell Tara and Connor could live with the decision. He hoped like hell he was able to stick with the decision.

Carson gave a curt nod. "I'll be there, but don't expect too much from this, Connor. It's only sex. That's all it can ever be." He gave words to the frustrations boiling through him.

Through with the conversation, Carson made his way to the next stall where he proceeded with his chores. While grooming the next horse in line, he sought to erect a wall of defense against Tara even as a thrill of anticipation touched his spine, drawing his balls up close to the base of his still-erect shaft.

It was going to be a hell of a long afternoon if the too-tight fit of his jeans was any indication. Knowing it could be worse, Carson thanked the man above he didn't have to climb in the saddle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tara walked through the lingerie shop, her mind not at all on what she was supposed to be doing. She loved pretty underwear, but the way things were happening left her with no desire to wear them.

Carson didn't want anything to do with her. Even worse, he acted as if she were a leper. Knowing how he felt left her feeling empty and alone.

Connor, on the other hand, was all but blackmailing her into their bed. Oh, she could probably cry or beg her way out of it, but where was the pride in that? And although he seemed tougher than most, he would never force anything on her. He was actually more like a big, possessive teddy bear.

No matter how hard Tara tried, she couldn't blame either of them for their reactions to her return. When she'd left Chaos behind, she'd started a domino effect of anger, hurt and sorrow. They were powerful emotions, emotions she wasn't sure could ever be smoothed over or forgotten.

She passed the sensual sets of silk and lace without picking anything out. Without thought to her actions, she left the store. If tonight was all about fucking and proving a point, there was no need to get fancied up for the act. She would show up of course. There was no way she could do anything else.

Things might be bad now, but if there was even a small glimmer of hope she could have a committed relationship with the two of them, Tara wasn't about to mess it up.

In her own rebellious way, disobeying Connor's wishes boosted her confidence, adding a bit of a bounce to her step. She could hardly wait to see the look on his face when she sauntered into the room in nothing but her panties and an old football jersey, a far cry from the sexy woman he'd be waiting for.

The only thing to keep her from laughing was the ever-present lingering of guilt. How in the world would she ever be able to tell Carson she didn't just want to include Connor in their relationship, if they had a relationship, when it came to sex? What would he do when he found out that before Tara had left Chaos, she'd grown to love Connor nearly as much as she loved Carson?

The thought of his reaction terrified her almost enough to call the whole thing off, but if she did so, she would never know for sure what might have been.

The rest of her day was spent doing things she loved. Soaking in a deep tub of warm bubbles for an hour seemed like such an extravagance for a woman who pretty much had nothing to her name.

By the time night rolled around, she was wound up so tight she thought she would snap. Sexual anticipation as well as fear coursed through her veins like a drug addict's recent fix. No matter how much she tried to mentally prepare herself, thoughts of losing Carson and Connor plagued her.

When the sound of a vehicle crunching along the gravel driveway made its way to her, Tara wasn't sure whether to run and hide or brave the storm. Calling herself every kind of coward, she chose middle ground and retreated to her room where she would wait. For what, she wasn't completely certain.

Just about the time she thought the waiting would kill her, there was a soft knock on the door. Connor didn't wait for her to answer before he opened the door, closing her off from the rest of the house. She would have liked to huff in irritation at the lack of privacy he'd granted her by just walking in, but from the look on his face, he wasn't in the mood for any arguments.

His gaze traveled over her body, lingering on what she wore. When his brows briefly drew together, she damn near smiled in triumph. Connor lifted a hand to her. The slight narrowing of his eyes warned her he knew exactly what she was doing even if he had no clue as to why.

Without a word, she crossed the room, put her hand in Connor's and trailed behind him into the hall. His grasp was strong and his fingers warm as they held tight to her. Tara briefly wondered if he held her hand so snugly to stop the trembling she couldn't seem to control.

She wasn't sure what to think or feel when Connor led her to a door between his and Carson's rooms. When he opened the door and led her inside, it was hard not to gasp in pleasure. The overly large room was magnificent.

It boasted a bed larger in both width and length than any she'd ever seen before. The large four-poster was covered with a wine-colored comforter and enough pillows to sleep a large family. As much as she wanted to run and jump on the luxurious surface, she was worried about Carson and his lack of an appearance.



Feeling a bit uneasy, she backed away, tugging slightly on her hand as she did so. "I don't think...not without Carson." The words just wouldn't seem to come out in a complete sentence.

Connor turned toward her, an exaggerated look of patience on his face. "Are you trying to tell me you've changed your mind?" When Connor dropped her hand and took a step back, Tara felt totally bereft.

"No, that's not what I meant." Sheesh! Was she going to have to spell it all out for him?

Connor moved closer once again. This time he was so close to her she could feel the heat of his breath on her cheek. "If you say yes, this is the way it's going to be, Tara. Tonight, right now, is for us to get to know each other a bit better. It was Carson's idea, and before you ask, yes he'll be here in a little while."

If felt as though her heart would pound its way out of her chest it was beating so hard. The moist heat of his breath feathering along her overly sensitive skin didn't help matters at all.

"Yes." Where she got the courage to go through with it, when her usual way was to run, Tara would never know.

It didn't seem as though Connor had a worry in the world. A man at ease with himself and the situation at hand, he led her to a couch set apart from the rest of the room in a small conversational-type area.

"I see you didn't buy anything in town. Or did you just choose not to wear it?"

Tara straightened her shoulders and lifted her chin. She knew Connor would see it as a challenge, but there was no was she was backing down now.

"No. I didn't buy anything. I put your money in an envelope and slipped it under your door."

She might not want to admit the truth of it. Asking for a roof over her head was one thing, but the money to buy non-essential items was another.

Connor waved her words away. "Doesn't matter, we'll take care of it later."

The tone of his voice made the words he spoke sound ominous. Tara wasn't left much time to think about their meaning before Connor pulled her close. The fingers of one hand snaked through her hair, tugging until he had her head positioned just the way he wanted it.

His lips pressed to hers in a ruthless need for dominance. A battle she didn't fight. Connor didn't let up on the pressure, gentling the kiss until she allowed her body to all but melt into his. He was so big, so strong and so damn alpha she could probably come just from being kissed.

"Open your mouth, Tara. Wider, baby. I've got to taste more." Low and husky, the rumble of his voice sent her nerves skittering on edge.

When she did as commanded, Connor's tongue swept past her teeth, teasing and tasting. He then nipped her bottom lip just enough to bring about a sting of pain before sucking it into his mouth until Tara was sure she would end up with a hickey there.

Every single sensation he bestowed upon her mouth shot straight to her pussy, causing her internal muscles to clench and spasm in anticipation. The feel of his free hand traveling down the outside of her thigh was enough to make her lightheaded.

Hungry with need, she widened her stance. Only Connor's gravelly voice awakened her to what she'd unconsciously done.

"Greedy little thing."

Connor smiled against Tara's cheek. Her body was plastered to his, her musky scent and heat driving him crazy. When he finally slid a finger beneath the elastic leg of her panties, feeling her wetness, every nerve ending in his body rioted for him to toss her to the floor and take her like a savage.

It took every ounce of his willpower not to do so. He needed to remain in control because there wasn't much time. He was supposed to be getting to know Tara better in

a physical sense. And if he knew anything about his brother, it was that Carson wouldn't stay gone for much longer. He might try and act the part of a man who could care less, but Connor knew the truth.

When Tara was writhing against him, straining for release from the insistent pleasure his fingers were giving her, he stopped. The look on her face was priceless. Her beautiful brown eyes, once glazed over in bliss, were now wide with confusion.

"Sit on the couch."

He didn't dare smile, although he really wanted to. His penchant for giving orders didn't seem to be sitting well with the little spitfire even though he sensed somewhere deep inside she'd love everything he could and would do for her.

Without argument, she did as instructed. The way she watched him so closely, as if to gauge his plans, made him want to assert his strength over her. Tara was full of spirit even after the rough time she'd had as of late.

"Now what?"

This time the belligerence in her voice was too much. There she sat, in nothing more than panties and a long shirt, and she was challenging him. Connor couldn't seem to stop the smile from curving his lips.

After sinking to his knees in front of her, he removed her panties excruciatingly slow, brushing his fingers along her silky flesh to keep her on edge before answering.

"Now I'm going to taste you."

He didn't give her time to balk or argue the point. Intent upon sampling the pretty pink lips of her cream-covered pussy, he spread her legs wide with the flat of his hands to the inside of her thighs, pulling her to the edge of the couch as he did so.

The first taste of her essence brought forth a rumbling groan from deep within his chest. She was sweet and tangy on his tongue, everything he'd imagined and more. A need to see her out of her mind in ecstasy, begging for more and screaming his name all in the same breath took over.

With the ruthlessness of a man used to getting his way, Connor flicked his tongue over the distended pearl of Tara's clit. For several long minutes he teased and tortured her yet never quite going far enough.

When her fingers grasped his head, trying unsuccessfully to coax him closer, he stopped all movement, backing up just far enough away from the juncture of her thighs that the warmth of his breath would still reach her.

"No," Tara's single-worded denial was a guttural whisper.

Connor lifted his gaze until theirs were locked. With his mouth still undeniably close to her pretty pink pussy, he said, "Then lean back, clasp your hands behind your head and relax. Let me enjoy you. My way."

Her hands trembled when she moved them to do as he asked. Connor lowered his head, but instead of licking as he had previously, he took her clit between his lips and suckled her hard.

"Oh! OhmyGod!"

Her hips strained against the hold he had on her thighs, but Connor refused to release her. The only change to their position was when he used one arm banded across her thighs to keep Tara as he wanted her while thrusting two of the fingers from his free hand deep into her fist-tight sheath. With the erotic contact, her movements became desperate, as did the almost animalistic sounds she was making.

"Come for me, Tara. Now!" She was so damn gorgeous with her head thrown back, her neck arched in wild abandon. One more flick of his tongue and she was gone.

On a wave of molten heat and rippling spasms her climax broke, squeezing Connor's fingers so hard he couldn't help but wish his cock was embedded deep within the tight confines his fingers now occupied.

Tara sat in a boneless heap, her legs splayed wide for Connor's viewing pleasure. She acted as if she were completely unaware of her surroundings. He liked the silence of her exhaustion nearly as much as he enjoyed her fire.

With a long night ahead of them, Connor climbed onto the couch beside Tara, pulling her close as he did so. He'd give her until Carson got home to rest. She'd be glad for it when it came time to met out the punishment for her blatant disregard of his instructions.

Connor's palm tingled just thinking about it.

## **Chapter Four**

Carson entered through the kitchen door as usual. His emotions were raging and his cock was as hard as a fence post. There was nothing usual about tonight. Both heaven and hell would come in the hours to follow, and yet Carson couldn't bring himself to do anything besides climb the stairs to his room and shower in preparation.

Even the small amount of time it took to wash the day's grit and grime from his body was too long. What were Tara and Connor doing? No amount of intent listening caught a single sound from the other side of the door.

Torturing himself wondering, he merely stood there staring at the door. There was so much at stake he couldn't help feeling a bit ill at ease. Even his nerves couldn't keep his shaft from bobbing at attention. It was time, years past time.

Carson entered the large center bedroom through the connecting door. At first he didn't see anything. It was the sound of low crooning that finally caught his attention and there, on the couch, were Tara and Connor.

She lay curled on her side, her face buried in Connor's lap, and from all appearances she was either wholly relaxed or sound asleep. Connor was brushing her hair away from her face in long, seductive strokes.

"I didn't figure you'd be able to stay away for too long." Connor's tone never once changed, ensuring Tara remained asleep. "You okay with this?"

Carson couldn't help but look at her prone form. The way she was all stretched out caused the oversized shirt she was wearing to ride up on her hip, revealing the fact she wore no panties. His already hard shaft vied for freedom against the unyielding fabric of his jeans.

"I'm okay."

Connor rubbed his hand along Tara's back. "Good. Before we get started Tara has a bit of a lesson to learn about following directions."

Carson watched as his brother's hand moved down Tara's spine to the generous swell of her ass where he gave a soft swat. He then leaned over Tara's head and mock whispered, "Tara baby, there's somebody here to see you. It's time to wake up."

She arched her back sensuously as she stretched. When she turned over, her brown owl eyes locked on him. "Hi, Carson."

Her voice was husky with sleep. Or was it the knowledge of what was about to take place? She pushed herself up, the movement causing the shirt she wore to grow taut across the generous swells of her breasts.

Tara moved as if to get off the couch. Only Connor's hand on her upper thigh stopped her. His face was granite hard. The wicked gleam in his eye told Carson he had a plan, a plan that would more than likely push any limits she possessed.

"Not so fast, baby." Connor spoke to Tara, keeping eye contact, pinning her in place with his implacable gaze. "We've got a few things to settle."

Connor's gaze shifted to Carson, a mocking grin curving his lips. "But first, I think Carson here needs your help."

Leave it to Connor to throw him right into the deep end. Not that he minded one bit. If she was ready and willing to take the two of them on, who was he to argue?

Without a word, he moved toward her. Her eyes were wide, her breathing ragged and shallow. The way her pink tongue slipped between her lips to moisten them sent Carson's heart rate soaring.

When he was standing before her, the fly of his jeans nearly level with her mouth, he finally spoke. Looking down into her upturned face, he offered her a way out. "If you don't want this to happen, now's the time to say so."

She angled her chin defiantly. "If I didn't want this to happen, I wouldn't be here."

Her sassiness sparked something deep within him. With a brow arched, he glanced at his brother. Connor was as still as a statue. Knowing him, her words were like a direct challenge.

Before his brother had the chance to take over, Carson grasped Tara's face in his hands. Her skin was silky and warm as were her lips when he brushed his thumbs across their plumpness.

Urged on by every hormone in his system, Carson leaned over until their lips met and took Tara's mouth. Instead of struggling or pulling away from the tight grip he held on her or gasping indignantly as he ground their mouths together, she leaned into him.

The taste and feel of her lips only left him hungry for more, so much more, but the night was still young and there was so much he needed from her, to do to her.

Pulling back was harder than hell but ending the kiss was tantamount to surviving. A necessity. Carson continued to stroke the side of her face and neck with one hand while unfastening his jeans with the other, sure he was going to come all over himself before she ever got her lips on him.

Carson had no idea what Connor was doing and pretty much didn't care right at that particular moment. The fact he'd gotten off the couch should have alerted Carson to something, a plan perhaps? But it didn't. There was no way in hell his mind could grasp more than the knowledge that Tara would soon have the turgid length of his cock buried in her mouth.

"Let me."

The plea in her voice was hard to resist. Carson was almost afraid to look at her, to search her gaze. He was there for the sex and only the sex, nothing more. He damn well hoped the words would sink in because touching her and tasting her was already causing all sorts of havoc on his emotions.

Her hands trembled slightly as she lowered his zipper. The although slight, telltale signs of her nervousness were for some reason endearing her to him all the more. When



she finally freed his erection from his pants, lowering her mouth just close enough so he could feel the heat of her breath against his flesh, Carson couldn't help but groan his praise.

He wanted to snarl in irritation when Connor interrupted before Tara could do any more than lower his pants to his knees.

"I think you should sit on the couch, Carson, and, Tara, you kneel between his knees."

It took a few seconds before Carson's brain could even begin to comprehend Connor's plan or why the hell it mattered at all where he was positioned when Tara blew him. In his mind, as long as her lips and tongue were working his shaft, all was well in the world.

There was something about the gleam in Connor's eyes that both startled and excited Tara. He looked like a man on a mission and she, evidently, was his prime target.

When Carson didn't move, she used her hands braced on his muscled thighs to help lever herself off the couch. Once standing, she took a step to the side and out of his way. His green eyes remained locked on hers, boring into her soul, reminding her of what she'd left, how much she'd lost. He could be as unrelenting as he liked as far as not forgiving her, but she wasn't giving up or running away this time.

With her heart beating wildly at the base of her throat, she waited to see what Connor and Carson planned next. It seemed to her as if they were communicating without actually speaking any words. It was very unnerving.

Carson turned and sat on the couch, barely brushing her arm in the process. It amazed her how the slightest touch from either brother had the ability to melt her from the inside out.

Tara couldn't move. She was really going to do this. She was really going to give herself, heart, body and soul to the McCain twins. Once done there would be no turning back, no starting over and no regrets. Tara wouldn't allow any.

All it took from Connor, when he remained standing stock-still in the same spot, was the tilt of a brow to send her to her knees between Carson's spread thighs just as she'd been instructed.

Carson smelled all male, musky with the slightest hint of soap, causing her mouth to water and all her senses to soar. She ran her hands up the top of his thighs, watching the entire time as his cock bobbed and swelled impossibly larger. When a small opaque drop of his essence gathered along the head of his shaft, Tara couldn't help but lean in closer to lap it off.

His flesh felt hot against the tip of her tongue, the salty taste of him nearly undoing her composure, what little there was left of it. When he buried his hands in her hair, tugging just enough to burn, all outside thought seemed to disappear, leaving only room for inner musings, the knowledge that these two men could do for her what no other had.

Carson's every move, the way he urged her closer, giving just enough painful pleasure to heighten her senses, should have scared her. Instead, it sharpened her senses, bringing her closer to climax without so much as a finger between her thighs.

"Take more of me, Tara baby." Carson's voice was raspy, wrought with desire, urging her on until she wrapped her lips around him, taking him deep.

Tara had nearly forgotten about Connor until she felt his hand running along her spine toward the cleft of her ass. When Tara moved as if to look over her shoulder Carson tightened his hold on her hair slightly while sliding one hand down the side of her face and across her cheek.

"Stay where you are, sweetness."

The feel of Carson's blunt-tipped finger outlining her mouth where it was stretched around his shaft excited her beyond belief. There was just something extra naughty about the intimate touch.

From behind her, Connor tugged on her hips until she was raised on her knees, her hands still resting on Carson's thighs. Her body stiffened in anticipation when he once again ran a finger down the cleft of her ass. Slowing slightly, he grazed the tight ring of muscle unused to such touches.

Tara wasn't sure whether she sighed in relief or frustration when Connor bypassed the nerve-rich erogenous zone and instead dipped what felt like two fingers into her weeping pussy.

For a moment he kept the digits buried deep within her still. When he started to move, it was with slow, sure circular motions that came damn close to sending her into orbit. Her thoughts were too jumbled to concentrate on just one thing, one sensation. Instead, they whirled around her mind, zinging from one inch of flesh to the next until she was sure she would pass out from the overwhelming sensations.

As he continued to rotate his fingers within her, the pressure became intense, completely different than she'd felt before. Tara couldn't help but moan around Carson's rigid shaft.

"Did Connor find your sweet spot, baby?" Knowing she was close must have done something for Carson because soon he was clutching her head tight, pistoning in and out of her mouth like a man possessed. The taste of his come as it bathed Tara's tongue sent her spiraling into the abyss.

It wasn't until she regained her composure that she realized she was still on her knees in front of Carson, her cheek resting on his leg. Connor was now kneeling beside her. He had one of his muscular arms banded around her middle, holding her tight.

Briefly, alarm skittered through her when she attempted to move to no avail. Connor's hold was too strong, his grip around her too tight.

"Carson?" She wasn't really afraid. Many things might happen, but never in a million years did she believe either of the men in the room with her would physically harm her.

"Shhh, it's okay." He stroked her hair away from her face with gentle pressure. "You didn't follow Connor's directions. He's going to make sure the same thing doesn't happen again in the future and then we'll get back to the good part."

Carson leaned down and kissed the corner of her mouth, the whisper of his voice reaching her ear at the same time his warm breath feathered across the sensitive skin there. "Of course, I do believe this part might be just as good as the rest."

*Oh God! He's going to spank me.*

The thought was still tumbling through her mind when the first blow landed. It was not a warm peppering of her ass Connor administered. No, it was punishment plain and simple, done methodically and without anger.

Although her ass felt raw and sore, the fire soon spread, and before Tara knew it, she couldn't stay still. About the time her mind became void of all coherent thought and she feared she might climax from the heat of Connor's hand on her ass alone, he stopped.

It took a minute for Tara to realize the low mewling sound accompanied by a sniffle here and there was coming from her. How could she have enjoyed and at the same time disliked something so much? Her body craved more but her mind couldn't quite seem to grasp the knowledge. Confusion and lust whirled within her like a tornado tearing at anything within its reach.

With hands beneath her arms, Carson lifted Tara to her feet, following her up as he did so. The feel of his arms cradling her were a balm to her very soul. His kiss, warm and moist was soft, slow and sensual, igniting within her passion so strong and fierce she thought it would choke her.

"You're so damn beautiful."

Carson murmured the words against her cheek before grabbing the waistband of his pants and working them over his hips. Once finished, he turned her to face Connor. It was hard to look Connor in the eye. To know that he would see the depth of what she felt.

Although punishment, the spanking he'd inflicted upon her now-blazing backside opened a well of need so deep Tara had no idea if she'd ever be normal again or even if she wanted to.

His green-eyed gaze clashed with hers, pinning her to the spot. Something in his features softened just the slightest and only for a fraction of a second before he once again appeared completely in control and unaffected by what had just happened.

A fine sheen of perspiration covered Tara's face. The flush of her cheeks was nothing compared to the red blush he'd left on her ass. When she opened her mouth, more than likely to blast him, Connor tensed, waiting for the impact of her words. In the next instant though, her mouth snapped closed with an audible click. She shook her head slightly as if to rid herself of a bothersome thought.

It was killing Connor to not know what was going through her mind, but he completely understood her need to think things through. Only she would have to do her thinking while riding him because he was so damn hard it hurt.

Without a word, he scooped her into his arms and carried her across the room where he gently laid her on the already turned-down surface of the bed. In a swift sweep of movement, he lifted her shirt off over her head, leaving her absolutely stunningly nude before them.

He wasted no time removing his clothes, noticing when Carson did the same. After retrieving a condom from the bedside table and sheathing his raging erection, he moved toward Tara, noticing every breath she took, every nuance of her wild-eyed stare.

When she scampered to her knees in the center of the bed, Carson moved in behind her. Connor lay on his back, using every ounce of the willpower he possessed to keep

one hand behind his head while holding his rigid shaft with the other and not reach for her. Especially when what he really wanted to do was grasp her by the hips and plunge up into her heated core while Carson filled her from behind.

As if she could read his exact thought, Tara faltered, swaying slightly before Carson helped her straddle Connor's hips, lowering her onto his cock. Connor couldn't hear the words but knew Carson was whispering heated words of encouragement into her ear from behind.

Carson's hands on her hips lead her down and onto Connor's shaft. The feel of her heat enveloping him caused every muscle in Connor's body to flex in response. He could hardly fathom the thought of her clenching even tighter as Carson entered her ass from behind.

"God damn, baby, you're so fucking tight." The words were ripped from his throat.

No longer able to keep his hands to himself, Connor stroked and fondled Tara's breasts, pinching and rolling her nipples until she gasped.

The low animallike sounds emerging from her throat made him want to up the ante, his need to dominate her tearing at him like claws. It was the brief flash of panic to settle in her brown eyes just before she closed them though that made him back down.

"Open your eyes, Tara. Look at me."

She blinked rapidly, her lashes fluttering against her cheeks before doing as he asked. Just then Carson moved even closer, pressing himself to her back, more than likely pressing his length between the full globes of her burning ass.

And once again her eyes went wide, with panic or excitement? That was the million-dollar question burning a hole into Connor's heart.

He'd all but blackmailed her into staying, only agreeing to help if she did so and on his terms. What kind of man did that make him?

Carson added an edge to the whole scene by pressing her forward until she was face-to-face with Connor. It was now or never, he knew. He also knew there was no

way he could allow it to happen. Not when the woman he hoped would become part of their lives permanently looked as if she would bolt if given half the chance.

Feeling like the lowest of dogs, Connor lifted Tara off his still-engorged shaft. “Fuck!” The expletive burst from his mouth like a shot.

Perched on the edge of the bed, he ran a hand over his head then down across his face in hope of wiping the vision of her wide, and he assumed, scared eyes from his mind.

When that didn’t work, Connor left the room pissed off at himself, completely nude and still as hard as he’d been when they started.

## **Chapter Five**

Carson watched Conner stalk his way out the door with a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. What in the hell was going on? He was almost afraid to turn his gaze back to Tara for fear her eyes would show hurt or worse, she might be crying.

A shuffling sound coming from behind him was what made him finally turn his attention back to her. Fear she might try to leave the room made his heart pound nearly as hard as it had when he'd been on the precipice of entering her body, connecting the three of them in a way he'd only ever dreamed about.

Her eyes met his but the smile curving her lips was as rigid as his cock. He had no idea what to say to her so he remained quiet while silently praying she would remain at least as calm as she appeared to be at the moment.

The next words to leave her mouth had Carson panting for air, all the blood in his system having just rushed south.

"Are you going to sit there all night or fuck me?"

With no more than a cursory glance toward the door Connor had just fled through, Carson moved closer to her. She sat on her knees in the center of the overstuffed mattress and except for the fact her body moved woodenly and her voice cracked, she looked good enough to eat.

Her blonde hair billowed around her shoulders, and although still shooting daggers, her brown eyes seemed to convey the depth of her confusion and hurt.

"You don't have to do this, Tara."

Carson wanted to rip Connor's heart out through his throat. He might very well be leery as hell when it came to why she had chosen to move back to Chaos, and although a part of him still cared deeply for her, he couldn't forget the way she'd run. He



couldn't forget how low she'd brought him after leaving, but that didn't give either him or Connor the right to toy with her physically or emotionally.

Tara was obviously aroused even after Connor's untimely leave. Her pink nipples stood erect, begging for his attention. Her musky scent filled his nostrils, sending his libido into overdrive once again. He didn't plan to leave her in the state she was in and yet he couldn't bring himself to fuck her when things were so up in the air.

It wouldn't be fair to any of them, even though originally his plan had been to do just that, to fuck Tara without thought to her feelings. The problem now though was that he was close enough to touch her, to hold her. Knowing she was upset brought his emotions even closer to the surface. They were feelings better left buried and dead but that seemed an impossibility now.

Carson had no idea what in the hell he was supposed to do in order to trust her the way he once had. He had no idea how to fix things or even where to start for that matter. It would either all be worked out or it wouldn't. There wasn't much he could do now except take care of Tara and her needs.

"Maybe I should just go."

He wasn't willing to let that happen. Her leaving would probably be the easiest for all involved but would be far from the best thing. The best thing would be to sit and talk, first him and Connor, in order to straighten out whatever the hell it was that was happening there. After that was said and done, the three of them would have to talk as well.

If anything resembling a relationship between them was going to happen some ground rules were going to have to be set in place. Things needed to be hashed out, the dynamics of the relationship spelled out if necessary.

"Come here, Tara."

Carson lowered himself until he lay on his side. She seemed unsure of what to do but followed his softly spoken order nonetheless. Moving the several inches between

them, she kneeled by his side, her knees sinking into the soft surface of the mattress. She was so damn beautiful she stole his breath.

With a tug to her wrist, he had her in his arms. Face-to-face they lay, Tara's cheek pressed to his chest. It was exactly where she belonged. Too bad coming to terms with that little piece of knowledge was so hard.

He stroked her hair, stopping to grasp it in his fist every now and then. Each time he did so, she made the cutest mewling sound and wiggled against him. Needing to feel her heat, he wedged a knee between her thighs.

Her pussy felt slick and hot against the flesh of his thigh. Carson lifted his leg just slightly, adding pressure to her folds, rubbing Tara's clit.

"Ride my leg, baby. I want to watch you come in my arms."

She turned her face into his chest but did as instructed. Her hips jerked forward then slid back, causing her to tremble against him.

"Look at me, Tara."

Carson had to see her face, wanted more than anything to see first the look of concentration needed to get her there in such a manner as fucking herself on his thigh. Then sheer bliss as her eyes glazed over just before she was overtaken by an orgasm he hoped would ease the tension radiating off her.

She was trying to hide by burying her face deeper into his chest. He couldn't be too sure why but it didn't really matter. There was no hiding herself from him, from them. It was one of the first rules she would have to learn.

With a hand in her hair, he eased her head back only to find tightly closed eyes. "Open your eyes and look at me." His tone still low, Carson added an unmistakable edge to his voice, "Now."

The woman was stubborn as a mule. She took her time and earned a stinging tug to her scalp before conceding. Then her lashes fluttered briefly before she stared at him with her big brown eyes.

He loosened his grasp, unwinding her hair from his fisted hold.

“Don’t. Please.”

Tara stared deeply into Carson’s eyes, trying to gage how much to reveal. The look he gave her in return was questioning. Right then and there, she decided to go for the gusto. Swallowing to rid herself of the nervousness coursing through her body, she spoke.

“This is probably going to sound silly but besides turning me on, when you hold me like that, it grounds me in some strange way. The thoughts that were once all jumbled and hard for me to grasp become clearer and not nearly as confusing.”

It was a revelation she had once had a very hard time coming to terms with and even now felt a bit sheepish over. She waited for his reaction with bated breath. Although very aware of the type of lifestyle he and Connor led, they’d never spoken too much of specifics and she was worried a bit about what he might think.

He didn’t seem at all like the judgmental type, but what if he thought there was something wrong with her, or that she was demented because of her wants and needs.

The feel of his hand in her hair this time took on new meaning. To Tara it meant acceptance of who she was. He loosened his hold just long enough to pet his hand down the length of her hair, continuing on down her spine to stop on the uppermost swell of her ass where he moved his fingers in sensuously slow circles.

“Good girl.” His voice was a low purr, the green of his gaze deepening with each stroke of his fingers along her flesh.

She had trouble not turning away. His look was so intense, so intimate. It was as if he could see inside her to the very core of her soul. The thought of that bothered her in an elemental way. Her private thoughts had always been just that, hers. And although she wanted to give all of herself to both Carson and Connor, it was far from easy. Especially when it was so obvious to her that Carson was holding himself back. Oh, he

might be there one hundred percent when it came to the physical, but Tara wasn't so sure he would ever be able to love her again.

The feel of his fingers moving back up the length of her spine pulled Tara from her thoughts. When he'd once again buried his hand in her hair, tugging only slightly, there was no doubt in her mind her decision to share herself in such a personal way was the right one.

"Now that we've got each other's attention. Ride my leg until you come screaming my name." His words caused her pussy to throb and weep. "You've got permission to come when you want but only once and only if you continue to keep your pretty brown eyes on me." He lowered his head, kissing her lips lightly before finishing, "If you close your eyes or look away, we'll stop and you won't be allowed to come for a week."

*Shit!*

And here Tara had thought Connor was the hard-ass.

"Am I understood?"

"Y-Yes. I understand." Her stammered answer was part excitement, part anxiety.

She couldn't remember a time where she'd done anything similar. It seemed horrifyingly embarrassing to think of getting off while riding Carson's leg much less doing so with him watching.

Not doing so wasn't an option as far as Tara was concerned. She wanted to show not only Carson but herself that she was the woman for them. She only wished Connor had stayed.

He added to the nearly overwhelming feelings coursing through her body when he once again added pressure to her clit by merely moving his leg.

"Oh yesss."

Her mind cleared of all thought. It was time to feel, to experience. She kept her gaze pinned to his face even as her vision blurred and every muscle in her body tightened with anticipation for what was to come.

She ground her pussy against his leg, feeling not only the heat of his body but the coarse hair there. With frenzied movements, Tara thrust her hips forward then back only to repeat the motion over and over, rubbing her clit perfectly in the process.

"I need more." She sobbed the words, frustration evident in her voice.

Carson buried a second hand in her hair, doubling the sting she felt on her scalp. He used the tight hold to angle her head the way he wanted. Then, looking deep into her eyes, he spoke.

"What more could you possibly need, baby? Your pussy is so wet I could probably use your cream alone to make your ass ready for my cock. It would be a tight fit but fit it would. I bet you can't wait to feel both our cocks buried deep inside you, can you?"

His words were dirty, his voice rough with emotion. She couldn't help but whimper as her inner muscles tensed. She was teetering on the precipice, needing just a bit more to tumble over into the abyss.

"Like that thought, do you?" It was a rhetorical question, one she was glad Carson didn't expect an answer to.

"I do too, and although he left earlier, Connor does as well. Think about it. Connor buried in your pussy, thrusting deep while I prepare your ass to take me. Once I get you lubed up and finger you until you're relaxed and ready, I'll position the head of my cock at the entrance to your tight little ass before slowly, inch by inch, I bury myself inside of you right alongside Connor."

It was building higher and higher but she wanted to hold off, to wait almost as bad as she wanted to come. "Oh God."

"It'll be a tight fit no matter how prepared you are for the both of us. Think about it, Tara. Think about how it will feel as we both fuck you, as our cocks move in and out of you, jet after jet of our come filling you, marking you, making you ours."

That was all she could take. It was as if her mind had conjured Conner and they were both fucking her just like Carson described. It took everything in Tara to keep her

eyes open, to continue watching Carson as the orgasm swept over her. Wave after wave of sheer bliss caused her body to tremble in its aftermath.

\* \* \* \* \*

Connor wasn't at all surprised when Carson joined him in the kitchen looking less than thrilled.

"You okay?" Carson asked, a look of concern written clearly across his face.

"Is Tara okay?" Both men's questions had been asked simultaneously.

Carson was the first one to answer. "She's sleeping."

Connor was already feeling annoyed and the conversation had just started. He was angry with himself more than anything, but Carson's half-assed answer only added to his foul mood.

"I'm fine. Now you want to answer my question? Is Tara okay?"

After pulling out a chair to sit down, Carson rubbed a hand across his face. Connor could only imagine what his brother was feeling.

"She's fine. Confused, I'm sure, but she didn't say much of anything."

Carson sat watching him for a minute. Connor knew the minute his brother decided to broach the subject. He also knew all hell was about to break loose because Connor was going to come clean with his brother. As much as he hated the thought of possibly alienating him, it was a necessary evil if the three of them had a snowball's chance in hell.

"Why do I get the feeling something more than just Tara's return is going on here?"

Connor scooted his chair away from the table and stood. He paced across the kitchen, wishing like hell he'd never made such a dumbass agreement with Tara to begin with.

"Tara came back to Chaos because she needed help and didn't know where else to turn."

“Needed help how?”

Connor told Carson what he knew of Tara’s troubles. He also told his brother about the agreement he’d made with Tara.

“Let me get this straight. She came to us for help and you in your infinite wisdom decide to put conditions on whether or not we’d help her?”

Carson looked pissed as hell. “Since when do we put conditions on helping people, Connor? Especially people we know? And what the hell would make you think it was okay for those conditions to have anything to do with her fucking us!”

He was yelling now but Connor didn’t try to quiet him or remind him that Tara was sleeping not far away. He had every right to be angry. Hell, Connor was angry enough with himself for the both of them.

“Don’t you think I know it? Damn, Carson, that was why I ran from the room like the devil was chasing me. She looked so sweet and scared. I may be a bastard, but there was no way I could let her go through something she so obviously didn’t want.”

This time it was Connor’s turn to rub a weary hand over his face. “We’ll put her up and either give her a job at Raising Cain or help her find one, but if being with the two of us isn’t something she wants, I’ll step back.”

After tasting her sweetness and feeling the heat of her fist-tight pussy grasp his shaft, it took everything in him for Connor to say and mean the words he’d just spoken.

“And if that’s not what she wants?”

Carson asked the question Connor was almost afraid to consider.

“We all need to sit and talk either way. But if my stepping away isn’t what Tara wants, then she needs to know who and what she’s dealing with.”

Connor had already pictured the possibilities in his mind. Although a sweetheart, Tara was a woman used to following her own rules. She was strong and had a fiery spirit, one that could possibly make submitting to two men an uphill struggle at first.

If being with the both of them was what Tara decided was right for her, things would soon get very exciting. Connor's cock throbbed to life at the thought. He could hardly wait.

He strode back to the table and resumed his seat across from Carson. His brother was still brooding things over, a dark look on his face.

"If Tara decides to stay she doesn't work at Raising Cain without one of us there. Just like with Casey, I don't think it's safe for a woman to work a bar alone."

Connor wouldn't be the one to argue the point, but he was positive Tara sure the hell would if given half the chance. Carson's words brought up another thought.

"Speaking of Casey. If we don't let the brat know Tara is back in town she'll never let us live it down. And maybe it would do Tara good to have another woman to talk to right now."

He made a mental note to bring the subject up with Tara but first they had to get everything between the three of them situated. Connor apologized, saying as much to Carson, who, although still visibly pissed off, nodded in agreement.

"We'll talk to her first thing in the morning." Carson didn't seem overly enthused about the prospect. "For now though, I need some shut-eye."

The two of them stood at the same time then made their way out of the kitchen. It was as if they had come to some sort of silent agreement when the both of them went straight for the door to the room where Tara slept.

As quietly as possible they crawled into the overly large bed where Tara lay sprawled, her gloriously nude body a shadowy outline against the sheets.



## **Chapter Six**

He hadn't been able to sleep. Normally Carson would climb from the bed and find something productive to do when insomnia hit. This time though, he had no desire to leave Tara's side. Every time she moved, he held his breath, praying she wouldn't try to leave in the middle of the night, all the while cursing himself for what he considered to be a weakness where she was concerned.

It was just before dawn when he felt the bed shift. Connor's breathing went from his normal ear-shattering snore to deep and even but otherwise he didn't move. Carson on the other hand couldn't make himself stay put. He wanted to know what she was doing, where she was going and why.

He shifted slightly in order to see her. She was still completely nude and trying to back off the bed on all fours. With her head down, her face was obscured from his view. It was almost comical how slow she was moving in order not to disturb them.

Trying hard not to move too much, Carson extended his leg enough so she would back into it in her attempt to get out of the bed. Evidently Connor was not sleeping as soundly as it seemed because about the time Tara's ass hit Carson's leg, Connor reached out and grabbed her hand.

Her head jerked up and their eyes met. Hers were red-rimmed, letting him know she either did not sleep well or at some point during the night had been crying. Neither thought set well with him.

"Where are you going?" Connor's voice was rough with the remnants of sleep.

A pink blush spread across Tara's cheeks as she looked back and forth between them. "To the bathroom." Her gaze dropped to the hand Connor still held. She watched as he released his hold, sliding his fingers along hers in a slow caress.

Carson watched the look on Connor's face as he released her hand. Without waiting to hear what his brother had to say, Carson spoke the words that could very well be the beginning of the end where a relationship between the three of them might be concerned. "The agreement you made with Connor no longer exists. You can leave whenever you like and still have the guarantee of our help, but we would like the chance to talk to you before you make any decisions."

"I'd like that."

"Just like that?" Carson threw the question out there, his tone skeptical at best. He wanted more than anything to be able to forget the past, to forget how she had already run from them once before, but he couldn't seem to shake the gut-wrenching fear she might do the same again.

"Yeah, just like that." Now seated, she crossed her arms over her breasts, irritation clear in not only her position but her voice.

"I said we would help you regardless. So why stay now? What is so different about this time than the last when you ran and left us both high and dry?"

"If you don't want me here just say so, but please don't rub my nose in what I consider to be one of the biggest mistakes of my life." Her shoulders slumped. Carson could tell her next words cost her. "It's true I came back because I didn't know where else to turn, but that isn't the only reason. I came back because of you," her pause was palpable as if she were afraid to finish the sentence, "both of you." Her eyes were now trained on her lap. When she returned her gaze to his, their eyes locking, they were clear, her look intense. The next words she spoke were strong and said as she moved from the bed toward the bathroom. "Believe me, you can't blame me any more than I've already blamed myself."

And not for the first time, Carson cursed himself for being the cynical bastard he'd turned out to be.

"Way to go, bro. What are you going to do for an encore, meet her at the door with her packed suitcase in your hand?"

Shooting his brother a black look, Carson climbed from the bed. "Shut the hell up and get dressed so the three of us can go talk somewhere besides this fucking bedroom."

Instead of lashing back at him, Connor chuckled. The sound was a very unusual one coming from Connor but it was his words that aggravated Carson more. "You have got it bad. If she stays you are going to be so damn pussy whipped she'll have you carrying her purse to the grocery store within a week's time."

He was about to flip Connor the bird when the bathroom door opened. Tara came back into the room still completely nude and not looking overly thrilled about her lack of clothing while both of them now wore jeans.

"There's a robe hanging on the back of the closet door. Feel free to either use it or get dressed. We'll be waiting in the kitchen for you when you're ready."

After giving her an assessing look, Carson followed Connor out of the room. He briefly wondered what kind of fight smacking his brother upside the back of his head would cause. The thought actually made him smile.

"What do you think she's going to do?" Carson asked instead.

Connor slowed when he got to the kitchen. Pouring a cup of coffee, he seemed to ponder the question briefly before answering. "She's a woman. There is no telling what the fuck she's thinking."

"Yeah, well, she's not the only one. We're not much better. I can't make up my mind whether I want to love her or hate her, and you..." Carson turned toward his brother, a disgusted look on his face, "you blackmail her, which pretty much translates into she screws us in trade for our help, and then when she gives you what you wanted, you run from the room like the house is on fire."

Connor stalked his way to the table where he thumped his mug of coffee down, the dark liquid sloshing over the side. He looked torn between misery and anger, as if he might very well enjoy taking a gun to Carson. "Please, don't remind me."

\* \* \* \* \*

Tara thought it might be safer to dress as much for them as herself, so that's what she did back in the room she had originally been given. The alone time, away from the big bed dominating the other room, would give her some time to think. They had looked mouthwatering all naked in bed and then again after she'd come out of the bathroom. She was sure that particular sight would be etched in her mind forever.

They had been standing there, tall and strong, their well-tanned chests on display. Carson's collar-length wavy hair made her fingers itch to touch just as Connor's short flattop style did. Identical green eyes studied her, following her curves, promising erotic pleasure if only she would stay. Did they realize how much she wanted the exact same thing and so much more? She doubted it very seriously.

Carson had pulled on a white tank-style men's undershirt on his way out the door, but Connor hadn't even bothered to finish buttoning his jeans. There were so alike yet so different, Tara wasn't sure she would ever be able to learn everything about them. She hoped she would at least get the chance to try.

Deciding what to wear wasn't very hard since she didn't have much in the way of clothes. Her choices were few. It seemed she had business attire and ratty jeans but not much in between.

After settling on a pair of jeans and a fitted T-shirt, she pulled on socks then stepped into her tennis shoes, which she sat on the edge of the large, comfortable bed she hadn't slept in to tie. It hurt to do so, but if there was one thing Tara was, practical was it so she packed her bag and had it ready just in case.

Tara could hear their muted voices as she made her way up the hall. She had a feeling this was going to be one of the hardest conversations of her life, one long overdue. They got equally quiet when she entered the room. Even though she'd half expected it, she hated the discomfort and tension it caused.

Although he had been gentle and polite, caring even, Carson's eyes were still hazed with distrust as if he expected her to bolt any second. Connor's actions, on the other

hand, were a complete mystery to her. Tara wasn't exactly sure what she could do to assuage their worries other than be completely open and honest with them about why she'd run and hope for the best.

"Coffee's ready if you'd like some. Cups are to the right of the sink." Carson was the first to break the silence. Just hearing his voice was soothing.

Mumbling her thanks, Tara retrieved a cup from the cabinet, poured herself some of the steaming hot liquid then joined them at the table.

"Are you hungry?" This time it was Connor who spoke. He looked at her directly, his gaze boring into hers. He had the ability to make her somewhat jittery because she'd always found him a bit hard to read.

"No thanks. I'd rather talk first if that is okay?"

Carson scooted his chair back and stood. A few steps were all it took his long-legged stride to carry him across the room where he propped a hip against the kitchen counter. Now instead of looking back and forth between the two of them, she could see them both at the same time, gauge their reactions equally and hopefully not miss anything. "Connor has filled me in on why you've come back. What I don't know is why you left in the first place." It was clear by his tone he was agitated.

Tara closed her eyes briefly, trying to work up the courage needed. Her heart felt as if it were going to beat right out of her chest, her nerves were so frazzled. "There were a couple of reasons but the main one was because I loved you."

Carson's face went devoid of any and all emotion. Connor, on the other hand, growled deep in his throat, an animalistic sound of rage before exploding, "Don't act the fucking martyr, Tara. You left because you *loved* Carson."

She wasn't sure he could have been more condescending had he tried and it pissed her off something fierce. Her chair nearly tipped over as she stood. The need to get what she meant across was foremost in her mind. "If you would just shut up for a minute and let me finish before you jump to conclusions, I'd appreciate it."

Had she not wanted to throttle him with her own bare hands, the look to cross Connor's face might very well have been comical. And now because she was angry and upset there was a damn good chance she was going to end up crying when she'd spent her time dressing trying to keep her emotions on the level. And it was all his god-damn fault!

Leaning in, both hands flat on the glossy wooden surface of the table, Tara tried again. "I didn't say I left because I loved Carson. I said I left because I loved you." This time she looked from one to the other, allowing them to see everything she felt, everything she'd tried to hide. "The both of you."

Finally saying it out loud was such a relief Tara had trouble standing. Her legs shaking, she plopped down into the chair she had vacated only moments before. The quiet was deafening, so much so that Tara started babbling, trying to explain. "I didn't know how to tell you." She looked at Carson, who looked as if he'd been sucker-punched, and couldn't stop the tears that fell. "We had been dating. I was yours." Damn, she was making a mess of things.

When she could no longer sit, felt as if she just had to move, Tara left her chair and began to pace. "I knew you two shared. Hell, everyone knew the two of you liked to share your girls. They all talked about it and a few even tried to warm me off, but I wouldn't listen." When she could no longer stand the silence, she stopped before them. "I knew I loved you, Carson, but when I started having feelings for Connor as well, I just didn't know what to do."

"You little idiot."

"I can't fucking believe this!"

They spoke in unison. Carson's voice calm as he wiped a tear from her cheek. Connor, on the other hand, continued to curse. He looked as if he'd gladly give her the beating of her life.

Connor wasn't sure he believed what he was hearing. She had always loved them and run because she was afraid to say so? Afraid Carson would not want her. How could that possibly be? And if that were the case, she evidently didn't know his brother as well as she'd thought or she would have known exactly how wrong she'd been. He was going to make sure nothing like that ever happened again. From now on they were going to know what she was feeling even if he had to continuously spank it out of her.

On second thought, maybe the feel of his belt across her fine ass would persuade her. He'd have to mention it and see what she thought. Right now though, they had more important things to discuss.

Carson had gone from merely wiping the tears from her cheek to kissing them off as they continued to fall. She was now openly sobbing. "Wo-Would someone please say something other than cursing and calling me an idiot." She clung to Carson as if she were afraid to let him go.

Connor nodded toward his brother. "He called you a little idiot because you were, and I cursed because it released some of the emotion and kept me from beating your ass."

He moved with determination to where Tara and Carson stood. Once there, he gathered her into his arms and kissed her forehead before returning her to Carson. "Doesn't mean I'm not still going to beat your ass, just means you're safe for now."

Connor liked the way Tara's eyes widened and her cheeks flushed. He wondered if she was remembering the spanking he'd administered the night she'd fled so long ago. He sure the hell was. Just thinking about the sounds she made, the way she moved her body, was making his cock hard and achy with the need to plunge deep into her heated core. But then he remembered how she had looked the night before, all wide-eyed and scared, and the excitement that just seconds before had been coursing through his system abated.

"Here. Sit down," Carson said, leading Tara back to the table where he sat her in one of the chairs then squatted before her until they were eye level. Connor always admired his brother for how calm he remained while under stress.

"First things first." Connor noticed that although Carson's tone was still soothing and low, he was all business now. "Your loving the both of us is a good thing, a great thing, so get any worries along those lines out of your head."

"You mean you don't mind?" Tara interrupted.

"Why the hell would I mind?"

She seemed a bit hesitant to answer, but the only time her gaze wavered from Carson's was to look at him. "It can't be normal to be in love with more than one man. Especially brothers."

Connor looked at his brother. It was something they'd spoken of often after realizing where their desires might very well take them. And as such, they knew she would need the time to realize nothing else except for what worked for the three of them mattered.

"Believe me, darlin', normal is way overrated." Connor winked at her then continued. "We've pretty much always known what it was we wanted and so have had time to deal with all of the societal bullshit. You remember we're here for you, to talk about anything on your mind, and things will work out fine."

She looked from him back to Carson, who nodded in agreement. "You're really okay with my having feelings for both of you, aren't you?"

For the first time since Tara had left, Connor watched Carson smile in a way that reached his eyes and made him look carefree and young. "More than okay with it."

"Okay then, we'll just take things as they happen and I'll try hard not to borrow trouble." Connor planned to make damn sure she did so. Seemed that often times when people looked for trouble they found it. He intended to make sure trouble stayed out of their relationship. They'd already had a lifetime's worth of it.



"I can work at Raising Cain, and as soon as I am back on my feet I can get my own place or even call Casey and see if she needs a roommate," she rambled on, seemingly without noticing the identical frowns now marring both his and Carson's mouths.

"You'll stay here—"

"And there is no need for you to work at Raising Cain," Carson finished Connor's sentence for him, which seemed to get Tara's attention. The tears drying on her cheeks didn't do anything to lessen the venom in the look she gave them as she narrowed her eyes.

"If I stay here, I work to pay my own way."

She was a stubborn damn woman. "We'll figure something out," Carson placated while Connor felt the need to just spell out the way things would be and be done with it. He had a feeling there were going to be some rocky roads ahead of the three of them until they settled into their new life with one another.

"I think it is a good idea for you to give Casey a call though. We're already going to be in deep shit for not calling her the second you got to town."

A bright look crossed Tara's face. Her eyes twinkled with mischief. It was a look Connor was sure he would never tire of seeing.

"I'll be right back," she announced as she whirled on her heel and headed back up the hall.

He looked at Carson. "What do you think she is up to?"

"No damn telling," Carson replied, making him chuckle.

Tara came back into the kitchen, a bag slung over her shoulder. "Instead of calling I am going to drive into town and surprise her."

Connor didn't want her to leave just yet, and from the look on Carson's face, his brother felt the same, but as always it was a busy day's work ahead of them so neither could leave until the morning chores and feeding of the horses were finished.

Always the diplomat, Carson said, "Why don't you wait until we've finished feeding and we'll all go. It is still awfully early," he added, looking out the kitchen window to where the sun was beginning to rise.

"That's okay. I know you two have a lot of work to do. Besides, I don't mind waking Casey up. It'll be just like when we were kids."

Not arguing the point was hard but Connor managed. Instead, he offered her the keys to his truck. She shook her head. "You might need it. I'll take mine." She then proceeded to pull out the biggest wad of key chains he had ever seen.

## **Chapter Seven**

Carson wasn't sure he'd ever seen such a monstrosity. He couldn't help it. He laughed. Between the horrendous, jangling ball of plastic and metal Tara held in her hands and the look on Connor's face, there was just no way to hold it back.

"What?" The little imp was actually clueless.

"I'm surprised your starter hasn't gone out," Connor said, motioning to her key chain collection, "because of that."

With the next derogatory statement about the poor quality of her car, Tara crossed her arms over her breasts, looking utterly disgruntled. "It got me here, didn't it?" The question was rhetorical, one she put as much attitude into as she possibly could.

Carson knew things were going to get interesting if he didn't step in. They were both too stubborn for their own good. "What Connor is trying to say is too much weight on your starter isn't good for your car."

"No, what I am trying to say is until we get your car checked out or scrapped, and I'm voting on scrapped, you won't be driving it. So you can either take my truck or wait until we're done and we'll all ride together. Those are your choices, so pick one and do it now before I decide for you."

Carson couldn't remember the last time he heard Connor say so much at one time. To top it off, Tara looked ready to spit nails. It was rather funny.

"I agree with Connor. Your car isn't exactly in good shape, even if it got you here in one piece, Tara. Now take the keys and go wake Casey up. She'll be happy to see you."

Carson pulled her to him, kissing her gently on the mouth before licking the seam of her lips. When she parted them, he tasted her essence, felt the warmth of her breath, then released her before he lost control and carried her back to bed. "We'll talk more when you get back."

She studied his face. Her smile was shy, even a bit hesitant. "I'd like that. I still have a lot I want to say."

"Good," they echoed in unison, causing Tara to giggle.

"I think it's funny how you guys talk at the same time and finish each other's sentences." Carson rolled his eyes. It was something they had heard since childhood.

When Tara turned toward Connor, Carson held his breath. She raised her chin, angling her head in a stubborn tilt then leveled Connor with a cool stare. The first thought to come to mind was the knowledge that having her back in their lives was definitely going to keep things from getting boring. It appeared she had grown quite sure of herself over the years.

With her hands on the curve of her hips, she positioned herself nose to chest with Connor then looked up into his eyes. "I'm the same shy girl in a lot of ways but I've also had to learn to take care of myself." She lifted up onto tiptoes, moving her hands from her hips to his, and kissed his lips softly. "You might be bossy but you don't scare me. I know you would never hurt me."

Connor jerked her to him. With a hand buried in her hair he tilted her head then tugged her bottom lip with his teeth, suckling it into his mouth until she whimpered and moaned. The kiss to follow had Carson's cock rock-hard and ready just from watching. His brother all but devoured Tara, their bodies melded together, the sounds coming from them heavy in the air of the room. When Connor finally pulled back, releasing her just enough so their bodies no longer touched, they were all three out of breath.

Carson watched as the muscles in his brother's arm flexed as Connor's grip tightened in her hair, causing Tara to gasp. "I'll never harm you, darlin', but I've got no problem hurting you just a little bit. Combining some pain with your pleasure makes it so much nicer, don't you think?"

"Oh God, yesss." Carson smiled at her answer.

"Good. We finally agree on something," Connor responded as he released her hair. "Here are the keys to my truck. Take them, be careful and call later to check in."

Carson was writing their cell phone numbers on a piece of paper when she answered with a pert, "Yes, Daddy." He turned, unsure what Connor's response might be. He wasn't quite sure if he was more worried or excited. Tara was going to find herself facedown over Connor's lap if she didn't watch it.

"Here, brat." He handed her the piece of paper. "You'd better take this and go while you're ahead, but first write your number down on that notepad." She did as instructed with a smile on her face and a spring to her step. For the first time in a long time, Carson felt as if things were right in his world.

Why she felt the need to test him, Tara had no clue, but that definitely was the way of it. Where Carson was all smiles and laughs, making her want to act silly and have fun, Connor was intense, his gravelly voice low, making her shiver all over.

*So alike and yet so different.* It was a thought that continued to pop into her mind repeatedly when she thought about them.

The thought of seeing Casey had Tara speeding toward town. She had talked to her high school friend since leaving Chaos, although she'd sworn her to secrecy, but she had not seen her since. She was flying by Raising Cain, the bar owned by Carson, Connor and the other McCain siblings when she noticed flashing lights in the rearview mirror.

"Damn." Tara mumbled the curse beneath her breath as she slowed the truck and pulled over to the curb. After rolling down the window, she just sat there and waited, watching the police officer through the side-view mirror.

He had a worried look on his face as he approached the truck. "What has you in such a..." His voice trailed off when he realized it was not Connor sitting behind the wheel.

"License and registration please, ma'am." Tara reached for her purse to get the documentation he'd asked for at the same time the officer pulled out his cell phone.

"Hey, Connor," Tara heard him say. *Shit, shit, shit*, she thought to herself as the officer continued with the conversation. When he closed his phone with a snap, Tara scowled. "What did you go and do that for?"

He smiled smugly and waved off her license when she tried handing it to him. "Connor assures me he'll take care of it so there is no need to give you a ticket. Consider this a warning."

"A warning my ass," she mumbled as the man made his way back to his patrol car.

Tara was just about to pull away from the curb when there was a knock on the passenger-side window, making her jump nearly out of her skin. The man there looked familiar. It only took her a second to realize why.

He motioned for her to roll down her window, which she did. "Hi, Tara. Carson called and wanted me to check on you. Everything okay?" He asked the question but she could tell he didn't much care. Unlike the other McCains, Cooper pretty much had no use for women other than Casey and he made no secret of his feelings. Tara had often wondered whether he was gay or if someone had royally screwed him over. Either way, something had happened to him to make him the cynical man he'd become.

"Hi, Cooper. It's nice to see you and yes, I'm fine." She could feel the blush rising on her cheeks. "I was excited to see Casey," she waved her hand as if it didn't matter, "and going too fast."

He patted the window frame then pushed away. Tara wasn't sure whether he had anything else to say so waited a minute. When he ducked his head to look at her she wasn't at all surprised. "Stick around this time." He watched her for a minute, nodded then turned and headed back toward the bar.

*A man of many words he is not*, she thought, pulling away from the curb. It took only a few minutes to make it to the small cottage Casey shared with her daughter Autumn

since divorcing her now-ex-husband Mike. She was the only person Tara knew who could claim a happy divorce and still be good friends with the ex.

Knowing damn well Casey would already be awake and more than likely in the kitchen baking up something delicious, Tara skirted the side of the house, went through the backyard gate and knocked on the kitchen door. It wasn't good enough to stop at a mere knock though, she had to do just like in school and press her face up against the glass.

She could hear footsteps. They sounded too heavy to be Casey's but there was no time to back away from the door before the curtain was pulled aside. And there she was, face pressed to the glass, giving whoever it was on the other side a clear shot up her nostrils. Tara couldn't help but laugh.

"Sorry." Backing away from the door all she noticed was a very wide man's chest. Peering out from the side of said chest was Casey's red face. When she realized who it was, she started squealing with delight.

"Oh my God, Tara, is that really you?" Turning to the man who still blocked the door, she said, "Give me that." Casey then proceeded to snatch a black shirt from his hand. He growled something low, something Tara couldn't understand before turning his back to the door.

A few seconds of discussion went on behind the closed door before the giant of a man leaned way down to kiss Casey on the nose and finally moved out of the way of the door, which then flew open in Casey's haste to get to her.

"Jesus Christ, girl. I can't believe you're here."

They hugged and giggled and cried. It was funny how time melted away once back home. It was almost as if she'd never left Chaos to begin with, only she had, and as a result, she had a lot to make up for.

"Come in." Casey motioned her ahead. Still standing inside the door was the same man who minutes before had been blocking it.

"Tara, this is Jared. Jared, this is Tara my best friend from high school and the woman who stole Carson's heart." She knew Casey didn't mean to hurt her but her words were like a knife to the chest.

"Did you bring it back?" His voice was deep, more a growl than anything considered normal.

"I did." She had no idea what else to say.

Jared seemed to be judging whether or not to ask more. He'd evidently come to a decision when he added, "And Connor's?"

Tara knew she was blushing, but if this was something they were going to do, have a ménage relationship, then she was going to have to learn to stand her ground and not care what others thought either way.

She looked way up, met the man's steely gaze and smiled. "Yes, Connor's as well."

The smile he returned was breathtaking, making him seem a smidgeon less lethal, not quite so large or intimidating. "Good girl."

Tara wasn't quite sure what to say, if anything, so she chose to remain quiet. Casey must have felt the question Tara silently asked because she answered, "I told him all about you guys. Hell, I told him all about everyone close to me. Now come on and sit down. Jared was just heading off to work but is going to need his shirt so I'll be right back."

The man in question chuckled when both women blushed. The rest of her visit with Casey was full of laughter and a lot of catching up. When Tara left, it was with a mixture of emotion. Sadness at leaving but extreme delight with knowing they would be seeing each other often.

And then there was the happiness in knowing she was headed back to the ranch, to Connor and Carson. A smile curved her lips when her cell phone rang. She snatched it up off the seat in her hurry to answer it.

"Hello?"



"Hey, T baby." The voice on the other end of the line couldn't have been further from either of the ones she wanted to hear. Oliver, the lowlife scumbucket, either had big balls or was stupid as hell. She decided it was the latter as she clicked to end the call without bothering to say another word. Too bad the bastard didn't get a clue, instead he called back.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tara had called to say she made it okay, but then hadn't called again until she was driving home. Irritated, Connor wondered which part of "call and check in" was it that had her confused. Carson was in the shower when she finally walked through the door, her phone stuck to the side of her head like a leech.

"Don't you think you've already done enough?" Her voice cracked about the same time a look of utter disbelief crossed her face. "No, I don't think we can work things out! Oliver, you're going to jail. I'm hanging up now."

Connor was proud when she did as she threatened and closed her phone with a snap. When she looked up, it was to find him standing right in front of her. "Oh. Hi." Her smile might have been infectious had he not already been irritated, and now on top of it, worried.

"Come in and sit down."

She stayed rooted to the spot, her gaze darting around the room, more than likely looking for Carson. "Is everything okay?"

"I wouldn't know since you haven't called today." He pointed to a spot on the couch. She sputtered but walked in the direction he pointed with Connor right on her heels.

"But I did call."

Explanations were not normal for him. Connor tended to be the type who gave orders and had them followed, no questions asked. Tara, evidently, had not ever heard of that particular concept.

"Checking in normally consists of multiple calls throughout the timeframe a person is gone. Not just when leaving and returning." He spoke slow and steady to be sure she understood what it was he wanted. Doing so caused her to arch a brow in his direction.

"What am I, ten?"

She was going to be the death of him. "Not likely, even a ten year old knows what 'call later to check in' means."

"If you were so worried, why didn't you call me? The phone works both ways."

"She's got you there," Carson said as he entered the room.

Connor shot Carson a dark look. "Don't encourage her. It has nothing to do with being worried. I knew where you were and Casey would have called if something were wrong."

"Then I don't see what the problem is." Was she really so clueless or merely playing the part. Maybe she wanted to feel the leather of his belt across her ass as bad as he wanted to put it there and just didn't know how to ask for it.

"The problem is, I asked you to do something and you didn't." From his seated position next to her, Connor crowded into her space. "Next time I'll make it an order and then when you don't pay attention and do as told, your ass will be mine or Carson's as the case may be." He rubbed a hand across his chin in contemplation. "Although from what Officer Warren said, you were traveling at a pretty fast pace right through the heart of town today, so maybe a bit of the punishment you so obviously want and need is warranted after all."

Her eyes grew wide. "I want and need?" she squeaked. He could see her mind whirling, thinking, wondering. Sooner or later she'd come to some sort of conclusion, and when she did, he and Carson would both be there for her.

"Now how about you tell me about Oliver's phone call."

Carson seemed to be lost so Connor filled him in on what he'd heard then turned to Tara. "From what I gather Oliver is the wonderful man you were living with."

Her discomfort was obvious. "Yeah, but he's stupid not dangerous, so not important enough to worry about."

"That'll be for us to decide." Carson's words were cold and menacing, so unlike him, Connor couldn't help but grin. They spent a little while talking over how to deal with any more phone calls from the likes of Oliver before retiring to the bedroom for the night.

Tara seemed a bit skittish as she prepared for bed, not meeting their heated stares as she moved about the room. A few of her belongings had been moved from the guest room into the bedroom they would now share. Connor knew it was a highhanded gesture and probably irritated her, but she had yet to argue the point so it must have pleased her on some level as well. She wore the same football jersey she'd had on the night before. It hugged her breasts and ended just beneath the curve of her ass. Connor had always preferred more feminine attire for bed, if any at all, but Tara in that shirt was a look Connor could very easily get used to seeing.

"Are you going to tell us what's wrong, baby, or do we have to guess?" Connor watched as Carson patted the foot of the bed for her to sit next to him. Once she was seated, Connor moved in and took up the space on her other side.

Her scent was heavenly, the feel of her bare arm against his, warm. And for the first time in years, his brother looked like a whole man, a happy man.

"Why did you leave last night? Did I do something? I thought you wanted all three of us to be together. Was I wrong?"

The confused look in her eyes endeared her to him in a way no other woman ever had. With a hand Connor stroked the length of her golden-blond hair. "No, darlin', you didn't do anything wrong and you're completely right about me wanting the three of us to be together."

"Well then, why did you leave?"

Connor laughed in a completely humorless way. "I'd all but blackmailed you into our bed. There was no way I was going to force myself on you when it was obvious you were scared." His words brought a look of anger back to Carson's face.

When she looked down at her hands, which were balled into white-knuckled fists in her lap, Connor's heart sank for a brief second before recovering. There were many things the three of them could do, if she wasn't comfortable with the feel of their cocks simultaneously sliding in and out of her body, they would just have to find something she did enjoy.

"Don't be scared, Tara. If you don't want to be with both of us at the same time, it's no big deal. We'll go slow and figure it out."

Connor's words brought her gaze back up. She looked first to Carson and then to him. Her voice was whisper soft, her admission music to his ears. "But I do want to be with the both of you at the same time. I've dreamt about it for years."

## **Chapter Eight**

Carson felt what she said down to his core. A few simple words, an admission she'd obviously fought herself over, and his shaft was hard and ready to fuck.

"Then why did you look so scared last night?" Carson asked the question he knew Connor needed to hear the answer to.

"Because I was scared. I've never been with two men at the same time." Her cheeks were flushed. Carson wasn't sure why until she spoke again. "I, ahhh, also haven't had sex with anyone since you." The look she turned on Carson was one of deep longing.

Connor jumped up from where he'd been sitting. "What kind of idiot were you living with?" It appeared to Carson as if the question had exploded from his brother's mouth with no thought.

"Evidently I was the idiot. I thought he was one of those guys who believed in waiting. For what I have no clue since we never spoke of marriage or anything. We'd only been dating for a few months when we moved in together and that was only two months ago. It was more for financial reasons than anything else." She had a self-depreciative look on her face. "Or so I thought. Seemed he had other plans and they including me taking the wrap for his illegal activities."

"He'll get what he deserves —"

"Sooner rather than later if he tries to contact you again." Connor added, finishing Carson's sentence. Once again, Tara giggled.

"So you've dreamed about being with the both of us and yet the thought scares you?" Carson kept his voice soothing, low.

She arched a brow in his direction, her chin angled in that defensive way of hers. "Wouldn't you be?"

He didn't even have to think about it. "Yeah, I guess I would." Carson moved off the bed. Then, kneeling in front of her, he gathered her face in his hands and kissed her lips gently. "There is no reason to be. We'll take good care of you, baby, and nothing will happen until your pretty little body is screaming and ready for it." He looked to his brother, who nodded in agreement, then added, "Definitely not tonight, although I'm sure we can come up with other types of fun to keep us occupied until we've had the chance to prepare you."

"Prepare me?" she squeaked the question out. Just knowing the thought had her a little off kilter made Carson even hornier than he had been to start with. If that was possible.

"Mmm," he purred against her mouth. "Just imagine it. Our fingers and even a toy or two stretching you, preparing your tight little ass to take us." Tara's breath hissed from between her lips even as her flesh broke out in chill bumps, more than likely caused from anticipation.

Carson watched as Connor swiped her hair off the back of her neck, replacing it with his lips, and if Carson knew his brother at all, his teeth as well. Connor sure did love to bite and nibble on his women.

"Ahhh, oh, oh, oh," Tara moaned then chanted, the tone of her voice wavering between that of pleasure and pain as Connor continued with his erotic torture of the flesh of her neck.

"I can't wait. Can you, Tara?" Carson whispered heated words to Tara just loud enough for Connor to hear. "The first time we're both able to take you, to sink our cocks in you at the same time, you'll scream our names with the divine pleasure of it all." He nipped the tender flesh where neck and shoulder met hard enough for her to gasp. "And you'll keep screaming through the orgasms until you're limp in our arms."

Carson kissed her again, adding to her probably already overloaded senses. Her flesh felt wonderful beneath his fingertips, all smooth and warm. He couldn't help but think of how it would feel to sink those same fingers into her pussy. He was sure she

would be warm and wet, creaming along the length of his fingers, squeezing them with her internal muscles.

“Would you like that, Tara?” Carson asked the question while Connor watched intently from over her shoulder, now nestled behind her on the bed, his legs open wide with her pert bottom pulled close to what Carson was sure to be an erection as hard as his own.

When she answered, her voice was a breathless whisper. “Yes, I would. Very much so.”

“Good girl.” Connor growled from behind her. The slight blush to cover her cheeks at his brother’s praise made Carson smile. Carson watched as Connor lifted the oversized shirt she was wearing, revealing her breasts with their coral-tipped peaks to him.

“Absolutely beautiful.” Carson breathed the words against Tara’s cleavage as Connor held her breasts up and together in an offering to him.

For the next several minutes he and his brother took turns erotically torturing the pebbled tips. Connor used his fingers to pinch and tug while Carson licked and nibbled.

“Oh yes. Mmm, that feels so good.” With her head thrown back over one of Connor’s shoulders and a look of pleasure on her face, Tara was the most beautiful sight Carson had ever seen.

Impatient beyond belief to see her completely bare and open for his perusal, Carson tugged her barely there panties from beneath her until he could slide them down her legs and completely off. He then lifted her legs until her feet rested on the edge of the bed. Her knees were splayed wide, leaving her pretty pink pussy completely on display for him.

Connor continued to work on her breasts, alternating between light strokes with his fingertips across her nipples and more fierce squeezes of the entire breast in his large palm. Once she was open, her cream-soaked cunt beautifully on display, Carson noticed

how quickly Connor moved to his knees behind her for a better view. His brother never once missed a beat with his continued torture of her nipples.

"I've been dying to see if you feel the same on the inside, baby. Did you know that? Did you know that since I first saw you again, I've thought of little else beside sliding my fingers deep inside your cute little cunt, tasting you and fucking you? You're like an obsession, Tara."

Carson's words must have increased her arousal, which was obvious by how wet she was. Her juices were dripping down between the crack of her ass, preparing her even there for his fingers, his tongue and his cock.

"Pl-Please."

Connor turned her head until he was able to reach her lips with his. After kissing her until she could do no more than moan and writhe, lifting her hips searchingly, he released her mouth. "Please what, Tara? You want to feel Carson's fingers in your pussy, his tongue on your clit?"

"Yes." She made Carson smile.

"Then tell him, baby. Tell him how much you want him." Although soft, Connor's tone brooked no argument. Not that Tara was in any position to argue anyway, sandwiched between them as she was with Connor at her back and Carson kneeling with his mouth level with her pussy, his breath fanning across her exposed flesh.

"Oh God." Her chest heaved with each breath. "Please take me. Please fill me with your fingers and your tongue and your cock..." her words trailed off, and for a brief second she lifted her head in order to look first at him and then at Connor, "both your cocks."

"You heard her." The extremely high level of arousal was obvious in Connor's voice as he spoke the words.

Carson, not needing to be told twice, slipped two fingers into Tara's pussy, reveling in its tight, wet grasp even as he flicked his tongue across the swollen nub of her clit. He



teased and tormented her for a long while until he could no longer stand not tasting her fully.

He pulled his fingers from her body then licked them clean before leaning in once more. This time he parted her folds in order to get to the heart of her where he proceeded to lick and lap while playing her clit with his thumb until she was crying out her pleasure.

Carson peeked up from between Tara's widespread thighs to see Connor watching him intently. He was kissing and nibbling her neck, fondling her breasts, plucking her engorged nipples until she sucked her breath in with the combination of pleasure and pain. Carson liked seeing her ride the edge of those two sensations as much as he assumed Connor enjoyed giving them to her.

"What?" Tara wondered aloud as Carson lowered her feet from the bed. Her mind was whirling, a confusing cloud of thoughts, emotions and feelings, wonderful feelings that seemed to be coursing through her body and settling deep into the valley between her thighs.

"Turn over, darlin'," Carson urged, his voice smooth as silk.

Once she complied with his wishes it was easy to see why. Doing so put her mouth in perfect alignment with Connor's engorged shaft. His jeans were unfastened and riding extra low on his hips. One of his hands idly stroked his length, making her all but drool at the thought of replacing his hand with her mouth.

Tara peeked up at Connor, feeling lightheaded with what was happening. She'd waited years to be in such a position, between the two of them, embracing the feelings she'd spent so long struggling with.

"I want to taste you." The head of his cock glistened, drawing her attention back to where she so badly wanted her tongue to be.

Connor sat back. "I wish you would."

Wasting no time, Tara lowered her head, engulfing as much of his length as she possibly could. She swirled her tongue, enjoying his taste, then licked her way back up his shaft. The feel of his hands tangling in her hair only made Tara even more frantic with explosive need.

Her pussy ached to be filled and her thighs trembled. The way she was bent over the bed, her feet fighting for traction was tiring. She was just about to lift her head from Connor's cock in order to reposition herself when she felt Carson's hands on her bare ass cheeks, holding her in place.

Mere seconds later his tongue was once again darting in and out of her sex. Tara felt blissfully relaxed and aroused when Carson did something so different, so taboo, she couldn't help but tense.

Connor tightened his fist around a handful of her hair. His voice was low and rough when he spoke. "If it feels good to you and all three of us are okay with it, then it's not wrong, so relax and enjoy."

The sensation of Carson's moist tongue sliding over and probing the tight nerve-rich erogenous zone of her anus felt so good, Tara felt like crying. Sensations unlike any other rapidly washed over her body. She seemed to be on autopilot as she repeatedly thrust her hips back at Carson's mouth. It was overwhelming and yet not nearly enough.

Tara lifted her head from Connor's lap, releasing his cock with a wet-sounding plop that might have made her giggle at another time. "More. Please! I need to come. Please, please, please."

All it took was for Carson to reach between her thighs, slipping what felt like the thick length of his thumb into her pussy to send her spiraling closer. He teased her clit with another finger and she came long and hard, screaming and moaning until she was spent and out of breath.

Connor's hand tightened in Tara's hair, once again positioning her mouth over his magnificent cock. This time when she opened wide to take him in, she did it super slow.

Taking her time, she ran her lips, inch by inch, down his length, swirling her tongue against his heated flesh along the way. His taste was salty against her tongue, arousing her again or possibly still but just on a higher level. They were in every atom of her being, permeating all that she was and all she ever wished to be. It was a scary realization.

The sound of a foil packet being torn open caused a flood of sensation and emotion to course through her body. Tara's nerves were hypersensitive, her arousal obvious, permeating the air surrounding the three of them.

"Please hurry."

"Patience, baby. Soon enough you'll have everything you need." Carson spoke from behind her. From above her, Connor growled, "Exactly what we want to give you." His hand was heavy on the back of her head, his shaft spearing deeper between her lips until its engorged head hit the back of her throat, causing her to gag.

It was too much and not enough all at the same time. The waiting was going to kill her, Tara was sure of it. A murmured sigh of relief escaped her mouth when Carson's sheathed length began to enter her wet and ready pussy. He was thick and hot and his being inside her, being together with both of them again felt so completely right, Tara couldn't imagine being anywhere else.

Carson powered into her, plunging his length balls-deep. The combination of pain and pleasure was heady, her gasp audible to both men who answered with groans of their own. The realization that she was finally doing what she had longed to do for so long was nearly overwhelming. Connor and Carson were both in her, surrounding her, touching so much more than just her body. Tara bucked against the onslaught. Her body was a writhing mess of sweet pleasure.

"Just like that, Tara. Show me how much you like the feel of my cock in your mouth."

"You think her mouth feels good, just wait until you get the chance to sink into her pretty pink pussy again." Carson's words were for Connor. Instead of shaming Tara as

they once might have, they liberated her. She was flying high and felt freer than any other time in her life.

The feel of Carson's big, work-roughened hands grasping her hips was divine. As she pulled Connor's shaft deeper into her mouth, Tara couldn't help but wonder if she would be left with marks. She hoped so. Just the thought of their marks on her body was enough to cause her inner muscles to spasm a warning of the orgasm to come.

"Oh yeah. That's it, baby. I can feel your cunt grip my cock. So good. So damn good."

There was nowhere to go, not that she wanted to even if given half the chance. Carson was behind her, in her as far as their bodies would permit. Connor's hand was firm against her scalp. His shaft so deep in her mouth Tara's eyes watered with it. Instead of her stroking him, he powered through her waiting lips, fucking her face in a way that left her with no control. The entire encounter was erotic as hell and highly arousing. It went way beyond the realm of anything Tara had experience before but hopefully was only the tip of the iceberg.

The high-pitched whimpering sounds coming from her were shocking. There was no begging with her mouth full of Connor's cock, his taste a burst of male flavor on her tongue, but she so badly needed to get off.

"It's all yours if you want it, Tara. If not, now would be a good time to back off."

Oh God! The sound of Connor's voice was rough. He was close, so close she could feel him twitch against her tongue. He'd loosened the hand on her head, giving Tara an out if she so chose. She wanted anything but. Hoping to get across her feelings, she lunged forward, taking him as deep as she could then sucked hard, drawing her cheeks in with the effort. Once again his hand tightened in her hair, and on a shout Connor came, flooding her mouth with everything he had.

It was not the first time a man had spilled in her mouth, but it was the first time Tara could remember enjoying the experience. His taste was anything but offensive.

"Mmm," she hummed against his softening flesh as she continued to lick and lap, making sure to clean every inch of him.

"Such a sweet thing." Connor exhaled the words, his fingers softly stroking her cheek.

"Pl-Please." Carson continued to power into her from behind. His thrusts so intense they caused her to stutter her words. She needed so bad to orgasm.

"I think she needs a bit more, Carson." Connor lay in front of her now, a dark brow arched mischievously. As he spoke he wedged a hand beneath where her chest rested on the bed, giving her no choice but to raise up on to her elbows. He then began to pinch and pluck at her nipples.

"Oh!" It felt so good.

"You like that, do you?" Connor whispered the words against her shoulder, his teeth adding to the cacophony of sensation.

"Yesss!" The harder he pinched the better. A burning sensation radiated from her nipples, arrowing straight toward where Carson's cock was pistoning in and out of her.

"Now." It was Connor who spoke, his tone firm, but Tara had no idea who he was speaking to and was so lost in all that was taking place she couldn't seem to string enough words together in order to ask.

She wasn't kept waiting or wondering long. The feel of a finger probing the pucker of her ass told Tara exactly what he'd meant and who the order was intended for.

Carson slowed his pace, entering her in long, slow thrusts now. A finger passed her tight outer ring, causing her to gasp then moan. There was no help for it. Tara needed more, wanted more. She humped back against his hand, burying the finger deeper within the tight confines of her ass.

"Georgous, baby. Abso-fucking-lutely gorgeous!" Carson's praise was echoed by the slow but unyieldingly steady withdraw of his finger before he added a second, entering her once again.

This time her moan of pleasure was long and loud, coming from deep within. It must have been exactly what they were looking for because Carson picked up the pace. His cock once again shafted her with vigor as his fingers stretched and plundered her ass. Connor's assault on her now-sore nipples grew in intensity as well. Before Tara had a clue what was happening, her body spiraled out of control. She shook from head to toe as stars danced beneath her eyelids and still they didn't stop.

Wave after wave of sensation bombarded her, tensing and releasing her muscles over and over again until Tara thought she would faint. Maybe she did.

"I think we broke her," Connor said as he held Tara's shivering body in his arms.

He couldn't help but smile at her when her eyes blinked open to stare at him. She was such a treat. It was both wonderful and scary as all fuck to have her back in their lives.

"Not even close." Her breath was hot on his chest as she burrowed deeper against him. "I just need a few minutes to rest."

Carson smiled, looked at Connor and they both laughed. Connor still had trouble believing how complete she made their lives. He knew Carson felt the same just by the look in his brother's eyes, the way he gazed at Tara with so much emotion both good and bad with past memories.

Connor settled Tara's limp body onto the center of the bed then climbed in next to her. Once he returned from the bathroom, Carson cuddled up close to her other side.

"I think we should head to Raising Cain sometime next weekend after Cash and Noelle get back from their trip."

"What did you have in mind?" Carson seemed a bit hesitant to ask.

"Other than letting the family know Tara is back to stay, not much. I just want them to be prepared and I want others to see the three of us together."

Why he wanted them to be prepared didn't need to be mentioned. It was something Connor and Carson had spoken of often. Small-town living had its ups and downs. Everyone knowing everyone else's business could be seen as either depending on the day of the week and overall mood of who was doing the gossiping.

The rowdy McCain twins had always been known for their love of women as much as for loving women together. In their teens they were the talk of the town, but the girls they had messed around with didn't seem to fare so well if their tryst became known. As they got older, the two of them made sure word didn't get out. That, however, was not an option with Tara. They intended to live as a couple would, completely out in the open. One thing was for certain though. No one would give her a hard time over it and if they did, there would be hell to pay.

Connor slept through the night curled next to Tara. When morning rolled around he woke Carson and they both ventured off to do their chores. They were going to have to get used to leaving her during the day without worrying nonstop whether she would be there when they got back home again. It was a task Connor knew he was having a hell of a time with so could only imagine what leaving her on a daily basis would do to Carson.

\* \* \* \* \*

The week went by at lightning speed, and before he knew it, it was time to get together with the family for dinner. Connor came traipsing through the door after having worked a shift at Raising Cain. Cash and Noelle were back in town and free for supper as were Cooper and Casey. Casey's daughter Autumn was visiting her father, however, and so wouldn't be able to make it to the family gathering. It had been a few weeks since Connor had seen his niece, and as a result, was missing her. She sure was a firebrand, just like her mother.

"Hey there, sexy."

Tara's voice broke into his thoughts. The dress she was wearing did more than that. Its pale yellow length ended mid-thigh and caught every bit of his attention. "You look gorgeous."

She smiled, showing her even white teeth. Teeth Connor knew could be sharp when provoked in a fit of arousal. He had the marks to prove it. "Thank you."

"Did Carson make it in yet?"

After morning feeding chores, Connor had taken off for town and a shift at the bar while Carson worked with their new mare.

"He's dressing now. Made me leave the room. Said something about needing to be on time." Her bottom lip jutted out in a mock pout. It was the twinkle in her eyes that spoke volumes.

Connor stalked Tara, taking a step forward for every step she took in retreat. It was as if he were the predator and she the prey. Their antics brought out a very primal side of him, one he was hard-pressed to control as he continued until her back was pressed up against the wall.

"Been teasing Carson with that sexy little body of yours, darlin'?" Connor spoke with deceptive calm when what he really wanted to do was fuck Tara into next week.

In a tremulous whisper she answered, "Maybe just a little."

He lifted her hands from where she'd placed them on his chest and kissed each palm. "Take off my boots and socks."

When Tara lowered herself to her knees, Connor had trouble not freeing his cock, grabbing her by the hair and burying himself balls-deep in her mouth. Once done, she stared up at him. Her pink tongue peeked out from between her lips to moisten them and she smiled. There was no coyness to her actions. The little minx knew exactly what she was doing to him and she was enjoying every minute of it.

"All done." She stared at the apex of his thighs. "Anything else you'd like me to do while I'm down here."



“Well, now that you’ve mentioned it. Why don’t you finish undressing me.”

She appeared so innocent in her pale yellow sundress and white sandals. Her hair was left hanging loose around her shoulders. Connor couldn’t help but wonder what frilly bits of lace she might have on beneath the dress.

“It would be my pleasure.”

If Connor wasn’t mistaken, a look of triumph quickly crossed Tara’s features before she had the chance to hide it. He was so going to enjoy her spirit. The feel of her hands on his waist heated his blood. Her fingers made quick work of his belt buckle and the buttons of his jeans. Soon they as well as his boxer briefs were around his ankles.

Tara licked and nibbled her way up his body starting with his upper thighs, her tongue trailing over his balls and finally up his shaft before she kissed its head. Once done there she stood then continued up his chest, paying special attention to each nipple before settling on one of his earlobes. She was just aching to be screwed silly. Connor could sense the tension coiled tight inside her body.

He collected her wrists in his hands then levered them behind her back before she had the chance to touch him any more. After transferring both of her wrists into the grip of one hand he lifted her skirt until her mound was covered by no more than the little wisp of lace he’d been wondering about.

“When we’re done here I want those panties gone.” For some reason the thought of her sex covered, thus not easily accessible didn’t set well with him. Connor wanted to be able to touch any time he damn well chose without the need to worry about her panties getting in the way, no matter how tiny or cute they happened to be.

“People will know.”

Connor pulled her so close she had no choice but to straddle the thigh he’d aimed her way. Her pussy was hot and wet against the bare flesh of his leg. “People who? And how would they know unless they made the very bad choice of touching what didn’t belong to them?”

She just stared up at him but gave no argument. "Good girl." Connor kissed her then. Their tastes mingled. Hers was sweet, his carnal. He wanted to sink deep into her body, first her pussy and then the tight confines of her ass while Carson took his place in her tight little cunt. He wanted to hear her beg, to see tears of joy and pleasure roll down her cheeks as she did so.

By the time he broke the kiss Tara was openly riding his thigh, hard up for an orgasm that was more than likely just out of reach. She whimpered so prettily as her lips once again sought his.

"That's it, sweetie, grind on my leg. Show us what a sexy little slut you are, our sexy slut." Carson had wandered into the room and was leaning against the wall, watching, taking in their every move.

"I see she got to you. Hard to resist, I know, but if we're going to be on time to meet up with everyone else, you might want to show a bit of control."

Tara was watching them but had yet to stop her assault of his leg. "I've got it under control. I'm not so sure she does though." When Connor placed his hands on Tara's hips, stilling her movements, she groaned.

"I don't want to stop yet. I was so close."

"You know, Carson. I think the little imp thought to use her gorgeous body against us, to make us late and possibly even forget about going into town. What do you think?"

Carson's smile was a sly one. "I think you're right. What should we do about it?"

"I know. How about letting me come or better yet, fucking me? That would be a really good place to start." Her voice trembled. She had been so close and yet not nearly close enough if her body movements and the sensuous sounds she had been making were any indication.

Connor looked at Tara, who was clinging to his leg for all she was worth. He shook her loose then swatted her ass hard. "I've taken care of the problem for now."

“Taken care of—”

Carson cut her off. “Turned things around, did ya?”

A tweak to her nipple through the fabric of her dress and bra brought a bit of a smile back to her mouth. “I figured she could go to dinner all hot and bothered. Spending the evening thinking of what might take place when we finally make it back home should be a good lesson in patience. And if nothing more, it will amuse me.”

“Why you—”

This time it was Connor who cut her off. “Don’t forget about the panties.” He eyed her up and down before adding, “Your bra too. If you’re in need of help, I’m sure Carson would be happy to oblige.”

Connor left the room on Tara’s pink-cheeked, open-mouthed glare. He was seriously in need of a cold shower.

## **Chapter Nine**

Carson wasn't so sure Connor was going to make it through the night in one piece. Tara looked fit to be tied, when she wasn't squirming in her chair. It seemed Connor was hell-bent on keeping her on the edge of orgasmic bliss without letting her actually get there. From the look on her face, Carson had no doubt Tara was thinking up ways in which to get back at his brother.

There was the possibility of it being one hell of an exciting night once they made it back home. First things first though. Right now the matter of Casey and her new boyfriend seemed to be taking precedence over what kind of sex might be going on once the three of them made it back to the ranch.

The man was huge even by McCain standards. He dwarfed Casey by a head and shoulders, and had to outweigh her by a hundred pounds easy. Right now their baby sister was glaring at any of them who asked a question that she deemed inappropriate.

Carson, like the rest of his brothers, was super protective of Casey. She was the only sister they had, but she was also a woman, one who had been married, so he was a bit more laid back than the others seemed to be.

"Why haven't we met Jared before now?" This question came from Cash, who was the oldest of the bunch.

The near-interrogation type of questioning was obviously souring her mood. "Because I wasn't ready for you to interrogate him just yet."

*Oh hell*, Carson thought as Tara giggled beside him. Connor, who was sitting on the opposite side of Tara, tightened the hold he had on her inner thigh, quieting her.

"Watch it, brat! You might be all grown up but that doesn't mean I still won't whip your ass." Cash was obviously not impressed by her answer.

"Not going to happen, man." The whole table grew deathly quiet at Jared's deep, gravely voice. "She's mine to take care of now, and if her ass needs whipping, it'll be by my hand."

"Wonderful. Just freaking wonderful!" Casey's exclamation could hardly be heard over the pandemonium Jared's words brought out at the table.

Cash's mouth was gaping open like a fish out of water. It was the first time Carson could remember seeing that particular look on his brother's face. Cooper, the youngest of the bunch, sat stock still, watching but said nothing. It was Connor who finally got things quieted down.

"Would everyone just shut the hell up! With all the yelling, half the town is going to know our business before morning." Connor looked around the half-full bar before turning to Jared. "I can't say I like the thought of you laying a hand on my sister."

Jared didn't so much as flinch, his gaze never wavering as he looked from one to the other of the McCain brothers. "Understandable, but if it is needed that will be the way of it. You all have done a wonderful job of raising and protecting her, but now she's mine to see to."

"And why the hell is that?" Carson was a bit worried things were going to get physical, and not in the hot and sexy kind of way.

"Because I love her just the same as the rest of you do."

Everyone seemed to be mulling Jared's words over except for Connor, who once again opened his mouth only to be cut off by Casey, who obviously had enough. She stood and leaned on the table, her anger aimed at Connor. "Stop the bullshit."

"Enough, girl."

"I love Jared and he loves —"

It was Jared's turn to seem irritated. Until now he'd appeared completely calm. His voice a warning growl, he cut Casey off midsentence. "I said enough."

If he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, Carson would not have believed it. Casey's demeanor completely changed. In a matter of seconds she did a complete one-eighty. He couldn't really tell from where he was sitting, but it almost sounded as if she murmured "yes sir" before taking her seat.

Everyone seemed to be trying to figure out what in the hell was going on when Cash's bark of laughter caught them all by surprise. "Well I'll be damned. Someone has finally tamed the brat."

Casey seemed outraged. Jared's arm went around her shoulders and Carson wasn't so sure it was due to wanting to hold her nearly as much as it was for Cash's safety. Other than kissing her on the nose, the man made no other move and within minutes the conversation had switched to more mundane things before finally settling on them just as Carson knew it would.

"So you finally decided to come back home and put my brother out of his misery."

"Brothers." The three of them spoke in unison and once again those sitting around the table fell silent. Carson grasped the hand Tara had planted in her lap and brought it to his mouth where he proceeded to place a gentle kiss on her white knuckles. Connor did the same thing with her other hand, and as quick as that their relationship was out in the open, no longer left for anyone to speculate over.

"Well it's about damn time." This time it was Cooper who spoke. His words drew all of their attention. It was very unlike him to comment, at least in a positive way. When it came to relationships, their youngest brother was usually a cynical bastard. Carson often wondered why, as he was sure the rest of the family had, but Cooper never seemed inclined to share the whys or hows of what happened to make him as unhappy as he always seemed to be.

The rest of their dinner was a jovial one with a lot of talking and laughing taking place. It was nearing time for them to head home when Tara excused herself to the restroom. She had been gone for far too long as far as Carson was concerned, and from the looks of it, Connor as well. With a silent look between them, they decided to go

check on her and were just pushing their chairs back from the table when a waitress frantically called for help from the back of the bar where the restrooms were located.

"You'll stay here," Carson heard Jared instruct Casey as he followed not only Connor and himself but Cash and Cooper as well.

He pushed himself through the small group of people with Connor right on his heels only to find Tara swinging her purse as if her life depended on it. Her target was curled up on the floor while attempting to cover his head from the repeated blows.

"You make me sick. Don't you ever try that again, do you hear me?" Tara was shouting so there was no doubt she was being heard.

"Tara baby." Connor voiced the words even as Carson stepped forward, nearly getting hit on a back swing.

Connor grabbed the strap of her purse, nearly toppling Tara backward in the process. Her face was flushed from exertion, her hair tousled around her face with damp tendrils clinging to her cheek. On that cheek was the print of a hand, and in that very instant, Carson wanted to kill.

Connor had evidently seen it at the same moment, however his hands were full of Tara, who was anything but calm. "He tried to take my purse." She repeated the sentence over and over as if she needed to give a reason for beating the daylights out of the man with her purse.

Her fear, compounded with the mark on her face, set Carson in motion, but before he could lay his hands on the sniveling bastard who was now standing on his own two feet, Cash stopped him.

"Let the police take care of him, Carson. He isn't worth your time."

The sound of police sirens didn't do anything to take care of Carson's anger. This man had touched Tara and was going to pay. The punch to the man's face and the crushing sound of bone grating did nothing to appease him in the least, but there wasn't much more he could do with the uniformed officers now swarming the place.

"What's your name?" One of the officers was addressing the man. He held a bar towel to his nose while glaring at Carson, who felt absolutely no remorse for decking the guy.

Carson and Connor were holding Tara, who was once again calm, if mad as a hornet.

"His name is Oliver Drysden."

Carson tightened his arm around her until it was nearly painful while Connor cursed a blue streak. "Why the hell didn't you say something sooner?"

"Say what sooner?" Damn they could be confusing as hell sometimes, Tara thought as she held a cloth-wrapped ice pack to her cheek.

"That this cock-sucker's name was Oliver." Connor motioned to Oliver while watching her.

Tara rolled her eyes as if the answer were obvious. "Because first I was busy beating his ass and then I was busy spazzing out." She couldn't help but shudder at the memory. Oliver might have been arrogant in his classy suits with his perfectly coifed hair but he had never seemed even remotely violent.

He'd evidently come in the back door then seemed almost surprised when she'd come out of the ladies' restroom, nearly bumping into him. He'd said no more than a few words when Tara cut him off, letting him know she wasn't the least bit interested. He'd begged to be taken back, whined even. Tara warned him off, telling him of Carson and Connor. His biting words hadn't stung nearly as much as his palm against her cheek. After hitting her, he went for her purse.

It was a mistake he would soon be sorry for. At the time Tara remembered being stunned by his blow, but anger had swiftly followed and more than anything, she wanted to hurt him in return.



She regaled the story to the police officers as calmly as she could manage while reveling in the comfort and support Carson and Connor both offered her. She felt no pity when Oliver was cuffed and escorted through the bar and out the front door.

"I can't imagine why he would try to steal my purse," Tara mused aloud on the drive home. "He knows firsthand I have nothing. Hell, he made sure of it."

"You'll have anything you need." Connor still sounded disgruntled. She couldn't help but smile as she snuggled beneath the arm he held around her while Carson drove with one hand on her knee.

"I know and I thank you, both of you, but that still doesn't answer the question on why he would try to steal my purse."

They discussed the possibilities for a few more minutes, but then things got a bit heated and all thoughts of Oliver and his motives were lost. Connor stroked her breasts through the fabric of her dress and smiled at the lack of a bra to contend with.

"I like."

In the meantime, Carson's fingers had traveled up her thigh and where parting her pussy lips in search of her clit.

"Mmm, me too."

Tara giggled, evidently Connor had known exactly what he'd been doing when he instructed her to lose her bra and panties.

"Oh God. Me three." She closed her eyes and tilted her head back, enjoying the feel of their hands on her, fingers in her.

The rest of the drive home was spent being brought to the brink over and over again but not quite ever getting there. Connor made sure her nipples were berry red and sore to the touch, which, surprising as it was, made her even hotter, and from the words of praise from Carson, wetter as well.

"Please, oh please!" Her body thrummed with life, pleaded for release, ached to be filled. Overfilled by the two men she loved.

"I can't wait either, baby. Can't wait to taste you, to slip more than my fingers inside you." Carson spoke as he pulled his fingers from her pussy. "Taste."

Without thought to balk, Tara opened her mouth. Carson's fingers slipped between her lips and teeth to lie thick on her tongue. The taste of her own essence was very different from Carson's but not bad. The heated look in his eyes thrilled her beyond belief. He turned his gaze back to the road. How he could drive and torture her at the same time was beyond comprehending, but he seemed to be managing perfectly.

"I've got a surprise for you when we get back to the house." Connor's heated breath feathered across her shoulder as he spoke.

Tara couldn't help but chuckle. "I bet you do."

"Brat!" They said the word in unison, causing her to laugh even more.

"What kind of a surprise?"

Connor's eyes crinkled at the corners. She'd come to know the look. It was one of mischief. "It wouldn't be a surprise if I told you what it was."

Tara wanted to insist, to argue and cajole the information out of him, but the feel of his fingers fiercely squeezing her nipple tore a gasp from her throat and made her forget all about their conversation.

Not bothering to loosen his grip on her aroused flesh, Connor tugged, causing Tara to arch her back. Sharp pain and wild pleasure coursed through her body, and for a brief second she thought she was going to come. The sensations bombarding her were intense. They fought to outdo one another and Tara wasn't sure whether she liked it or not. One thing was for certain though, her body loved every second of it. The whimpers and moans were hers. Unable to hold them back or the reactions of her body, Tara went with it. She shivered and hissed when it became too much, but instead of releasing her or at least loosening his grip, Connor commanded her to look at him.

She did as asked. His gaze was dark and unfathomable, locking her in place, compelling her to take what he offered. "Breathe. Don't fight it, baby. Give in. Give it to me."

Tears burned the back of her eyes but did not fall. Connor's green eyes seemed like endless pools, drawing her in deeper and deeper, and soon the pain no longer existed, only satisfaction. Insurmountable pleasure cascading over every nerve, every pore, every follicle. It was more than an orgasm. So much more. It was a connection she couldn't deny even if she wanted too.

"Fuck." Connor released her nipple then pressed his palm flat against her breast. He swallowed her cry of pain with a kiss that made her want to claw the clothes from his body and slide down on his shaft until they were joined as deeply as possible. The only thing that could make the scene any better was if Carson wasn't driving and was instead able to join in.

"We're almost there."

Tara turned to look at Carson, who had just spoken and was watching them, probably more than was safe considering he was the one driving. His eyes were also green. A lot like Connor's, only not exactly. Right now they were wide, his pupils dilated, nearly swallowing the color. "You look fucking hot when you're in pain. Your back arched, head all thrown back, hair wild around your shoulders. So fucking hot." He grabbed her hand then. Tara's eyes went straight to his groin where the length of his arousal pressed against the button fly of his jeans. Instead of pressing her hand there as she thought he would, he lifted it to the left side of his chest. His heart. "Feel what you do to me, Tara? What you've always done to me."

There was no anger to his words or the look he cast her way. He'd somehow managed to forgive her for leaving, and even more importantly, he seemed to trust her with his emotions.

Tara kept her hand flat on his chest, reveling in the feel of his heart beating steadily against her palm. The fingers of her other hand were entwined with Connor's. A lump formed in her throat and her pulse skyrocketed. Not because she was any more aroused than she'd been throughout the rest of the day, but because she finally realized just how much she loved these two men and now felt the overwhelming urge to tell them so.

Carson pulled the truck into his usual parking spot near the rear of the house. By the time he'd come to a complete stop, Tara had made her mind up. Swallowing convulsively, she squeezed Connor's hand tight while looking at Carson. This time she was unable to stop the tears that had threatened earlier.

"I love you. Both of you." She looked from one to the other and back again, trying to gauge their reactions. The darkness in the cab of the truck made it impossible, but the feel of Carson's hand on her cheek and Connor's squeezing hers in return prompted her to finish what she had to say. "I was afraid before. Who am I kidding, I still am." Her laugh was watery with tears.

They both came at her then, placing gentle kisses on her cheeks. "We love you too, baby."

"Always have," Carson added.

"Always will," they said in unison.

They didn't linger long before heading to the house. It had been an emotional roller coaster of a day. Meeting up with the whole McCain family had nearly drained her, and what was left had been taken care of by Oliver's untimely arrival. Now more than anything, she just wanted to bask in the love and safety and uninhibited sex of her two men.

Something caught Connor's attention before they made it all the way to the back door. The light was out. It could very well be that the light bulb had burned out, but something told him that wasn't the case. The hair on the back of his neck stood on end in warning. It was a sensation he never ignored and didn't plan on doing now.

Carson must have also noticed something. "Take the keys and go back to the truck. Lock the door once you're inside." His brother's tone brooked no argument but that didn't mean Tara wasn't going to do so.

"What? Why?"

Connor turned a black look her way. "Now." Tara backed up as if she'd been slapped but slowly did as she was told.

"I want one of us to stay within shouting distance of the truck. I don't want Tara out here alone."

Carson nodded in understanding as they headed toward the back door. The sound of glass crunching beneath Connor's boot explained why the light was out. The back door was slightly open. Scarring around the frame showed it had been pried open. He turned to Carson but his brother was already on the phone with the police.

Not willing to wait the length of time it would take for the police to make the drive from town, Connor pushed the door the rest of the way open with the tip of his boot, making sure not to touch anything. Once inside, he slowly made his way through the mud room before skirting around the mess of keys lying on the kitchen floor to check out the rest of the house.

Every room seemed to be in order with the exception of the room where Tara still kept the majority of her belongings. It had been ransacked, each drawer pulled free from the bureau, its contents dumped on the floor. When Connor was sure no one was still inside the house, he made his way back through the kitchen and mud room to the back door where Carson was waiting. By the time he arrived the police were just pulling into the driveway.

With backup there, Tara must have felt it was safe to leave the confines of the truck. She made her way to where Connor and Carson stood.

"What's wrong?" Tara asked, fear written clearly across every feature of her face.

"Besides the fact you're not in the truck where you're supposed to be?"

She lifted her pert chin then turned her attention to Carson, who leaned in and kissed her. "Not a good idea to antagonize him when he's worried, baby."

A look of dawning crossed her face. Turning back to Connor she half smiled. "I'm sorry but I was worried too."

That he could understand, but it still didn't change the fact she didn't know how to listen for shit. It was something they were going to have to work on. He opened his mouth to say as much only to be interrupted by one of the officers.

"Miss Sanders. It appears other than your room the only thing to have been disturbed was the key rack hanging not far from the back door. Do you think this could have anything to do with the confrontation at Raising Cain earlier tonight?"

Connor watched as the color drained from her face. He wished like hell she didn't have to go through any of this.

"Someone went through my stuff?"

"It appears that way, ma'am. If you could follow me into the house, I'd like for you to look things over and see if it seems like anything is missing."

"Yeah, sure," she answered, although she sounded anything but.

It only took a minute for her to do as asked. It wasn't until Connor watched her sort through her things that he realized how little she actually had. Although neat, her clothes weren't expensive or plentiful and she had almost no jewelry or trinkets. He planned to see that situation rectified. If there was a woman who deserved more, it was Tara.

While an officer dusted for fingerprints, the rest of them headed to the kitchen where coffee was being poured. They sat at the table where Tara proceeded to be asked numerous questions.

Carson was behind her, a hand on her shoulder. "Sweetie, where are your keys?" As soon as his brother asked the question Connor knew where he was going with it.

"In my purse. Why?"

Connor nudged her purse toward her. "Check them and see if there's something on there that doesn't look familiar to you."

Her eyes lit up in understanding as she rummaged through her purse to find the monstrous mess of keys. "Here they are." Snickers of mirth filled the room as she

displayed her collection of key chains. It was any wonder she could actually find a key in that jumble of colorful plastic.

One thing Connor hadn't noticed before was that although there was a lot there, not many of them were keys. It took her only a few seconds to find what they were looking for and when she did, a look of self-loath filled her eyes.

"That bastard put a key on my ring and I didn't even know it." She looked at Connor and then up to where Carson still stood behind her. "How could I not know it?" The last was added in almost an absentminded fashion. It was a rhetorical question but one he felt the need to answer anyway.

"Why would you know, darlin'? That was why he did it, it's nothing on you."

The look in her eyes went from self-loath to anger. "I couldn't figure out why Oliver would want to steal my purse. Now I know. This looks like a key to a safety deposit box, right?" She looked at the key and then back up to the both of them. "I had wondered where Oliver hid the money he stole. I guess now I know. I hope the bastard rots in jail."

She took the key off its ring and handed it to the police officer sitting closest to her. He read whatever was written on the key and made note of it in the book he'd been writing in. "Well, folks, if you're comfortable in thinking this was the doing of that Oliver fellow we picked up earlier tonight, then we'll head out."

"I have no doubt it was but would appreciate if you guys would do a drive-by or two over the next couple of days. At least until he can be questioned and we know for sure." Connor wasn't willing to take any chances, and until they did know for sure, there was no way in hell Tara would be spending any time home alone.

"Not a problem." They shook hands and within minutes the room was cleared of everyone but the three of them.

Carson leaned over her shoulder to kiss the side of her neck. "I'm proud of you, baby."

She looked up at him, obviously confused. "For what? If anything you should be angry. Because of me someone broke into your home."

Connor closed and locked the door then joined them. Pulling a chair close, he sat right beside Tara. "We're proud because you are a strong woman who did what was needed and when the going got tough, you kicked ass."

Tara didn't look so sure. When she opened her mouth, a look of doubt plastered across her face, Connor tweaked a sensitive nipple. "No arguing."

Carson smiled at her gasp. "Now," he purred, "where were we?"



## **Chapter Ten**

Carson knew right where he wanted to be and that was between Tara's widely parted thighs, first his face and then his cock. He wanted to touch her everywhere with his fingers, tongue, teeth and most certainly, his cock. Her skin was soft and pale and he couldn't wait to feel it beneath his fingers again.

The smile Tara turned on them had a spark of eroticism. "You said something about a surprise?"

Connor chuckled. "I sure did. I'll be right back." He went to leave the kitchen but before doing so turned and added, "Go ahead and lose the clothes."

"Ri-Right now? Here?" The look on her face was priceless. Her brown eyes shone with hesitation and yet her breathing escalated until it was faintly audible. Connor's bossiness had the ability to turn her on in seconds, Carson loved watching the interaction as it happened.

Carson took it upon himself to help out. He knew what Connor's surprise was and his cock was rock-hard just thinking about it. "Yes, right now and right here. I'll help." He was more than happy to assist. It meant getting his hands on her again, preparing her for what they had waited so long to experience.

It was a very easy task as far as clothing removal went. Other than her sandals and sundress, Tara wore nothing else. Carson took his time lowering the zipper, showing inch after tanned inch of her back. He kissed the silky smoothness as it was revealed, nibbling and biting here and there while Tara gasped in what he hoped was delight. By the time Connor made it back to the kitchen, they were both panting with arousal and severely in need of more.

Tara eyed the package Connor held in his hand. "Ohh. What is it?" Her excitement was palpable and contagious, causing him to chuckle.

"Go ahead and look." Connor passed the discreetly wrapped package to her. While they both watched she tore into it with relish. It was obvious when she actually got to the contents held by the small box. Her cheeks turned the prettiest shade of pink and her jaw dropped open. For a minute Carson thought she wasn't going to say anything. He should have known better. Tara was as sassy as just about any women he'd ever had the pleasure of knowing and seemed to be even stronger and more outspoken since her return.

She held up the blue sparkly object still encased in its plastic packaging. "You bought me a butt plug?" Her tone was unsure yet inquisitive.

Carson couldn't tell whether she thought it was a good thing or not, but her reaction was definitely amusing. "I believe there's more."

Tara set the box on the kitchen table. She almost looked afraid to dig into it again. Her eyes had a burning, far-away look to them. Her nipples were pebbled, her arousal obvious. "I'm almost afraid to look."

Carson chuckled. "Go ahead, baby. I'm sure you'll like what Connor has picked out for you."

"And if not, it doesn't really matter because I like them and I'll be using them on you whenever I'm in the mood." Carson's ever-arrogant brother deemed fit to add, earning a raised brow from Tara. She was pawing her way through the box, too intrigued by what she would find to allow a little fear of the unknown or Connor's words stop her.

"I guess this goes with the plug," she said, lifting a bottle of lube to show them. There was a crooked smile curving her lips, showing just the tips of straight white teeth. She snorted in laughter as she turned her attention back to the box.

"Your plug, our cocks. Either way works for me." Her blush deepened at Carson's teasing.

Her eyes grew large when she pulled the next items from the box. A small whimper left her slightly parted lips. As pretty as the sight and sound were, it was the way her eyes all but glowed that drew Carson closer.

"After the way Connor worked your nipples over on the drive home, I'm sure you'll love these." He stroked the length of chain between the nipple clamps Tara held in her hand.

"And these?" The question escaped on a croak that sounded nothing at all like her sultry voice.

Connor moved in closer until his body was plastered to her nude side. His brother rubbed Tara's ass then squeezed its rounded flesh. "This," he ran a finger along the wooden paddle, "is to turn your ass the same pretty shade of pink your cheeks are right now. And these..." this time he pulled the object from her lax fingers, "are to keep you right where we want you. How about we give them a try now?"

Carson knew it was a question his brother didn't actually expect an answer to. Tara's body visibly trembled. Connor leaned in and kissed her deeply. Carson knew firsthand what it was Connor was experiencing. Tara tasted like woman and warmth, and would soon have his twin hard as a rock if he wasn't already. When Connor pulled away, it was with her bottom lip held tight between his teeth, giving her no choice but to take a step forward. "Trust us?" he whispered against her lips after releasing her.

"With my life."

Her answer pleased Carson immensely. And from the look on Connor's face, he felt exactly the same.

"Good girl." The minute Connor instructed Tara to lose her clothes right in the center of the kitchen, Carson's mind had begun working overtime. "Turn around and lean over the table."

A satisfied light came into Connor's eyes when Carson's plans became clear. When Tara did as told, Connor moved in behind her. Carson watched as Connor raked his

nails up her thighs then cuffed her hands together at the small of her back. The submissive pose had his already hard shaft leaping to life even more.

“Are you ready to feel the plug in your ass, baby,” Carson asked as he generously lubed the new toy. The thought of filling her ass with the toy made sweat bead on his upper lip. The plug’s contoured head would open her slowly at first and then gradually more and more until it was seated deep inside her.

“Oh God.” Her moan echoed in the room. It was hard to tell if it was in answer to his question or due to the fact three of Connor’s fingers were buried to the hilt in her pussy. From the sounds his penetration of her made, Tara was sopping wet already. Her scent filled Carson’s nostrils as he moved closer.

When he was finished preparing the plug for Tara’s ass, his brother stepped aside, though he kept his fingers buried deep within her. Carson moved in close, spreading her thighs so he could step between them. The view he had from his vantage point was about as erotic as he’d ever seen. She was bent at the waist over the hard wood surface of the kitchen table, her hands held fast by metal cuffs. She clenched and unclenched her fingers.

Her pussy was stretched around Connor’s fingers, creamy with arousal and already red and swollen from use. It was her ass he wanted though. The little star beckoned him, promising delights of untold proportions if only they could make it good for her.

Carson set the plug on the table then leaned down with a hand on each cheek, spreading her for their viewing pleasure. She made a strangled sound, which quickly changed when Connor picked up the pace of the fingers fucking her pussy.

The position she was in made it hard for Tara to keep her feet on the floor and was embarrassing but felt so damn good it was no use fighting it. And the waiting was killing her. Connor was pumping her pussy with his fingers, rubbing her clit every now and then, just enough to drive her insane, but Carson was taking forever, probably on purpose.

He'd shown her the plug glistening with lube, ready for her ass. Coming in close, he'd touched her, talking in his low and sexy voice, but she had yet to feel the toy's tapered width stretching her. Looking back over her shoulder, Tara pleaded with her eyes for him to hurry.

Her body bucked against the table when the length of a single lube-slicked finger probed the tight ring of muscle surrounding her anus. It was explosive, intense. Words of encouragement were murmured as she grunted through the sensations coursing through her.

When Carson added a second finger then proceeded to scissor them, the air whooshed from her lungs. It burned, an ache that wasn't quite pain. With Connor's fingers in her pussy and Carson's stretching her ass, she felt fuller than ever before. The thought of both of them watching her, touching her, their hands so close together while inside her, made Tara dizzy with excitement.

They pumped into her, touching her with their free hands while talking dirty to her. It was nearly more than she could handle. She felt every movement of their work-roughened hands as they slid across her overly sensitive flesh. "Carson's going to put that nice little plug in your ass and then we're going to take turns fucking your pussy."

The pussy in question clamped down on Connor's fingers, the thought was so damn hot, so naughty she couldn't wait. "Oh yes. Please."

"I think our little slut likes that idea." Connor's voice was rich with arousal. Tara turned again to watch them over her shoulder but couldn't remain that way for long. Her muscles were starting to protest the position her arms were cuffed in, but she didn't want to ruin the mood by saying anything.

They pulled their fingers from her at the same time, wrenching a moan from her parched lips. The emptiness made her feel bereft. She so wanted to be filled with them, connected to them in a way more physical than anything she'd experienced ever before.

Carson leaned in close, and as he spoke to her, Tara felt the plug start to invade her. "And once your ass is nice and stretched we're going to finally fuck you at the same time. Are you ready for it, darlin', for the both of us?"

Tara lifted her head so she could get closer to Carson. She wanted a kiss, needed to feel his lips against hers. He must have understood her need for reassurance because he didn't hesitate to take her mouth against his own. He was warm, his taste all man. He sucked her tongue into his mouth as if savoring everything she had to give. She was battling sensory overload when he finally ended the kiss.

Looking back at Carson, who had asked the questions, she smiled a bit dazed. "Yes, now please."

He returned her smile with one of his own. "Not yet, darlin'. But soon. Right now we're going to take these cuffs off and move the party into the bedroom where everyone will be more comfortable.

"How does that sound," Carson asked, helping her up off the table.

"If it means someone is going to fuck me, it sounds real good." God did she ever want it. Her body was hungry, needed to be filled, needed release. She'd been kept on edge all damn day. If someone didn't get her off and soon they were going to have problems.

Carson chuckled from behind her, his hands rubbing her achy shoulders vigorously. "Is that right?" It wasn't until Connor stood in front of her, a hand tangled in her hair, his mouth curving at the corners that Tara realized she'd spoken the words aloud.

Using her hair as leverage, Connor angled her head to kiss her. It wasn't a slow and sultry kiss like she'd just shared with Carson. No, this was the taking of her mouth, a sheer exchange of power that left her little choice but to hang on for the ride.

"You'll come when I'm ready for you to come and as many times as I want to see your face wreathed in ecstasy." He bit the shell of her ear then, his breath hot against her. It was a sensation that had little to do with pleasure and for some reason still had

the ability to make her shiver with delight. "You'll beg when I want you to beg and scream in pleasure when it amuses me. Until then you'll take every bit of what we dish out, isn't that right, darlin'?"

The look in his eyes was wicked, carnal in a way that was frightening. Connor's words coiled through every atom of her being and made Tara weak at the knees. He meant every word he said. She would come when he saw fit to allow it and in the meantime experience nothing but sheer erotic bliss at their hands.

"Fuck. Yesss." The words escaped on a hiss. The plug still lodged inside her shifted with her every movement.

"Good girl. Now lead the way." Connor motioned her ahead of them with a swat to her ass.

Tara felt a blush creep up her face. She was nude with the plug lodged deep and they were both still completely dressed. She turned to comment on the situation but decided against it when she met with Connor's sharp, assessing gaze. Carson had grabbed the rest of her surprises off the table and was catching up to them, a heated look in his eyes.

Once inside the room all bets were off. Connor wanted her so bad his body shook with the need. It was obvious Carson felt the same. The minute they walked through the door his brother began peeling the clothes from his body. Connor was more than happy to follow his lead.

Completely nude, he reached for the nipple clamps Carson had placed on the bed along with several condoms and a towel. The small wooden paddle had mysteriously disappeared, which Connor found highly amusing. He approached Tara, gauging her reaction, enjoying the way her chest heaved with each shallow breath she took. Her skin was cool to the touch. The chill in the air caused her nipples to pebble, which was perfect for what he had in mind.

Her eyes were big in her face. Was it excitement, fear or perhaps a combination of both that made her gaze so wide, Connor couldn't help but wonder.

"I've always wanted to try clamps." Her tone was shy.

Connor smiled when Carson answered, "Well, then today is your lucky day, baby."

She exhaled on a hiss when Connor applied the first one. The second made her gasp. When he played with the protruding flesh of her nipples between the pinchers of the clamps, she cried out. It was a sound Connor would never tire of.

With the clamps fastened tight to her flesh, Tara had no choice but to follow when Connor grasped the connecting chain. He led her to the bed then released the chain before giving her a gentle push onto its surface. He positioned her so that she lay on her back with her head dangling over the edge of the mattress then stood above her, leaving no doubt as to what he wanted.

Her breath was hot against his swollen flesh, her tongue wet. The feel of her mouth licking and sucking made his balls pull tight and Connor had a feeling the night was going to start off with a bang and then slow down, not the other way around.

Carson watched them for a minute, his eyes gleaming with heat before he climbed onto the bed and positioned himself between her thighs. Tara released a soft whimper when she heard the foil condom packet being torn open. When Carson positioned himself at her opening, she lifted her hips in invitation.

Usually his brother was a man who liked to love slow, so Connor was a bit surprised when Carson sank his entire length into Tara's wet cunt in a single swift lunge that left them all panting for air.

Her grunts and groans vibrated against his cock, bringing him even closer to the edge. When she relaxed her throat and took him all the way in, Connor thought he would spontaneously combust. The muscles of her throat rippled around the head of his cock, milking him, sending wave after wave of sensation running up his spine.



She released him with a gasp, her eyes watered and a bit of drool ran back along her cheek. He knew it was a look most women didn't find attractive, but it was one that turned him on in a way little else had the ability to.

"I wanted this to last longer, darlin'." Connor backed up then leaned down to cradle her head in his hands, kissing her lips, tasting himself just as he'd made her taste herself in the truck on the trip home. "I'm afraid that isn't going to happen this time though. Your mouth is just too fucking hot. If you keep that up, I'm going to come in your mouth when what I really want to do is bury myself in your pretty little ass."

"Now please." She sounded drunk, her words nearly incoherent. Things had gotten to a point where logic played no role and the physical took over. Her body craved them, their touch and she would do nearly anything to get what she wanted. Those were circumstances Connor could work with. It left him and Carson in control, which was right where he preferred to be.

Connor handed Carson the towel off the nightstand. His twin stopped the slow, rhythmic shafting of Tara's cream-slicked pussy to grab it. In the meantime Connor was donning a condom himself.

He situated himself so his head and shoulders were propped by pillows in the center of the bed. "Come here, darlin'."

She crawled across the bed to him on all fours, looking like a goddess in heat. When she got within touching distance, she nuzzled his latex-covered cock with her cheek. "Stay just like that." She was a sight for sore eyes with her hips raised invitingly in the air.

Connor removed the clamps at the same time Carson removed the plug, and that quick, she came. Tara growled deep in her throat as the widest part of the plug stretched her convulsing ass then screamed as the blood rushed back into her nipples. The sound of a lube bottle being uncapped told Connor that Carson was coating his cock in preparation. Tara's entire body tensed one last time before she released a huff of

breath and began to relax. At that moment Connor wished like hell he'd had a better view of her face. He couldn't even begin to imagine how beautiful she'd looked.

Carson passed him the bottle of lube as he continued to idly finger her ass. Connor spread a generous amount on his turgid, latex-covered shaft before recapping the bottle and handing it back. He couldn't wait until her body was accustomed to him, to them and they could take her without the time involved on so much preparation. He could imagine nothing better than throwing her facedown onto the bed and taking her ass anytime he chose, day or night. Those thoughts were going to get him nowhere right this second though. Right now she needed the patience he seemed to be running low on.

"Come up here and sit on my cock." Connor guided Tara until she was facing away from him. He wanted to watch as her ass opened for his length. "Nice and slow, darling. Nice and slow." He guided his cock to her little pucker. She was tight and slick with a combination of her juices and lube.

Erotic sounds left Tara's lips. They rang though the room, becoming more intense with every inch of him her body accepted. "Such a good girl." Connor spread her cheeks wide, making sure to run his fingertips along the tightly stretched skin. She was so fucking beautiful.

Her pale flesh overfilled his hands. She had one of the best asses he'd ever seen on a woman and it felt even better than it looked. He alternated between hard squeezes and light smacks until the creamy-smooth flesh had a slight blush to it. When she'd taken all of him, her cheeks nestled tight against his groin, she stilled, her breath coming in short bursts.

It was hard not to rush, to allow her the time she needed to get used to the sensations when what he really wanted to do was surge up into her then pull out almost completely before doing so again and again. When she finally moved, slowly at first as if testing how it would feel, Connor thought he might die from the pleasure.

Within minutes she'd gone from short thrusts of movement, gripping him tight, to the slow and steady rhythm of sliding up and down, impaling herself on his cock.

Carson moved between Connor's thighs bringing him closer to Tara. He couldn't see what his brother was doing, but from the way her ass was swaying, Carson must be playing with her nipples. They were more than likely very sensitive due to the clamps she'd worn. With a hand on her waist Connor continued to guide her up and down.

"Oh fuck. Yeah, just like that, darlin'." Her whimpers were high-pitched but barely audible. He wasn't sure if she was trying to be quiet, but if he had anything to say about it she would be screaming their names soon enough.

It seemed to take forever before she picked up the pace, his cock buried to the hilt inside the vise-grip tightness of her ass each time. Connor could feel her every move, every ripple of muscle as she struggled to accommodate his size, sweating and panting, pumping up and down on his shaft as her ass squeezed his length with vigor.

Connor stilled her movements when he wrapped his arms around her waist. "Lie back on me now, darlin'. It's time for Carson to fill your tight pussy."

"Oh God. I'm not... I don't... Oh please hurry!" Connor nearly chuckled at Tara's inability to finish a sentence but decided against it when he realized he was in pretty much the same boat. She felt so damn good.

"I can hardly wait, baby. The three of us together is something I've dreamed of for years," Carson said, kissing her hotly then dipping a couple of fingers into her tight sheath. Tara moaned. The sensation of Carson's fingers rubbing along the thin membrane separating her pussy and ass, making her even tighter than she already was, was damn near too much for Connor.

"God damn! You'd better hurry, man. She's so fucking tight I'm not going to last long once you get inside her."

His brother smiled then winked at Tara. "You hear that? You're so tight my poor brother can't control himself."

Connor hooked his feet inside Tara's calves then levered them out until her thighs were spread wide. "Please, Carson. Oh please hurry!"

Her ass was rippling around his cock, ready and willing. Just like him she would soon be catapulted into the abyss.

Carson positioned himself then began a slow and steady push home. Tara moaned, whatever words she was attempting, made no sense. Her hands clawed at them in turn. When she wasn't grasping his arm, she was pulling at Carson, trying to drag him closer.

"Slow down, baby."

"No slow. No slow. Just fuck me. Please! Fuck me hard." She seemed to have found her voice. Not only had she managed to string more than two words together but she'd found the right ones.

As they had done many times in the past, Carson and Connor began fucking the same woman. Only this time the woman was theirs, theirs to love, to protect and to keep. It made all the difference in the world.

The room filled with the sounds of flesh on flesh, slick and hot and willing. The scent of their arousal lay heavy in the still air, but more than anything Connor noticed Tara's erotic pleas. Her voice quivered with emotion as she begged. She begged for release, and as a climax of monumental proportions overtook the three of them, she screamed their names just the way he'd dreamed she would.

## **Chapter Eleven**

The encounter had been intense, more so than Tara had imagined in all of her fantasizing about being with the wild McCain twins. She couldn't help but chuckle at the thought as they lay there, their limbs entwined, sated and happy. Carson faced her, caressing her hip while Connor held her close, her back spooned to his front. "What are you thinking about?" Carson's gaze assessed her. It was almost as if he could see right through into her heart.

She turned onto her back so she could see both of them. "I was thinking how much I love you both and how stupid I was not to realize before that I have enough love for two."

Carson smiled at her as Connor leaned over and kissed her cheek. His voice was full of emotion when he said, "We've waited a long time to hear you say those words."

"A wait that was more than worth it." Tara didn't think Carson had stopped smiling yet. It was a look she hoped to put on his face often.

A peaceful quiet settled over the room. It was comfortable and not forced. The animosity, fear and bitterness that had once kept them all on edge no longer had a foothold in their lives. Now was a time for happiness and joy, and most of all love. It was something Tara wished everyone could enjoy. That thought brought something to the forefront of her mind.

Wriggling out from beneath their holds, Tara moved so she could recline against the headboard then asked, "So what do you think about Jared?"

"I don't," Connor grumbled the words, sounding completely disgruntled.

Tara wasn't sure if he sounded so crabby because she was no longer spooned against his wonderfully naked body or due to the subject. "You don't think about him? Why not?"

Remembering the way Connor and Carson both watched Jared at dinner told otherwise, but she couldn't help but ask the question.

Connor sighed heavily before sitting up himself. "You are certainly full of questions, aren't you, darlin'?" He didn't wait for her to answer before adding, "The first thing I think about Jared is that you have no business thinking about him when you're in bed with the two of us. Especially when you have that freshly fucked look still on your face."

Tara chuckled. No wonder he sounded so disgruntled. "No worries there. Even when the freshly fucked face goes away the freshly fucked feeling will linger on. I swear I'll be walking bowlegged for days."

Tara's words seemed to ease the tension now radiating from Connor only slightly and even that didn't last long. His gaze narrowed, tiny lines radiating outward from the corners of his eyes. "I'm not so sure I like Jared."

"But you don't dislike him?"

"He's a big guy and he bosses Casey around." It was Carson's turn to add in his thoughts on the matter.

"He is rather large, that's for sure," she agreed then couldn't help but laugh. "For most of my life I've heard about how much Casey needed a keeper. Now it looks like she might just have one and you two are all but hurt over it." Tara shook her head. It was a pretty comical situation in her opinion.

"I'm saving judgment for now. I don't know anything about the man."

"Same here." Carson got a speculative look in his eye. "We're going to have to spend some time with him. Get to know him. Find out what he does for a living then decide whether he's good enough for Casey or not."

Tara was sure her mouth was gaping open. These two were acting like a couple of Neanderthals. "Like Casey is going to give a crap what you think. You know how stubborn she is once she's made her mind up about something and it's obvious she's

made her mind up about Jared, who just happens to be a roughneck on one of the local rigs."

"He looks the type."

"How the hell do you know that?"

It amazed Tara how sometimes they were so alike and other times they were at opposite ends of the spectrum. She ignored Carson's musing, deciding instead to answer Connor's outburst. Then she needed to do something to get their minds back off the subject of Casey and Jared and back on to them.

Killing two birds with one stone, she scooted down on the bed, which brought her in the perfect position to rest her head on Connor's lap while Carson took advantage and nestled in close behind her. "Casey told me."

Carson's cock grew against her ass, hard and firm, insistent. Tara wasn't so sure she could take either one of them there again so soon but there were many other things they could do to have fun and she planned to explore every single one of them. First thought, she was going to get Connor's mind back in the game. If that meant sex, Tara was more than willing to take one for the team. She licked her lips at the mere thought. This loving two stuff was going to make for one hell of an interesting future.

## About the Author

Maggie Casper's life could be called many things but boring isn't one of them. If asked, Maggie would tell you that blessed would more aptly describe her everyday existence.

Marrying young and being loved by a great husband and four gorgeous daughters should be enough to make anybody feel blessed. Add to that a bit of challenge, a lot of fun and an undeniably close circle of friends and family and you'd be walking in her shoes.

Speaking of challenges and fun, when not writing, Maggie's alter ego spends her time fighting fires and treating patients as a Lieutenant and Advanced Emergency Medical Technician with the local fire department. These awesome people are like her second family, no picking and choosing, they're just stuck with her.

A love of reading was passed on by Maggie's mother at a very early age, and so began her addiction to romance novels. Maggie admits to writing some in high school but when life got in the way, she put her pen and paper up. Seems that things changed over the years because when she finally decided it was time to put her story ideas on paper, the pen was out and the computer was in. Took her a while to catch up but she finally made it.

When not writing, Maggie can usually be found reading, doing genealogy research or watching NASCAR.

Maggie welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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