



Loose Id

— INDIA MASTERS —  
**YELLOWSTONE**  
*Wild*

# **Yellowstone Wild**

India Masters



## **Yellowstone Wild**

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ISBN 978-1-60737-421-3

Available in PDF, HTML, Microsoft Reader, and Mobi

Editor: Sherri Lynn

Cover Artist: Marci Gass

Printed in the United States of America

**Loose Id.**

Published by

Loose Id LLC

870 Market St, Suite 1201

San Francisco CA 94102-2907

[www.loose-id.com](http://www.loose-id.com)

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## About this Title

Genre: Erotic Contemporary Ménage

*Libby Wild is a world famous photographer, working for an upscale travel magazine and living the good life. A firm believer in the credo, "You can never go home again," she's horrified when she's assigned to do just that, go home to Wyoming and do a photo spread on Yellowstone National Park.*

*Identical twins Bodie and Ty Cade lived with a secret shame that prompted them to torment camera toting Libby Wild all throughout high school. Ten years later, feeling guilty over their treatment of her, they want to make it up the best way they know how: by giving her more pleasure than any woman has ever experienced.*

*But Libby's not interested, or so she says. Fortunately for them, Libby's body says different. It's not hard to manipulate her situation to their advantage and convince her to accept them as backcountry guides. And, if the twins have their way, they'll show her that Yellowstone's scenery isn't the only thing that will leave her breathless.*

*Publisher's Note: This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable: Anal play/intercourse, Domination/submission, ménage (m/f/m, twin brothers sharing partner), spanking.*

## **Prologue**

*June*

Elizabeth Wild brushed away an imaginary piece of lint from her expensive silk-blend trousers and folded her hands in her lap. She leveled her gaze at her boss, Marcus Levine.

"You want me to do what?" Her perfectly composed expression hid the sudden rush of white noise in her head, the heavy thud of her heart, as she struggled to believe she'd misunderstood what Marcus was telling her.

"Now, Libby," he said, using the nickname her father had given her. He interlocked his fingers and leaned forward on his elbows, his usual lecture pose. "You know times are tough. People simply aren't spending the money on exotic-location travel. We've received thousands of requests for more moderately priced travel options within the United States, and since you're from the West, the team thought you'd bring a unique perspective to the piece. Besides, Yellowstone is close to your home. You could spend some time with your sister. Think of it as a paid vacation."

"If Alex and I wanted to spend time together, I would have gone home on vacation a long time ago. Besides, my entire job is a paid vacation. Why would I want to go and spend time in a place I couldn't wait to escape from?"

Her boss frowned and uttered a long-suffering sigh.

“How about because that's what you've been assigned to do?”

Home? He wanted her to go back to a place where her primary life experiences had been grueling labor and unrelenting mockery? Was he nuts? “What happens if I decide not to take the assignment?”

Marcus's frown was genuine this time. “Then you're back to freelancing status, and with times as tough as they are, I don't have to tell you what that could mean to your career. Of course, you could always dust off your press credentials and go to Afghanistan.”

“Very funny.”

“I'm not kidding, Elizabeth. Times are tough; the magazine is talking about laying people off. The only reason you and Thom aren't on the chopping block is because people buy the magazine to see your photography and read his witty commentary.”

“Then why not send Thom to Yellowstone and let me go to Rio?”

Of course, she knew the answer before the question completely passed her lips. Thom was gay, and not the is-he-metrosexual-or-gay kind of gay, but flamboyantly, unashamedly gay. And that was the kind of gay that could get a man in trouble in rural, Republican Wyoming, where men were men, no one spoke Gucci, and gay still meant happy.

Libby held up her hand to keep him from speaking. “All right. Say no more. I'll go, but if I'm scarred for life from the horror of my childhood memories, you're picking up my therapy tab.”

Marcus chuckled. “You got it, kiddo.” He slid an envelope across the desk. “Here's your itinerary and your plane ticket. You'll be happy to know it's first class, and a rental will be waiting for you in Jackson Hole.”

Libby plucked the envelope off the desk and held it between her fingers as if it were filled with tarantulas. She took a deep, cleansing breath and let it out. "You owe me, Marcus. You have no idea what you're asking of me."



## **Chapter One**

*July*

The Snake River Lodge was a welcome relief after her flight. After eating an expensive room-service dinner, she filled the large tub and dumped in a handful of citrus bath crystals before settling in for a good, long soak. She knew she should call her sister, but she could almost hear the disapproval in Alex's voice when she told her where she was staying. Alex didn't approve of wasting money, even it was someone else's.

"Best rip the Band-Aid off, Lib, rather than prolong the agony."

Libby smiled, recalling the sage advice from her father's foreman. He'd say the same thing to her every time she'd tried to hide out in the horse barn to avoid the punishment she had coming. "You're right, Carl," she said aloud and reached for her cell phone.

"Wild Horse Ranch."

Libby's heart stuttered in her chest, the words catching in her throat.

"You might as well say something, Lib. We got caller ID out here now, ya know."

Libby couldn't help herself; she laughed. "Little old Lovell's hit the big time, huh?"

Her sister chuckled. "Nope. Finally broke down and got myself a cell phone. I forward the house phone when I'm in the barn. One more leash around my neck."

"I hear that."

A sad sigh floated across the line. "So, to what do I owe the honor, Lib? It's not my birthday."

Tears stung Libby's eyes. It hadn't taken long for the old disapproval to raise its ugly head. God, how did her sister always manage to make her feel like she was twelve years old, sneaking around to catch her making out with Ralph Harris on the front porch swing?

"I'm in the neighborhood. Jackson Hole, actually, at the Snake River Lodge."

"Libby—"

Libby cut her off. "I'm on assignment; the company's paying for it."

"So that makes it okay to pay a hundred and fifty bucks a night when you have a perfectly good bedroom here at the ranch?"

"Alex, can you not lecture me, just this once, please? You know how hard it is for me to come back here. I didn't want this assignment, but Marcus didn't give me any choice."

"Yeah, I'm well aware of your hatred for everything to do with hearth and home." Libby tried not to sigh at her sister's pause. "What assignment? It's not ski season. Why would the magazine care about Wyoming in the summer?"

Libby lifted one toe out of the water to catch a drip from the faucet. "Yellowstone. We're doing a whole series on American national parks and

vacationing in your own backyard. Marcus has hired an outfitter to take me into the backcountry to do the photo spread."

Libby ignored her sister's laughter. She probably had it coming. After all, hadn't she sworn she'd never come back?

"Well, that must have been a kick in the pants," Alex said. "I thought you were going to do a whole spread on the beaches of Brazil."

Alex had been reading the magazine? "I... Well, I was, but... How did you know that?"

"Oh, come on, little sister, half the people in this town subscribe to that rag you work for, including me. It's not every day a ranch girl from little Lovell, Wyoming, makes the big time. So, what's the story, are you being demoted?"

Typical. She always imagines the worst. Libby did sigh this time. "Hardly. But the only other person available was Thom Park, and he's as flamboyantly gay as a gay man can be. We...er...thought it safer if I did the spread. Besides, Thom would scream the second his Prada penny loafers got fouled by bear scat."

"Hmm, I guess I see your point. I don't expect he'd be too welcome outside of Jackson Hole. So, are you coming home for a few days, or do you have to start right away?"

Libby wanted to sink beneath the hot water and never come up again. "I have a week before we leave. I just have to confirm with my outfitter; then I'm free to shovel horse poop for a week."

Alex chuckled. "You still remember how to muck out a stall?"

"Oh, please, as if I could ever forget."

"All right, then, guess I'll see you tomorrow sometime."

"Yes, late afternoon or early evening. I'll take you to Bubba's for dinner."

"What for, or did you forget I cook?"

Libby winced at the thought. "Um, no, I haven't forgotten; that's why I suggested Bubba's."

"All right, smart-ass, give me a call and I'll meet you at Bubba's; that way you only have to make the trip up to Lovell once."

"Great. I'll see you tomorrow." Her voice cracked a bit. "And Alex? Just because I don't come home doesn't mean I don't love you."

"Yeah," her sister answered. "I know, baby sister, and just because I criticize doesn't mean I don't love you."

\* \* \* \* \*

Libby kept her Chanel sunglasses in place as she pushed through the door to Bubba's. How had she forgotten how crowded the place could get on a weeknight? She stood patiently and waited, hoping Alex would arrive before she had to take a seat by herself. She didn't mind sitting alone in a café in Paris, but here, where constant teasing about her looks and behavior marred her adolescence, she felt as though everyone was staring at her.

"Hi, honey, just you?" the hostess asked, a toothy smile curving her lips.

"No, my sister will be joining me."

The woman grabbed another menu and led her into the main dining room. And of course, all her fears came true. People stopped eating and stared as she followed the server, some whispering her name.

"Here ya go, honey. Can I get you something to drink while you wait?"

Libby ordered an iced tea with lemon and pulled her BlackBerry out of her black Coach satchel to check her e-mail. She hadn't missed the visage of Archer Cade, Bodie and Ty's older brother, sitting at a table by himself, but since he gave no indication of recognizing her, she took it as a sign to be grateful that the change in her appearance was radical enough to avoid the attention of some of the locals.

Her BlackBerry revealed several messages from Marcus, extolling her virtues as a team player, reminding her whom to contact about the pack trip, and to "for God's sake, don't get eaten by a bear." Another, this one from Thom, thanked her for saving him and his Pradas from a fate worse than death. She was still chuckling when her sister surprised her by leaning down to kiss the corner of her mouth.

"What's so funny?" Alex asked, taking a seat across from her.

"Marcus doesn't want me to get eaten by a bear."

Alex grinned. "No self-respecting bear would get near a city girl like you."

"Oh, please! You, my dear sister, would be tough and stringy from all that ranch work. I, on the other hand, would be tender and delicious, from dining on gourmet cuisine and having my ass pounded into shape at the best spas Europe has to offer."

"I'll be sure to pass the word to the bear population." Alex looked around the room and quickly snatched up her menu to hide behind. "Crowded in here tonight."

"Too late, sis; he's seen you."

Libby hadn't missed Archer's sharp gaze when Alex walked in and headed for the table. Her peripheral vision had always been excellent. She could

practically see the jolt of jealousy shoot through the man when Alex had leaned down and kissed her. His clenched fingers were wrapped so tightly around the heavy glass he was holding, it was a miracle he hadn't broken it. What the hell was that about? Was something going on between her sister and Arch Cade? She smothered a smile as he stood up and tossed a few bills on the table. That grimace sure looked like something was eating at him.

"Trouble at three o'clock," Libby warned her sister as Arch grabbed his Stetson off the seat beside him and made a beeline toward them. Alex had just enough time to murmur, "Shit," before the tall, handsome cowboy stopped at their table.

"Evening, Alex." He stared pointedly at Libby.

Alex stared at him for a moment, and Lib could see a muscle in her jaw flex before she answered. "Evening, Arch." She nodded toward Libby. "You remember my sister."

"Libby?" His jaw dropped in astonishment. "Knobby-kneed Libby with the three cameras sprouting from her neck?"

"That would be me," Libby said, raising a perfectly sculpted eyebrow. "How are you, Mr. Cade?"

Arch chuckled. "Mr. Cade was my daddy, buttercup; call me Arch." He stood there and stared as if he couldn't believe his eyes, then nodded. "You grew up fine, Libby. You look like a real elegant lady. Bodie and Ty will be surprised to hear you've come back. They feel real bad about the way they treated you."

She stiffened, hesitating before she looked him in the eye. Her mouth was suddenly dry as a desert as she tried to find her words. "I'd prefer it if you didn't mention I was back. I'm only here for a short time, to do a photo spread on Yellowstone, and I'd just as soon avoid any...unpleasantness."

"Can't say I blame you. I generally try to do that myself." A challenging look passed between him and Alex; then he jammed his hat on his head with a nod. "Ladies."

Libby practically pressed her nose against the window to watch Archer climb into his truck. His phone was in his hand, and she'd bet her left tit he was calling his brothers. She couldn't suppress a groan.

"Oh God, he's already on the phone. Do you think he's calling them?"

"The twins? Probably. They've been making a lot of noise the last few years about how bad they feel for what they did to you in school."

"What is it with this town? Why the hell would anybody care now?"

Alex rolled her eyes heavenward. "You are not that naive, Libby. You're a local celebrity, a small-town girl hitting the big time. Of course people are interested."

Libby picked up her menu and opened it with a snap of her wrist. "Well, folks need to mind their own business." She shook her head. "I told Marcus this was a bad idea. I told him I didn't want to do this."

"Well, it's too late now, little sis. You're just gonna have to cowgirl up and do what you came here to do. Nobody says you have to make nice with those Cade boys. They might have cleaned up their act, but they're still trouble in my mind. All three of them."

Libby set her menu down and plucked Alex's out of her hand. "You've been eating here all your life, Alex. I don't reckon you need a menu this late in the game. You're hiding behind the damn thing. Tell me what's going on with you and Archer Cade."

Alex closed her eyes for a minute, her usual give-me-strength ploy.

"There's nothing going on between me and Arch. We dated awhile, is all. Now we don't. End of story."

There was pain in Alex's eyes, and Libby felt as though they'd come to a crossroads of sorts. She reached over and twined her fingers with her sister's in a gesture of solidarity. "Looks like we both have our issues with the Cade brand. Want to tell me what happened?"

"No. Not now, anyway, and especially not in a place where the second most popular activity is...EAVESDROPPING." She shouted the last word at the older couple sitting behind them.

Libby covered her mouth with her hand to keep from spraying iced tea all over her sister, then choked it down. "Still a spark plug, I see."

"Damn straight," Alex said. "Now how does a body get some service in this place?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Libby hadn't been back to the ranch for a full twenty-four hours before the phone started ringing. Suddenly she was everyone's best friend. People who had ignored her when she'd lived here now wanted to get together and talk about old times. She had just settled into the old claw-foot tub when her cell rang.

"Libby Wild." She recognized the terse tone in her voice and took a deep breath to temper her frustration.

"Hey, Lib," a female voice said. "It's Glory. I hope you don't mind, but I got your cell number from Jake."

"Glory Campbell? Oh my God, the queen of black-and-white photography! It's been forever! How are you? When can we get together and catch up on old times?"



"Well, I'm glad you remember me, but it's Glory Striker now, even though Jake and I are separated and heading for divorce court. And as for getting together, that's part of the reason I called."

"Jake Striker, huh?" Libby clucked in sympathy. "He always was a wild one, Glory. Did you hear I hired him to take me into the backcountry for my photo shoot?"

There was a long moment of silence and then, "Yeah, about that. I still work for Jake, and he...um...he overbooked that time slot. He's got a Lamar Valley group scheduled and forgot to let me know. They booked first, Lib, so he can't take you."

It was a bald-faced lie, and Libby knew it. She closed her eyes and prayed for strength. "Oh no, what am I going to do? Everyone else is all booked up except for some of larger outfits, and all they've got are spaces for a single person to fill a group slot. I can't very well take the kind of pictures I need with a group of people around."

"Well...God, I really hate to tell you this, but Jake called Cade Brothers Excursions and—"

Libby's eyes widened in horror. "No! Absolutely not, Glory. I'll pack myself in before I go anywhere near the Cade twins." She pulled the drain plug on the tub and hauled herself out of the steaming water, her relaxing bath a mere memory.

"Really, Libby, they've changed in the last five years. They're not like they were in high school, and they feel really bad about the way they treated you."

"Tough shit. I didn't come here to salve their consciences. I came here to work."

"But you're not going to be able to do that if you don't go with them. You said it yourself; everyone else is all booked up for the summer. The only reason Bodie and Ty are available is because their booking canceled."

Sure it was. Did the people here think she'd just fallen off the turnip truck? It would be just like Bodie and Ty Cade to convince Jake Striker to cancel on her. He'd always done their bidding. She snatched a towel off the bar, yanking so hard, one end of it came loose from the wall.

"You still there, Lib? What's that noise?"

Her jaw clenched in anger. "That was me, tearing the towel bar off the wall."

"You're pretty pissed, huh?" Glory hesitated, then plowed forward. "Damn, I wish I hadn't had to deliver bad news, because I really wanted to ask you a big favor."

Here it comes. She wants me to take pictures of her family or something. "I'm not pissed at you, Glory. What's up?"

"Well," her old friend said, a wheedle in her voice. "Tomorrow night's our ten-year high school reunion, and I was hoping—"

"Are you crazy?" Libby shouted. "Why in God's name would I even consider going to something like that? You know what high school was like for me, Glory. You went through it with me. Don't you remember the time Bodie lured me out to the baseball field and ruined my entire photo spread for the yearbook?"

Glory's evil laugh came across the line. "Yeah, I remember—we were the geek sisters—but think about it. What's that old saying? Looking good is the best revenge? You're not that geeky kid anymore, Lib, nor are you starry-eyed over Bodie and Ty Cade anymore. If you look anything like the picture on the back of your book... Did I mention Bunny King got fat?"

Libby wrapped the towel around herself and went to sit on the edge of her childhood bed. "No way."

"Way. Got fat as a horse after she married Greg Tilton. She has a passel of kids, and it's all she can do to strap her seat belt around her when she climbs into her minivan."

Libby uttered a choking laugh. "Bimmer Bunny drives a minivan? There is a God."

"Oh, honey, it just gets better and better. Joe Puckett has a monkey butt the size of a real monkey's ass and uses that spray-on stuff to cover the bald spot. And he sells used cars for a living."

Libby made a strangling noise. "No. Hottie Hot Joe? Say it ain't so." Libby fell backward on the bed, fascinated by Glory's descriptions of the two most popular kids in their graduating class.

"Come with me, Libby. I'm on the committee, so I have to go, but since Jake and me... I don't have anyone to go with."

"God, that is so not fair, Glory Campbell. There'd better be alcohol at this shindig, or you are definitely off my Christmas card list."

"I've never been on your Christmas card list. We've rented the National Guard Armory for the occasion, and there's going to be an open bar. It's even being catered by some company in Jackson Hole."

"In that case, you've got yourself a date. How do we dress?"

"Sunday best, honey." Glory laughed happily. "I'll pick you up at eight sharp tomorrow night."

"Oh God. This has the potential to be a real disaster."

## Chapter Two

Libby gripped the steering wheel hard before switching off the ignition. She took a ragged breath and glanced over at Glory.

"How did I ever let you talk me into to this? I so do not want to go in there."

She let Glory peel her fingers back from the steering wheel one at a time, grimacing as she did so.

"I have three words for you—Bunny and Joe."

Libby let loose a bark of laughter. "You are the devil incarnate." But she grabbed her little silk brocade bag from India and got out of the car before she could change her mind. Glory hurried to her side, handing her the deep cherry red pashmina she'd picked up on her travels.

"Put this on, honey. Nothing says I'm doing great like a pair of red patent leather Louboutins and a cashmere shawl." When Libby swathed herself in the soft material, Glory gave her a little nudge. "Best to rip off the Band-Aid, Lib."

Libby took a deep breath and exhaled slowly. "Okay, let's do this." Head held high, she crossed the parking lot and swept inside the armory as if she owned the place.

And there was Bunny King-Tilton, round as a pumpkin, sitting behind the registration table handing out stick-on name tags that read: *Hi, My Name Is* \_\_\_\_\_. Right, like there was any place on her skimpy little black dress to stick the tacky blue and white tag. Bunny looked up and frowned as if trying

to place Libby, who merely smiled politely.

"Libby Wild," Libby reminded her.

The look on Bunny's face said she'd deny her entrance if she thought she'd get away with it. She frowned, studying her for a minute. "Do you have chopsticks in your hair?" She consulted her list. "Oh, we didn't get your RSVP."

"That's okay, Buns," Glory trilled. "Lib's my plus-one." She grinned at Libby. "I've always wanted to say that. It's so big city."

"Well, I guess it's all right, then." The woman grudgingly scribbled Libby's name on the tag and handed it to her.

"Thank you." She offered Bunny a dazzling smile and whipped off her cherry red shawl to reveal her dress. The cowl neck dipped to a deep V in the front, leaving her no place to stick the name tag had she been inclined to wear it. "I'll just hold it. Come on, Glory. You promised me a drink, and I'm holding you to it."

When she turned to enter the main room, Bunny's outraged hiss was music to her ears. The back of the dress was cowed as well, dropping deeply below her waist. The only thing that kept it from falling off her shoulders was a tasseled string tie that tickled her bare back when she walked.

"Oh my God, she is green with envy," Glory whispered. "I love it! Come on, let's find a table and get ourselves a drink."

\* \* \* \* \*

Bodie nudged his brother Ty. "Look who just walked in with Glory."

"Holy shit."

Ty drank her in. Christ, she was beautiful. Her thick blonde locks were twisted in artful disarray and secured to the back of her head with jeweled red lacquer hair sticks. Several strands had escaped to curl at her temples. Her skin gave off the golden glow of a light tan, and he'd bet anything she still possessed a dusting of freckles across the bridge of her nose. Lush, full lips puckered in an exquisite pout that told everyone present she didn't want to be here. "Arch said her picture didn't do her justice, but I never expected anything like this. God, she's got legs up to her elbows. Looks like she's making a point to everybody here."

"Can you blame her? We weren't the only ones who treated her bad. I figure Bunny's about to bust a vein, seeing Libby in that dress. Damn, she looks hot. Who'd of thought the little wallflower would turn into a bird of paradise? Should we go talk to her now or wait until she gets a little oiled up?"

Jake Striker wandered over and caught Bodie's question. "I'd wait a bit, if I was you. Glory says she's pissed at all of us. Didn't take her long to figure out we fixed it so she'd have to go into the backcountry with you. Word is she's been calling around to price gear so she can pack herself in." Jake took a drink of his longneck Bud. "Tell you boys what, when you piss off a woman, she stays pissed off." He grinned at the twins. "It's a talent."

"Fuck you, Striker," Ty grumbled. "I don't see Glory chasin' your sorry ass down the road."

Jake shrugged. "She don't have to. Sees me every day at work. She'll forgive me before long."

"Says you," Bodie said, nodding in the two women's direction. "Looks to me like Sam Stone's taken a likin' to your missus." If the look on Jake's face spelled anything, it was trouble. Bodie put a restraining hand on his friend's arm. "They aren't doing anything wrong, Jake, and even if they were, you'd owe it to Glory to let it pass. You're the one's been leading with his dick this last year. If Glory wants to flirt some, let her flirt."

Bodie continued to follow Libby with his gaze as she walked to the bar and ordered a drink. While she waited for what was obviously a martini, she chatted with the bartender. A jolt of jealousy shot through his gut when the man jotted something on a business card and handed it to her. His eyes narrowed when she accepted it with a flirty little smile and took her drink. Not once did she look their way.

\* \* \* \* \*

She knew they were here, could feel their eyes on her, but she refused the overwhelming urge to seek them out. Bodie and Ty Cade. The dual bane of her adolescence. Over the years, she'd tried to figure out why they'd hated her so much, but to no avail. With the passage of time, her self-confidence grew. Her skill as a photographer earned her critical acclaim in the art world, as well as the journalism world. You'd think I could let it go.

But how could she when the memory of herself in Bodie's arms, being really kissed for the first time, still clung so tightly to her psyche. God, she'd had such a crush on him, on both twins, and had since she was a kid growing up on a neighboring ranch. She could still hear his voice as he whispered and cajoled.

"Aw, come on, Lib, just one kiss. What could it hurt? You're so pretty with those big wildcat eyes and that head of blonde hair. I'm just achin' to kiss you."

She'd been such a fool. She'd let him kiss her—and more. He'd touched her barely there breasts, igniting a pleasure she'd never known was possible. His lips had grazed the shell of her ear, urging her to take off those cameras and let him hold her close. And she'd fallen for it. She'd set her precious cameras on a bench in the dugout and let him pull her young body against his. A shudder ran through her when she thought about the lengths Bodie had been willing to go to, what she might have given up to him that late-spring afternoon.

But he hadn't wanted her, he'd wanted the film in her cameras, and while he was busy kissing her, Ty had sneaked into the dugout and exposed the film. She'd never forget the way they'd laughed at their ruse.

"You can stop feeling up those mosquito bites passin' for boobs, bro," Ty had drawled. "Film's ruined for sure."

At her shocked gasp, Bodie had merely chuckled. "You didn't really think I was interested in some gawky little girl, did you, Cyclops? Hell, I bet you don't even have any hair between your legs." He set her away from him, none too gently, and poked his finger at her. "Don't be takin' any more pictures of us, girl, or the next time we'll break your fuckin' cameras." Libby had grabbed her gear and fled, sobbing as their laughter followed behind.

She fought back the familiar heat of humiliation and sipped her dirty martini. She was praying for a distraction, when a skinny, frizzy-haired woman approached. She looked at the woman's name tag and jumped up.

"Caroline Ayers, my God! Look at you, how are you?" She embraced her old friend and former member of the school newspaper staff. "What are you doing these days?"

"I'm an editor for the Jackson Hole Reporter ." She looked at Glory. "Do you mind if I steal Libby away for a few minutes? There are a few people who'd love to say hello."

Glory grinned. "Go. I'm going to grab another drink. You ready for another dirty martini?"

"You bet. Remind him, three olives." She put her arm around Caroline. "So tell me all about your life since school. How long have you been at the Reporter? What do you write? Do you still take pictures?"

When they arrived at a large table in a dark corner, Libby saw all her



cohorts from the school paper. Several had brought copies of her book or magazines with her cover photos.

“Do you mind terribly signing these for us?” Caroline asked.

“Not at all.” Libby sat and grinned at her old friends from high school. Amazingly, she thought she would have recognized most of them if she saw them on the street. “Wow, it's like old times. We're all back here in the corner, trying to avoid ridicule while everybody else has fun.” She reached for the books and magazines, chatting as she signed, taking the time to write personal notes, along with her e-mail address on each copy.

Caroline put her leather satchel on the table and pulled out a scrapbook. “I've been saving clips about you—the time you spent in Sierra Leone and Darfur.”

Libby flipped through the scrapbook. Those photos had cemented her reputation. She tapped one with her index finger. “These pictures of the child soldiers were taken near the end of an eleven-year civil war in Sierra Leone. It's awful, what was done to those children. They were just conscienceless, killing with impunity. They were so indoctrinated, some of them actually killed members of their families.”

Caroline flipped another page, and there were Libby's Darfur pictures that had appeared in print media across the world. Those had earned her a nomination for a Pulitzer. “These are especially poignant. I love that you used black-and-white film.”

“I love shooting in black-and-white. The pictures are so much more compelling.” Libby stroked the newsprint lovingly, smiling at the shots of conjoined twins she had met at a Sudanese refugee camp. “They're such a lovely family, and those babies were so precious.”

That series had sparked a humanitarian effort on the part of a well-known movie star to bring the family to the States for the surgery to separate

them. There were several shots of her and the movie star with the family. In one of them, she and the man shared a look that clearly said they were involved.

"Why, Caroline Ayers, I thought you were much too jaded to be starstruck," Libby teased.

"Usually I am, but I've never known anyone who's been within touching distance of a Hollywood hunk. And he is seriously hot. Although, I admit I liked him better when he was on that television show."

"Hmm. Yes, except for the doctor part, that character was probably closer to how he is in real life." Her eyes lost focus for a moment and could almost feel the touch of the man's hands on her breasts. He'd been a fabulous lover. A quick shake of her head brought her back. "Commitment phobic, just like yours truly."

"So the stories were true? You actually dated the guy?"

Libby shrugged. "Not for long. His work, my work. Never the twain shall meet. But we both keep in touch with the family, and he always sends the twins something for their birthday. He's actually a very nice man." Her face heated just thinking about the private photos she'd taken of that movie star. They'd definitely had fun with film.

They had both flown with the family to Dallas, helped them settle in, and he stayed at the same hotel with her as she chronicled the children's surgery and recovery. They'd shared some lovely moments before he left for a location shoot. By the time his movie wrapped, Libby had accepted the job with Exotic World Travels, their time together a pleasant memory.

Glory returned with the cute bartender in tow, carrying a tray full of drinks for the table. "He insisted on helping." She winked at Libby. "I felt certain you wouldn't mind."

The screech of a microphone interrupted their conversation, and Joe Puckett introduced a local country-western band. To her horror, Puckett pointed right at her.

"I'd like to ask Libby Wild if she'll allow me the honor of sharing the first dance of the evening with her. What do you say, Libby?"

The roaring in her head was back. "Ah, fuck. Just shoot me now." She muttered it, but the entire table of people heard her and cracked up.

"That's what you get for being one of the popular kids," Caroline quipped.

"Well, fuck, I can't say no without looking like a total bitch." More laughter sent her on her way to the middle of the dance floor where the formerly hot Joe Puckett stood with his hand extended. She took it with a serene smile on her face, forcing herself not to grimace when his damp hand pressed against her bare back.

It was official—she was in hell.

## Chapter Three

"That sawed-off little shit," Bodie grumbled. "What the hell does he think he's doing, putting his hands on her like that?"

They were standing at the bar, waiting for beers, when Puckett announced his intention to dance with Libby. Ty set his beer on the bar. "I don't know, but I'm cutting in. Christ, she looks like she's ready to dig a hole and pull it in after her."

Bodie tried to stop him, but Ty shook him off and strode to the middle of the dance floor.

"I'm cuttin' in, Puckett." It wasn't a question, and Ty was fully prepared to pull Libby from the man's arms if he didn't cooperate. Fortunately, Puckett stepped back and handed her over.

"I don't want to dance with you," Libby whispered savagely.

"I know you don't, darlin', but I promise I'm not gonna grope your ass like Puckett was getting ready to do." He pulled Libby close against him, despite the stiffness of her body. "Relax, Lib. I'm not gonna bite."

Libby gasped. "You... Holy shit, Cade, you've got an erection."

Ty drew back to look at her, an eyebrow cocked. "I don't recall you were much for cussin' back in the day, Lib."

She uttered a delicate snort. "How would you know what I did or didn't do, back in the day? As I recall, you paid me no mind at all, and your brother's

primary goal in life was to humiliate me, with you as his able assistant.” She tried to push away from him, but he held her firm.

“We had our reasons, but that doesn't change the fact that we treated you bad, Libby, and we're really sorry about it. I sure wish you'd give us a chance to make it up.”

“Nothing to make up for, Cade. I'm here to do a job for the magazine. Once that's done, I won't be coming back.”

“Not even to see Alex? Thought you two had mended fences.”

“My relationship with my sister is none of your business, and I'm certainly not interested in anything you have to say.”

The song ended, and another slow tune started. Bodie tapped his brother's shoulder. “My turn, little brother.”

Bodie took Libby into his arms and pressed her close, staking a claim, aware that all eyes in the room were on them.

Bodie spun them away from Ty. “You filled out real nice, Libby. How you doin', darlin'?”

Damn, even her glare was adorable. “I'd be better if you'd get your hands off me.”

Bodie shook his head. “Not gonna happen, Lib. Ty and I are determined to make things up to you, starting now.” He danced her away from the spotlight and pressed his cheek against hers. “So why haven't you called to set up a time for the pack trip?”

“Ha! Like I'd ever consider going anywhere with the two of you. I wasn't born yesterday, Bodie. I know you talked Striker into canceling so I'd have to use your company. But you forgot one thing. I've traveled all over the

world, backpacked in the Andes and the Himalayas. I don't need help packing my ass into Yellowstone."

He frowned and pressed his lips against her ear. "You are not packin' yourself into the Yellowstone alone."

"The hell I'm not."

"The hell you are, Elizabeth Wild. You try it, and I'll turn you over my knee."

Libby narrowed her eyes at him, and before he could react, her knee connected with his balls. He released her, bending double to support his upper body, hands on his thighs. Holy shit, that hurt.

"Damn, darlin', you sure know how to hold a grudge." Jesus, he could barely draw enough breath to speak. "I sure hope you didn't geld me. I was lookin' forward to introducing my cock to your pussy."

"As if!"

Ty stepped in, sliding an arm around her waist to pin her to his side. "What'd he do, darlin'?"

"He... Of all the nerve... He threatened to spank me," she huffed, then elbowed Ty in the ribs till he let her go.

Bodie straightened up. "Now tell him why."

Both men's eyes smoldered when she folded her arms beneath her breasts, enjoying the view as they plumped prettily.

"I don't have to justify myself to your brother or to you. I am a grown woman, and I will go where the hell I please, when the hell I please, and I do not need your permission or your help."

Her foot was still tapping impatiently on the cement floor when Bodie turned to Ty. "She thinks she's going into the Yellowstone by herself. I told her there was no way, and she begged to differ by jammin' her knee into my balls."

"I jammed my knee in your balls because you threatened to spank me."

Ty laughed softly. "He's right, Lib. It's too dangerous for you to go in alone, especially to the areas you're gonna want to shoot. Bodie and I will take you."

"I don't want you to take me."

Ty pushed his Stetson back on his head. "Well now, darlin', that don't hardly matter. If you go in alone, we'll just follow you; and if we have to do that, Bodie won't have to paddle your ass, because I will."

Libby pushed him away, and he let her go. "Fuck you, both of you."

Bodie raised an eyebrow. "We'll be getting around to that too, darlin'."

## **Chapter Four**

Libby swallowed a groan. Too much, it was too much, this rush of hormones. Because that was all it could be. She didn't like these men, these big, strapping alpha males who held her so proprietarily. Like they had every right to touch her. To press their erections against her belly.

Puckett had been sporting a woody, but nothing like the impressive package rubbing against her the moment Bodie took her in his arms again. She'd felt nothing but repulsion for Puckett's response. But the Cade twins? Jesus, her body was ready to do the horizontal mambo with both of them, and she didn't even like them! Had no reason to like them, when all they'd ever done was make fun of her awkward teenage body, call her Cyclops, and tell her to get the fuck away from them with "that goddamn third eye." That's what they'd called her old Nikon, her third eye.

When she'd come home for the funeral, she'd heard they were into sharing women, but hadn't taken it seriously. Why would she? People just didn't do things like that in Lovell, Wyoming. Gossip always followed the Cade men. No surprise, really, considering their pa had been a drunk, a womanizer, and wolverine-mean to boot. Now, she knew without a doubt the rumors were true, and, damn her, she was intrigued.

Hormones. That had to be the explanation. Well, that and the fact that she hadn't been with a man since she crawled out of Giraud Boisson's bed after a night of partying in Paris six months ago. Maybe she'd find herself a handsome hiker while she was in the backcountry. Have herself a fling in the wild. That would take care of her rampant hormones.

She narrowed her eyes as Bodie's lips caressed her ear. "You want me."



"I do not!"

"Shhh... Don't shout, people will talk. But it's true, and you know it. I bet your panties are wet."

Her mouth moved, but nothing came out, so she clamped it shut and gazed over his shoulder in an unfocused stare. Clearly, she hadn't kneed his balls nearly hard enough.

"Come outside with me, and I'll prove it." He spun her around and let her go.

Then she was in Ty's arms again, with his equally impressive erection. "Come on, darling. We'll both prove it to you."

Damn, she wanted to! What was wrong with her? These two men had made her life a living hell when she went to school with them. How could her body betray her? Fucking hormones.

"I don't want either of you."

*Liar.*

"You disgust me."

*Liar.*

"I wouldn't let you touch me if you were the last men on earth."

*Pants on fire.*

She gave him a hard shove, and he let her go. "And you will not be guiding me into the backcountry."

Libby spun on her heel and stomped back to the table and snatched up her bag. "I'm leaving," she announced, then looked pointedly at Glory. "Can you get a ride home?"

Glory looked over at the Cade twins, who were grinning like fools. "Oh, sweetie, I'm sorry I roped you into this, but I have to stay. And I think you've had one too many martinis to drive ninety miles to Lovell."

Libby raised an eyebrow. "I've had two martinis, and I didn't even finish the second one." She smiled at the grown-up geek table. "They're still staring at me, aren't they?" When Caroline turned her head to look across the room, Libby hissed, "Don't look, for Christ's sake." She shook her head. "God, it's all so fucking high school. I'm sorry, Glory, but I so have to get out of here. It was really great to see you guys again. Use that e-mail address, will you?" One by one, she hugged them, then spun on her expensive heels and practically ran for the exit.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Think she'll run us off?" Bodie asked Ty as they drove down the drive to the Wild Horse Ranch.

"Maybe. She was pissed last night, but she was also turned on. Much as she wanted to deny it, those hard little nipples gave her away."

Bodie chuckled. "Yup. But with a woman like Libby, turned on don't mean givin' in. She'd deny herself just to make a point. She's like Alex that way." He maneuvered the truck around to the barn and cut the ignition.

The brothers climbed out of the truck just as Alex stepped out of the horse barn.

"Well, if it isn't Frick and Frack," she said wryly, hands on her hips. "If you're lookin' for Lib, she's out in the east pasture mending fence."

Bodie pushed his hat back on his head. "She talked to you about plannin' on packin' herself into the Yellowstone alone?"

Alex nodded and sighed. "Yup, and I can't say I'm happy about it. Libby's usually pretty rational about things, but she's got her stubborn on over this. Reckon I can understand her feelings, but what happened between the three of you was years ago. Should be water under the bridge when it comes to her personal safety."

Ty cleared his throat. "Well, if you don't mind, we'd like to give her a hand with that fencin', maybe see if we can talk her around."

"Help yourselves."

"Thanks, Alex," Ty said as they hurried for the truck.

They were inside and throwing it in gear when Alex shouted, "Be sure you latch that gate behind you."

"Yes, ma'am," they hollered in unison as they sped toward the east pasture lane, the truck kicking up dust in its wake.

Ty was out the door before Bodie completely braked to a stop, and opened the gate. He took care to make sure it was secure before climbing back into the passenger seat.

"She's liable to be pissed when she sees us," Bodie pointed out.

"Could be, bro, but does that really matter to you?"

"Hell no."

The truck jounced over the rutted lane, and Bodie slowed down, pointing to a small figure in the distance. "Well, yonder she is. Reckon we'll know soon enough."

\* \* \* \* \*

Libby didn't bother to look up when she heard a truck approach. Alex had already called to tell her the Cade twins were on their way to talk to her. She'd also made it abundantly clear where she stood on the issue. According to Alex, Libby needed to let sleeping dogs lie, swallow her pride, and let Bodie and Ty guide her through Yellowstone. Despite her personal feelings, Libby knew her sister was right, but it still stuck in her craw that those two assholes had manipulated the situation in their favor. She stiffened slightly when the truck pulled to a stop and the doors opened and slammed shut.

"Howdy, Lib," Ty called. "Alex said you were out here mending fence. Figured we'd lend a hand, maybe talk some."

Libby shrugged. "Suit yourself."

Out of the corner of her eye, she watched Bodie walk the fence, then turn around and head back.

"Top string needs replacing down to the next post. You got enough wire?"

Libby jerked her head in the direction of the old ranch pickup. "In the truck bed with the stretcher." She continued with what she was doing, ignoring Ty's presence beside her as she removed the barbs from either side of the break in the wire, then threaded the wire's ends through the sleeve. After crimping the sleeve over the wire, she wrapped each end securely around the barbed wire.

"That's the last of it," she told Ty. "Except for that section Bodie's working on. I'd best go help him."

"I'll do it. You sit a spell; think about all the things that could go wrong in the backcountry, and you with no one to back you up."

Libby stuck her leather gloves in her back pocket with a sigh. "Believe me, I know what could happen if I go in alone. Same as I know what'll happen if I go in with the two of you."

Ty gave her a heart-stopping grin. "Could be nothin'll happen, Lib."

Libby rolled her eyes and hopped up on the tailgate. "Don't go pissin' on my boot and call it rain, Ty Cade. I know all about you and your brother and those fancy women in Jackson Hole."

Ty tipped his hat back, frowning. "Maybe so, honey, but we've never taken any woman against her will. That's not part of it, and never will be." A sensual smile curved his full mouth. "And, Libby, every one of 'em said they'd never had an orgasm that could compare to it."

She was blushing so hard, her ears actually burned. "Just...go help your brother."

When Ty turned and walked away, Libby reached into the cooler for an ice-cold bottle of water and pressed it to her forehead. Could she do it? Could she make love with two men at the same time? Especially if those two men were Bodie and Ty Cade?

Libby swung her feet back and forth as she watched the two brothers repairing the fence, the muscles in their arms and backs flexing as they manhandled the roll of wire. No doubt about it, they were smoking hot. No New York model could come close to filling out a pair of jeans the way the Cade boys did, and there was just something about cowboys that still fueled her fantasies, even after all these years.

It wasn't that she didn't believe they were truly sorry for the way they treated her. She'd heard it enough times by now to believe they meant it. And she could honestly admit that the idea of a threesome was intriguing. It wasn't like she hadn't thought about it before. Just not with these two men.

She'd been too busy holding a grudge to think about them in any kind of positive light. So, maybe it was time to let go of the past and have a little fun while she was here. After all, it's not like she was planning on hanging around after this job was done. Why not have a little fling with the bad boys of Big Horn County? Where was the harm?

"That's a mighty serious face for such a pretty gal," Bodie said, startling her out of her reverie.

Libby reached into the cooler and handed him a bottled water. "Just thinking about the trip." She grabbed another water and tossed it to Ty.

"Come to any conclusions?" Bodie asked.

"Yeah. I reckon if I lit out on my own, y'all'd just follow me in, so I don't see any way around hiring you."

Ty walked around to the tailgate and hopped up beside her. "Well, you always were quick as a hiccup, darlin'. I'm glad you came to your senses, 'cause we'd sure enough have dogged your footsteps." He took a long swig of water and sighed. "So, you give the other any thought?"

"Yeah, I'm thinking I'd be one handle pull short of a jackpot to even consider bedding down with the two of you... "

"But?"

She hopped off the tailgate and turned to face them. "But I'm intrigued, in spite of my better judgment."

"Maybe we could convince you with a little preview," Bodie said, grasping her shoulders to ease her back into Ty's waiting arms. She gasped when Ty snuggled her between his parted thighs, his hard cock pressed between the cheeks of her ass. He pressed his mouth against her neck, just below her ear, in a gentle caress of his lips. It was pure heaven.

"I'm dyin' to get inside you, Libby," Ty whispered. "I bet you have the sweetest, tightest pussy. And your ass? Oh, I'm purely gonna love fuckin' that ass."

A deliciously dark sensation flowed through her body. Like warm molasses gliding down her back, slow and thick, taking its sweet time to reach its destination. She could almost feel Ty's hands parting her cheeks, the head of his penis pressing against her virgin flesh. He'd felt large pressed against her belly. What would he feel like?

Ty's arms slid around her, his big hands cupping her breasts. "Oh, honey, I am gonna fuck you so good. So is Bodie. And once we have you all hot, wet, and begging, we're both gonna take you. Me in your ass, and Bodie in that tight cunt. We're gonna love you so good, you'll never wanna leave us, Lib. We're gonna see to that."

"That's right, Lib," Bodie assured her. "You're gonna be so hot and needy, you'll beg us to fuck you, and we will. Every way you've imagined, and some you haven't." He took a step closer and skimmed his hands down over her hips. "But first, I need a little taste of you, baby. We both do, so let's get you outta those britches and spread those gorgeous legs so ol' Bodie can eat your pussy."

Bodie made short work of removing her jeans to expose her red silk thong.

"Mmm, that's sure a pretty sight. Ain't that a pretty sight, Ty?"

Ty chuckled. "It surely is. Now how about that shirt, darlin'? I wanna feel you in my hands."

He plucked at the buttons, opened her shirt, and flicked open the front closure on her bra, exposing her breasts. "These are real pretty too." He cupped them, lightly pinching her nipples to attention. She shuddered at the feel of his rough cowboy hands palming her soft breasts. She should stop

this before it went any further, before—too late—he lifted one and offered it to Bodie. “Like full, ripe berries. Reckon they taste as sweet as they look?”

Libby inhaled sharply as Bodie leaned forward and suckled her breast. He nibbled, teased, then took her full in his mouth and drew hard on her. Her pussy clenched and throbbed. Oh Jesus, they were going to take her right here in the east pasture, in broad daylight, and she was going to let them! She was the biggest slut in the whole of Wyoming.

“Turn your head and kiss me, Libby,” Ty demanded.

“No.” It came out on a groan. Bodie released her breast and went to his knees. But Ty was not a man to take no for an answer, and he grasped her chin, forcing her to turn toward him. His mouth swooped down to cover hers just as Bodie's fingers curved around the scrap of silk covering her cunt and tugged.

The tiny thong gave way and bared her to the warm afternoon sun. Bodie's hands slid between her thighs, caressing softly. “I'm gonna drape these pretty thighs over Ty's legs so I can open up this pussy. God, Libby, my mouth's just waterin' for the need to taste you.”

Libby gasped as the twins positioned her, and Ty used the opportunity to slide his tongue deep inside her mouth for a scalding kiss. In spite of herself, she moaned, arching her breasts into Ty's hands.

Oh God, it was too much! Ty's kisses, his hands on her breasts, fingers twisting her nipples. Bodie kneeling between her widespread thighs, his thumbs tracing the contours of her cunt.

Bodie's deep voice praised her. “Mmm, you're wet and slippery, Lib. You want this as much as we do.”

“No.” It came out on a moan, and she secretly acknowledged that she was a big, fat liar.



He nuzzled her pussy, then ran his tongue around the inner rim. "Look at me, Libby." She wrenched her mouth from Ty's and looked down at the man poised between her legs. "I'm gonna eat your pussy until you come, sugar, and I'm gonna fuck you with my fingers. Now, unless you wanna advertise to the hands what you're doing out here, I suggest you keep on kissing Ty. But first, I want you to watch while I slide my fingers into your pussy."

Libby watched in fascination as Bodie's middle finger slid inside her.

"That's one," he said, then another slid deep. "This won't compare to my cock, darlin', but you won't get that until we can be totally alone. You are gonna let us take you, aren't you, Libby?"

Pump.

"Imagine it, honey. You, me, and Ty."

Pump.

"You spread out in the grass while the two of us feed on you."

Pump.

"My cock in your pussy. Ty's in your ass. You screaming while you come, over and over again. And you will, Libby. You'll come so hard and so often, no man will ever be able please you as good as we can." He eased back and rammed into her hard, burying his fingers deep. "You're gonna want to kiss Ty now, sweetheart, 'cause I'm fixin' to make you scream."

Libby's moans were swallowed by Ty's greedy kisses. His hands stroked and caressed her breasts; his fingers plucked and twisted her nipples. She didn't know if she was in heaven or hell. Thick, strong fingers fucked into her cunt while Bodie's mouth devoured her, lapping and sucking her clit.

Her hips followed Bodie's rhythm, and the only sounds in the stillness of the day were the liquid sounds of fucking and the attendant moans.

She was going to come, and hard. She could feel it building, feel the heat spreading from her clit to her pussy, as her body tightened in anticipation. Her fingernails dug into Ty's forearms as she ground her cunt against Bodie's face. His fingers curved inside her, wiggling and stroking against her G-spot, and she screamed into Ty's mouth as her body arched like a bow.

"Mmm, mmm, mmm." Those were the only sounds she could make as her body trembled and shook. She lost complete control, heaving her body against those thrusting fingers. At the very last second, he slid a finger deep into her ass. She clawed at Ty, wrenching her mouth away from him as she howled her final release. Dark spots swam in front of her eyes as her body hurled her into the abyss. She slumped against Ty, oblivious to anything around her.

Libby came to moments later, cradled between the Cade twins, each one whispering soothingly to her. She'd just had the most intense orgasm of her life, with the promise of more if only she'd say yes.

"Say yes, Libby," Bodie pleaded.

"Say yes, darlin'," Ty cajoled. "We'll take real good care of you."

At that moment, Libby didn't care if it meant she was the biggest slut in all of Wyoming. She'd just erupted like Old Faithful, so she'd take what they offered and leave when her job was done. No harm, no foul.

## **Chapter Five**

As a rancher's daughter, Libby knew very little changed from day to day, year to year. Life revolved around a schedule of feeding, cleaning stalls, repairing fences and buildings, and anything else that needed done. Much as she hated to admit it, she found the familiar routine a comfort. Her real life could be so complicated that it was nice to know the natural rhythm of life remained the same here. She had just finished mucking out the last of the stalls when Alex found her.

"Hey, I'm riding up to the high pasture to check on a few things. You wanna ride along?" Alex's brow was wrinkled, and Libby could tell she expected her to say no.

Well, she was about to spend the next week or so on horseback, so Libby figured she'd be better off introducing her ass to a saddle now rather than in the backcountry.

"Sure. Just let me go grab my hat and pull on some boots."

Alex nodded. "I put together some sandwiches and water. Thought we could stop up at the creek and soak our feet. Promises to be a hot one today."

Libby grinned. "Why, Alex Wild, are you suggesting we go skinny-dipping?"

Alex shrugged nonchalantly, but her eyes sparkled with mischief. "Been a while, little sister."

"Woo-hoo!" She stowed her tools and headed for the house at a trot. "The

Wild sisters ride again.”

The phone was ringing when they got inside, and both women ignored the insistent shrilling as they raced to get their stuff together. Libby toed off her dirty shoes in the entryway and hit the stairs at a run. The Little Rocky would be colder than a well-digger's ass, but after a couple of hours mucking out stalls, it was just what the doctor ordered. She was just jamming her feet into her boots when Alex shouted up the stairs.

“Get a move on, city girl!”

Libby laughed. “Bite me, buckle bunny!” Then, “Hey, where's my Resistol?”

“Hall closet. Come on, Lib, we're burnin' daylight.”

Libby pulled an old blue work shirt on over her tank top and bounded down the stairs. “Let's do this,” she said, reaching for the hat Alex had liberated for her. She grabbed her camera and followed her sister out the door, where two horses stood saddled and ready to go.

Her mount, a sorrel gelding named Cinnamon, was chomping at the bit to run, so Libby gave him his head and they raced toward the high pasture with ground-eating speed. Alex's mount easily kept up, and they were climbing the hills in no time.

“Herd looks good,” Libby said, resting her forearm on the saddle horn. “In fact, the whole ranch looks good, Alex. How's the horse business going?”

Alex had recently started a breeding and training program. She was gradually making a name for herself providing quality cutting horses for the ranching community, as well as training barrel racers for rodeo. She'd also taken in a few wild horses, a circumstance that had raised some eyebrows. Some folks hereabouts thought the wild horses were pests. Alex and Libby had always loved them.

Alex tipped her hat back, a gesture common to ranch folk when they wanted to look someone in the eye.

"It's goin' good. Some of the hands aren't too happy with it, but they kept it to themselves until Carl passed. We've lost a few men over the mustang thing, but to hell with them. Those horses were here long before anyone thought of ranchin' these parts." She smiled. "I sure do miss old Carl, though."

Libby nodded. "Yeah. It was weird coming back and him not being here. But he died like he wanted, in the saddle, so that's something."

"Absolutely. I hope I go the same way."

They rode in silence for a while. It was a perfect blue day, devoid of clouds, and there was a freshness to the air Libby'd forgotten existed. Wildflowers bloomed along the way, and she took a few minutes to dismount, lie down in the pasture, and take a few close-ups of a field of purple coneflower, black-eyed Susan, and meadow blazing star, all interspersed with tiny white asters, meadow larkspur, and Indian paintbrush. The sheer majesty of the place took her by surprise, and she blinked back the tears that threatened.

The mountains reached skyward, cradling them as they made their way up the valley. The gray-green peaks were bold against the blue of the sky. Mule deer and pronghorn antelope grazed in the distance, and Libby switched to a powerful zoom lens to capture the image of the small herds nibbling at the grass. Remarkably, neither the deer nor the antelope felt threatened by their presence, and she got off several good shots.

When she finally met her sister's eyes, Libby smiled wistfully. "I'd forgotten, you know? How beautiful it is here. I'll miss it when I go."

"Then don't go, Lib." It was the first time Alex had brought up the subject of her staying. "Stay here, help me move the Wild Horse Ranch into the

twenty-first century. This place is in your blood. It needs you." She paused to deliver the coup de grâce. "I need you."

Libby sighed and nudged her mount closer to Alex's. "What's going on, Alex? You've never needed anybody a day in your life. You're the strongest woman I know."

Alex shook her head. "I'm tired, Lib, and I'm alone." She held up her hand as Libby was about to respond. "I know, I've got the ranch and the hands. I keep busy, but I'm still alone. I'm tired of being alone. Come home, sis."

Libby looked up, certain the sky must be ready to fall. Her big sister, the one woman in the world she wanted to emulate, and always fell short of the mark, wanted her to come home and help her run the ranch.

"But what about my job? I'm a photographer, Alex, not a rancher."

"Nothing says you can't be both, Lib. Plenty of wildlife to photograph out here. Just promise you'll think about it."

"I will. I'll think about it." But would she? Could she really come home again?

"That's all I can ask. Now come on, let's go check the fences next to the Cade place. That goddamn bull of Archer's has a thing for my heifers. He broke through that fence three times last summer. I told the son of a bitch if he did it again, I'd send him home a steer."

As they loped across the meadows toward the property line with the Cade ranch, Libby couldn't help but feel a sense of belonging she'd never felt before. Funny, she'd grown up here, had ridden this section of fence with her father and Carl. She'd pushed cattle up to the summer pasture more times than she could count, but she'd always felt...disconnected, somehow. Like she wasn't part of the life her family had built here over the generations.

“Oops,” Libby said, easing back on the reins. “Is that Archer's bull?”

“Son of a bitch, my fence!” Alex pulled her father's ancient Winchester from the saddle scabbard and chambered a round.

“Alex, no.” Libby maneuvered Cinnamon into her sister's path.

Her sister uttered a disgusted snort. “Oh, for heaven's sake, I'm not gonna shoot him. I'm just gonna encourage him to get back on his own side of the fence so we can repair it.”

“Well, if you shoot at that animal and curdle his little swimmers, Arch is gonna have a blue bloody fit.”

“Well, that's just too fuckin' bad, isn't it?” She nudged her mount sideways and aimed at the ground in front of the bull's feet.

Libby held up her hand. “Just let me see if I can nudge him back to his own side. You fire that damn rifle, and there's a Cade man within a mile of here, he'll be on us before we can get that damn fence fixed.” She released the saddle rope strap and approached the massive bull slowly. “Move along, Bubba.” She waved her rope at him and urged him back toward the fence.

As the bull crossed the property line, she squinted her eyes. “Ah, man, he's got half a dozen head of our heifers in this pasture, Alex. I'm gonna go round 'em up.”

“I don't know, Lib; he's—”

But Libby ignored her sister's concerns and jogged toward their cattle, gathering them up. “Let's go, cows.” She woo-hooed, whistled, and waved her rope, driving the cows through the fence. The enormous bull followed, much to her dismay. She turned her horse and waved her rope at him, then got close enough to swat him on the rump. Which was when things went

from frustrating to downright dangerous. The bull spun and charged, startling the little sorrel, which commenced to bend his legs and shoot straight into the air.

“Holy crow!” Libby was too startled to curse as the frightened horse spun and reared.

The bull snorted and pawed the ground, advancing on the bucking horse and rider. When he bellowed and lunged, the terrified gelding leaped, kicked out with his back legs, and connected with the now-bellowing bull. Cinnamon shrieked in alarm, reared again, and tumbled backward to the ground. Libby leaped from the saddle and somersaulted away before the horse could roll over on her. When she staggered to her feet, she was face-to-face with twenty-five hundred pounds of pissed-off bone and muscle.

This is so not good. “Oh shit. Alex? Now might be a good time to put this sucker down. I don't fancy getting gored or trampled to death.”

“Take a step back, baby. Slow and easy. Let's see what he's gonna do.”

Libby took a step back. The bull took a step forward. “Now, bull. You don't really wanna do this. You go on back to your side of the fence, and we'll call it even, dude. Neither of us has to die today.” She took a couple more steps back, and the bull stayed put, as if weighing her assessment of the situation.

“Easy, Lib. I'm gonna shoot at his feet, back him up some. Lord, I hope this works.”

Libby glanced at her sister. “Ya think?”

“Just be ready to move. You good to go?”

Libby took a deep breath, slowly let it out, and nodded. “Ready.”



A shot rang out, and Libby dived sideways. Two more and she raced toward her skittish mount. "Sum bitch!" Cinnamon bolted, heading back down the mountain. Then all hell broke loose.

There were more shots echoing off the mountains, along with sounds of an enraged bull, the pounding of hooves, and the shouts of men. She squeezed her eyes shut, hoping death came quickly.

"Libby!" Someone was screaming her name, and she opened her eyes to see Bodie Cade racing toward her on horseback.

She wasn't stupid; she knew exactly what to do. She adjusted her stance, raised her left arm, and jumped when Bodie's hand connected with her arm. She sobbed when she felt the solid heat of his back and wrapped her arms around his waist as he chased down her horse.

When Bodie had a firm grip on Cinnamon's reins, he pulled his own mount to a stop. Libby slid off the horse's rump and sank to ground, shaking like an aspen leaf. Bodie was beside her in a second.

"You okay, baby?" There was an urgency in his voice that caused her stomach to clench. This man really cared about her. For the life of her, she couldn't figure it out. He'd been so cruel in high school. Still, she couldn't stop the shuddering as Bodie's hands did a quick assessment of her condition, checking for broken bones. She'd always been honest with herself and acknowledged that the trembling wasn't just about her near miss with the bull.

When he was sure she was okay, he pulled her into his arms and kissed her wildly. She wrapped her arms around him and held on tight as he tumbled her to her back, kissing her as though his life depended on the feel of her mouth against his, her body beneath him.

The pounding of hooves drove them apart, and then Ty was leaping from his horse, enveloping her in his arms.

"What happened? Are you all right?" He didn't give her time to answer but covered her mouth with his, kissing her with the same passion that Bodie had. When he released her, she was still shaking, but for an entirely different reason. "Libby, what the hell happened?"

"Bull," she gasped as Bodie reached for her again. "Busted the fence. He'd rounded up six head of our cattle and took them to your pasture." Both men continued to run their hands up and down her arms and legs, checking for damage. "When I brought 'em back, he didn't wanna give 'em up. Scared my horse. He threw me."

"What were the gunshots for?" Ty asked.

"Alex was trying to get him to see the error of his ways, give me some room to run, but that fuckin' Cinnamon just took off for the barn. I don't think she would have shot him unless he decided to go after me." She gave each man a little shove. "I'm okay. You can get off me now."

Ty chuckled. "Honey, we're never gonna get off you. Not in this lifetime." But he did stand up and pull her to her feet.

Bodie handed her Cinnamon's reins. "This horse needs to be sold for dog food. He could have gotten you killed."

Libby blew out a breath. "Tell me about it." She cocked her head, hearing shouting in the distance. "Arch and Alex, I presume? They always at each other like that?"

"Pretty much," Bodie confirmed. "Especially since she dumped him."

Libby mounted Cinnamon. "She dumped him?"

"Sure did," Ty said, riding up next to her. "Caught him havin' supper with Mavis Gardner down to Bubba's. It was all perfectly innocent. They just

bumped into each other and sat down together, but Alex, she don't like to share."

Libby laughed. "She never did."

## Chapter Six

If Libby lived to be one hundred years old, she'd never forget the scene that greeted her that afternoon. There was her sister, pressed up against a huge slab of granite, with Archer Cade's muscular thigh between her legs. He was kissing her, none too gently, and unless her eyes deceived her, Alex was kissing him back and doing a first-rate job of humping his leg.

"Holy shit!" Libby chortled.

The two jumped apart as if they'd been shot from a cannon.

"Libby! This isn't what it looks like." Her sister gave Archer a shove, and he stumbled back, managing to regain his balance before he fell on his very tight ass.

Libby leaned on her saddle horn and offered her sister a serene smile. "I don't know, Alex, seems pretty straightforward to me." She looked at Archer and grinned. "Y'all do this often? Because, frankly, it's a little disconcerting to find my sister humping your leg, especially with that damn bull standing there watching. It might just prove to be too much for my delicate sensibilities."

Libby watched the ripple of muscle as Archer leaned down to retrieve his and Alex's hats. He handed Alex hers. "By God, your sister always was full of sass. I see that much hasn't changed."

Alex cleared her throat, refusing to meet his eyes. "Clearly, and I don't expect it will."

Libby could see her sister struggling to compose herself and came to the rescue. "Arch, I'd consider it a favor if you'd get that damn bull on his own side of the fence and make the necessary repairs. He came close to losing his life today, and I don't expect that would have made for an abundance of neighborly feelings—or any other kind, for that matter. Isn't that right, Alex?"

"Yes, it is." She hurried to her horse and mounted. "Come on, Lib. I promised you a picnic on the Little Rocky. Best we get on with it." With a click of her tongue, she urged her mount into a lope.

Libby swept the Cade men with an encompassing grin and touched the brim of her old Resistol. "I'll see you boys bright and early Monday morning." She looked at Archer and laughed, shaking her head. "Gentlemen, it's been real enlightening." She urged the flighty Cinnamon into a gallop and raced to catch up with her sister.

"So, how long has this thing with Arch been going on?" Libby asked when she finally caught up with Alex. "I thought you said it was over."

"It is over!" Alex shouted the words, a world-class scowl on her face.

Libby leveled a gaze on her, raised an eyebrow. "Honey, what I saw was about as far from over as it gets. Five more minutes and he'd have had you bent over that boulder with your pants to your ankles. That is definitely not over, by any definition I've ever heard."

Alex heaved a sigh. "He was using me. For sex."

Libby nearly choked. "Oh, please, no man uses Alex Wild for sex unless she wants him to. Not and lives to tell about it. Try again, big sister."

"He was cheating on me. I saw him at Bubba's with Mavis Gardner." Her voice broke when she spoke the other woman's name.

Libby's heart ached for her sister. "Alex, Bodie and Ty said it was perfectly innocent. They were both in there at the same time and just shared a table."

Alex sniffed. "Yeah, that's what Arch said, but Mavis said different, and you know the Cade men."

They arrived at Little Rocky Creek and dismounted, loosening the saddle girths for their animals' comfort.

"I do know the Cade men," Libby reasoned. "I know Mavis Gardner is the town slut too. And it's true Arch has had his share of women, but I've never known him to be a liar."

Alex sighed. "I know. But it's too late now. I made my bed—"

"But wouldn't you rather lie in it with Arch?"

Alex untied a blanket from her saddle and spread it on the ground while Libby grabbed her saddlebags.

"I guess I would, but—"

"But nothing, Alex. You were wrong, and you need to call him and apologize. From where I was standing, he still wants you, and you're a fool if you don't try to make it right before it's too late. You do realize Archer is seriously hot, right?"

The sisters doffed their hats and boots and sat down on the thick blanket. Alex had put together quite the spread—thick roast beef sandwiches, home-canned pickles, an assortment of fresh-cut vegetables, and for dessert, fat, chewy macaroons.

Libby ate a macaroon first, moaning at the sweet treat. "Oh, man, I'd forgotten how good you make these. How, I'll never know, 'cause you can't

cook for shit.” She licked her fingers. “I swear, if you were ever inclined to give up ranchin', you could go into the cookie-baking business.”

“Didn't anybody ever tell you dessert comes after the meal?”

“Sure.” Libby snatched another cookie from the plastic bag. “But I'm all grown up now, and I can eat whatever I damn well please.” She popped the entire cookie in her mouth. “Hey, Alex, you like seafood?” Before her sister could answer, Libby opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue.

Alex groaned, then laughed. “Eeww, gross!” But she bit into her sandwich, chewed a couple of times, and did the same thing to her sister.

They dissolved into laughter, then settled down to eat their lunch. It occurred to Libby, as they silently polished off the food, that not much had changed over the years. She and Alex still ate with the dedication of ranch hands, and the Little Rocky still ran fast and clear.

Libby cleaned up the picnic mess and eyed the creek. “I see our little pool is still there.”

Alex nodded and belched. “Sorry. Yep, me and the hands keep it up. I figured there'd come a day you might come home and wanna use it.”

Libby unbuttoned her work shirt and pulled off her tank top. “Well, you figured right.” She sniffed her pits. “Jeez, I smell like a goat from mucking those stalls.” She undid her jeans and shimmied them down.

Alex stared at her. “Damn, little sister, you filled out real nice. Check you out. I'd kill for your breasts. Silicone?”

Libby unhooked her bra and tossed it at her sister. “As if!” She stuck out her tongue. “You're just jealous because I got Mom's figure and you take after Aunt Jackie.”

Alex stood and began undressing. "Speaking of Daddy's side of the family. You know Uncle Walt has cancer?"

"Yeah, I called and sent flowers while he was in the hospital. Did the surgery get it all?"

Alex looked away for a moment, then back at Libby. "No, they didn't get it all. When I told him you were here, he asked if you'd stop up and see him at the nursing home."

Tears welled in Libby's eyes. "Of course I'll go see him. I'll go tomorrow, spend Sunday with him."

"Okay." Alex tossed her jeans and panties on the blanket. "Last one cleans out the loafing shed."

"You bitch!" Libby shoved her sister out of the way and raced to the creek's edge. She didn't pause but jumped straight into the little pool of water. And came up sputtering. She could swear she could feel icicles forming on her sparse pubic hairs. "Holy Jesus, Mary, and Joseph—you did that on purpose!"

Alex was standing on the bank of the creek, doubled over laughing. Oh, there was no way she was getting away with this. Libby's hand snaked out and grabbed her sister's wrist. With a sharp tug, Alex tumbled headfirst into the deep pool of clear mountain water. She gasped. "Holy crap!" Then dissolved into laughter.

The water felt good once their bodies got used to it. They floated, side by side, enjoying the sun beating down on their naked bodies. Finally, Libby nudged Alex.

"So?"

"So, what?"



"What are you going to do?"

"About what?"

"Come on, Alex. It's clear you were wrong about Archer. What are you gonna do to fix it?"

"Yeah," a deep voice called from the other side of the heavy underbrush. "What are you gonna do to fix it, Alex?"

Libby let loose with a little "eep" and lowered herself into the water. "Holy Moses, Cade, do you always sneak up on skinny-dippin' women?"

A rich baritone laugh drifted toward them; then the man himself stepped out from behind the cover of the brush. "I'll admit it's been a while." He leveled his gaze. "Come on out of the water, Alex. I've had about all of this nonsense I'm willing to take."

Libby saw the stubborn set in on her sister's face and stifled a sigh. Alex could get a pout on about as good as anyone Libby had ever met.

Alex folded her arms across her breasts and glared up at the man standing by the creek. "I can't. I'm spending the afternoon with my sister."

Libby blew her a raspberry, then splashed her with water. "I'm quite capable of finding my way home. You say you're tired of being alone? Here's your chance to remedy that. Now git." She splashed more water in Alex's face to punctuate her demand.

"I'm naked," Alex protested.

Libby raised an eyebrow. "I reckon he's seen you naked before. Any more excuses?"

Alex huffed, but she waded to the bank and took the hand Archer extended. She tipped her nose in the air as she passed by him. "You could have fought a little harder for me, Cade."

He swatted her bare butt as she bent down to pick up her panties. "I'm fixin' to do just that, woman. Now get a move on." He turned and smiled at Libby. "Who would have thought you'd grow up to be the rational sister?"

"Boggles the mind, don't it?" Libby laughed then. "I don't reckon it's easy being in love with a Cade man."

The solemn look he gave her startled Libby. "Maybe not, but I promise you, we always make it worth your while. But I reckon you'd know that by now, wouldn't you, Lib?"

Alex turned a sharp gaze on her, and Libby wanted to sink beneath the water. No way Alex hadn't heard the rumors about Bodie and Ty. Archer Cade had essentially told Alex that her baby sister was fucking two men, together.

"I don't know what you're talking about, Arch. I am not involved with your brothers."

"Yet," he said, handing Alex her reins. "But you might wanna haul yourself outta that creek and put some clothes on. I expect they'll be along soon as they finish repairing that fence."

\* \* \* \* \*

Libby was standing on the bank, wringing the water out of her hair, when Bodie rode up. With a frustrated huff, she stomped to the picnic blanket and snatched up her clothes.

Bodie dismounted with a chuckle and began working the buttons of his work shirt.

"No need to bother with those pesky clothes, darlin'. Ty'll be along any minute, and I can't think of a better time to finish what we started the other day."

Libby held up her tank top, pressing it against her breasts, making a show of studying her feet. Her head shot up when she heard the pounding of hooves.

"Right on time," Bodie said, dropping his shirt on the ground. He took a step forward and toed off his boots before stepping onto the blanket.

Libby swallowed hard as he reached for his belt buckle. Oh shit, this was going to happen—now. She watched Ty dismount and walk slowly toward her, shucking his clothes. Her nipples, already taut from the chilly water, contracted tighter as the two men reached for her.

Jesus, they were beautiful. Honed from years of intense physical labor, their bodies were works of art. Heavily muscled arms and shoulders framed the hard planes of their chests. A light dusting of ebony hair surrounded the brown disks of their nipples and formed a narrow line down their torsos to join a thick bush of wiry hair from which their cocks sprung heavy and hard.

"Say no now, Libby," Ty crooned. "Say it, baby, or we're takin' you."

She looked from Ty's cock to Bodie's. Could she do this? Could she take them both at once? Drops of precum formed on the heads of their cocks, and she licked her lips, unable to speak. It was all the invitation they needed.

Bodie moved behind her, holding her in much the same way Ty had the night of the reunion.

Ty's green eyes flicked over her body with a rapacious hunger. "Take her down," he demanded, his voice raw with desire.

Bodie slowly sat, taking Libby with him.

Ty stood there for a long moment. "Open her."

Libby shuddered as Bodie's strong arms slid beneath her knees and held her open. Her pussy clenched and began to weep.

"Very pretty," Ty murmured. He licked his lips and stretched out on his belly. She gasped when he traced her opening with a finger. "Just the beginning, darlin'." And he lowered his head to feast.

His mouth was hot and insistent, moving over every centimeter of her cunt—nibbling, licking, sucking, holding her on the edge but never letting her go over. Her clit swelled and ached, throbbing with the need for release.

"Please, please." A little moan escaped her and she tried to press herself against his mouth. Bodie's grip around her thighs made it impossible for her to thrust herself at him. She was forced to resort to begging. "I need to come. Make me come, Ty."

Ty chuckled and settled his lips over her clit, sucking lightly. "Soon, baby." He sucked some more, then pushed himself to his knees. "Turn over. Get on your knees, spread those legs wide."

Libby shuddered in anticipation. Oh yeah. He was going to fuck her from behind. She scrambled to do his bidding and came face-to-face with Bodie's twitching cock. She met his eyes as she licked her lips. Her tongue snaked out to swirl over the head of his cock, swiping away the precum leaking from him. She was rewarded with a sharp smack to her backside.

"I said spread those legs wide, Elizabeth." A tremor ran down her spine, and her pussy creamed. She rested her elbows between Bodie's parted legs and adjusted her position, opening herself to Ty. The sound of a condom

packet ripping open had her licking her lips. "Good girl; now suck him while I fuck you. Suck him good, baby, and I'll give you everything you want."

Nobody had to tell her twice. She took him to the root, nursing his cock with long, fluid strokes of her mouth, smiling inwardly when Bodie moaned his approval. His hand stroked her damp hair and fisted at the base of her skull, holding her still as he fucked into her mouth.

"Oh yeah, darlin'. That's so good. You suck my dick like it was yours. Do it, Ty, fuck her."

Libby moaned as Ty's cock teased her slit. He was moving it up and down, grinding against her clit, then shifting to her opening, pressing in an inch before withdrawing to tease some more. It was torture, sweet, erotic torture. Why wouldn't he fuck her? She was so hot, so delirious with lust that she went wild on the hard length filling her mouth, sucking and slurping Bodie's dick as Ty gave her another inch, then another.

"Oh Jesus, I'm gonna come.," Bodie uttered a pleased groan.

At the exact moment Bodie's hips arched, Ty drove into her, hard and deep. "Ah fuck!" Bodie shouted. Bodie's tangy essence flowed over her tongue, and Libby drank him down, moaning loudly as Ty's cock continued to pound into her.

"Oh yeah, Libby this is some tight pussy. I've been waiting forever for your sweet little cunt. And when we get you into the backcountry, I'm gonna have this ass too."

Libby panted, thrusting herself back on Ty's cock. "So close, so close." She thought she said the words to herself until Ty chuckled.

"Don't worry, baby, I know just what you want."

Two fingers probed her pussy, then burrowed into her anus. She howled as

he worked them deep, probing, pushing, stretching.

Bodie slid to her side and caressed her breasts. "Just think, baby, in two days' time, you're gonna have both of us buried inside you." He used his free hand to reach between her legs and caress her clit. He continued at a whisper. "You're gonna love it, Lib, having your ass reamed while my dick fills your pussy." He gave her nipple a hard twist, and she howled.

Bodie's words were thick with lust. "She's gotta be opening, bro," he rasped. "You could take her ass now if you wanted."

"No. "Together...the...first...time." He groaned. "Come, Libby, come now!" He pulled his fingers from her bottom and held hard to her hips.

Libby's arousal-soaked brain responded as Ty powered into her. God, his cock felt so good, so long and thick as it shuttled hard and fast, slamming into her, so deep, so deep. She heard him croak his brother's name and felt Bodie's fingers tunnel into her ass.

"Harder," she shouted. "Do it harder!"

"You got it, baby," Bodie growled, ramming deep.

"Oh. My. God!" She howled through the last deep plunge as her pussy rippled around Ty's cock. Over and over, she screamed her release as Ty emptied himself into her. Bodie's fingers fucked her ass, corkscrewing in and out, before finally plunging deep for the last time. Libby's knees gave out, and Ty followed her down as she collapsed on the blanket.

"You didn't get to fuck her." She heard Ty apologize to his brother.

"I can wait two days, bro. But that virgin ass is mine."

Libby shuddered at the sensation of dark pleasure that rolled through her.

In two days' time, Bodie's big cock would breach her ass, and she couldn't wait.

Jesus, she was the biggest slut ever born.

## **Chapter Seven**

Libby was dazed when she walked out of the nursing home with Alex, so much so that her sister had to guide her to the truck and open the door for her.

"You knew about this?" Libby shook her head.

Alex climbed into the truck and buckled her seat belt. "He mentioned it, but I didn't think it was my place to tell you his plans." She started the truck and drove to Bubba's, where they were supposed to meet Arch for an early dinner.

"Who's taking care of the place while he's in the nursing home? I mean, a place of that size can get away from you pretty damn fast if you don't keep it up. Does he still run cattle?"

Alex maneuvered the big truck into the parking slot and shut off the engine. "He's got a couple of hands up there that ride fence, watch out for varmints and such, but he hasn't run cattle in years."

Libby was aware of the fact that her sister was looking at her. "Is this why you wanted me to come home? So we can merge both properties into one big operation?"

"Of course not, Libby. You're my sister, and I love you. I want you to come home because I miss you. You're the only family I have left. If you decide you don't want the property, that's fine. I'd still want you home."



Libby looked at her sister. "But?"

Alex sighed. "But it's the perfect location for the mustangs. It's got good water, and it sits inside a national forest, so no way it'll be developed."

"Not much forage for a herd in the middle of the winter, though I reckon we could drive them down to the valley when the weather really started setting in." Libby opened the door and hopped out of the truck. "Jesus," she said, following Alex into the restaurant. "I don't know. It's a huge responsibility, not to mention I'd be snowed in all winter."

"Well, you don't have to decide now. Walter's stubborn enough to prove the doctors wrong." Alex looked around, and her smile faded. "There's Arch, and he's not alone."

Libby felt the heat rush to her face when the Cade twins grinned and slid out of the large corner booth. They might as well be holding up a sign that read, WE FUCKED LIBBY WILD.

Alex gave her a nudge in their direction, muttering, "Nothing we can do about it without making a scene. But when we leave here, you're gonna tell me exactly what's going on with you and those two men." The note of disapproval in her voice was unmistakable.

"Nothing," Libby whispered. "There's nothing going on."

Alex gave her a skeptical look. "Right, and if a frog had wings, he wouldn't bump his ass."

"Alex. I am telling you, it's nothing."

"Maybe not, but they look positively predatory."

"Huh. They can look any way they want; that doesn't mean I'll fall victim to either one of them."

"More like both of them, if what I hear is true." Oh yeah, she'd definitely heard the rumors. She'd have a cow when she finally found out.

Archer rose and gestured to Alex to scoot in beside him, while Bodie moved over and Ty urged Libby onto the bench beside his brother, sliding in beside her. Ty leaned in and whispered, "Just like the creamy center of an Oreo cookie."

"How original."

"Aw, don't be a crab, Lib. Aren't you glad to see us?" This from Bodie, who'd had his fingers deep in her ass.

Oh God.

Her chin jutted stubbornly. Just because he'd saved her from that bull and helped give her a mind-blowing orgasm, she was supposed to be happy about being put on display? She didn't think so. He was too damned confident in his own charm. Both of them were, and Libby was of a mind not be charmed. So what if they'd fucked her into a nerveless heap. They'd manipulated the situation with the pack trip, forcing her to accept them as guides, and that kind of high-handedness didn't set well with her.

"As glad as I'd be to see a plague of locusts."

Bodie slapped his hand over his heart. "Now, Libby, I'm hurt. I truly am."

Alex came to her rescue by smacking Bodie on the head with her menu. "That'll be enough of that. Libby's had enough teasing from you boys to last a lifetime."

Bodie immediately sobered. "You're right enough, Alex." His hand snaked out and captured Libby's and squeezed gently. "Sorry, darlin'."

Libby simply gave him a terse nod and snapped open her menu.

Archer cleared his throat. "So, how's old Walt doin'? Still makin' liars of the doctors?"

"Tryin' his best," Alex answered. "But he had some news for Libby. Seems he's leaving her the ranch."

"Really?" Arch said.

"Well, it makes sense, in a manner of speaking. Libby spent most of her summers up there. Walt always doted on her. They'd camp and fish, he always kept lots of film around for her, and they'd go on photo excursions deep into the Shoshone National Forest."

Libby smiled wistfully. "He was probably my best friend when I was growing up. It's hard, seeing him waste away like that."

Ty patted her knee. "I'm sure it did his old heart good to see you, though. You're gonna be a land owner. You'll quit that damn jet-set job and stay home where you belong."

"I'm hoping she will. I'd sure like her to stay," Alex said.

"Me too," Bodie concurred.

"Of course she will. She has family here, obligations," Ty said, with a confidence that grated on Libby's nerves. "Libby's a good girl, comes from good Wyoming ranch stock. She don't belong with all those fakes and phonies. She belongs here."

The group sat, silently waiting, and Libby couldn't move a muscle.

"I..." she croaked. Her throat closed up, and she struggled to breathe, on the verge of hyperventilating. Synapses fired, and the words "obligation"

and “good ranch stock” bounced around in her skull.

Oh God, why couldn't everyone just leave her alone? Why was she always the one expected to give up her dreams? Her father had been so pissed when she chose to go to college in LA, and even madder when she majored in photojournalism. He'd demanded she move back home, study range management and business, so she could help keep the ranch growing and prospering. When she'd defied him, he'd refused to pay for her schooling and cut her out of his life. Then he and Mama died in that accident before she could make amends.

Libby shoved Ty. “Let me out, I need air.”

“Lib—” Ty protested, but she cut him off.

“No! Just let me out.” When he didn't move, she growled with frustration. “Fine, don't move, you asshole.” She swiveled on the bench, drew her feet up under, and climbed out over the back of the seat. Shocked by her behavior, no one spoke as she bolted from the restaurant.

\* \* \* \* \*

Libby heard the crunch of gravel under boot heels and knew one of them had found her. She leaned against the back of the building, bent forward with her palms on her thighs.

“Libby,” Ty said. “What the hell was that all about?” He started toward her, but she held up her hand, warding him off.

“Don't. Don't crowd me.” She took a side step, shaking her head. “It's too much, Ty. You and Bodie, Alex wanting me to stay, and now Uncle Walt and the ranch. I can't... I don't... I live the way I do because I'm not responsible to anyone but myself. I pick and choose my assignments; I go where I want, when I want. That's the way I like it. I don't like... I don't want people needing me.”

Ty folded his arms over that massive chest, and a ripple of desire shot through her, so strong she would have fallen to her knees had the wall not been holding her up. He was a danger to her, him and his brother. She had to remember that. Remember who they were.

His voice was disdainful when he spoke. "Don't you mean you don't like needing people? Your family, Bodie, and me?"

Anger coiled deep in her belly and struck. She pushed off the wall. "You think you know me, Ty Cade? You don't know shit! You don't know how hard I worked to earn that jet-set career you're so scornful of. Or the danger, or the heart-wrenching agony of those poor people in Africa. Of the soldiers I faced down to get those shots. All you see, all anyone sees, is the end result. And I did that! Me. By myself, with no help from a big, strong man."

He thought she needed him and his brother? It would be a cold day in hell before she ever put herself at the emotional mercy of the Cade twins. "You and your brother are the last people in the world I need." She took a deep breath and continued, righteous anger boiling her blood. "You might have convinced me to let you guide me through the backcountry. Maybe even to play your little sexual games, but if you think I'll ever need you, you're plumb crazy. You and that brother of yours? You're toys for me to play with, nothing more. And rest assured, when I'm done with you, I'll toss you aside and go back to my real life. Need you, my ass. I don't need anybody." She straightened and gave him her back.

He came up behind her, wrapped her in a bear hug, and lifted her off her feet.

"Did you forget the other day, sweet thing? Hmm? Did you forget the way you shoved your pretty little pussy against my face? The way you fucked our fingers when we had 'em buried in your cunt, in your ass? The way you begged us to take you, to hell with the fact we were practically in your

backyard? That was you down by the Little Rocky, howling at Bodie to fuck your ass harder while you came all over my dick.” His breath was hot on her neck, his erection long and hard against her bottom. “You can lie to yourself all you want, but by God, you won’t lie to me. Throw us away? I don’t think so, honey. When we’re done with you, you’ll be on your knees beggin’ to stay!”

She wanted to punch him, but her arms were pinned to her side, so she flailed her legs and kicked him hard several times. “Turn me loose, you motherfucker!”

His laugh was harsh, mean. “Such language, Libby. Even you oughta know I’d draw the line at fuckin’ my mother. But I won’t draw it at fuckin’ you. In fact, maybe I’ll just shove you up against this wall and give you what you’ve been beggin’ for.”

As he swung her toward the wall, she kicked again, connecting with the stacked heels of her cowboy boots, grunting with satisfaction when he hissed in pain.

“You little hellcat,” Ty snarled. “You’re nothing but a spoiled, selfish brat, never thinkin’ of anybody but yourself. Someone needs to paddle your ass, and I’m just the man to do it.”

Libby was beyond distraught now; she was so pissed, she thought her head might actually explode. Spoiled? Selfish? She howled in anger, leaned forward, then slammed her head back, bashing Ty in the face.

“Ow! God damn it, Libby!” He released her and raised a hand to his cheekbone.

Blood. Had she done that?

“That does it. I’m gonna—”

Libby scuttled sideways as Archer's strong hand clamped down on Ty's shoulder. "You're gonna go on back into the restaurant and clean up, little brother. Calm yourself down." His gaze swiveled to Libby. "You okay, buttercup?"

Libby nodded but didn't say a word. Just continued to glare at Ty, wishing she could be like that kid in Firestarter and set his hair on fire. Damn him.

When Ty was gone, Libby let Archer put an arm around her and lead her to his truck.

"Let's you and me take a little ride, darlin'."

He opened the passenger door and handed her inside. "Why, and what about Alex?"

"Because I reckon you need to get away from all those folks that wanna make demands on your time. And as for Alex, I expect she's taking strips of hide off Ty as we speak. He was out of line, and I don't hold with anybody manhandling a woman."

Libby sighed as they pulled out of the parking lot. A few miles west of town, Archer pulled into the Buffalo Bill State Park and killed the engine. Libby looked at him with an eyebrow cocked. "So, did you bring me here to go fishing? Because you're a mite long in the tooth to be bringing me to your old high school make-out spot."

Archer threw back his head and laughed. "I always did like you, Libby; you say whatever's on your mind, and consequences be damned." He released his seat belt. "But that long-in-the-tooth thing kinda hurt, buttercup. I'm not that much older than you." He opened the door and stepped out. "Come on, let's take a walk down yonder trail, set a spell, and talk."

Libby followed reluctantly. "I really don't want to talk about your brothers, Arch."

They walked side by side as they started up the trail. "I know you don't, honey, but you're about all they've been talking about for the last five years. Has Alex heard from you? When are you coming home for a visit? Are you involved with anyone? Like to drove me crazy."

Libby's brow puckered. "I don't get it. They hated my guts in high school. Seemed like they went out of their way to make my life a misery."

Archer wrapped an arm around her shoulder. "I know, and I'm real sorry about that. I should have done something, but I had my hands full runnin' the ranch and tryin' to keep 'em alive, what with the folks dyin' like they did."

"Not your fault, Arch, and I don't think you could have stopped it anyway. Those boys sure hated my cameras. Never was able to figure that, with them being so pretty and all. And why is it so important that they make up for it? It's water under the bridge."

They wandered off the trail and perched atop a flat slab of granite. "Is it? I mean, you haven't been home in all these years, Libby. I reckon the twins figure into that somewhere."

Libby stretched out on the sun-warmed granite and studied the clouds, pondering Archer's question. The Cade twins had been a big reason why she hadn't come back, but so was the unfinished business with her father. Truth to tell, she'd been afraid she couldn't handle it. The memories of growing up here. Her daddy's booming laughter, and the bitterness of his anger when she chose photography over the ranch. Her parents' death in a fiery crash that ended any hope of reconciliation.

"I won't say they weren't part of it, but there were other reasons too." She looked up at him and smiled. "I just got used to the travel, the money, the luxury. I mean, you have to admit it's a cake job."



Archer chuckled. "I reckon it is if you're into all those mud baths and herbal wraps. But as for what changed the boys' minds, it was those pictures you took when you were freelancing. I bought the book, and when they saw those photos, something in them changed."

"What?"

Archer shook his head. "Ain't my place to tell, buttercup, but I'd consider it a favor if you'd give 'em a chance."

"Yes, but they want—"

"I know what they want, honey, and you don't have to do that if you don't want to. They'd never force you."

Libby shook her head. "It's not even that, not really. It's the pressure everyone's putting on me to stay. Bodie and Ty, Alex, and now Uncle Walt. I haven't made a commitment to anything but my career for a long time."

Archer hopped down off the rock and held out his hand. "Well, maybe it's time you thought about it. Come on, gal. I reckon everyone's about settled down now. You hungry? Gotta get your strength up for your trip tomorrow."

Libby let him swing her down off the rock. "I could eat."

## Chapter Eight

There was a distinct chill in the cab of the truck as Bodie drove through Sylvan Pass and up to the east entrance to Yellowstone. He checked the rearview mirror to make sure Ty and their crew were still behind them with the other stock trailers, then cleared his throat.

"He didn't mean to upset you last night. Ty, I mean. No one did."

Libby kept her eyes on the road ahead. "Everyone seems to think they know what's best for me except me."

"It's just that we—"

She gave him a talk-to-the-hand gesture. "I really don't want to talk about this, Bodie."

Bodie glanced at her from the corner of his eye. Her jaw was clenched so tightly, he figured it would take a crowbar to pry it open, and her usually flawless posture was rigid as a spinster's on her first date. He'd thought they were making some progress, but it was evident last night's incident with Ty had set them back. Do not pass go, do not collect two hundred dollars. She'd changed over the years, gone from a wide-eyed teenager who wore her heart on her sleeve to this hard-nosed woman who kept her thoughts to herself. He was out of his depth with a filly like Libby Wild, and that was the bald-faced truth of the matter.

"Look, Libby." He hoped he'd injected the right amount of patience into his voice. "You have to talk to both of us sooner or later; otherwise it's gonna be a long two weeks."

Libby folded her arms over her chest. "I guess it's going to be a long two weeks, then, because I have nothing of a personal nature to say to either one of you."

It was Bodie's turn to grit his teeth. The Cade charm was lost on a woman who could hold a grudge the way this one could.

"Fine. Have it your way."

She turned then, giving him a smug little smile. "I always intended to."

Bodie cursed fluently under his breath as the entrance to Yellowstone Park appeared. He eased forward and pulled off and leaned over to reach in the glove box for the packet of backcountry permits they'd secured for this trip, inadvertently brushing his forearm across Libby's breast. He didn't miss the quick intake of breath from his passenger at that accidental contact and smothered a smile. So, Miss Elizabeth Wild wasn't as immune to him as she'd like him to think. Interesting. He'd be sure to explore that little fact before they were too far into this trip.

"I'm gonna check in and leave our itinerary with the rangers. Be right back." She didn't comment, but her eyes flicked in his direction. Bodie hopped out of the truck, grinning when his back was to her.

Ty approached with his packet of information. "What's so funny?"

"Nothin', dude. I just don't think she's as mad as she'd like us to believe." He quickly filled Ty in on what had happened.

"Huh," Ty mused. "I guess Arch must have done a better job of talking her down than we figured. Gonna have to take it slow, though, finesse her some."

Bodie shook his head as they walked to the ranger station. "I don't know.

Might be best not to let her get too entrenched in her indifference. Break down those walls quick."

"How?"

Bodie handed the ranger his paperwork and asked him about any backcountry conditions they needed to be aware of. After a brief discussion, he headed back to the truck with Ty, resuming their conversation.

"I say we just take her, like we did in the pasture and at the creek. There's no one scheduled at the campsite, so we set up camp and let her get some pictures taken as the sun goes down, then fix her a real nice supper and just go for it. She wants us; we both know it. All we have to do is show her how much. We'll figure out how to explain things once she's accepted the way things are going to be between the three of us."

Ty chuckled. "Sounds like a plan. I, for one, can't wait to hear her screams echoing off the mountains when she comes."

Bodie grinned. "I hear that, brother. Let's head out. Nine Mile Trailhead awaits, and the crew's anxious to unload and get back."

They parted ways, and Bodie climbed back in the truck to find Libby glaring at him.

"I don't know what you two have planned, but you can just forget about it. This trip is about work, not play."

Bodie chuckled. "Darlin', you are too suspicious. We were just conferring on the best way to get to the campsite. Columbine Meadow is only good for one night, so we figured on bypassin' it for Meadow Creek. Both are hollerin' distance from Yellowstone Lake, so I figure that's about as good a place to start as any."

"Fine. Just don't go getting any ideas that I'll be indulging any of your

prurient, adolescent male fantasies.”

“Prurient, huh?” He raised an eyebrow. “That one of those hundred-dollar college words, Lib?”

Libby made a disgusted noise. “It means—”

“I know what it means.” His eyebrows snapped together in a frown. Did she really think he was that big of an idiot? Hell, he may not have had the opportunity to attend some big-time college, but he'd gotten a two-year degree in farm and ranch management at the local college. He and Ty had had to work, for Christ's sake. She could be a bitch when she wanted to, but he'd never known her to be a snob.

Bodie was well into his sulk when she said, “I'm sorry. That was unforgivably rude, and I apologize.”

He nodded. “Apology accepted. Now, do you think we can make an effort to try and get along for the next two weeks?”

Bodie smothered a satisfied smile when she sighed. “Yes. I suppose we can.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Silence descended once more until they reached the trailhead. Libby gathered her camera equipment while Bodie and Ty helped the crew unload the stock and pack the animals. She squatted on the side of the road, carefully packing her cameras and lenses into her TrailMax saddlebags. Setting aside her Nikon D700 digital, she picked out her two favorite lenses and put them in the pommel bag. The excitement was upon her now, tendrils of exhilaration curling in her chest, settling into her belly to flutter there like hummingbird wings.

In all the years she'd lived here, Libby had never once been to

Yellowstone. Ranch work took priority over sightseeing, and if she wanted to camp, her father had told her, they had several thousand acres that would do her just fine and plenty of cattle to keep her company. Now, here she was, a few years away from her thirtieth birthday, and she was going on the adventure of a lifetime with two men who would likely have their way with her this very night. She raised her camera and took a few shots of the crew putting the final touches on the pack job.

"You ready to go, darlin'?"

Libby lowered the camera.

Ty.

Images of the previous night flashed in front of her. Angry green eyes narrowed to slits. The aggressive jut of his chin as he hovered over her, his body language threatening, his voice scornful. Spoiled, he'd called her. Selfish. And she had to concede that maybe he had a point. But there was no sign of that man now. Just mischievous, sparkling green eyes and a full mouth smiling at her with pleasure.

"You bet," she said. "Which horse is mine?"

"The little bay with the white stockings." He reached for her saddlebags. "His name's Sox. Not very original, but he's sturdy and dependable, not prone to stumbling, and he has the heart of a lion. Ain't a river he won't cross." He held up her saddlebags. "These things waterproof?"

"Of course." She slowed to let him get ahead of her and admired the way his jeans fit just right over his tight ass. Like as not, she'd have her hands on that beautiful backside before too long. She licked her lips and increased her pace. No sense in letting him know what she was thinking.

Studying one another warily over the back of the horse, Libby and Ty secured her saddlebags to the cantle of the saddle.

“Lib...about the other night—”

“Don't. It's forgotten. Water under the bridge. Let's get this show on the road, okay?”

“Okay.”

Libby took the reins and mounted, waiting as the crew said their good-byes and wished everyone luck. She fell in line behind Bodie and Ty eased in behind her, leading the pack animals.

They picked their way through blackened trees, and Libby took a few shots of the miracle of regeneration. Colorful fireweed grew profusely, and already new growth was evident everywhere.

“It's really coming back fast,” she commented to no one in particular.

“The wonder of nature,” Bodie quipped. “We're gonna set up an early camp at Meadow Creek, let you get some shots in before dark; then we'll head south in the mornin' to Mountain Creek. There's a couple of stock sites we can use, spend a couple days or so. Check out Turret Mountain, Table Mountain, climb up to Eagle Pass if you're feelin' intrepid. How do you feel about suspension bridges?”

Libby swallowed. “Christ. Not sure I'm that intrepid, but we don't necessarily have to stop at Eagle Creek campground, right?”

“Not at all. We get up early enough, we can do Eagle Pass as a day hike.”

“I would like to get some shots there. I hear you can just about see forever.”

“Then that's what we'll do.”

As they crossed Cub Creek, Sox lived up to his reputation, carrying Libby across the swiftly flowing water without incident. A mile and a half later, they forded Clear Creek, and Libby dismounted to take a picture of a very large grizzly footprint on the bank. Remembering Marcus's instructions that she was not to get eaten by a bear, she looked around, but the animal was long gone. She vaulted back into the saddle, and in six more miles they reached their campground. There wasn't a soul in sight.

"I'm going to hike down to the lake, unless you need me to help you set up."

"Nope, we've got it under control," Ty told her. "Just make plenty of noise so you don't startle something you don't wanna startle."

Fat chance. Why scare off the wildlife if you're looking to photograph it?

Well, unless it's a grizzly.

Libby was enjoying the feel of the sun on her face when the twins approached. Ty took a seat beside her and nodded in Bodie's direction.

"He's takin' the float out, see if he can catch us some lake trout for supper. Cutthroats are catch and release, but we can eat as many lake trout as we want. You hungry?"

She was about to lie and say no, but her belly rumbled, giving her away. "Guess I am. Should we go start a fire? There's plenty of down wood here."

He grinned. "Sure," then hollered to Bodie, "Hey, bro, we're gonna gather some wood and get a fire goin'. Keep an eye on where you're floatin'."

Libby helped Ty put together the firebox and spread out the fire blanket.

"This is a good idea," she complimented. "Really low impact."



Ty nodded. "That's the point. Stock does enough damage, so we figure it's the least we can do. We'll let the fire die down, and in the morning the ashes will be cool enough to scatter. Breakfast will be cooked on the stove."

"Works for me." She perused the campsite and raised an eyebrow. "Only one tent?"

Ty gave her a wink. "Less weight means less impact."

"Uh-huh." She might have been born at night, but it wasn't last night. "You bed down with all your clients, or am I special?"

Ty stood up and took an armload of wood from her. "You are special, Libby. No denyin' that." He set the wood aside and added some pinecones to the tinder, then carefully added to the base. They'd have a good fire when the time came. "Sun's about to set. You wanna get some more shots of the lake?"

The lake was calm and the mountains reflected in the still water were a brilliant orange with the setting sun.

"Oh my," Libby said softly. "I've seen some beautiful sights in my life, but I'd be hard put to find anything more grand than this country."

She could feel Ty's eyes on her as she walked along the shore, bending and twisting to capture just the right shot. At one point, she stretched out on her belly to bring the camera in alignment with the shore and took several shots. She rolled onto her back, to capture the cloud formations, the varied colors of orange on the mountains.

Just as she sat up, she caught sight of Bodie coming out of the forest with a Ziploc bag filled with filleted lake trout. He wore such a pleased smile, she took a shot of him before she even stopped to think about what she was doing. Immediately, the muscles in her face froze, and she couldn't move the camera away. She held her breath, waiting.

Bodie grinned. "It's okay, baby. Take as many pictures as you want." He winked at her. "Just tell me you don't want this trout fried. That would be a pure crime."

She rolled to her feet. "Nope. I gave up fried food in college, the minute I started to grow another ass."

Bodie and Ty both laughed. "Well, your ass looks just fine to us, honey," Bodie told her, then to Ty, "You got that fire ready to go?"

Neither man would hear of letting her help with dinner, so Libby sat in a comfortable camp chair with her camera in one hand and a bottle of water wedged in the beverage holder on the chair's armrest.

Dinner consisted of grilled trout with butter and lemon, fresh corn on the cob, and baby salad greens with grape tomatoes. She hadn't thought herself that hungry, but Libby ate heartily and insisted they let her help with the cleanup. With the chores done, they hung their food supplies in bearproof containers. At Ty's insistence, she went into the tent and changed into her yoga pants, then stuffed her clothes into another bag they supplied her. Her clothes, along with their own, they would hang with the food bags, just in case any scent of the evening's meal lingered on them. No one wanted to invite a hungry grizzly into the camp.

An hour or so after they'd eaten and policed the campsite, the three sat staring into the fire. Ty disappeared into the tent, leaving Libby and Bodie alone. The night sounds were enthralling. Wolves howled in the distance. Coyotes yipped. Frogs called from the lakeside. It was an opera of sound that was somehow soothing. Curious red eyes peered from the shadows of the woods.

Night had fallen on Yellowstone.

## **Chapter Nine**

A small lantern glowed softly, casting a golden light against the wall of the tent. Ty had spread the sleeping mats on the floor, covering them with two down-filled sleeping bags.

Libby swallowed hard, reaching for the buttons of her shirt. Ty brushed her fingers away.

"Let me." His voice was husky, thick with longing. "You don't know how long I've been waiting for the opportunity to strip you out of your clothes, darlin'. One piece at a time. Looking at you, touching you."

She shivered as the soft material parted, and he pushed it off her shoulders. Behind her, Bodie took it and tossed it in a corner of the tent. He unhooked her bra, and Tyler took that away, dropping it on top of her shirt.

"Beautiful," he whispered, his fingers tracing the tops of her breasts. "Plump and ripe." He traced a nipple, making it pucker. "Like a sweet red raspberry." He leaned down and teased it with the tip of his tongue. "God, Libby, I want you so bad."

He cupped her breasts, stroking his callused thumbs over the nipples before running his hands down her sides. He untied her pants and slid his hands inside, easing them down her hips, taking her panties with them. The rustle of clothes told her that Bodie was undressing, and her breathing accelerated. This was really happening.

Bodie stepped up behind her and pulled her back against the heat of his

chest. His arms went around her, and his hands slid down her belly to her pussy. He opened her gently, his middle finger delving between her lips.

"Wet already." He scooped up the moisture pooling at her entrance and began to worry her clit with tantalizing strokes. His cock, fully erect, twitched against her ass, causing more liquid to gush from her aroused cunt. "You want it, baby? You want my cock in your ass?"

"Yes." It was barely a sigh.

She trembled, weak-kneed with Bodie's erotic ministrations; Ty knelt and tugged off her boots, and her pants finally joined the rest of her clothes.

"Lie down, sugar," Ty told her, practically ripping his shirt off. "We're gonna give you a nice, relaxing massage."

"A m-massage?"

"Um-hm, a sensual massage."

Bodie eased her down to the floor of the tent and rolled her onto her belly. "You'll like it." He reached for a bottle of Kama Sutra's Oil of Love and poured a small amount into his hand. "Now, close your eyes and relax."

Libby exhaled as two pairs of hands worked at her tired muscles. It had been a long time since she'd spent a day in the saddle. They massaged her shoulders and arms, then worked their way down her back. Mingled scents of chocolate, vanilla, and cinnamon scented the air, and her skin warmed. Their hands skipped over her ass and moved to her legs with long, sure strokes, working the stiffness out of her limbs. Even her feet were treated to their gentle touch.

She moaned, her pussy clenching, when they finally eased her legs apart, stroking and teasing her flesh as they worked their way back up. The oil penetrated the delicate skin of her inner thighs, and their fingers grazed the

swollen folds of her cunt. God, would they ever touch her there?

Ah yes. Gentle strokes along the edge of her pussy. Brief forays beneath her swollen lips. A finger slid inside, then two.

“Oh God. More. I need more.”

The fingers left her and moved to her ass, massaging the tight globes, sliding between the cheeks. Someone's finger teased the tight rosebud of her ass, and the heat of the oil warmed her.

“Mmm, that's a sweet little hole, baby. Time to get it ready for me.”

It was Bodie's voice, Bodie's finger that penetrated her, lubricating her virgin hole with the warm oil. Another joined the first and began a gentle pumping.

“Tight and hot. I can't wait to get inside of this ass, honey. Open your legs wider so Ty can play with that pussy.”

She opened her legs, and Ty's fingers glided inside her. The two began to fuck her, setting a rhythm that had her moving her hips in time to the thrusts of their fingers.

“Time for another one, honey,” Bodie said. He eased out of her and glided back in with three now. He fucked her gently, fingers scissoring, stretching, while both brothers' lips caressed the smooth skin of her back.

She was practically sobbing she was so aroused. “Please, I need to come. Make me come, Bodie. Ty, please. I need it.” The only response to her plea was Bodie's mouth covering hers.

Ty chuckled. “Soon, baby. Let's roll you onto your side so I can kiss those luscious breasts.”

Libby howled with frustration as they shifted her onto her side. Bodie's fingers remained firmly in her ass while Ty left her pussy to lift her leg over his hip.

"Soon, baby, I promise," he said between nibbles and licks. He took her nipples between his teeth, biting down just enough to pinch but not to hurt, then began a leisurely trek down her body until her leg was over his shoulder and his mouth was between her legs.

Oh God, it was too much! Ty's mouth fed on her pussy, licking, nibbling, sucking. Fingers probed, fucked, pinched. Finally, his lips closed over her clit to suckle. The night sounds were diminished to nothing but the noises in the tent: moans, groans, the liquid sound of Ty's fingers gliding in and out of her cunt.

She couldn't remember a single time in her sexual life when she'd been this aroused, this needy, this eager. Her body felt hot, tight, like being poised on the lip of a volcano watching the lava rise, waiting for the explosion to come, an explosion that just might kill her.

It was impossible to form any coherent thoughts, impossible to speak. All she could do was writhe and moan. She mewled in protest when Bodie took his fingers from her.

"She's ready, Ty." He practically snarled the words.

A condom landed on the pillow where Ty would lay his head. Thankfully, Bodie had remembered, because there wasn't a rational thought in Libby's head at the moment.

Ty gave her clit one more suck, then moved away from her, positioning himself on his back. She watched him roll the condom on, licking her lips as he wrapped his fist around his cock.

"Come on, darlin'," he urged. "Give me that sweet pussy."

She launched herself at him, straddling his lean hips. She was shaking so hard, both Ty and Bodie had to guide her over Ty's cock.

"Oh God, oh yes." It came out on a sigh as she lowered herself onto his length. He was long and thick, but her body was so primed for penetration, she took him easily.

"Ah, honey, that's the tightest pussy in the world. You fit me like a glove."

She wanted to ride him, to grind her cunt against him, but he pulled her down, pinning her against his chest. She was about to protest, but she felt Bodie behind her.

"Lift up some, baby," Bodie demanded. "I'm gonna take this pretty ass now."

Libby shuddered. She thought she'd be scared, but remarkably, she wasn't. She lifted herself off Ty until just the head of his cock remained inside her, and took a deep breath as she felt the first probing thrust of Bodie's latex-covered cock. He eased into her slowly.

"Ah, yeah, Libby. What a tight, sweet little ass you've got." He advanced slowly. "Am I hurting you, honey? You tell me if it hurts too much."

"Burns," Libby gasped. "But it feels... Oh God, it feels good."

"Wait, baby, wait for it." He drew back slowly so Ty could fill her.

"Oh God," she rasped. A shiver of dark, wicked pleasure washed over her as Bodie pulled back. "So good, so good."

Advance and retreat. Advance and retreat. Slowly at first, coordinating their movements, each thrust designed to provide maximum penetration. Then harder, faster. She was stretched so tight, filled so full, that her clit

was completely exposed to Ty's hard thrusts.

"Too much, too much," she babbled. "Going to come. Can't hold it."

Bodie's lips caressed the tender flesh beneath her ear. "Let go, baby. Just let go. We've got you."

Libby shrieked when both cocks filled her at once. A fever built within her, burning so bright she thought she might burst into flames. She was no virgin. She'd had her share of men over the years, men who knew how to please a woman in bed, but nothing could compare to what these men made her feel. Each thrust made her cry out.

"Come, Libby," Ty demanded, thrusting up, grinding against her clit.

"Come, baby," Bodie insisted. "Let me feel this tight little ass milk my cock when you come."

She was surrounded by heated flesh, filled to bursting with two straining cocks, and yet she needed more. Just a little more to send her over the edge.

"Harder," she begged, her voice strained. "Fuck me hard. I'm so close, so close."

"You want it hard? We'll give you hard," both men growled.

Libby cried out as they picked up their pace, slamming into her, fucking her hard and fast, grinding, thrusting, both cocks filling her at once.

"You let go, Libby," Bodie growled. "Let go or I'll paddle your ass red."

Her breath caught in her throat, and her pussy contracted.

"You want your ass spanked," Bodie rasped. "Then that's what you'll get."



His hand came down hard on her bottom, and a shudder racked her body.

"Oh yeah, our baby likes having her bottom warmed." He smacked her again. "Oh, baby, you are in so much trouble, because there's nothing we like better than spanking an ass before we fuck it."

Libby cried out as a flurry of sharp cracks landed on her ass. "Oh. My. God!" Her entire body convulsed as Bodie rammed his cock deep in her ass, roaring his release. Ty fucked into her twice more, bucking beneath her as he came, slamming against her clit. She uttered a strangled howl as she came, her pussy and ass clamping and releasing, milking both cocks buried so deeply inside her.

When the initial frenzy died down, Bodie eased out of her and lifted her off Ty. Despite the cool night air, they were drenched in sweat.

"Holy shit," Libby said, when she was finally able to breathe. Both men laughed, and she joined in. "That was the single most intense experience of my life."

The brothers rolled onto their sides and stroked her like a cat. "For us too," Ty confirmed. He cupped a breast and rolled the still-distended nipple between his fingers.

Bodie did the same with her other breast. "And who knew you would turn out to be such a kinky little thing? It's very exciting that you liked being spanked. I love giving erotic spankings, honey. I could make you come just by spanking you. As you'll soon find out."

Libby's body flamed to life again, but she knew she was too tired and sore for anything more tonight. "Well, I'll look forward to that," she said, then yawned.

"Let's get some sleep," Ty said, before kissing her forehead. "I believe

we've worn our girl out."

"Braggart. Just you wait. I'll make you eat your words yet."

## **Chapter Ten**

Libby woke to the heavenly scents of coffee and bacon. She sat up, groaning. Every muscle in her body ached from the workout the twins had given her last night. Oh God, how could she face them after what she'd done, what she'd allowed them to do to her?

Thankfully, her bottom was not as tender as she'd expected it would be. Small favors . She reached for her clothes, fighting the arousal that spiked through her as she recalled how Ty had undressed her, the way his mouth had felt on her breasts, the way he'd devoured her cunt, sucking and licking as his fingers fucked into her. The way Bodie had stretched her ass in preparation for his cock.

She hadn't expected to like it, was shocked at her reaction when Bodie's hand had warmed her backside as he'd shuttled in and out of her ass. It had been a darkly sensual experience, hotter, more carnal for the fact that what they'd been doing was considered taboo. What the hell did that say about her? She dressed hurriedly and stepped out into the cool mountain air.

"Something smells good," she said, walking to where Ty stood, flipping bacon.

"Mornin', sleepyhead," he teased. "It's a little later than we'd planned, but we figured you could use the rest."

Bodie sauntered up behind her and wrapped his arms around her and nuzzled her ear.

"You okay? Not too sore to ride today?"

Her cheeks heated, and she expected she was probably blushing to her roots.

"I'm all right. A little tender, maybe, but nothing debilitating. Is that coffee ready yet?"

Bodie let loose of her and went to pour her a cup. "Cream and sugar?"

"Nah, black's fine. Just so long as it's strong enough to wake me up. I'm not known for having a good early-morning disposition." She took the coffee and sipped the hot black brew. "So what's the plan for today?"

"Mountain Creek," Ty reminded her, cracking eggs into the skillet. "Day hike up to Turret Mountain and on toward Eagle Peak. I thought maybe tomorrow we could camp on the Thorofare River. It's really remote and wild. Maybe see some grizzlies. How do you like your eggs?"

"Over medium. I'm going to go get my day pack ready."

By the time Libby finished packing her gear, which included cameras and filters along with a solar blanket and water washer, breakfast was ready to be served. They ate ravenously, carb loading for the day ahead of them. It had been a long time since Libby had done any substantial hiking, and she hoped she didn't embarrass herself.

At the Mountain Creek stock camp, the guys finally gave in and let her help set up. Bodie put up a high line while she and Ty pitched the tent and set out the firebox. Every now and again, Ty would stop what he was doing and pull her close for a tender kiss, gazing into her eyes as though he wanted to tell her something but couldn't find the words. She would place her hand on his cheek and smile, letting him know it was okay, whatever it was; she would listen when he was ready.

When they'd finished setting up camp, the sun was finally beginning to warm the crisp air. Libby shrugged out of her heavy flannel shirt and tied it around her waist. She smiled at Bodie.

"Stock all settled in?"

"Yes, ma'am, though they seem a mite jumpy. I'm thinking maybe I'll stay here, make sure they don't strain the line."

She looked over at the stock, all of which seemed perfectly placid to her. Interesting. Maybe he was giving her and Ty some alone time.

"Okay," she said with a shrug. "You sure?"

"Absolutely. I'll have a good supper waiting for you when you get back."

She pretended not to notice the meaningful look that passed between him and Ty. She went to Bodie and gave him a long, lingering kiss, her heart thundering in her chest as she felt his cock lengthen against her belly.

"Tonight," she whispered.

"Without a doubt," he agreed, then turned her and gave her a gentle swat on the ass. "Now git before I take you inside and have my way with you."

She laughed and scurried away to where Ty stood waiting. He helped her into her pack and handed her a walking stick.

Heading east along Mountain Creek, Libby stopped often to capture shots of the Trident Falls off to the south. Soon enough, they reached a three-mile stretch of burned forest, a result of the 1988 fires. As the trail headed ever upward, she changed lenses and got several good shots of Turret and Tabletop Mountains. They forded several small creeks, and Libby was pleased with the performance of her waterproof hiking boots.

As the trail descended to the meadows of Howell Creek, her camera was a constant whir in the background. Wildflowers abounded, carpeting the floor of the meadow in a riot of reds, oranges, yellows, whites, pinks, blues, and purples. In a word, it was breathtaking.

Ty reached for her camera. "Go out there and sit down. I want a picture of you surrounded by wildflowers."

She protested, not wanting to disturb the meadow, but he looked so crestfallen that she carefully picked her way through the profusion of flowers and knelt in a grassy area where she would do the least amount of damage. He took several pictures, finally giving in to her protests that enough was enough.

He took her hand and led her down the trail. "Come on, we're close to the Howell Creek Patrol Cabin; we can stop there for some GORP and some water."

"Ah," she said, her stomach grumbling. "Good old raisins and peanuts. You have to love whoever invented trail mix."

No one was at the cabin, but they stopped to rest. Libby changed lenses and put a new memory card in her camera, and they headed out through more burned forest. They climbed the remaining thousand feet to Eagle Pass, and Libby was struck dumb by the grandeur.

"Oh," she said softly. Tears welled in her eyes. "I do feel like I can see forever." She took pictures from every angle possible, changing from zoom to a wide-angle lens, twisting herself into whatever position she deemed necessary to get just the right shot. Mountains, trees, distant bodies of water, nothing escaped her artist's eye. "It's like I imagined heaven would be—only wilder."

She turned to thank Ty for bringing her to this magical place and was stunned by the fierce need reflected in his gaze. Before she could even

He spoke, he was on her, his tongue thrusting past her teeth in a wild, deep kiss, his hands gripping her ass to haul her tight against him.

Her pussy was soaked. He meant to take her, here and now, in the midst of this consuming majesty. The wildness of it fired her blood, and she yanked at his shirt, pulling it out of the waistband of his jeans. Her hands skimmed his back, barely noticing the feel of the scar over his kidney.

He broke the kiss. "I gotta have you, baby. I'm sorry. I can't be gentle."

"Fuck gentle," Libby heard herself say. She yanked at the button on his jeans and jerked the zipper down.

He wrapped an arm around her waist and lifted her off her feet, then strode to a huge downed tree. Setting her away from him, he opened her shorts and pulled them down to her ankles. Her panties he simply tore from her body.

He draped his shirt over the tree and sat her down facing him. "Spread your legs," he barked. When she did, he leaned down and fastened his mouth to her pussy, bringing her to a hard, fast orgasm. Before she even had time to recover, he turned her and bent her over the huge tree trunk.

"How do you want it?" he rasped, his hands gripping her hips.

"Hard, Ty. Hard and fast."

"In your pussy or in your ass?"

She shuddered as his harsh words played havoc with her. Her pussy clenched. "Both. I want both."

Ty uttered a strangled laugh, and she heard the sound of a condom foil ripping. He shoved her legs wider and rammed into her.

"Ah God, baby. Your pussy's so hot and tight. I'm gonna fuck you good, and then I'm gonna shove my cock up your ass and make you scream my name."

Over and over he drove into her, pounding her hard, slowing down to work her G-spot until she was sobbing, then fucking her hard again. So hard their bodies came together with force, like they were being applauded for their efforts. He had her so close, she was nearly delirious with the need to come.

"Oh, oh, oh." Libby gritted her teeth. "Yes, fuck me, just like that, ah God, it's so good."

"Ah yeah," he growled, then reached beneath her to worry her clit. "I'll fuck you, honey."

Harder, faster, his clever fingers working on her clit. Her breath sawed in and out of her lungs as she thrust herself onto him. It was happening, building hot and sweet in her clit, exploding into her cunt.

"Ooooooh!" A wolf couldn't have howled any better. He drew back and rammed into her one last time, and she flew, screaming as her body stiffened, then shook. He pulled out and reached between her legs, gathering her cream, then lubricated the delicate star of her anus.

"Now I get a taste of this ass," he said and slid deep.

Libby hissed. He hadn't given her any time to adjust to the size of his cock as it penetrated her. He drove in and started pumping.

"Easy, baby," he crooned. He reached for her clit and teased that tiny pearl to life once more, fucking her ass slowly until she began to moan.

"Yes, oh God, Ty. I'm going to come again."



It was rapture, this pleasurable pain he inflicted on her. His cock deep in her ass, his work-callused thumb stroking her clit, driving her into a frenzy. Once again that familiar heat burned into her empty pussy.

"Ohgod, ohgod!" she screamed as Ty filled her cunt with his fingers. Her back arched and bowed; then her entire body clenched, and he bellowed, driving into her one last time as she shattered.

"Ah, thank you, baby," Ty whispered, his lips next to her ear. "For everything. For this time, for letting me see this place through your eyes. For giving yourself to me."

Libby sighed and slowly climbed to her feet. "Okay, Cade, where's my drawers?"

"Um, I sort of tore them off you," he admitted abashedly. "I'll replace them, I promise."

She rolled her eyes as she pulled her shorts back up. "You bet your ass you will. Those were expensive French undies, Tyler Cade." She tried to make herself look fierce, but she couldn't pull it off when she saw the panties sticking out of his pants pocket. "Honestly, you Cade boys, I'll be lucky if I have a single pair of panties left by the time I leave here."

## **Chapter Eleven**

"I have a surprise for you," Bodie said when Libby and Ty finally made it back to camp.

Libby went into his outstretched arms, kissed him. "Mmm," she said on sigh. "That's a nice surprise."

Bodie snorted. "Not that, silly woman." He took her hand and led her two hundred feet out from camp, where he'd carefully secured a tarp around a tree. Three solar showers hung from a branch, each heavy plastic sack holding five gallons of water. "I thought you might like a shower after a strenuous day of hiking. We're gonna spend one more night here, then go on to the Thorofare stock camp. Of course, we're liable to get good and wet crossin' the Thorofare, so it might be a moot point."

Bodie grinned when Libby threw herself into his arms. "Oooh, a shower. I adore you!"

He gave her an aw-shucks smile. "Well, I aim to please. Figured you'd be ready to get cleaned up after that trek. Eagle Pass isn't for sissies."

"You got that right. I have aches in places I didn't know I had places."

He pointed to the amenities, such as they were. "There's your biodegradable soap and a nice clean towel. There's shampoo if you wanna wash your hair, though I don't recommend it, long as it is.

"Well, I'll let you get to it. Give a shout when you're just about done, and I'll start the rib eyes."

"Mmm, rib eyes. You trying to spoil me?"

"Much as I can out here."

"Well, in that case." She grabbed his hand and pulled him behind the tarp with her, and Bodie's heart skipped a beat. "I'm definitely going to need someone to wash my back. You game, cowboy?"

Was he game? Was she crazy? He'd been going nuts all day, thinking about her and Ty alone on Eagle Pass. Bodie knew damn well he would have taken her, so he was sure Ty didn't hold back.

"You're sure? I mean, you and me naked—" Hell, he had to be considerate, make sure she wasn't too tender to take him on too.

The light blush coloring her cheeks charmed him. "I'm sure...but I am a little tender...you know, back there."

Bodie practically growled. "Did he hurt you? If he hurt you, I'll kick his fuckin' ass."

"No, he didn't hurt me." Her hand went to his cheek, soothing him, and he took a deep breath to calm himself.

"Okay. Let's shimmy outta these duds and get to washin'. I don't know about you, but I'm hungrier than a spring grizzly." Her stomach rumbled, and Bodie laughed. "Sounds like I ain't the only one."

They undressed and hung their dirty clothes over the side of the tarp and opened the shower valve to rinse their bodies. Bodie's cock rose to attention as they took turns soaping one another. He groaned when Libby took him in her hands, washing him, gently stroking his balls.

"I'm going to suck your cock tonight, cowboy. I'm going to take you deep

into my mouth and suck you until you come. How do you like them apples?"

She slicked her hands over his back, skimming over a scar on his back, then delved between his legs to tease his balls again. Bodie uttered a strangled laugh.

"I like them apples just fine, darlin', and I'll be lookin' forward to it. But right now, it's my turn to wash you."

He kept his touch light and sensual as he washed her, cupping her breasts, tweaking the nipples, then skimming his hands down her back, between the cheeks of her ass to burrow into her cunt.

"What a sweet little pussy, baby." He rinsed her thoroughly and guided her hands to a tree before quickly donning a condom. "Now, hang on to the tree, honey, so I can fill this tight cunt with my dick."

He entered her with one smooth glide, chuckling when she moaned in pleasure. "You like that, sugar, my dick riding high and hard in your pussy?"

"Yes More. Harder, Bodie. I love it when you fuck me hard and deep."

He didn't know how it was possible, but he felt his dick grow longer, and wider as he pumped deep into her glove-tight pussy.

"God, you feel so good, Lib. Fuckin' you is like goin' up to heaven." He felt her tighten around him and groaned. "You're gonna make me come if you keep that up, darlin', and I want you to come with me." He bent his knees and lunged deeper, pumping into her at a frantic pace. He reached around her hip and found her clit, stroking it as he powered into her from behind. "Come with me, honey." She thrust herself back onto him, and he growled. "Fuck yeah, fuck yourself on my cock, baby. Let me feel you come all over me."

She was breathing hard, practically sobbing, and Bodie felt her let go, felt

her pussy clench, milking him as he slammed into her one last time, lifting her up onto her toes as he came with a harsh shout. "Ah God, Lib, it's so good with you. Like nothing ever was or ever will be." He wrapped an arm around her waist and held her against him as their breathing normalized.

It hit him like a thunderbolt. He was in love with Libby Wild, and there was simply no turning back from something that powerful.

\* \* \* \* \*

The steaks were done to perfection, lightly seasoned with salt, pepper, and fresh garlic, and the three of them ate like they'd been starving for days. The baked potatoes, roasted in the coals, were fluffy, soaked in butter, and slathered with sour cream. Fresh asparagus, also buttered and seasoned, exploded on the taste buds. Libby couldn't remember a time when she'd enjoyed a meal more, and she'd eaten in some of the finest restaurants in the world. Still, there was something about eating outside, under the vast Wyoming sky, the mountains of Yellowstone rising up to frame what was, without a doubt, the perfect snapshot of the ultimate camping trip. She reached for her camera.

"Do you mind?" she asked, hesitant to take pictures of the two men puttering around the campsite.

"Snap away, darlin'," Ty said, squatting over the fire as he added another log. He jerked his head in Bodie's direction. "You might wanna get a shot of him washin' the dishes. It's a rarity."

Bodie snorted. "Me? You is more like it." He grinned at Libby. "Young Ty here don't much care for cookin' or washin'. But he's a hell of a wrangler. I reckon I'll take the dishes any day over scatterin' horse shit."

Libby giggled, then did a mental eye roll. She was not a giggler, but these two men seemed to bring it out in her with their good-natured bickering. She snapped a picture of Bodie, elbows deep in suds as he washed the

dinner dishes, then got up and followed Ty as he went about his routine of settling the stock in for the night.

The animals did seem drawn to him, nudging him, lipping his fingers as he sneaked them each a raw baby carrot. She took several close-up shots of the horses, their large brown eyes curious as she pointed the funny-looking box at them.

There were more shots of Ty brushing their coats, checking their hooves, the muscles in his back and arms flexing as he went about a task that came as natural to him as breathing.

She went back to the fire and curled up in her chair, waiting for nightfall and the cry of the wolves. When it was finally dark, she captured her two men in the light of the fire, giving in gracefully when Ty took the camera from her and turned it on her. Then took pictures of Bodie standing behind her, his arms around her, her head resting against his shoulder. It was easy enough to forget the camera when Bodie began to kiss her. He lifted her into his arms and carried her to the tent.

"Get out of those clothes so we can hang 'em." He set her on her feet at the entrance to the tent. "Toss 'em out when you're finished. No need to get dressed, though."

Libby tossed out her shirt and jeans, but kept her bra and panties on and slipped a T-shirt over her head. She wondered if one of them might get a hint as to her motives for not doing as Bodie had asked.

It didn't take long for Bodie to stick his head in the tent. "Libby, we need the rest of your—" He stopped, taking note of her sleeping attire, and raised an eyebrow. "Thought I told you to take off your clothes and not bother to get dressed."

Libby gave him a wide-eyed innocent look. "But I did take off my clothes. Technically, a lady's bra and undies aren't clothes."

She felt a thrill of heat run up her spine when Bodie folded his arms over his chest. The glint of annoyance in his eyes was replaced by the heat of desire. Her eyes dipped beneath his belt where his cock had sprung to life. Very nice. Very nice, indeed.

"I think someone's being deliberately naughty." He called to Ty, "Bring that armless chair, bro. We got ourselves a pretty little thing who needs to have her ass warmed for being a bad girl."

Bodie stood before her, arms folded across his chest. "Take the rest of your clothes off, Elizabeth. Every last stitch. Slowly."

Libby's cunt clenched as she began to undress. "I'm not afraid of you, Bodie Cade." She drew the T-shirt over her head and tossed it in his face. At that moment, Ty walked in, so he got her bra tossed in his face. "Not scared of you either, Ty."

"She's gone from disobedience to downright disrespect, bro. What do you think we should do about that?"

Ty clicked his tongue and set the armless chair down next to the sleeping bags. "Well, I don't see any way around it. We're gonna have to punish her." He took Libby's chin in his hand. "Get those panties off so I can hang this stuff. I wanna see you across Bodie's knees when I get back."

She finished her slow striptease by hooking her thong around her index finger and shooting it at Ty like a rubber band.

Ty uttered a dark chuckle. "That's real cute, but it's gonna add to the length of your spanking, darlin'. You keep on playin' with fire, and your pretty little bottom's gonna burn."

"Sorry," she said meekly, looking down at her feet.

"You go on over there and stand next to the chair while Bodie undresses. You're gonna suck his cock like you promised; then we're gonna spank that pretty little ass."

Libby's pussy throbbed with arousal. This promised to be a night none of them would ever forget, and she hurried to take her place beside the chair while Bodie stripped. She couldn't help licking her lips in anticipation.

He had a beautiful cock, long and thick, twitching with excitement. She went to her knees and swiped her tongue across the head to collect a shimmering pearl of precum.

"That's right, darlin', lick it. Your tongue's so soft." He buried his fingers in her hair and guided her to him. "Now suck it, honey."

Libby took him into her mouth, reveling in his heartfelt groan as she took him deep, sucking hard. She stroked him with her tongue, her head bobbing up and down as her hand caressed his balls.

"Oh God, darlin', that's so good. You got a real talent for cock sucking." He held her still for a moment. "Easy, sugar, just be still and let me fuck your mouth."

A shiver ran down Libby's spine. She'd never heard it put quite like that before. Had never been a big fan of dirty talk, but when Bodie or Ty talked about what they wanted to do to her, or what she did to them, it made her want to beg them to do those things to her.

As Bodie pulled back, Libby used that opportunity to focus on the head of his cock, sucking it gently, tracing the underside with her tongue. She wanted to do as he asked and be still, but she couldn't help herself. With a needy moan, she engulfed him again, wrapping her fingers around the stalk of his dick, pumping as she tormented him, licking and sucking until he was thrusting into her mouth. He pulled back, and when he went deep again, she swallowed, taking him into her throat.



“Ah, jeez, honey, I'm gonna come!”

As Bodie's hips bucked, she took his ass in her hands and pulled him deep into her mouth, swallowing as he came, the salty, tangy taste of him spurting down her throat as he shouted her name. His knees actually wobbled as he pulled out of her mouth and sank into the chair. When he looked at her, she smiled sweetly and smacked her lips.

“Oh, sweet thing, you're gonna pay for that,” Bodie rasped.

## **Chapter Twelve**

“Come on over here and lie across my lap, Libby.”

Libby glanced at the lap in question, and her eyes widened in amazement. He was already getting hard.

“That's right, I'm just about ready for you again, and by the time that ass is blushing a nice bright pink, I'll be ready to take it.” He patted his knee. “Now be a good girl and present your bottom for spanking, or I'll have to add more time to it, and you do want to be able to sit a horse tomorrow, right?”

Libby stood slowly. “Yes, I do.” She took the two steps separating them and draped herself over his lap. A shudder ran through her when Bodie's hand touched her bottom, stroking and squeezing.

“Mmm, that's sure a pretty sight, darlin'. You across my knee, with this tight little ass in the air.” He petted her, running his fingers softly over each cheek, then into the crease. He shifted her legs open and teased the outer lips of her pussy before burrowing deeper. “Uh-huh, I thought so. You're wet.” He pumped in and out of her, fucking her with those strong, thick fingers. “You have a world-class ass, baby, and in a few minutes, it's gonna be as pretty and pink as your pussy is right now.”

She was quivering all over when he withdrew from her core and ran his hand over her ass. The anticipation was unbearable, and she rubbed herself against his thigh. He laughed softly, stroked her again, then swatted her with a slightly cupped palm. The sound startled her, and she cried out.

"That's a sweet sound." This from Ty, who was now kneeling beside her. He reached out and caressed her breasts. "Give her another, Bodie."

"Gladly." He administered half a dozen stinging swats that had her squirming on his lap, then ran his palm over both cheeks to spread the warmth around. He slid a finger into her pussy, giving her several deep thrusts before withdrawing. "She's soaking wet, bro. Go get that oil and grease her ass."

Several more spanks followed, and Libby was moaning, pressing her ass against his palm as he caressed her. Her bottom was hot, but her cunt felt hotter, primed for the cock she knew would soon fill it.

"Ty's back with the oil, baby. He's gonna get your ass ready for me to fuck while I play with your pussy. Spread your legs now."

Libby parted her legs eagerly. "Aaah, God.". She was going to die if they didn't fuck her soon. "Please, I need to come."

"Oh, you're gonna come, honey." Ty again. "With me buried in your pussy and Bodie deep in your ass. You're gonna come so hard, you'll think you've died and gone to heaven."

She felt the soothing oil on her burning bottom as Ty smoothed it over her.

"You're blushing so pretty." He paused. "Spread those sweet cheeks, Bodie. Hold her open so I can fuck this tight little butt."

"Oh." Libby felt her body tighten in anticipation as Bodie parted her cheeks.

"Look at that," Ty murmured, drizzling some of the sweetly scented oil over her anus. "That's a gorgeous sight, just begging to be filled."

His finger slid all the way inside her, wiggling around before it retreated, only to be joined by another.

"You like that, baby?"

"Yes," Libby hissed. "Ah God. More, Ty, I need more."

He withdrew and added a third finger, pumped hard and deep. She couldn't help herself; she thrust against him, fucking herself on those probing, stretching fingers. Bodie's fingers filled her pussy, intensifying the fire Ty was kindling in her bottom.

"I can't wait any longer," Bodie rasped. "Let's get her on her knees."

Libby moaned in protest as both sets of fingers deserted her, but she quickly found herself on her knees with Bodie behind her. He pushed her shoulders to the down-filled sleeping bag and raised her ass higher.

"Ah yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about."

Bodie spread more of the warm, sweet oil around and in her anus, and finally, she heard the sounds of condom wrappers being torn open. Sweet relief followed quickly as Bodie pressed his hard, condom covered cock past the tight ring of muscle and glided deep.

"Oh, Lib, you've got the tightest ass ever to glove my dick. I could fuck you like this forever."

He eased back, and Libby gasped. God, the sensation was indescribable. Pleasure and pain, the dark, erotic knowledge that what was happening here was considered forbidden in traditional society.

Bodie groaned as he fucked her with long, slow strokes, nearly withdrawing before sliding deep again.

"Ty, play with her pussy. Lib, suck Ty's cock while he plays with that sweet pussy."

Libby shuddered. Dear God, it was too much. Ty's cock hovered near her mouth, and she engulfed it, taking it deep as his fingers plunged into her. She didn't know what to do, which way to move. Every movement was a testament to pleasure. She was penetrated. Her mouth, her cunt, her ass. Each opening was treated to the slow, deep thrust of a cock or fingers. They were tormenting her on purpose, holding her on the edge of orgasm but refusing to let her go over. And those mewling noises she was hearing? Those were coming from her. Pitiful little sounds like a kitten begging to be fed.

Bodie uttered a dark laugh. "You want Ty's cock in your pussy, baby? Is that what you're cryin' for?" He punctuated his question with a hard thrust into her ass.

"Yees!" Ty's callused thumb grazed her clit. "Oooh, please, please, I need to come."

She was left empty for several long seconds as Ty donned a condom and stretched out on his back. Bodie set her straddling above his brother. They were killing her with their torturous teasing, and she took Ty's meaty cock in one thrust.

Starbursts. Fireworks behind her closed eyelids. Her body paralyzed for several heartbeats before she erupted in a series of climaxes that rocked her to her soul. Ty raised his hips, and she ground her pussy against him, sobbing as she came.

"Now, Bodie," Ty growled. "Take her while she's still coming."

Ty pulled her down to his chest and held her tight against him as Bodie moved in behind her. The now-familiar press of a cockhead against her rectum had her pussy clenching around the thickness of Ty's dick.

"Raise up, baby," Bodie murmured. "Let me in. Let us make you scream,

darlin'."

"Please, please," Libby sobbed. Then Bodie pushed past the tight ring of her anus and went deep.

"That's a girl. I love fucking this tight ass. I'm gonna fuck it hard, baby." He pulled back and drove into her hard and deep.

Ty eased back and let Bodie take her for several minutes; then they set up a rhythm of withdraw and penetrate, so that she was always full. It was like riding an erotic seesaw. On the upstroke, Ty filled her pussy; on the downstroke, Bodie's cock was crammed into the tight confines of her ass.

"Oh. My. God." Libby shouted the words over and over as Bodie and Ty rode her, fucking her in unison now. She writhed and sobbed as two cocks pounded into her. "Yes, yes, yes. I'm going to come. Ah God, fuck me, fuck me!"

And then she was there, heat and pleasure tearing through her, battering her senses as her body throbbed and quaked. Her cunt and ass contracted over and over, milking the two cocks now buried so deep within her electrified flesh.

Bodie and Ty were groaning in the aftermath of their own intense releases, and Libby gasped for air as they pressed her between their sweating bodies.

"Can't...breathe," she whispered.

Bodie slipped out of her body and lifted her gently off Ty. "Sorry, baby. You okay? We didn't hurt you, did we?"

She flopped onto her back, eyes closed, as the brothers snuggled beside her. "Only if near death by orgasm is considered painful." She reached for them and stroked their stubbled faces, murmuring to them. "Need to sleep

now.”

She lapsed into sleep dreaming that someone kissed her cheek and whispered, “I love you.” Another set of lips kissed the side of her neck. “We both love you, sweet Libby. Tomorrow we'll rest here, then head for the Thorofare site.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Practiced as they were, it took no time at all for the guys to pack up the site, and they all mounted up to head out for the Thorofare crossing. They started early so Libby would have time to take plenty of pictures as they crossed Cliff Creek and Escarpment Creek, which were running strong and fast. Libby thought she sensed a bit of hesitation in the brothers when it came to crossing the Thorofare.

“Yeah, it may be called a creek, but it's a damn river, Ty. You know it runs high this time of year.”

“I know that, but I also know there ain't a river Sox can't cross, and in case you missed it, Libby's a hell of a rider. Hell, bro, you forget she grew up in these parts. She ain't no stranger to crossin' fast water.”

“Really, guys, I'll be fine. Ty's right. Just because I left here doesn't mean I don't remember how to cross a river on horseback. Let's just go ahead and do it. There's no restrictions on the site, so if we get wet, we've got a few days to set things out to dry.”

Ty grinned at her. “That's my girl.”

“Yeah, but the ranger at the Thorofare station strongly suggested we don't do it.”

“Which is protocol, bro. I expect there's some folks coming through here that don't have the skills to cross safely, but that ain't us. Me, I'm lookin'

forward to some downtime in the remotest campground in the lower forty-eight. Hell, with any luck, we will get soaked.”

Libby smothered a laugh, but Bodie simply gaped at his brother. “Well, if that's not the most lamebrained idea—”

Ty nodded sagely. “Sure it is, bro. Days of walkin' around naked with no one around but Libby. Punish me.”

Libby grinned at Bodie. “The idea does have merit, but if this place is as remote as you say, can't we just do the naked thing without getting everything wet?”

Ty threw back his head and laughed. “I do love a woman without inhibitions.”



## **Chapter Thirteen**

The fording of the Thorofare River, euphemistically referred to as a creek, proved a formidable challenge. The river bottom was strewn with gravel, hidden boulders, and snags. Sox was up to the challenge, however, and Libby was safely on the other side before Ty began to cross with the pack animals. Wet and shivering, Libby dismounted and whipped out her camera, taking shot after shot as Ty guided the animals across the swiftly moving water. She stood on the banks of the river, dressed only in her undies, taking close-up shots as Ty mugged for the camera.

There was only one tense moment, when his gelding stepped in a hole, and horse and rider were immersed in the icy waters. Both came up sputtering, the horse found its footing, and the crossing proceeded smoothly. Libby scrolled through the pictures, pausing at one of Ty, sitting tall and confident in the saddle, the lead rope gripped in one gloved hand while he guided his mount with the other. Framed in the morning light, the mountains and forest rising up behind him, he looked as rugged and handsome as any Easterner would expect a Western guide to look. It was the perfect cover shot.

With the high line set up, Libby helped Ty secure the animals while Bodie unpacked the tent. Luckily, most of their gear was dry, so Ty built a roaring fire so they could warm themselves, and Libby collected everyone's wet clothes and spread them out over several downed trees. Before long, she sat curled in a camp chair, wrapped in a warm blanket, sipping a cup of hot chocolate.

After the tent was up, Ty and Bodie set up the kitchen and got ready to prepare lunch. Libby watched, fascinated by how in sync the two brothers

were. Despite their size—they were at least six feet three—they moved with the grace of natural athletes. Which she supposed they were, when she stopped to think about it. Whether on horseback or puttering around camp, they moved with an economy of motion that spoke of years of working together. She set her cup of cocoa on the little table beside her and picked up her camera.

God, they were gorgeous. Shirtless, dressed only in baggy shorts, their bodies were flawless. Except for identical scars over their kidneys. When they turned away from her, she gasped. Suddenly, it all made sense. Their father's hostility, of which the whole town had been aware. The aversion to having their pictures taken. The extremes they took to keep her away from them with her ever-present camera. Archer's comment that the twins' opinion of her had changed when her photographic essay on the Sudanese camps came out. She'd seen those same scars on the conjoined Darfur twins. They were separation scars.

Libby lowered the camera, speechless. Both men were looking at her, studying her reaction.

"I understand now," she said softly, tears flowing down her face. "If I'd known, I never would have—"

"Hush, baby," Bodie said, going to her, kneeling in front of her. "We never would have told you."

Ty took the seat beside her, drying her tears. "Pa was so ashamed. He never let us forget we were freaks. Never missed an opportunity to blame every mistake on that fact."

"But you weren't—"

"We didn't know that then, honey." This from Bodie. "All we knew was that he hated what we were. That's why he refused to let Ma have any more kids. Said she was damaged goods, and he wasn't taking any chances. He

made her miserable till the day she died.”

Libby took a deep breath. “No wonder you hated that camera.”

“Yeah,” Ty said, shaking his head. “We were forbidden to shower after gym class. Pa didn't want anybody noticing we had identical scars. Didn't want folks to know he'd fathered a couple of circus freaks.”

“I'm so sorry you had to go through that, and that I unknowingly added to your pain.”

Ty tenderly stroked her cheek. “But you healed us too, honey. Those pictures you took were a real turning point for us. And the AP shots of you putting yourself in front of those babies, refusing to let the soldiers get near them. You could have been killed, but you stood your ground and made them back down. How'd you do that?”

Libby shuddered, remembering the encounter. “Latin. They're very superstitious, so I told them I was a witch, and I rattled out a bunch of random phrases in Latin. Made them think I was cursing them. I told them that if they harmed anyone in that camp, their manhood would shrivel up and drop off.”

Bodie uttered a strangled laugh. “You speak Latin?”

Libby giggled. “I took it as an elective in college, as a lark. I mostly wanted to learn it so I could speak my mind without my mouth getting me in trouble. Who would have thought it would ever become a useful skill?”

“Who, indeed,” Bodie agreed, his eyes sparkling with admiration. “So, how do you say 'I love you' in Latin?”

“Ego diligo vos.”

Bodie leaned in and pressed a soft kiss to her lips. “Ego diligo vos,” he

murmured.

"I reckon we're both of the same mind," Ty concurred.

Panic washed over her with a loud roaring in her head. She felt light-headed and sick to her stomach. This was bad. Very bad. "Haud diligo eram non secui of paciscor," she whispered. No. Love was not part of the deal.

How had things gotten so hopelessly out of control? She didn't want these men to love her. She didn't do love; anyone who knew her knew how she felt about that particular emotion. Hell, she'd avoided it all her adult life, hadn't she? Had made it very clear when she became involved with someone that it was a temporary situation. She was the female equivalent of an international playboy, and she liked it that way. She traveled to interesting locations, photographed beautiful people and scenery, and then moved on to her next assignment. This situation was no different than any other job she did for the magazine.

Which wasn't to say she didn't care for Bodie and Ty. She did, but in a "friends with benefits" kind of way. Not an "I love you" kind of way. And she certainly had no idea that either man would fall for her. Hell, she thought it was just a summer fling. The chance to live out a lifelong fantasy with a couple of hot, macho guys. With their reputations being what they were, how could she ever have imagined they'd develop tender feelings for her?

"Lib?"

Ty's voice startled her out of her tangled thoughts. She forced her eyes to focus on the earnest faces looking at her.

Oh shit. What have I done? "Eh?" she squeaked.

"I was asking what you said."

"Oh...I, um—" The squawk of a radio interrupted her, and they all turned toward the sound.

"Elizabeth Wild?"

Libby had never been so grateful to see a park ranger in her life. "Yes?"

"The superintendent's office got a call from your sister. Seems your uncle's taken a turn for the worse. They've taken him to the hospital in Jackson Hole. We've got a local chopper standing by if you want to be airlifted out of here. It will take you straight to St. John's Medical Center."

"Of course, I..." She looked from Bodie to Ty, who both nodded. Tears welled in her eyes again. "Yes. I... How long will it take?"

"Pilot's fueled up and ready to go, ma'am. I figure twenty minutes at the most."

Libby nodded and rose to her feet. "I'd better get into some dry clothes, get my gear together."

"You go ahead, honey, me'n Bodie'll pack up and head back. We'll see you in a few days."

Numbness set in as Libby pulled on a clean pair of jeans and a floaty cami top in a blue and white floral print. She stuffed her feet in her worn cowboy boots, shrugged into a cashmere-blend sweater wrap, and grabbed her day pack. Ty was already beginning to pack while Bodie finished cooking lunch.

"Come sit down and eat, Lib. If I know you, a morsel of food won't pass those lips for the rest of the day."

Too stunned to argue, she took a seat and accepted the burger he set before her. It probably would have tasted good if she'd been capable of tasting anything. But she'd need her strength for what she was about to

face, so she ate and drank the orange juice he set on the table beside her.

"I thought he'd make it," Libby said when Bodie sat down beside her. "I mean, he looked good at the nursing home. His color was good; he was laughing and joking. I knew he was sick, but I really thought he'd fool us all. How could things change so quickly?"

"I don't know, baby. Cancer's tricky that way. One minute you're in remission, and the next you're hooked up to IVs in the hospital. Ol' Walt, he's been sick now for a few years, and he's been in this position before. Maybe he'll fool us again."

The whop-whop of chopper blades sounded in the distance, and she turned her head toward the sound, squinting to see into the sun. Libby looked back at the beautiful campsite bordering the wide blue river and knew a moment of regret. She would have liked to have had another night with these two wonderful men, here in the wildness that was Yellowstone. She gazed at the expanse of forest marching toward the mountains and knew that she would never look at Wyoming the same way again. She had Bodie and Ty to thank for that. It would be a while before she came home again, but she knew she'd be back one day, and she was grateful for the closeness that had developed between her and Alex.

The chopper set down in the meadow, and Libby hugged her guides. "Thank you. For everything." Before they could say anything, she shouldered her gear and ran for the chopper. As sad as she was about Uncle Walt, Libby was enough of a realist to understand that she was running from the Cade twins again, only for an entirely different reason this time. While the pilot stowed her gear, Libby buckled herself in for the flight to Jackson Hole. As the helicopter rose into the blue Wyoming sky, she pressed her palm against the clear window and watched until Bodie and Ty disappeared from sight. God, she was such a coward.

## **Chapter Fourteen**

*September*

Bodie stopped at the mailbox and retrieved the mail before driving up the mile and a half lane to the ranch house. His heartbeat thundered in his ears as he parked the truck. The fall issue of Exotic World Travels had arrived. His heart ached as he recalled the last time they'd seen Libby.

They had gone to Walter Wild's funeral, dressed in their Sunday best, and offered what support their stubborn woman would allow. She'd been pale and drawn, barely able to speak above a whisper as she'd thanked them for coming. What had she thought, that they wouldn't come? Afterward, back at the Wild Horse Ranch, she was distant and withdrawn, avoiding spending any significant amount of time with them. Frustrating as it was, they gave her the space she seemed to need, keeping away in the hope that she would eventually call them. She never did.

Bodie climbed out of the truck cab and hurried into the house, hollering for Ty. "Ty, get down here; it came in the mail today." He tossed the mail on the entryway table and went into the living room. Much as he longed to, he wouldn't open the magazine until his brother joined him. Moments later, he heard the sound of boot heels on the hardwood floors and looked up.

"You're on the cover. It's one of the ones she took while you were crossing the Thorofare." He grinned. "Before you got dunked."

Ty sighed and sat down beside him. "Well, let's get it over with."

Nothing had changed. She still took the most beautiful pictures they'd ever seen. Neither of them could figure out how she did it. They'd all been looking at the same scenery, but somehow, Libby managed to find just the right light, just the right angles, to make the pictures come alive. Burned forest became more than the black carcasses of long-dead trees. Waterfalls sparkled like diamonds. Fields of wildflowers became fairy bowers. Then there were the pictures she'd taken in camp. Ty tending the horses. Bodie grinning at her, up to his elbows in suds as he washed the evening's dishes. The glow of firelight on their faces as they stared into the campfire as the sun went down. Yellowstone Lake turned molten with the setting sun.

Bodie took in the wounded expression on his brother's face as Ty studied the one picture of herself that Libby had included in the entire spread. She was sitting in a field of wildflowers, the midday sun reflecting the deep golds of her hair. Flowers bloomed all around her, a riot of color that was somehow diminished by the sheer happiness of her smile.

"I took that picture when we went on that day hike to Eagle Pass," Ty said. "Why'd she do it, Bodie? Why'd she just take off without a word?"

"She was scared, man. At least, that's what Alex thinks. She won't tell her why, just that she had to get back to her life. That people were counting on her."

Ty scowled. "That's bullshit, and you know it."

"I agree, but what can we do about it?"

Ty tossed the magazine on the table and jumped up. "We can by God go and get her, that's what we can do."

Suddenly, Bodie's heart felt lighter than it had for weeks. "You're damn right we can."



An hour later, they were packed and headed for Jackson Hole and the first available flight to Denver. From there, they'd change planes for New York City, Libby's address folded securely in Bodie's wallet. Alex also wanted her little sister home.

\* \* \* \* \*

Libby sighed as she taped shut the last box. Moving was such a pain in the ass, but at least the movers had an elevator to work with, and that cut the cost of the move significantly. That and the fact that she'd packed up her personal items herself. She checked the clock on the microwave. Just enough time to get a shower before Julian, her coworker Thom's partner, got here with the signed contract and her check. He and Thom had always loved her loft apartment, and while the price they were paying was less than what the place was worth, she was still banking a small fortune, and she had a guaranteed place to stay whenever business brought her back to the city. The boys were overjoyed to own such a beautiful live/work loft in the Village, and Thom was ecstatic that the darkroom was staying. She cued her favorite John Hiatt disk, wicked up the sound on the stereo, and shed her clothes as she headed for the bathroom.

Was there anything better than having stereo piped directly into the shower? She'd have to do some serious renovations on Uncle Walt's house, that was for sure. She'd need satellite and Internet cable service and... What the hell was that racket?

Libby turned off the water and wrapped a fluffy terry cloth robe around herself. Someone was creating quite the ruckus out in the hallway. Was that Julian yelling? She raced to the door, her wet feet nearly slipping out from under her as the caterwauling escalated. She flipped the locks and jerked the door open and—what the hell?

“Julian? What the fuck?”

There in her hallway were her two cowboys, one of whom had poor Julian

pressed up against a wall with a forearm on his windpipe.

"Bodie," she shouted. "Let him go this instant!"

Ty grabbed her by the lapel of her robe and jerked her to him until they were nose to nose.

"Who the hell is he, Lib? You sure didn't waste any time replacing us, did you?"

Libby gaped at him. "What? Are you nuts? That's Julian; he just bought my apartment, you asshole. I'm moving back to take over Walter's ranch. Didn't Alex tell you?" She pounded on Ty's shoulders, and he finally let her go.

"Jesus Christ." She shoved past Ty and smacked Bodie on the back of the head. "You're lucky the neighbors haven't called the police. Turn him loose."

Julian took a deep gulp of air. "I take it these are your cowboys, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, although I'm not sure I'm ready to claim them after what they've done." She put an arm around Julian, clucking like a mother hen as she led him inside. "Are you all right? Did they hurt you?"

Julian chuckled as she glared at Bodie and Ty, pointing to the living room. "Go. Sit. Now." She hurried to the kitchen and got Julian a tall glass of water. "I'm so sorry, darling. Please come and sit down. Should I call Thom?"

"No need to bother Thom at work, sweets. I'm perfectly fine, just a little shaken up. My, they are big, aren't they?"

Libby glared at Bodie and Ty as they continued to hover nearby. "Yes, they are. It's a shame the size of their brains didn't catch up with the rest of their bodies."

"Libby," Ty growled. The warning in his tone was clear.

"Don't you Libby me, Tyler Cade. How dare you show up at my door and manhandle my friends?"

"Now, Libby," Bodie chimed in, a sheepish grin on his handsome face. "How were we supposed to know he was just a friend?"

She fisted her hands on her hips and scowled. "Maybe by asking? 'Dude, who are you?' 'Why, I'm a friend of Libby's. I've just purchased her apartment for a gazillion dollars so she can move back to Wyoming and be with you two CAVEMEN!'"

Beside her, Julian began to laugh. "Oh, Elizabeth, darling, you are going to have a very interesting life. Just promise me we'll get an invitation to the wedding."

Libby shook her head. "Well, it'll either be a wedding or a funeral, Julian. I'm not sure which at this point."

"A wedding," Bodie said, going to her. "Libby deserves her happily ever after."

"Definitely a wedding," Ty agreed, slinging an arm around her shoulders. He gave Julian a pointed look. "So, Julian, if you don't mind seein' yourself out, I reckon we should get started on the happily-ever-after part right now."

 THE END 

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India refers to herself as an old, Southern hippie. She is happily divorced with no intention of rectifying the situation because sometimes she can barely stand her own company, much less someone else. She has one grown daughter who she still refers to as “Doodle,” and lives in a rapidly developing rural area in Florida where she shares her domain with all manner of wildlife, a swimming pool that is a breeding ground for a seemingly virulent strain of algae, and a black snake that likes to surprise her when she turns on the outdoor faucet and picks up the black water hose.

India developed a love for writing while earning her B.A. in Criminal Justice from a northern college. She refers to herself as a late bloomer, as she married late, gave birth late, and got started writing late in life. She developed her love for all things quirky from doing psychiatric social work in both the community and corrections fields. She has always loved a good romance novel but found them lacking because all the good stuff was cloaked in euphemisms or happened behind closed doors. It wasn’t until she joined a critiquing group that she discovered romantic erotica, and her first book, *The Soul Collector*, was born. She credits her success to the caring support of the women—and one, lone man—in her critique group, but especially to one member who took her under her wing and helped her learn everything from point of view to manuscript formatting.