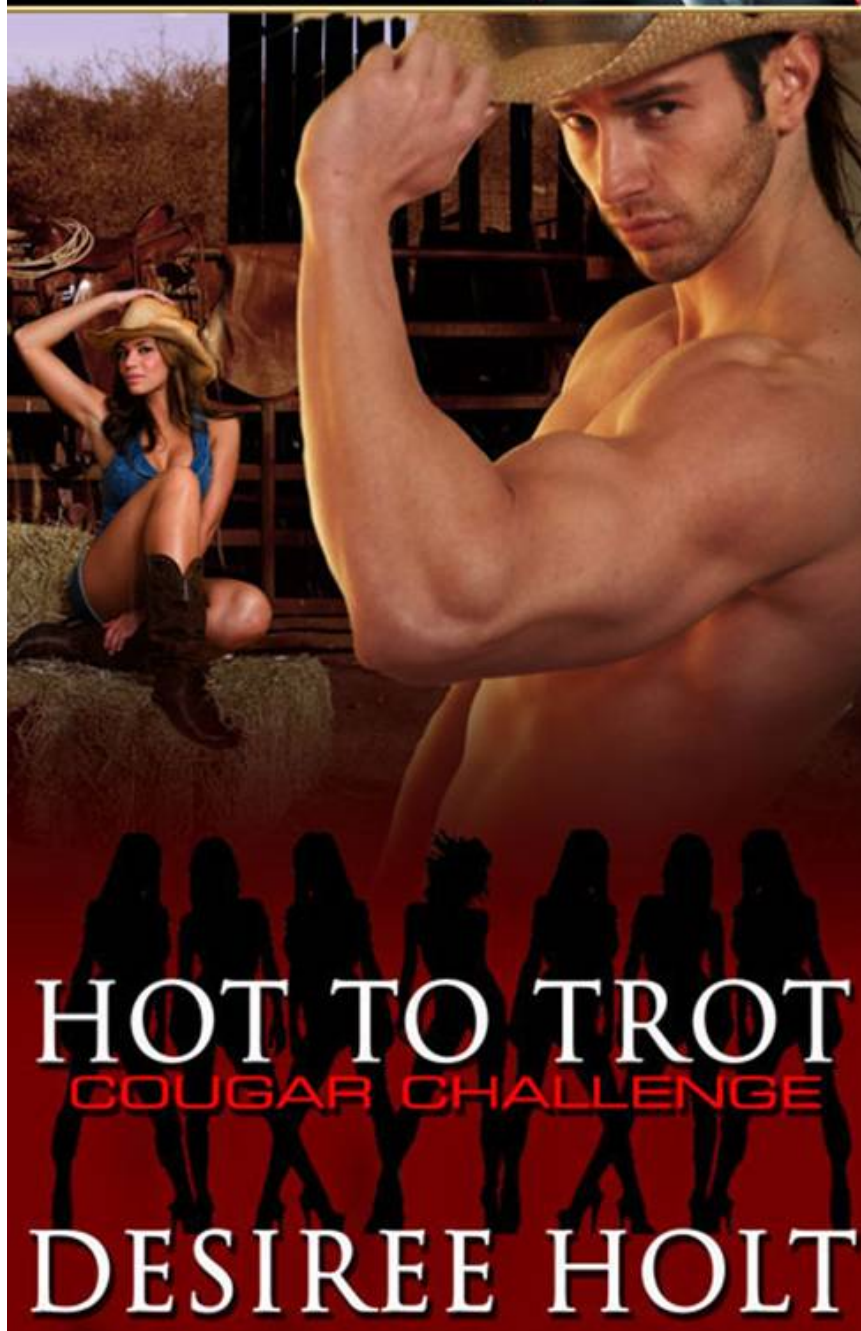


ELLORA'S CAVE *Sophisticate*



Hot to Trot

Desiree Holt

Book four of the Cougar Challenge series.

Buying a ranch on eBay was the wildest thing Autumn Kelley had ever done. Past forty, she'd pretty much written excitement out of her life. But then she discovers the ranch comes with a foreman who makes her pulse pound and could give her an orgasm just by looking at her. As if that isn't enough, he has a friend equally as mouthwatering—and the two of them take Autumn on an erotic trip that outdoes any fantasy she could ever have imagined.

If sex with one hot boy toy is fantastic, sex with two at the same time is a whole new level of amazing. But what happens when Autumn inevitably has to come down from the orgasmic high?

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Hot to Trot

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HOT TO TROT

Desiree Holt

Dedication

To all the cougars in the Cougar Challenge. Thanks for including me. To Ciana, the wonder woman, who pulled it all together. And to all cougars everywhere. Read it and take that next leap.

Author Note

You'll find the women of *Cougar Challenge* and the Tempt the Cougar blog at www.temptthecougar.blogspot.com.

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Chapter One

Dear blog friends,

Okay, I've done it this time. What we talked about at the erotic romance convention? Totally changing our lives? I know I've always been the safe one. The prim and proper one. The one who held back. But we agreed to make a change and wait until I tell you the change I made.

I bought a ranch on eBay!

That's right. A cattle ranch in South Central Texas. Cashed in everything I had, sold my condo, quit my job and headed for Bypass, Texas. And let me tell you, a more fitting name for a bump in the road could never be found.

But I got to the ranch, finally, and I nearly turned around and left. The pictures on eBay must have been taken someplace else because the ranch is the sorriest broken-down place you've ever seen. I barely was able to find one bedroom to stash my gear.

It does, however, have Mitchell Brand, the former foreman who would make anyone's mouth water. I could barely keep from drooling. Six foot four of hot hunkitude, with dark brown hair, blue eyes, a rugged face and a body that you itch to run your hands over.

So my experience is limited. So what? I'd be more than a willing student to this guy. I took him to dinner in the nearest big town, to discuss business of course—quit laughing—and all I wanted to do was lose myself in those eyes. That and rip his clothes off.

Yeah, that's right. Prim and proper me wants to have hot sex with the man of everyone's dreams.

I know one thing. The ranch might be a mess but with Mitchell Brand there I'm in the right place.

Stay tuned.

Autumn

* * * * *

No one had ever told her South Central Texas was hotter than any place in hell. Even with the air conditioner on—and thank god it was a new one—Autumn Kelley still felt beads of perspiration on her skin. She swiped at her forehead with her arm and brushed back the few strands of honey-blonde hair that had come loose from the ponytail holder. Bypass, Texas had turned out to be just that, a wide place in the road that people passed by, little more than an intersection with a combination gas station-general store-diner.

And the ranch! Oh yes. Sweetgrass Ranch. Where she planned to start her new life, amid the cows and horses and young—but not too young—cowboys. She could hardly believe she'd been the successful bidder on eBay, scrambling to get the cash before the seller changed his mind, or went to the next bidder.

The day she drove down the bumpy gravel road, more than a week ago and saw it in its too, too awful flesh she wanted to cry. Or maybe slit her throat. The buildings and land were in terrible disrepair, the few cattle and horses wandering aimlessly around not much better. It was so far from

what she'd bargained for. What she'd spent a huge chunk of money for.

All she could think at that first glimpse was, *What the hell do I do now?* Had she lost her everlovin' mind? A lone pickup, covered with dust, was the only vehicle in the parking area. Any hope it might belong to Henry McClain, the rat who'd swindled her into buying this place, disappeared when she remembered he'd told her he wouldn't be there.

Probably off on some island spending my hard-earned money.

Of course, no one buys a ranch on eBay unless they're nuts, right? But she'd needed a change so very desperately. If she hadn't pushed herself to go to that erotic romance convention, she might never have broken out of her shell. She'd still be dating men who just as often as not, couldn't get it up, and didn't believe sex and imagination belonged together. She'd be hiding from the world in her sterile condo and working at a job she hated. Never have had the courage to take this leap of faith. At forty-one she was stuck in a holding pattern, unable to move back, too chicken to move forward.

Just like, in many ways, the women she'd met at the convention. They were all about the same, gravitating toward each other as if drawn by invisible strings. She'd felt very lucky to hook up with them. They made her want more from life than she had.

The last day, giddy with their new friendships and probably one too many margaritas, together they'd made a pact. Each of them would do something totally out of character to give her life color and excitement, to embrace sexual experiences they'd only read about until now. To test the waters with younger men who would certainly have more staying power than the men they were all used to. To not only push the boundaries but maybe erase them completely.

One of the women who happened to be internet savvy even set up a blog where they could post about what they chose to do and keep in touch with each other. Empowered by the doors unlocked that she'd kept shut for years, she'd come home and plunged ahead. And in the months during which their friendship had strengthened, she'd gathered the courage to take a leap of faith.

But the beginning had almost been the end.

She sighed, stretching her tired muscles, as that first day slammed into her again.

* * * * *

Looking at the ranch when she pulled up next to the house she thought, *Holy shit. What am I getting myself into?* Buildings in a sad state of disrepair. A few scrawny cattle nibbling in the pasture nearest the house. Two horses swishing flies with their tails in the corral. She wanted nothing more than to get her hands on Henry McClain.

She climbed out of the SUV, brushed a few stray hairs away from her face and straightened her shorts and tank top as best she could. Henry had told her the ranch hands were keeping the place running, no worries. She had all the legal papers in a folder in the SUV. All she had to do was find someone, introduce herself and take over.

Yeah, right.

And then she caught sight of a hunk straight out of the wettest wet dream, the most mouthwatering specimen of manhood she'd ever laid eyes on, heading toward her from the barn.

She hoped this was the foreman Henry had mentioned. Mitchell Brand. Just looking at him was enough to make her nipples twinge and her crotch dampen.

Ohmigod! I hope he's planning to stay.

Wait. I'll find a way.

She was already composing an email in her head to the ladies.

Well over six feet, with broad shoulders, lean hips and a build she could tell was solid muscle beneath the dark t-shirt and worn jeans that clung to every line of his body. Most of his face was shadowed by the brim of the western hat he wore but she could still see the square line of his jaw.

The first thing she thought was, *I wonder how old he is.*

On legs only slightly unsteady she walked across the gravel to meet the man, holding out her hand. "Hello. I'm Autumn Kelley, the new owner of Sweetgrass Ranch."

The sensuous mouth broke into a grin and a laugh rumbled up from somewhere deep inside him. "Mitchell Brand. Mitch. Good old Henry didn't tell me that A. Kelley was a woman. And a gorgeous one at that."

Autumn made a face. "Good old Henry and I never met in person and I'm sure he didn't care what I looked like."

"Tell me." If she could have seen his eyes clearly she was sure they would have been looking her up and down. "Is it true you bought this place on eBay?"

She sighed. "Yes. What gave me away, the idiot sign on my forehead?"

Mitch Brand chuckled. "No, darlin', not at all. It's just that..."

"It's just that no one in his or her right mind would buy this place, right?" Autumn swallowed back the bitter taste in her mouth. "But I'm here, for better or worse. And it sure looks like 'worse' is the operative word."

"Well, then. Welcome to..." His grin widened. "What's left of Sweetgrass Ranch."

"Thank you. I think." She looked around. "Where are the others? I don't see anyone else here."

"Others?" She could hear the amusement in his voice. "Darlin', I'm the only one here. Everyone else took their shit and split."

Darlin'? Oh, right. She was in Texas. He probably called every woman darlin'. The feel of his calloused palm against her softer one sent tingles the length of her arm. Still, she snatched her hand back from his and tucked both hands in her shorts pockets. It wouldn't do to jump him five minutes after she met him. Would it?

"I was assured by Mr. McClain that there was a full crew and this was a functioning ranch," she told him. "He guaranteed me of that."

This time Mitch Brand threw back his head and laughed, a full-throated sound. "I'll just bet he did. He said he'd find a sucker on eBay and I guess he did."

Heat crept up Autumn's already hot cheeks. "You think that's funny? You don't see me laughing, do you?"

With an effort he collected himself. "Henry's been trying to unload this place for a year. Didn't

put a single penny into it. No self-respecting buyer would touch it."

"But the pictures," she protested. "They were gorgeous." She looked around. "Cattle everywhere. Men on horses." The sick feeling in the pit of her stomach was growing worse by the minute.

"Taken three years ago," he explained. "I told Henry that would get him into trouble but would he listen to me? Not one word. And don't think you can find him. He lit out of here the minute your check cleared the bank."

Autumn could feel perspiration gathering on her skin again. She felt hot, clammy and sticky and at a loss how to deal with her situation.

"So why are you still here? Why didn't you leave with the others?"

He cocked his head, a grin of amusement still tugging at his mouth. "Well, darlin', I'm in a little different position from the other guys who worked here. I made a good living as foreman of the ranch and I have a solid savings from my rodeo days. I can afford to take my time about my next move, so I decided to hang around and see who showed up. See if I wanted a part of it."

"A part of it," she repeated slowly. "What exactly does that mean?"

"First of all, let's get out of this sun. It's as hot as hell without burning up at the same time." He took her arm and led her toward the porch, gesturing toward two ratty chairs. "Have a seat."

"You haven't answered my question yet," she pointed out.

"All right, then. I will."

He tipped his hat back and she could finally see his face, a heart-stopping sight. Piercing blue eyes looked out at her from beneath enviously thick lashes, as dark as his hair. Deep trenches carved into his cheeks, giving his face an even more rugged look and tiny lines from the sun bracketed his eyes. He was definitely all male and as sexy as sin. For the first time in her life, Autumn wanted to leap at a man, tear off his clothes and hers and shout, "Fuck me!"

What in hell is happening to me?

"Let me ask you a question first." His eyes were like twin beacons on her face.

"What?" What he could possibly want? A job? With everyone else apparently missing she was ready to chain him to the fence, even if he hadn't been the young stud of her dreams. She twisted her hands together and wondered if the beads of perspiration on her face would start trickling down her cheeks. Why the hell hadn't she taken a hankie out of her purse?

"Are you serious about this ranch business, or is this just some kind of game to you? What I mean is, are you taking a break from your high-maintenance lifestyle or are you committed to this? Now that you've seen the place, have you got the guts to make this a productive ranch again?"

Autumn pulled in a deep breath and let it out slowly. *Be honest*, she told herself. *You have nothing to lose.*

"First of all, my lifestyle was anything but high-maintenance." She swiped at the perspiration on her face. "I probably shouldn't tell you this but to answer your question, this is no toy for me. I cashed in everything I had to buy this place. Sold my condo, quit my job." Pointing to the SUV, she

added, "Even traded in my car. I've burned all my bridges so I have no place left to go. Except here."

"To a broken-down ranch without much to recommend it."

She sat in silence for a moment. "I guess you think I'm pretty stupid, doing this."

"I don't know." He studied her face. "Are you?"

Autumn heaved a large sigh. "I guess I am. But..." She stopped, not about to blurt out all her secrets to a strange man, even if he was completely mouthwatering.

He watched her, not breaking the silence, either. Finally he said, "Well, how about this. Since I hung around out of curiosity, I'm at a loose end. You got any money left in your pocket to pay a stingy salary, handle some repairs and begin restocking the herd?"

"I-I don't know. How much will all that cost?"

He lifted his hat, ran his fingers through his hair and settled the hat on his head again. "A lot less if you have me doing the bargaining for you. And I won't cost you all that much. Enough to get by on. For now. And a place to sleep."

The hot look in his eyes burned into her. Did he mean in her bed?

She wet her lips with the tip of her tongue. "I can handle that. I...have enough cash if I'm careful."

"Good." He stood up and held out a hand to her. "Then why don't you come on down to my house, I'll get you a cool drink, which you certainly look like you can use."

She frowned. "Your house?"

"Foreman's house, actually. Goes with the job." He grinned. "And it's in better condition than anything else around here. Come on. I don't bite."

Oh but how she wished he did.

When she still hesitated, he said, "We'll talk about how you came to own Sweetgrass Ranch, what needs to be done to it and you can convince me why I should stick around."

* * * * *

Her first sight of the inside of the house almost made her want to cry again. Then she remembered the pact, squared her shoulders and dug in. Mitch had been very blunt about what it would take to put the ranch on its feet again but he'd also helped her draw up a budget she could afford. And he'd been right about sniffing out bargains for her. She listened to him on the phone with one supplier and was sure he came from a long line of con artists. While he'd gone about ordering new fencing, checking cattle sales, ordering building supplies and looking to see what men he could rehire, Autumn had attacked the house from top to bottom.

When she finished she realized it was only dirt and grime that had made the place look so dilapidated. Once she had everything cleaned and polished, she could appreciate the wood floor, the furniture gleaming with age and furniture polish, the windows everywhere that gave her magnificent views of the ranch. Two of the men Mitch hired scraped and painted the outside of the house and a trip to the nearest big town brought her linens and dishes to replace the ones she threw out.

As soon as she had satellite service hooked up, she logged onto The Blog.

Hi everyone,

Just want you to know I got here okay, to my beautiful new ranch, which looks like a leftover from The Great Depression. But not to worry. It came with a man who could light anyone's fire. Mitch Brand is the quintessential cowboy, yummy and mouthwatering. And younger. Exactly the kind of man we talked about. And the chemistry between us is not to be believed. Zing!

More later,

Autumn

Each day she made a little more headway. While she cleaned and polished, the men Mitch had found swung hammers, strung fences and wielded paintbrushes. She'd set a budget with Mitch right at the beginning and was determined to stick to it. And Mitch was the original *wunderkind*, true to his word that he could stretch a dollar until it snapped.

But working with him every day was an exercise in her self-control. And sometimes, when she caught him looking at her, she saw heat in his eyes that almost scorched her. How long had it been since any man had looked at her that way? Certainly not the oldies but goodies she'd dated.

Now, more than a week into her new role as a ranch owner, all she could think of was how she could get him into bed. With the lights off, of course. She looked much better in the dark.

She glanced out through the big kitchen window, watching him at work in the hot sun, shirt off, naked back gleaming in the heat. An unfamiliar wave of lust sweep over her, leaving behind a maelstrom of wild sensations. What would it be like, she wondered, to be naked in bed with him? To feel that thick cock his jeans couldn't hide pressing into her body? Sometimes at night she imagined she could feel those work-roughened hands exploring her body, playing with her nipples, sliding his fingers into her very needy cunt. It was all she could think of as the chemistry between them heated up daily.

Sometimes when he handed her something, or took something from her, just the brief contact of their hands nearly sent her up in flames. And his eyes would get that hot, hot look in them again.

This morning she'd actually awakened masturbating, bringing herself to a climax with the image of Mitch fucking her still so vivid her mind.

Ohmigod!

Well, this was her objective, right? To be a cougar on the prowl, find a younger man who pressed all her buttons and indulge in wild monkey sex. She just hoped when the time came she didn't chicken out.

The back screen door slammed and she looked up to see Mitch standing in the utility room. The current sizzling between them was almost palpable. Did he feel it too?

"Don't forget the auction coming up," he told her.

The following week he was taking her to her first cattle auction to buy a small lot to begin restocking the ranch.

"You said we're only going to bid on a small lot. Right?"

"Yes. You don't want to run cattle for beef," he told her. "Too expensive and you're in effect just

starting out. You want a breeding ranch. A bull that can sire champions. Cows that can drop quality calves. Much smaller and easier to operate."

She'd been learning a whole new language along with everything else.

And working hard to keep her hormones under control. When she'd visualized a younger man she hadn't expected one quite so...seasoned. Or completely masculine. Every time she looked at him her palms itched to rip off his clothes.

She tried to push the erotic thoughts away and smiled at him. "Gotcha."

He looked at his watch. "Five o'clock, boss lady. Time to knock off for the day."

"But..." She looked around, not half finished with what she was doing. "You go on. I want to keep at this for a little while."

"You have to eat," he pointed out.

"I'll just fix a sandwich. Go on."

"Uh-uh. Not tonight." He moved closer to her. "You've been at this every day since you got here. Tonight I'm taking you out to dinner. You deserve a break."

Dinner? With Mitch? Was she finally going to get her chance with him? God, she hoped he wasn't taking pity on her because of the ranch. Or just taking his boss out to dinner. It had been hard enough working so closely with him for the past week. She'd never been so attracted to a man in her life. She was sure if he asked her to strip down for him in the yard she'd do it without hesitation.

"D-Dinner?"

Why do I have this terrible habit of stammering like an idiot around him?

But she remembered The Pact. The Women. The Blog.

Go for it. What the hell. This is what I wanted, right?

"Is there a decent place to eat around here?" she asked.

"The Armadillo Bar and Grill," he said with a grin. "Not exactly around here but close enough. You can get everything from a steak to a beer to the finest bourbon. It's where everyone kicks up their heels. Or just hangs out. Be ready at seven, okay? We'll have a great night."

Ready? At seven? A great night? Oh, hell.

Her first inclination was to turn tail and run. Just pick up her stuff and go home to die a thousand deaths. But she didn't want to be that woman anymore. Advice from the group over the months filtered through her mind.

Do it, Autumn. That's why you're here, isn't it?

But she needed shoring up.

Mitch had barely headed back to his own house before she raced to the little den, opened up her laptop and went directly to her Instant Messenger list. No time now for the blog or even email.

Please, please, please let someone be online. Ohmigod, you'd think I was a fainting virgin.

Still, the realization that tonight would probably be The Night had her shaking with nerves. There was a big difference between talking and doing. She checked the list, breathing a sigh of relief

when she saw Rachel was logged in. What a stroke of luck. Good, solid practical Rachel. She'd tell it like it is.

Flexing her fingers, she typed frantically.

Autumn: Help! Help! Help!

Rachel: Okay, what do you need?

Autumn: The gorgeous hunk I blogged about has asked me out to dinner. Tell me quick what to do.

Rachel: Shower and bathe every crevice in your body and douse yourself with that jasmine scent you love. He'll love it when he peels you out of your clothes. Wear one of your tank tops so he can get an eyeful of your cleavage, and have a hell of a time. Oh and wear your hair loose.

Autumn bit her lip, hesitant to voice the fear she'd pushed back. But if she couldn't ask practical Rachel, who then?

Autumn: What if my age turns him off? I don't think he knows how old I am, really.

Rachel: Oh Autumn, don't be silly. He wouldn't have asked you out if he was turned off. It's clear to me that this guy is really into you. Go out with him. Have fun.

Autumn: Are you sure?

Rachel: This is that whole new life thing you said you wanted when you bought the damn ranch on eBay. I mean it seems to me the old, boring, conservative Autumn would be the type to stay home and watch the house fall in on her but you aren't her anymore. Were you serious about changing or was it all talk? This is your chance to do what you set out to do. Break free! Be wild and crazy. Hell, get laid!

Autumn smiled. She could almost hear Rachel's voice, urging her. Pushing her.

Autumn: Thanks.

Rachel: Any time. Oh and limit yourself to two drinks, cookie. I remember you and the margaritas at the convention.

Autumn laughed at that one. Typing her thank you, she signed off and went to get ready. She didn't ever remember being this nervous about a date—if you could call this a date—before in her life.

Chapter Two

The Armadillo was exactly what she expected a Western bar and grill in the boonies to be. The floor was concrete but the walls were aged and polished paneling. A long bar took up part of one wall, tables and chairs and a few booths occupying most of the remaining space. At one end was a postage-stamp-size clearing for a dance floor and a small stage where a band was setting up.

"I hope they don't play too loudly," she commented as she sat down at one of the tables.

Mitch took the chair to her left, his legs touching hers, heat flaming through her from the point of contact. She tried to shift her position but there wasn't much room to move around. He glanced at her, lips twitching, as if he knew what she was doing and Autumn just buried her face in the plastic-coated menu.

Autumn did her best to keep her head on straight where Mitch was concerned but the sensations rocketing through her body made it difficult. She'd taken Rachel's advice and dressed in a brand-new, skintight pair of jeans and an embroidered tank top, one with two buttons at the scoop neck that she casually left open. Every few seconds Mitch's eyes would stray to the swell of her breasts. If he caught her watching him, a slow, hot as sin smile would creep over his face.

She was sure from the heat she felt and the tiny grin lifting one corner of his mouth that she was blushing furiously. She lifted her glass of ice water, draining it completely, hoping it would cool her off. Mitch's knowing smile didn't help much.

Come on, Autumn. Seductresses don't blush and act like shy virgins. You wore the damn top to catch his attention, so don't play coy.

The food was excellent. Trouble was she had difficulty concentrating with Mitch sitting so close to her, his very masculine scent teasing at her nostrils, her eyes glued to the muscles in his jaw and throat as he chewed and swallowed. It had been bad enough riding in the truck with him, very aware of the play of muscles in his arms as he drove and the way the worn denim stretched over his thighs. But sitting here with him her mind, let loose from its usual prison of inhibitions, kept picturing him naked.

Just as it had every day since they'd met.

She took a sip of the ice-cold beer in front of her and it suddenly occurred to her that this was the second Lone Star beer she'd downed without even realizing it. She'd been working long days, as much to get the house in shape as to work off the unfamiliar sexual energy charging through her. She knew she needed to get to a bed and crash but—surprise, surprise—she wanted Mitchell Brand to be in it with her. Now the band was tuning up and they opened up with something slow and sultry, matching her mood exactly.

"Come dance with me, Autumn." Mitch covered one of her hands with his. "A little music will relax you. Come on. Just one dance."

Dance with him? Let his body press close to mine? Am I ready for this?

Before she realized it she was on the dance floor, her body plastered to Mitch's.

Oh, lordy, I am in such big trouble here.

They moved almost in place, Mitch's strong, muscular arms around her, cradling her to his chest, one hand at the nape of her neck. Her breasts were pressed into the hard wall of his chest and it was impossible to miss the hard thickness of his cock pressing against her through the fabric of their clothing. An electric charge seemed to pass straight from his body to hers, making the crotch of her panties even damper and her breasts more sensitive.

Touching him was everything she'd imagined it would be. His muscles rippled against her as he moved with slow, measured steps, his scent teased her nostrils and the heat of his body transferred itself to her. She felt suddenly daring, a brand-new sensation for her.

A scene from an erotic romance she'd read recently flashed through her brain, a scene so similar to this she might have recreated it herself. When she'd read it, she'd wondered if things like this really happened. Did you meet a man and immediately fall in lust with him? A tiny shiver raced down her spine at the thought of what she was doing. People who knew her would be in shock.

Well, the people who knew her saw the old Autumn, a woman afraid life was passing her by. She'd vowed with the others to change her life and open herself up to new experiences.

She sighed, her mind fuzzed around the edges and her body relaxed from the long day and the beer. She'd been fantasizing about this man since he strolled lazily across the ranch yard to her. Now she had the reality and she wasn't about to miss out on whatever happened next. She might have been inhibited but she wasn't any shy wallflower, either. It might be scary but she could step forward and take what she wanted. If it was offered, that is.

She tucked her head beneath Mitch's chin and nestled it against his shoulder. Mitch's hand pressed more firmly against her back and his hips ground against hers. She answered him with movement of her own hips, wishing there was nothing between them but skin.

"I think this would be a good time to make our exit," he murmured in her ear in a soft, low voice. "Don't you?"

"Hmm?" She tilted her head and looked up at him, thinking she could drown in his eyes.

He was breathing heavily, working to keep himself under control. He kissed her ear lightly and just touched it with the tip of his tongue. Delicious shivers raced through her. "Let me get the check and we can get out of here."

"Oh." She shook her head as if to clear it. "No, wait. My treat, remember?"

"Save your money, darlin'. This one's on me."

* * * * *

They were mostly silent on the drive home. Mitch found a country music station and turned it on low volume.

"You need to learn Texas-style music," he told her, letting the deep baritone of a familiar voice fill the silence in the truck cab.

By the time they reached the ranch, between the beer, the dancing and the music, Autumn was feeling as mellow as she ever had in her life. She dug into her purse for the keys to the house but Mitch shook his head.

"Uh-uh. I've got a better place for you to spend the night."

Butterflies did the two-step in her stomach and her palms were suddenly damp. She knew what he had in mind. The same thing she did. Could she actually go through with it?

When he helped her out of the truck, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for her to take his hand and let him lead her around the barn to his house. On the porch he looked hard at her, eyes boring into hers.

"We both know what's going to happen, Autumn. We've been building toward this since you got here. If you want to change your mind, this is the time."

She stared back at him.

Suck it up, Autumn. This is what you came west for. This is what you've been panting after all this time. A younger man who could fuck your brains out. So what's holding you back?

But her own fears and insecurities surfaced. She had to ask The Question. All the way home she'd debated with herself the wisdom of this. What if he tossed her out when he found out how old she was? Or worse yet, humiliated her in some way? Or – worst of all – pitied her? She suddenly felt like an idiot old woman who'd saved her virginity too long – certainly far from the truth. But still, she had to *know*. She just had to *know*.

"I have to ask you something first," she finally got out.

Autumn, the women would smack you silly.

I don't care. I have to ask first.

Shit, shit, shit.

He cocked his head, a quizzical expression on his face. "I give blood every month so I'm always tested and I'm disease free. And I'm careful with the women I...spend time with."

She shook her head, fisting her hands. "That's not it."

"Okay. Fire away."

"How...how old are you?"

His eyes narrowed, the shadows from the porch light making his face look harder, rougher. "What the hell kind of question is that?"

Autumn wet her lips with the tip of her tongue, digging her nails into her palms. She had to do it, that was all. "I just want to know how old you are. Is there something wrong with that?"

"Yeah, there is." He glared. "Why don't you tell me how old *you* are?"

She closed her eyes and breathed in and out. This was it. Push to shove. "How old do you think I am?"

Mitch frowned. "I don't know and frankly, I don't care. But if you want my age, well, tit for tat." He scratched his neck. "That's the first time any woman's ever asked me that."

Just tell him.

"I'm...forty-one."

When he didn't say anything she opened her eyes to find him staring at her.

"So?"

"Didn't you hear what I said" I am forty-one years old. Forty. One. Years. Old."

"And *that's* what this is about? Your age? Darlin', I'm thirty-two but sometimes I feel like fifty. Now can we please go inside?"

"And that makes me nine years older than you. Don't you get it?"

"What I get is that you are a beautiful, desirable woman and age is just a number." He pulled her to him and slammed his mouth to hers, a predatory kiss that stole her breath. When he lifted his head, he said, "Does that answer your question? All right, then. Let's go inside." He got out his keys and opened the lock.

They were barely inside before he had her backed against the door, his body pressed against her.

"I wanted this the minute I saw you." His voice was thick with need. "You made me so hard I was barely able to walk. Damn it, woman. Just looking at you makes me crazy. Does this feel like I give a good goddamn how old you are?"

"No," she breathed, unable to believe he really meant what he was saying.

This is going to work. Yes, yes, yes!

But then she couldn't think anymore as his lips came down on hers.

His mouth burned against hers as he ate at it, licking it with his tongue before pressing inside the warm cavern. Every place it touched tiny flames leaped to life. At the same time his hands, big and warm, slid beneath her tank top and cupped her breasts, thumbs chafing the nipples through the thin fabric of her bra.

In the dark every sensation was magnified, every touch more erotic. Autumn was liquid in his arms, the kiss melting her. Pulses began to throb low in her body, her cunt quivering with the need to be filled. She wrapped her arms around Mitch's neck, taking a brief moment to ask herself once again what the hell she was doing before giving herself completely to the feelings sweeping over her.

"Too many clothes," he mumbled, breaking contact long enough to pull her tank top over her head and get rid of her bra.

His head bent to take a nipple into his mouth, sucking it, grazing at it with his teeth and wrapping his tongue around it. Autumn moaned with pleasure, pulling his head tighter to her body. Her breasts felt full, as if the skin was too tight, her nipple ready to burst with sensations.

As he moved his mouth to the other breast his hands were busy unfastening her jeans and pushing them, along with her panties, down her body. She stepped out of them, kicked them away and gave a sigh of bliss as his hand slid between her thighs, his fingers probing her slit.

"Oh, Jesus." He lifted his mouth from her nipple. "Darlin', you are so wet I could slide my cock inside you right now without any trouble. We need to get someplace more comfortable than this. The first time I fuck you isn't going to be standing against a door."

He lifted her up and carried her into another room. Autumn had her eyes closed, her head

against his shoulder, unaware of where she was until she felt Mitch dip and use one arm to move something. Then she was lying on crisp cotton and she opened her eyes to find herself in his bedroom. A click and the bedside lamp came on, throwing soft light and shadows.

Mitch stood beside the bed, looking down at her, a hunger in his eyes she'd never seen before from any man she'd been with. All her insecurities came charging back and she had to resist the urge to cover herself.

"Please turn off the light, okay?" She tried to smile. "I like the dark."

He sighed even as his gaze continued to travel over her. "Autumn. Darlin'. You have a very sexy body. I want to see every bit of it. You have nothing to hide, trust me. I have no reason to lie to you."

She tried to pull her thoughts together and not make herself sound like an idiot. "I know all the women you've been with are much younger than me. My body isn't..." She searched for the right words. "It isn't what theirs is."

A quick spurt of anger flashed in his eyes, then was gone. "First of all, you have no idea what kind or how many women I've been with. In the second place, none of that means a damn thing. It's you I want. And let me tell you, I am so hard looking at you it's a wonder I haven't split my jeans. Forget about age, Autumn. This is just us, you and me. Wanting each other. So let me see you. All of you."

He bent her legs at the knees and placed them wide apart, exposing her completely. She automatically reached her hands to shield herself from his gaze.

"Don't," he said, as if reading her mind. "Your pussy is so beautiful to look at."

She let her arms fall to her sides, clutching at the sheet, as he spread her legs even wider and looked at every inch of her cunt. She could only hope he meant what he said.

One lean finger reached out and traced the length of her slit, coming away glistening with her juices. Autumn could barely hold herself still, tremors racing through her as she quivered with need.

Mitch lifted the finger to his mouth and licked it with deliberate slowness, then ran his tongue over his lips.

"Delicious." His Texas drawl in that deep voice was like warm maple syrup. "But I knew it would be."

His eyes never left her as he stripped off his shirt and toed off his boots. She lowered her eyes to his waist when his hands went to his belt buckle, unfastening it and lowering his zipper. When he pushed down his jeans and boxers together, his cock sprang free, thick and hard and swollen, a drop of liquid already beading on the dark, plum-colored head. The dark hair on his chest arched down across flat abs to the thick dark curls that surrounded the root of his shaft. Below it the sac with his testicles hung against his thighs.

Autumn's mouth dried up like the desert at the sight. God, he was the most magnificent specimen of man she'd ever seen. At that moment she didn't give a damn how old either of them was. She just wanted *him*. Any way she could get him. She squeezed her legs together as little pulses of pleasure vibrated in the walls of her vagina. None of the few men she'd had sex with even came close to the sight Mitch presented.

He grinned, heat flashing in his eyes. "Like what you see? You'll like it even more when I'm inside you." He knelt on the bed between her legs. "But I have other things to do first. Hang on for the ride, darlin'. We're cranking into high gear."

If she thought the other kisses were scorching, this one was off the charts. Her entire body was suffused with heat and her skin felt much too tight. There wasn't an inch of her mouth his tongue didn't explore. His hands cupped her head, holding it in place to give him better access. When he broke the kiss, she felt a sudden loss of warmth.

But in the next instant his mouth trailed down the column of her neck, stopping to kiss the sensitive spot behind her ear and the place where her neck and shoulder joined. Who knew that was such an erotic spot on her body?

His lips brushed over the hollow of her throat, pressing lightly against the pulse beating there before moving to the slope of her breasts. His tongue outlined the shape of each mound, licking closer and closer to first one nipple, then the other. When his teeth closed over one of them and bit gently she jerked, a soft cry rushing from her throat. She gripped his shoulders, arching into his mouth, bracing her feet on the bed to push against him.

When he'd spent enough time on her nipples that they were rigid and swollen to bursting he shifted and licked his way down past her navel to the curls covering her mound. The tip of his tongue trailed a line back and forth just above the curls, making her blood heat and the pulses in her body increase in their intensity.

"Mitch," she breathed, trying to push his head lower.

He chuckled, the sound vibrating through her. "Does that sweet little cunt want my attention?" he asked his face buried in her curls. "All right, then."

He pushed her thighs apart, spread her labia with his thumbs and pressed an open-mouth kiss right at the core of her pussy.

"Oooh," she gasped, hitching her hips.

Sensations unlike anything she'd ever felt before raced over her like jagged bolts of lightning. Shock waves pulsed through her as Mitch's tongue traced the opening of her vagina, then lapped at her slit. When he used the tip to flick her swollen, aching clit, she cried out in need, begging him for more.

"Like that?" He lifted his head, his face slick with her juices, a lustful grin on his face. "Tell me how you like this." He bent his head and without warning plunged his tongue into her cunt, his thumbs pinching and rubbing her clit.

She bucked beneath the erotic assault, her senses going haywire, her body on fire. The harder he tongue-fucked her, the more he tormented her clit, the harder she bucked beneath him, her hands ripping his hair, feet pressing into the mattress. She exploded without warning, the orgasm rumbling up and bursting with incredible speed. She shook in the grasp of it, spasm after spasm rocketing through her, hips moving, pussy contracting around his tongue.

The last flutter had barely died away before Mitch lifted himself, grabbed a condom from the bedside table, sheathed himself and plunged into her with one swift stroke. His hands wrapped

around her breasts and his mouth pressed against hers, her juices still on his lips. He rolled and thrust, pulling back then pushing all the way into her, again and again, faster and faster, stealing her breath.

They came together, falling over the edge, wrapped in an erotic storm that shook them, their bodies shuddering, his cock pulsing inside the latex sheath as spurt after spurt of semen surged into the reservoir and the walls of her pussy contracted and milked him, harder and harder.

Autumn was tumbling through space, through a black void, Mitch her only anchor as her body gave itself over completely to the storm.

And then they were still, Mitch collapsing on her as they struggled to draw breath into their oxygen-deprived lungs. Autumn wound her arms around his neck, holding him close, unable to tell if the thudding heartbeats knocking against her ribs were his or hers.

When he lifted himself from her and slid from her body, she made a small sound of protest.

"I'll be right back, darlin'." He kissed her lightly then headed to the bathroom to dispose of the condom. When he crawled back onto the bed he pulled the covers over both of them and snapped off the bedside lamp. Pulling her toward him, he spooned his body around hers and kissed the top of her head.

"Mitch?" she muttered sleepily.

"Yeah, darlin'?"

"I don't... I mean, I'm not usually... That is..."

God, I sound like an idiot. Why can't I keep my mouth shut?

He kissed her again, this time on her shoulder. "It's all right, Autumn. We'll talk tomorrow. But everything's just fine." He licked a slow circle with his tongue. "Whoever said women reach their sexual peak later than men must have been thinking of you. Because darlin', you are the hottest thing I've ever laid my hands on. And we're just getting started."

As she tumbled into a black void of sleep, her last thought was that the reality was much better than any dream.

Chapter Three

At first Autumn thought the pounding she heard was in her head but forcing her eyes open she realized someone was at the door.

The door? What door? Where the hell was she?

She looked around at strange surroundings, bewildered. Lifting the covers, she realized she was completely naked. And sore in strange places.

Then it all fell into place in her brain with a loud *thunk!*

She was in Mitchell Brand's little house. Thirty-two-year-old Mitchell Brand. Her very own boy toy. She hoped. Exactly what she and her blog ladies had talked about. Jesus! She'd actually gone and done it and the sex had been beyond anything she could have imagined. And if she remembered the bits and pieces of what he'd said, he planned for them to do this again.

But now someone was knocking on the door in a manner that said whoever it was, wasn't going away.

Mitch rolled off the bed and yanked on his jeans. "I'll take care of it," he said in a low voice. "Don't worry about a thing."

He disappeared into the living room, yelling, "Okay, okay. Hold your water. I'm coming."

Autumn pulled the covers up over her, hiding beneath them, the faint murmur of male voices drifting into the bedroom. She prayed Mitch could get rid of whoever it was without giving away any information. The sound of the door closing was followed by that of bare feet padding on the wooden floor into the room.

"You can come out of hiding," Mitch said, amusement in his tone. "It's safe."

She peeked cautiously over the edge of the blanket and sheet. Mitch had stripped off his jeans again and slid under the covers beside her.

"Who was that?" she asked.

"Randy Churchill. I'll tell you about him later." He reached for her, his hands skimming over her body, sparking her nerves to life.

Autumn pushed away from him, hard as it was to do it, especially with his steel-like cock pressing against her body.

"I need a shower worse than anything," she told him. "Please?"

Heat flashed in his eyes. "I think a shower would be just the thing." He pulled her out of bed with him. "Come on. We'll see if this shower really holds two people."

She caught only a quick glimpse of the bedroom in the daylight as he led her to a doorway in one wall. Aged oak paneled the walls and the floor, all polished to a fine sheen. The furniture was a darker oak and a couple of western-themed prints hung on the walls. That was all that registered on the edge of her consciousness before she found herself in the bathroom. She looked warily at the

small and efficient stall shower.

"Don't you worry, darlin'," Mitch told her as he turned on the water. "This will be just right for us."

She closed her eyes in bliss as the hot water sprayed over her body. But they popped open when she felt a hard male body plastering itself against her.

"I told you we'd fit," Mitch grinned down at her. "Just a little close quarters, that's all. His hand moved across her shoulders, smoothing something on her skin. "If anyone had told me I'd be bathing a gorgeous woman this morning I'd have had them committed. And you are gorgeous, darlin'." He bent his head a little and nipped her earlobe. "You just stand here and let my fingers work their magic.

Autumn closed her eyes again and sighed as his hands coasted over her skin, rubbing the lather in with gentle strokes. First her shoulders and her back, then he turned her around and rubbed the rich lather across the upper slope of her breasts. When he took her nipples between his fingers and twisted them pleasure streaked directly to her pussy, intensifying the low beating of the pulse in her womb that had set up its cadence the moment Mitch's hands touched her.

"Such beautiful nipples," he murmured. "Like raspberries just begging to be plucked. I can't wait to get them in my mouth again."

She arched into his touch, grabbing his forearms for support. She remembered the hot wet heat of that mouth on her last night and her legs trembled, her knees almost buckling.

"Easy, easy," he said, that maple syrup voice wrapping itself around her. "We haven't even gotten to the good part yet."

"Oh?" She was breathless. "What's that?"

"Well, this for starters."

His lather-coated fingers brushed over her pubic curls and slipped between the folds of her labia, rasping her clit as he stroked past it. Autumn clutched at him for support, shaking with need, moaning with pleasure as his fingers thrust inside her and massaged the walls of her pussy.

"Oh, god, Mitch," she whispered, her voice catching in her throat. "More. More, more, more."

"I'll give you more, darlin'. Just hang on for the ride."

He added a third finger, stretching her tight walls, his mouth pressed to her ear, tongue tracing the outline of it over and over. She was falling into an erotic fog that thickened with each thrust of his fingers in and out of her clasping sheath. The tendrils of an orgasm began to steal over her, unwinding through her body but just as she was about to give herself over to it, to ride his fingers to ecstasy he pulled them from her cunt and turned her around again.

"Put your palms against the wall and lean forward," he ordered, applying lather to her back again in wide swaths.

She was hanging on the ragged edge of need, ready to beg for release, when he slid his slick fingers through the cleft of her buttocks, resting the tips against the puckered ring of her anus. She jumped slightly at the contact. She had never been fucked in the ass before, never been taken there by anyone. Oh, she'd read about it in her erotic romances. A lot, as a matter of fact. And been utterly

curious about how it would feel. Now the thrill of something dark and forbidden made its way through her bloodstream, exciting her and arousing her even more.

"Don't fight it," Mitch's breath was warm against her ear as his fingertips pressed against that dark spot. "I can make you feel so good, Autumn. Take deep breaths."

Slowly, in tiny increments, his fingers pushed past that tight muscle. When they were fully inside her dark channel flashes of hot and cold washed over her. She trembled even more, pushing back against his finger as much as the tiny shower permitted, moaning as his finger moved in and out.

Water washed over her thighs and she realized he'd lifted the handheld head from its place on the shower wall and was pressing it against her clit. Muscles quivered, nerves fired and she was lost in such a wave of sensation she could hardly catch her breath.

"One of these nights I'm going to fuck you here," he told her in his incredibly deep voice. "Consider yourself warned."

His finger moved faster, the showerhead pressed harder, moving up and down and she crashed into an orgasm that shook her from head to toe. Mitch dropped the showerhead and reached around to hold her, his fingers rubbing hard on her throbbing clit as he took her through the spasms, then the aftershocks.

She was limp when the last shudder died away, leaning back against Mitch, held up by the strength of his arms banded around her.

"I didn't get to return the favor," she finally managed to say.

"There'll be plenty of time for that. Don't worry." He shifted her so she faced him, taking one of her hands and wrapping the fingers around his thick cock. "I'll have trouble bending over today but I'll let you make it up to me tonight." He brushed his mouth against hers. "Okay?"

She nodded, then cleared her throat, looking at him with the water spraying around them, a sudden attack of nerves gripping her. She hadn't realized when she set out to do this how important his opinion of her would be. Why should she even care? But she did. Unexpectedly.

"Mitch, I don't usually... That is... Oh, hell. Never mind."

Here I go again. Idiot of the year.

She pulled herself from his arms, opened the shower door and managed to step outside. She was drying herself with one of the big towels on the counter when Mitch stepped out next to her.

"Look at me, Autumn," he commanded. "Right now."

Reluctantly she lifted her eyes to his. "I need to tell you..." Her voice trailed off at the look in his eyes.

"That you don't usually jump into bed with a man five minutes after you meet him? You think I couldn't tell that? Darlin', I've been around the block more times than you can count." He placed a finger under her chin and tipped her face up, placing a soft kiss on her mouth. "You're changing everything in your life, though, aren't you? New place, new lifestyle." His eyes flashed with fire. "New sex. Right?"

She nodded, unable to say anything.

"Okay, then. Consider me your guide. For the ranch...and everything else." He smiled at her. "I like you, Autumn. You've got guts. And if you're up for an adventure, I'm just the man who can give you one."

"Despite the age difference?" she teased.

After last night she couldn't even imagine going to bed with anyone older than she was anymore. Mitch was older than his years with a toned body and incredible stamina. She felt as if she should growl like a cougar, the nickname for older women who paired with younger men. Now she knew why they loved it so much. And she hoped now that he could see her in the light of day Mitch would not feel differently.

"I thought we put that to rest last night. Like I said when you brought it up, age is nothing but a number. I'm interested in you, the woman, no matter what." He pushed her wet hair back from her face. "You know, it works the other way too. I could be worried that I don't measure up to older men."

She'd never thought of it that way. "That's ridiculous," she blurted.

"My point exactly. So are we okay?"

She sighed. "Yes. Okay."

"All right, then. Let's get dressed, I'll make us some breakfast and tell you about Randy Churchill."

Having put last night's clothes back on, Autumn sat at the kitchen table, watching Mitch deftly slip bacon and eggs onto plates and carry them to the table.

"I should hire you to cook," she teased, savoring the taste of the scrambled eggs. "Meanwhile, I want to know about this Randy who practically knocked the door down and then explain what our plan is for today."

Mitch took a sip of hot coffee, watching her over the rim, his eyes thoughtful. "Randy and I have been friends for a long time," he began. "I wanted to hire him to work at Sweetgrass when Henry made me foreman but Randy said Henry had no real interest in the ranch. He didn't want to get stuck with a loser and he was right."

Autumn raised an eyebrow. "I'm still surprised you didn't feel the same way."

He put his mug down carefully. "I was tired of the rodeo circuit and tired of having no place to call my own. I had plenty of experience and I wanted a place to live. I figured if Henry didn't make it here, there was a good chance the next owner would."

"Only you didn't think the next owner would be a flaky female who bought the place on eBay," she finished for him.

"I don't think you're flaky, Autumn. Not for a minute. The way you did this might be strange but it's obvious you're committed to it. I want to help you so you don't fall on your face."

She lowered her eyes, focusing on her eggs as she carefully scooped some onto her fork. "And what's in it for you?"

He shrugged. "A place to live and a chance to put this ranch back on its feet." He grinned. "And

the unexpected pleasure of some really hot sex."

Heat bloomed on her cheeks. "About last night..."

"It was great," he cut her off. "I think we said all we need to on that subject." He paused and looked at her. "Unless you don't want a repeat."

Now she knew she really *was* blushing. "I do," she said in a soft voice.

"All right, then. Now. Back to Randy."

"Yes. What did your friend want this morning? Why isn't he at wherever he works now?"

"Gossip flies around here," Mitch chuckled. "He has a few days off and he wanted to know about the woman I had at The Armadillo last night."

"And he came all the way over here to find out? What's the big deal?"

Now it was Mitch's turn to drop his gaze. "Randy and I...share a lot of things."

Autumn swallowed a bite of bacon to hide her surprise. "You mean you tell each other about your dates? Like high school boys?"

"Not exactly," he mumbled.

"Then what, exactly?" Then her jaw dropped as a stunning thought hit her. "You mean you share your *women*?"

"Hey, don't make it sound like we're committing murder," he said defensively and rose to refill his coffee mug. "Don't tell me you've never heard of *ménage*."

Of course she'd heard of it. Hadn't she read about it in her erotic romances? Hadn't it been one of the things she and the blog ladies had discussed and fantasized and giggled about at the convention.

But holy shit!

When she set out on this erotic odyssey with a plan to change her life, she hadn't expected the possibility she might be dropped into the middle of one.

"So, let me guess." She buttered a piece of toast to give herself something to do while she organized her thoughts. "He wanted to know what I looked like, if the sex was great and if I was interested in...expanding the participation. Have I got that right?"

Mitch's face colored but when he looked at her his gaze was solid. "That's about it."

"About it? What else could he want?" Autumn snapped her fingers. "Oh, wait. He wanted to know if he could jump right in and join us this morning. Right?"

He dipped his head once. "But don't worry. I set him straight."

"That right?" She bit off a piece of toast and chewed it slowly. "Exactly how did you do that?"

Mitch stared at her for a long time before answering, as if trying to get a clear read on her. "I said he was not welcome in our bed unless I invited him. And anything that happened there was strictly up to you. And it is." He lifted her free hand and kissed the knuckle. "Nothing will ever happen unless you want it to, Autumn. You don't have to worry about that."

She was grateful for his reply. "Thank you."

They ate in silence for a moment.

Autumn stared into her coffee cup. "But if I hire him, even for a short while, that's going to signal to him that I agree to being...shared."

"In a manner of speaking. Yes. But it's your choice, darlin'. All the way. No one's feelings will be hurt if you say no."

When she and her friends had started out on their odyssey, she'd thought it would be courageous enough just to get a younger man in her bed. Now she was on the verge of jumping into a ménage. How wild was that?

"Can I wait until I meet him to give you an answer?" She hoped she didn't sound as timid as she felt.

Mitch laughed, a warm sound. "I wouldn't expect anything else. Anyway, Randy wants to meet you. I can send him packing if you want." A slow grin spread over his face. "And by the way, he and I are the same age."

Two of them? Would that make her a double cougar? She swallowed the hysterical urge to laugh.

"You mean he's still here? Waiting?" She lifted her eyes and stared at him. "For you to talk to me about this?"

"Uh-huh. He's watching the guys sweat in the sun and drinking coffee."

"And speaking of that, what will the guys you hired think when they see me walk out of your house? Never mind the situation with Randy." Something she hadn't considered in her mad rush to fall into Mitchell Brand's bed. But then she'd never been a ranch owner before, either, trying to exert authority over a bunch of sweaty testosterone-laden males.

He grinned. "They'll think I know how to take care of my boss." Then his face sobered. "Seriously, Autumn. It won't be a problem. Trust me on that."

"If you say so." She swallowed her doubts.

Together they cleaned up after breakfast. When the last dish had been put away, Autumn drew in a deep breath, let it out slowly and told Mitch, "Okay. I'm ready to face the world."

The first thing she saw when she walked out onto the porch was the man leaning against the corral and watching the house, as if he'd been waiting specifically for this moment. He was as tall and lean as Mitch, his t-shirt and jeans clinging to every muscle of his body. His tan western hat was tipped low over his face, blocking any view of anything but his chin. Much as Mitch's had been that first day. Her legs began to wobble and little jolts of sexual energy fired throughout her body.

Holy shit! Did they grow them this way in Texas?

Mitch cupped her elbow and urged her forward. Without his supporting hand she was sure she would have fallen as weak as she suddenly felt.

"Randy Churchill, meet Autumn Kelley, new owner of Sweetgrass Ranch."

Randy tipped his head back and Autumn had to swallow at the sensuously masculine appeal of his face. Vivid green eyes traveled over her slowly from head to foot and back again, sending shivers

racing over her spine. Sensuous lips quirked in a grin above a rough-hewn jaw. The chemistry that arced between them was almost visible.

"Pleased to meet you," Randy drawled.

He held out his hand and when Autumn took it a wave of electricity shot up her arm and through her body.

It must be the Texas air. In thirty-four years no man has made erotic thoughts dance in my head. Now, in three days, I've met two of them. I'm either in luck or in trouble!

"Same here," she said, quickly dropping his hand.

Randy looked at Mitch with a broad grin. "That's a fine lady you've got here, my friend. Mighty fine." And his eyes swept over her again.

"She's not anyone's to 'get'," Mitch corrected, resting his hands on her shoulders. "Autumn's a woman with a mind of her own."

"I guess so, buying a ranch on eBay sight unseen." He looked around at the activity. "But y'all look like you're pulling things together here." He shifted his gaze back to Autumn, then to Mitch. "Think you can hire on one more hand?"

As close to her as he was, Autumn could sense the sudden tension in Mitch's body. Was he waiting for *her* to answer? Was *she* supposed to take the lead? This was more than just another worker on the place. Just as they'd discussed at breakfast, if she hired Randy, she'd be telling Mitch she was agreeable to whatever sexual arrangement he had in mind.

Her nipples tingled with anticipated pleasure and a pulse began to beat low in her cunt, her liquid soaking the crotch of her panties at the idea of both men naked in bed with her. Pleasuring her. Taking her places she'd never been before. Erotic images were running through her mind, dark and forbidding and so thrilling she almost trembled with the force of them.

Well, they'd all made a pact, hadn't they? Wait until she posted *this* on the blog.

She swallowed, hard, looked up at Mitch and nodded.

His hand slid from her elbow up her arm in a slow, caressing gesture, coming to rest on her shoulder. His thumb gently stoked the sensitive spot where shoulder and neck were joined.

"Okay, then," he agreed. "I can use help getting the barn back in shape, especially the stalls for the horses. And they all need checking over and grooming." He chuckled. "Think you can handle that?"

Randy gave an answering laugh. "I've been shoveling shit since Day One. I think I can do it with my eyes closed."

"Then go on into the barn. I'll meet you there in five."

Randy held out his hand to Autumn again. "Pleasure to be working at Sweetgrass Ranch." He winked. "I just know I'm going to enjoy the hell out of it."

Autumn felt the same tingles shoot up her arm to her body. This man was as much sex on the hoof as Mitch was. She could barely handle him. What would she do with two of them? Shivers of anticipation tickled at her.

"Why don't you go on up to the house," Mitch said. "I'll check on how the men are doing, then get Randy started." He bent and put his mouth to her ear. "I might sneak away for a cup of coffee."

Her heat factor rose a notch. "Okay. See you later. Bye, Randy."

Chapter Four

While the coffee was dripping, Autumn quickly stripped off yesterday's clothes, put on fresh undies, jeans and a clean shirt and brushed her hair back into a ponytail. Knowing Mitch would be along any minute, she hurried into her den and booted up the laptop.

This time she sent a blanket email to everyone. She didn't have time for a chat and wasn't sure this was something to share on the blog.

Hey, everyone. You'll never believe this. Last night was beyond fantastic. Oh, man. I wish I'd known about younger men years ago. Of course, then I'd have been young too. I only embarrassed myself twice by letting my insecurities show but I got over it pretty quickly. Fortunately Mitch was kind enough not to chalk me up as a dork, because the sex was better than anything I could have imagined. And listen. He has a friend who could be his twin, who wants to join us in a ménage. A threesome! Ohmigod! Ohmigod! I sort of told them yes but now I don't know. Tell me what to do. Quick.

Autumn

The back door slammed and she heard Mitch calling to her from the kitchen.

"Coming," she shouted, closed down the computer and hurried from the room.

He had already poured coffee into a mug for himself but he put it on the counter and pulled her into his arms. His tongue tickled her ear and his warm breath was like a caress on her skin.

"I just want to be sure you know," he told her, "that including Randy is strictly your choice. If you say no, nothing will change between us."

"So what did you tell Randy?"

"That when you were ready he'd get his invitation. Again, that's strictly up to you."

"Did you tell him..." She bit her bottom lip. "I mean..."

Why was this such a problem to her? Why couldn't she keep her insecurities in her back pocket where they belonged?

"How old you are?" Mitch's face set in a hard expression. "I told you, that's not important. Not to me, not to Randy. What's important is you and who you are. And honey, you are hotter and better than women half your age. So can we forget about that for a while?"

"Yes. All right." She let out her breath. "If you say so, I believe it."

"I say so."

He pulled her t-shirt from the waistband of her jeans, slid his hands beneath it to her warm skin and cupped her breasts.

"You haven't told me how you like it with a younger man, you know," he teased.

"Maybe you'd better remind me."

His thumbs rasped over her nipples, already beaded into hard points. Autumn leaned into him, loving the feel of his hands on her. She wound her arms around his neck, then jerked back when she

remembered they were standing in her kitchen.

"Ohmigod!" She took a step backward. "What am I doing? Any one of the men could walk in any time."

Mitch pulled her toward him again. "First of all, no one would dare just walk into this house. You're the owner, remember? The big boss? Secondly, I locked the door. So relax. I need something sweet with my coffee."

He put his hand beneath her buttocks and lifted her so she had to wrap her legs around his waist. Pressing his open mouth to hers, he carried her through the kitchen to the room she'd set up as her office. The top of her desk was littered with file folders and magazines Mitch had given her to read, plus the stack of budget printouts she'd been trying to go through. With a sweep of his hand he moved them all to one side and plunked her buttocks onto the recently polished wood.

"Mitch, what —"

But his mouth cut her off again, pressing against hers, his tongue exploring expertly as he pulled up her t-shirt and pushed her bra aside. Agile fingers pinched her nipples, teasing them until she thought for sure they would burst from fullness. Still claiming her mouth, he moved his hands to unsnap her jeans, lifted her with one hand while the other swept jeans and panties to her ankles.

"Hush," he said into her mouth when she tried to speak again.

He bent her knees, widening her thighs as much as he could with her boots still on and her clothing draped at her ankles. He bent his head and licked her already moist cunt, pausing to flick his tongue back and forth across her clit.

"I have to fuck you now," he said in a guttural voice, unzipping his jeans and pulling out his cock. "Jesus, Autumn, I've been as hard as a brick since we talked to Randy."

He yanked a condom from his pocket, ripped the foil and rolled the latex on before she even realized what he was doing. Then he was plunging inside her, seating himself with one hard, fast thrust. She clenched around him, shocked at how ready she was.

He rolled his hips and pushed hard and fast, no long and slow this time.

"Tell me," he rasped. "Tell me what you want me to do to you."

"I don't... I can't..." she gasped.

"You can, you can. I need to hear it. Say it, Autumn."

"Fuck me," she hissed, shocking herself that the words came out so easily. "Fuck me, Mitch."

He slid his hands beneath her ass and she wound her arms around his neck, steadying herself in her awkward position as he rammed home again and again. The climax built, then erupted with force, her entire body clenching and pulsing.

"That's it." The words ground out between gritted teeth. "Come for me, darlin'. Oh, god. I'm there. I'm there. I'm there."

He spurted into the condom, pulse after pulse of semen as her cunt muscles continued to milk him again and again. Her head felt back as aftershocks rippled through her, Mitch's mouth on her neck, the hollow of her throat, every place he could reach her.

At last he pulled back, his breath still coming in gasps. Pulling the condom off and wrapping it in his handkerchief, he put his shaft back into his jeans and zipped himself up. He stared at Autumn's pussy as if it were a bountiful feast and he a dying man. Then he leaned over, kissed her and helped her put herself together. When her clothes were in place again, he pulled her against him, hugging her tightly against his chest.

"You okay?" His voice was still uneven.

"Y-Yes, I think so." But she wasn't exactly sure. She'd never been ravaged on a desk before – or any other piece of furniture – and she was still assimilating the force of their frantic coupling.

I don't think I'll post this one for the girls to read. Whew!

He kissed her gently. "I think one of these days I won't be hard as a rock and ready to spill every time I set eyes on you but I can't say exactly when that will be."

"I'll take that as a compliment."

"As it was meant to be." He helped her slide off the desk.

"I wonder what the hands working out there think about what's going on."

Mitch cupped her chin and tilted her face up to his. "They have no idea what's going on. They think you are a woman committed to making Sweetgrass Ranch profitable again, to putting it in proper shape. That you didn't make this commitment lightly and they hope to impress you enough so you'll keep them on when the initial work's done."

"But they must suspect what's going on with us. Especially since I came out of your house with you this morning."

Don't let me blush. Don't let me blush.

"If they want to keep their jobs they won't think anything of it. Listen, Autumn. They've seen you work harder than a ranch hand since you got here and treat them fairly. That's all they care about." He touched his lips to hers in a brief caress. "Okay?"

She smiled back at him. "Definitely okay."

"Now I think we could both use some of that coffee."

* * * * *

Autumn stepped out of the old clawfoot tub and wrapped one of her fluffy new bath towels around herself, clouds of steam from the scented water still filling the bathroom. She broke the seal on a new bottle of jasmine lotion and massaged it into every inch and crevice of her body, taking special care with the cleft of her ass. She had a feeling Mitch would be paying particular attention to that area tonight.

The dark thrill ran through her again at the thought of his cock in her ass. The first time she'd read about it she'd squirmed in her bed, crossing her legs and squeezing her thighs at the arousal it incited in her. She'd tried to imagine what it would feel like, even considered buying one of the butt plugs the book described but had chickened out at the last minute. Now she was almost sorry she had.

I'm doing it. I'm really doing it. Ohmigod.

She'd brought the laptop into her room and left it open on the little side table. Still wrapped in the big towel, she sat down to scroll through the emails again.

From Edie: Two men? We should all be so lucky. I say go for it, girl.

From Cam: I say jump in with both feet. *giggle* And be sure to give us all the details.

From Rachel: Two young studs? Honey, if you turn it down you'll regret it forever. Don't forget. You're exploring new horizons. Take whatever comes, if you'll pardon the pun.

It was all the encouragement she needed. She smiled and closed the computer.

And even as she looked forward to the night she was thinking ahead of Randy Churchill joining them. When would that be? Had Mitch already made arrangements?

She'd found an old mirror in the attic, a cheval glass and she stood before it now, eyeing her naked body critically. She'd shaved her legs and under her arms but she knew a lot of women shaved their pubic hair. Did Mitch like curls covering a pussy or did he like it naked?

The naughty thought crept in out of nowhere.

I'll ask him. And if he wants to, I'll let him shave me.

Tiny spasms rocketed through her cunt just thinking about it.

She looked around her bedroom, eying it critically. Last night at Mitch's had been wonderful but tonight she wanted him here. In her house. In her room. And she'd told him so. If she was going to do this, she wanted it to be in her own home, on her turf. Somehow it made her feel more in control, even though that might be an illusion.

She'd opened a new package of sheets and pulled out a brand-new soft coverlet she'd bought on her manic shopping trip. Chiding herself at the same time for overkill, she gently sprayed some of her jasmine scent over the sheets and plumped all the pillows. On the round antique table she'd rescued from the attic and placed in front of the wide window was a huge spray of lilies. Next to it was a bottle of bourbon and two tumblers. She'd get the ice later.

She'd debated about the drinks, thinking beer wouldn't set the right mood and she had no idea if Mitch drank wine. The bourbon seemed a good compromise.

Well, Autumn, who's seducing whom here?

Scenes from the night before teased at her mind, the two of them naked, Mitch whispering erotic words in her ear. Then the image of Randy Churchill popped into the picture and heat suffused her body. Could she go through with it, having sex with two men? She'd read enough ménage stories to be tempted by it. No, more than tempted. Anxious, at forty-one, to finally experience everything.

Mitch had told her he'd grab something to eat before he showered, so she'd swallowed a quick sandwich before her bath. Now she slipped a filmy, lacy gown over her head, one she'd bought before coming here as part of her Free Autumn plan. Checking herself from all angles in the mirror, she gave her shining hair a casual flip, moistened her lips and glanced around the room one last time just as she heard the back door open and close.

"Autumn?"

She heard Mitch's boots on the hardwood floor as he walked through the house.

"In here," she called. "In my bedroom."

He filled the doorway and the sight of him took her breath away. His dark hair lay in thick waves on his head and the shirt he was wearing was the exact vivid shade of blue as his eyes. Right now those eyes looked at her with such lust her knees wobbled.

"Wow is the only appropriate word I can think of," he said in a thick voice, those blue eyes taking in every inch of her. Then his gaze took in the rest of the room and his mouth turned up in a grin. "Exactly who's seducing whom here, anyway?"

"Maybe it will be a contest," she said, suddenly shy. Had she gone too far? Did he like his women less bold?

But his next words swept away her doubt.

"My kind of woman," he told her, strode into the room and lifted her into his arms.

He brushed his lips gently against hers, then licked the outline. Autumn let her tongue peep out and touched the tip of it to his. Shards of heat shot through her and she wound her arms around his neck, pressing her breasts against the soft cotton of his shirt.

"I feel your nipples," he whispered against her lips. "They're already hard. I wonder how wet you are."

He stood her on her feet, reached beneath her gown and softly probed her cunt. When he lifted his hand she saw his fingers glistening with the liquid of her arousal. Deliberately he licked each one, his eyes locked onto hers.

"I guess you've been looking forward to tonight as much as I have." He cupped her cheeks in his warm hands. "But tonight let's not rush things. I'm glad you wanted us to be here, in your room. I'm glad you set everything up this way." He winked. "Especially the bourbon. How about pouring us each a drink?"

When they each held a tumbler filled with ice and whiskey, he touched his glass to hers. "To exploring pleasure together."

"To pleasure." She lifted her glass and took a small sip, the liquor burning through her veins and warming her system. Not that she needed anything more to heat her up. She was already embarrassed at his knowledge of how ready for him she was.

He noticed the little radio she'd set on her bedside table. "How about a little music?" He snapped it on and fiddled with the dial until he found something slow and bluesy. Then he held out his arms and Autumn walked into them.

Just like at The Armadillo, they fit together perfectly. He rested his chin on her head which was tucked into his shoulder, and his hands moved lazily up and down her back. Their slow travel took them to the cheeks of her ass which he gripped gently in both hands, rhythmically squeezing them. His cock pressed into the softness of her belly, thick and hard and she couldn't help rubbing herself against it. They moved in place to the music, swaying as they teased each other.

One of Mitch's hands slid to the cleft of her buttocks, fingers rubbing the length of it through the sheer fabric of her gown. Somehow that was even sexier than if he'd been touching her bare skin. She

pushed herself against him even harder and a little sound of pleasure burst from her throat.

"You like that, do you?" His warm, thick voice rolled over her. "Tonight we're going to find out just how much you like playing back there. I promise you, darlin', you won't believe the pleasure I'll bring you."

The music stopped and they picked up their drinks. Autumn took a healthy swallow of hers, blinking back the sudden tears it brought to her eyes.

"Easy, darlin'," Mitch chuckled, taking the drink from her. "Slow and easy, just like everything else tonight." He set both glasses on the table and eased her gown up over her head. "This is so pretty it's almost a shame to take it off but it's hiding the body I want to see. Besides, I've always wanted to dance naked." Amusement twinkled in his eyes. "Haven't you?"

"I-I don't think I've ever thought about it," she stammered, then had to squeeze her thighs together to contain the sudden pulsing in her cunt.

"I think this is as good a time as any to give it a try." He unbuttoned his shirt, pulled the tails from his waistband and tossed it over the little slipper chair. His eyes never left hers as he toed off his boots, unfastened his jeans and divested himself of them but not before reaching into one pocket for condoms which he dropped next to their drinks.

"Come here," he said, motioning to her.

She walked into his arms, pressing against him, skin to skin and he wrapped her in an embrace. His cock was so hard it was like a steel rod pressing against her, hot and urgent. The thick pelt of hair on his chest tickled her nipples, making them swell even more. She could feel the movement of each muscle in his thighs and his arms as they swayed to the beat. His hands did a little dance on her spine, tracing each bump on a downward journey to the cleft of her buttocks.

Autumn shivered as two fingers rubbed slowly from one end of the cleft to another.

"Like that?" Mitch murmured, plunging his fingers deeper.

"I... Yes," she breathed. *I love it.*

They continued to move to the music, his cock rubbing against her, his chest hair stimulating her breasts. His arms around her tightened, pressing her even closer, moving so the base of his shaft pressed against her clit. He moved his hips infinitesimally to create friction at that very spot and before she could realize it the muscles in her pussy quaked, the low throb of the pulse inside her built and the insides of her thighs were suddenly wet and slick.

As her body jerked with the spasms Mitch held her tight, supporting her, whispering to her, rubbing his body against hers.

"Ohmigod," she breathed, weak-kneed. I can't believe that just happened?"

He laughed softly. "Having an orgasm while you were dancing? How did it feel?"

"A-Amazing. Ohmigod," she repeated and leaned against him.

"You have no idea how much I love fucking you." His voice was low in her ear, his warm breath tickling her skin. "Last night we barely scratched the surface of the things I want to do to you. With you."

Her hands clutched his shoulders to steady herself. "Like what?"

"Well, maybe...like...this."

He danced her over to the bed and lowered her to the sheets, pulling her legs up and spreading them apart. He eased himself down to his knees, bent his head and, just as he had last night, placed an open-mouthed kiss directly onto the lips of her cunt.

Streaks of fire burned through her body, her hips jerking, her hands fisting at the electric feel of the contact.

Holding her in place with his big, warm hands, he licked her slit from end to end, pausing each time to flick his tongue at her clit and rim the opening of her vagina with the tip. Up, down, back and forth, teasing and tormenting. Low in her belly spasms began to gather and an icy-hot feeling raced over her skin.

He lifted his head for a moment, raising his eyes to her. "I thought about this all day today, darlin'. How sweet you tasted, how tasty this little pussy is. I couldn't wait to get my mouth on it again. Tonight I'm going to eat my way to heaven."

His tongue probed inside her vagina and Autumn fisted her hands in the sheets as he tongue-fucked her, then withdrew to stimulate her clit. Then the stiffened tongue was back inside her again, rasping the sensitive walls, reaching for the sweet spot that he knew drove her wild. Then back to her clit again.

Every time she reached the edge of orgasm, every time she felt herself about to crash over the edge, he pulled back, licked the insides of her thighs, her calves, her ankles. And then began again.

She lost count of how many times he took her up without letting her reach the peak. She knew only that she was a quivering, shaking mass of need when he shifted his head slightly and his tongue found the very tender skin between her vagina and her anus.

"Ohmigod," she screamed, bucking in his grasp.

When he touched that puckered opening with the tip of his tongue her body nearly arched off the bed.

"Come for me, darlin'. Do it now."

His thumbs held the lips of her cunt apart and his tongue continued to lick everywhere as she finally flew into space, shaking and convulsing, whirling in a black velvet void with fireworks exploding behind her eyelids. She tried to squeeze her thighs together, tried to urge him to fill her with his tongue or his fingers but he was determined to keep her open, expose her to his eyes.

"That's it," he urged. "Oh, Jesus, Autumn. I'll never get enough of watching that little pink pussy quiver and spasm. See your juices spilling out. That's it, darlin'. Oh, yeah."

When the last little twitch died away she was exhausted, her body limp, yet still far from satisfied. Mitch gave one final sweep with his tongue, then rose over her and lightly brushed his lips against hers.

"I'm dead," she told him, "but I'm not done. Can you believe that?"

He laughed, his breath tickling her. "That's the idea." His hand skimmed over her pubic curls.

"You know these are gorgeous but I'll bet that sweet little pussy would look even better without them."

She gave him what she hoped was a seductive smile. "Maybe you'd like to do it for me."

He kissed her curls. "And maybe we'll save that treat until Randy joins us."

Heat sizzled through her as she imagined two men shaving her pussy and lavishing their attention on it. Two *younger* men full of testosterone with high-octane sex drives.

Mitch caught the expression on her face. "You like that thought, do you? I'll have to make a note of it." He lifted her to a sitting position. "Come on. I think you need another sip of your drink. I'm just getting started."

* * * * *

Autumn was ready to plead, beg, anything if Mitch would only let her come. They finished their drinks lying side by side on the bed, then he nudged her to her side, lifted one of her legs over his and slid two fingers in and out of her slick cunt while she moaned in his arms. One hand stole around to pinch and roll a nipple.

She worked hard to reach ecstasy but at the crucial moment he pulled his fingers free, rolled her to her stomach and pulled her to her knees. A sudden *snap!* told her he was rolling on a condom. Then, again using his thumbs to open her wide, he plunged into her waiting vagina and set up a slow, steady rhythm. Autumn pressed her forehead to her arms crossed in front of her, pushing her hips back against each thrust of Mitch's thick, hard cock.

Again she felt the beginning quakes in her vagina, felt the muscles twitch low in her belly, the icy-hot flame wash over her skin. And again, before she could crest, he pulled out. Flipping to his back, he took her with him, lifted her with his hands on her hips and eased her down on his throbbing cock.

When she looked into his eyes she could tell he was using every measure of control he had. She could tell he was determined to draw this out, to drive her to the absolute end of her limits, see how far he could push her. And in the back of her mind, she sensed he was working her to a fever pitch for what he had planned. That tonight he would teach her what it was like to be fucked in the ass.

Now he had her on her hands and knees again, pillows plumped beneath her for support, her body so aroused she was sure it would implode any minute. She moaned as Mitch slid first two then three fingers into her hungry pussy, gathering her moisture, then painting it on the tight ring of muscle at her anus.

She had reached a point where she didn't care which way he took her, as long as she could finally climax, finally give her throbbing body the release it so desperately needed. She was barely aware of the music still playing in the background, only of her own aching need, her out-of-control desire.

He pressed a kiss to the base of her spine, licked the spot with his tongue and murmured. "Hold on, darlin'. We're going for a wild ride."

The tip of one finger pressed against her anus, pushed, pushed, then made its way inside. Chills

raced over her at this new intrusion and dark desire curled low in her belly. The tender tissues of her rectum clenched around his finger. She had just adjusted to it when a second finger worked its way in next to the first. Mitch worked them in a scissor fashion, little by little stretching her tight muscles.

"Easy, darlin'," he crooned. "Slow and easy. The last thing I want is to hurt you."

She adjusted to the initial fullness and began rocking back and forth on her knees, moving her hips in cadence with the tempo of his fingers.

"One more," he murmured, his deep voice resonating over her. "Take a deep breath and let it out slowly."

Autumn was so aroused she could barely process what he was saying. Still she managed to do what he said, taking in a deep breath, then letting it out in a whoosh as a third finger pressed inside her.

Mitch never varied the rhythm, moving his fingers at a steady, unhurried pace. By now Autumn was ready to shout at him, "Fuck me now. Right now."

When he withdrew his fingers she wanted to scream at the sudden loss. She thrust her hips back at him hard, begging for more.

Then Mitch's hands were on her hips, his thighs between hers spreading her wide.

"Take another deep breath, darlin'." His voice was so hoarse with need she almost didn't recognize it.

The head of his cock pressed against her tender opening, harder, firmer. She pulled in a deep breath and as she let it out Mitch pushed inside her, a slow, steady stroke until he filled her rectum completely. The initial discomfort disappeared at once and a clawing need came over her. All the teasing, the playing, bringing her to the edge but never turning her loose had driven her to a stage of rampant desire and animalistic need.

As Mitch began to move his shaft in and out of her ass, his balls slapping on the backs of her thighs, the dark ribbon of forbidden lust uncoiled inside her. She thrust her hips back hard, riding his cock as much as taking it, screaming her need, yelling for him to fuck her harder, harder.

When the explosion came it was like being shot into space on the tail of a rocket. Her pussy spasmed, her rectum clenched, every muscle in her body convulsed and she shook like a tree in the wind. She heard Mitch shouting her name as his shaft flexed and spurted inside the thin latex that felt like no barrier at all.

On and on it went, Mitch pounding into her, Autumn shrieking with ecstasy and pushing her hips back at him, the orgasm so prolonged it stole her breath.

Then it was over and she collapsed forward, Mitch on top of her, sweat-slicked skin sticking to skin, harsh breathing slicing the air, heartbeats so loud they sounded like percussion instruments. She wasn't sure she would ever be able to move again.

Autumn had no idea how long they lay there, the radio still playing in the background, their uneven breathing settling to a steady rhythm. Finally Mitch pulled himself from her body with obvious reluctance and went to dispose of the condom. When he came back to the bed she was still draped over the pillows. He lifted and turned her and lay down with her cradled in his arms. His lips

rained gentle kisses on her face, her neck, the hollow of her throat. His hand stroked her back, gentling her.

"You okay?" he asked, his voice soft in her ear.

"Uh-huh." She barely had strength to answer him.

"I worked you pretty hard."

"Sokay," she mumbled. "Liked it."

His laugh was low and sexy. "I knew you would. Autumn, I've been with a lot of women but I've never come like that before. Or enjoyed it so much."

She managed to raise her eyes to look at him. "Really?"

"Yes, really." He stroked her cheek. "You look like you're about to pass out but first we need to shower."

"Noooo," she wailed. "Just sleep."

"Shower first," he insisted, lifting her in his arms.

Standing in the clawfoot tub, he bathed her like a baby, washing her thoroughly and drying her with the towel she'd hung on the door.

At last she sank into blessed sleep, wondering if somehow she'd bitten off more than she could chew.

Chapter Five

Dear blog friends,

If anyone had ever told me sex could be exhilarating, rejuvenating and enthralling I'd have hit them with a frying pan. After so many years of men who thought of it as an exercise to gain relief, or who had to apologize for their lack of performance, or worse yet, for the entire episode concluding so fast I wasn't even sure it had happened, it is wonderful to find a man—yes, a young man *growl*—to whom it is an art. Now I know what the term performance magic means. There is definitely something to be said for younger men. Wait, make that a lot to be said.

Mitch has been with me in my bed every night since the first one. I am exhausted but energized by the time dawn arrives, when he leaves to go to his own house to protect me from prying eyes. I don't get many hours of sleep—I'm up with the chickens working my fool head off around here—but the sleep I do get is deep and refreshing.

Oh, girls, what a hunk of man he is. I wanted someone who could hardly keep their hands off me but I'm the one who can't stop touching him.

I am so very grateful that we all met up at the convention and formed this wonderful group. I would never have had the courage to do this without your support and I wish the same amazing results for all of you.

More later.

Autumn

* * * * *

For the next week Autumn worked side by side with Mitch, tackling every job he gave her. She spread hay in stalls, scrubbed the tack room, hosed out feed buckets, painted rails, whatever was called for. She was sending the message that she wasn't a hands-off owner and she could see the men developing a healthy respect for her. And she found herself settling more comfortably into her role as ranch owner than she'd ever expected, considering the stupid way it had come about.

She also spent some time with Randy, working in the barn with him to ready the tack room. She discovered he was bright, funny and as experienced in the business as Mitch. He made it his business, despite sharp looks from Mitch, to bring her cold bottles of water and make sure she took enough breaks. Sometimes they just sat on an old tack trunk and he told her about the days when he and Mitch rodeoed together and why they quit.

She loved the warm sound of his voice, the touch of humor as he poked fun at himself. And he seemed genuinely interested in her as he tactfully drew out her story and the big eBay fiasco. Autumn found him very easy to talk to. But the air between them was so sexually charged she almost told both men to climb into one of the stalls, strip off their clothes and they'd all go at it.

Again, her sense of self-control was all that saved her from what she knew would be making a fool of herself. The time would come for the three of them. She was beginning to hope it was soon.

Nights were spent in Mitch's arms, living out her fantasies and learning that the erotic romances she read didn't do justice to the reality of exhilarating sex. To her surprise, she also found a friendship forming between the two of them. Autumn hoped it would be enough of a foundation for him to stay on as foreman once they got Sweetgrass into shape.

Nothing more had been mentioned about Randy joining them but he continued to show up every day for work and she often caught him eyeing her with curiosity.

When the day of the auction arrived, Autumn could sense the excitement vibrating from Mitch's body.

"This is a big deal to you, isn't it," she said as he wheeled the huge pickup down the highway.

"You could say," he said, trying to appear nonchalant. "There's just something about finding the right stock, the right breeding cows, the right bull. It's what can make or break a ranch."

"I have confidence in you," she told him. "No breaking allowed here."

The barn where the auction was held was packed with both lookers and buyers, men in jeans and shirts and others in western-cut suits. There were a fair number of women also, many of them bidders in their own right. Autumn was fascinated watching them, awed by the knowledge they seemed to have at what they were doing. She could feel the excitement humming around her like a living thing.

The air was a rich mixture of crowd sounds and animal scent. In the barn behind the wall erected at one side of the temporary ring she could hear the pawing and stamping of hooves on the dirt floor. The entire scene was exhilarating.

Mitch went over the program with her, marking the page with the two different lots they would bid on, one a backup to the other. When it was over and they successfully bid for the lot they wanted she was beside herself with excitement.

He walked her through the paperwork, introducing her to the people in charge and making arrangements for delivery of their cattle.

"This is great." She hugged his arm. "Totally fantastic."

Mitch laughed. "It's exciting, I'll agree. And we got a good lot to start the breeding program."

When he opened the truck door on the passenger side, she impulsively threw her arms around him and pressed her mouth to his. Almost automatically his tongue slipped through her lips into her mouth, finding hers and sliding against it. His arms pulled her tight against his body, the thickness of his cock pressing firmly against her even through his jeans.

He broke the kiss first, fighting to control his breathing. "I like your moves, darlin' but I say we take this some place a little more private."

Heat crept Autumn's cheeks and she extricated herself from him. "I'm sorry. I just got a little carried away." She turned to climb into the cab.

Mitch wrapped his fingers around one arm. "There's nothing to apologize for. Auctions get my blood pumped up too." He leaned his face close to hers. "But I've got a better idea how to work it off."

"Oh?" She arched an eyebrow. She'd been working just as hard as the men putting the buildings back together, sore and tired at the end of each day but not so sore that she and Mitch hadn't spent night after night performing every kind of sexual callisthenic possible. Mitch had introduced her to pleasures she didn't think had even been written about yet.

If she worried about anything, it was her growing feelings for the younger man, something she worked damn hard to conceal. And something she hadn't planned for when she'd set out on this...call it a mission for lack of a better word. She'd been looking for fun and adventure and the challenge of sex with a younger man. Her inner cougar had finally escaped its cage. Anything more than that wasn't in the picture.

Besides, she reminded herself, she hoped he would stay on as foreman. She knew jack shit about running a ranch and he seemed to have all the answers. A complicated relationship would alter the picture. No, great sex whenever they both wanted it was the answer. Absolutely. For sure.

"You didn't hear a word I said, did you?" Mitch's warm voice held the touch of a laugh.

Autumn shook herself, "Of course I did. Every word."

His laugh was rich and full. "Uh-huh. So what's your answer?"

She frowned. "To what?"

His hand reached over and cupped her chin, turning her face until it was mere inches from his. "I said, I thought this would be a good time to see if Randy can join us. What do you think?"

She swallowed, twice, her heart suddenly racing and her bones like jelly. "Tonight?" she squeaked.

"Uh-huh." He kissed her lips, a gentle touch. "If you don't want to, just tell me. No problem." His voice dropped a notch. "But I think you'd enjoy it."

All her pulses were throbbing with a sudden rush of need. Two instead of one? Be part of a ménage?

She looked him straight in the eye and said, "Call him."

"You sure?"

"Yes." *I think so.*

"All right." He pressed a kiss to her mouth again. "Let me make the call." He pulled his cell phone from his pocket and speed dialed a number. "Randy? Nine o'clock. And you'd better be on your best behavior." He snapped the phone shut and stuffed it back in his pocket. "All right, darlin'. Let's go home and get ready for tonight."

* * * * *

Dear bloggers,

Today I went to my first cattle auction and I can't believe how aroused I got looking at all those cows. Of course, by the time we left I was ready to tear off my clothes and jump his bones in the truck. I can hardly believe how bold I've gotten in such a short time.

Bypass, Texas is still...hot as hell and in the middle of no place. But not as hot as it gets when Mitch and I get together. I took everyone's advice and gave Mitch the go-ahead with Randy.

Tonight's the night! The three of us together!

Ohmigod! Ohmigod. I can't believe this is actually happening.

Autumn

Chewing on a fingernail, she opened her Instant Messenger and searched frantically to see if Rachel was on line. Yes! There she was.

Autumn clicked on her name and when the message box appeared, typed: Rachel! Help again! I've gotten myself into it all right.

Rachel: I just read the blog. So tonight's the big night?

Autumn: Uh-huh. I'm scared and nervous and so excited and aroused you wouldn't believe it.

Rachel: Why? I thought we agreed this was what you wanted. Part of your fantasies. Please don't tell me it's the age thing again.

Autumn: No. I've stopped worrying about whether he thinks I'm too old, figuring he wouldn't bring his friend in if he thought that. And Randy's eyes have been sending me hot messages. But...am I really doing the right thing?

Rachel: Sigh! We agreed to push the boundaries, right? If it feels comfortable, you need to go for it. And trust Mitch to control things. Between you and me, I wish I had the guts to be there in your place.

Autumn: Oh, Rachel. Your turn will come and I'll be right there for you too.

Rachel: Go for it, kiddo. Experience it all. Enjoy, enjoy.

Autumn: You're right. I'm making problems where there aren't any. Frankly, I never knew sex could be this much fun.

Rachel: Go get ready for your big night. And IM me in the morning!!!!

Autumn signed off, her niggling fears set to rest, Rachel's straightforward practicality once again giving her a clear look at the picture.

* * * * *

The two men had undressed her with great care, trailing their fingers over every inch of her body as they exposed it. Now all three were naked in her bedroom. Autumn had finished a glass of wine while they were waiting for Randy, just enough to take the edge off her nerves. But when Randy walked in the door, pulled her to his hard body and probed her mouth with his tongue, the last of her anxiety faded away.

While his tongue was exploring every bit of her mouth, his hands cupping her head to give him the best access, Mitch came up behind her, pressing his erection against her ass through their clothing while his hands slipped around to her front and caressed her pussy through the thin fabric of her shorts.

His warm breath caressed her ear as his tongue licked the edge of it with delicate strokes. Her head was swimming and she barely registered the movement as Randy dropped his hands to the buttons on her blouse and opened them one by one. Mitch's hands slipped back to unfasten her bra and then her breasts were free, cupped in Randy's warm hands, his thumbs chafing her nipples.

His mouth had still never left hers, his tongue doing an erotic dance that made her nerve endings sizzle. Caught up in the maelstrom of sensation, she was hardly aware of their hands moving from place to place, their bodies shifting, until she realized that all three of them were completely naked.

Mitch bent to slide his forearms beneath her thighs and lifted her so her legs were spread wide, her pussy completely exposed to Randy's gaze and touch. Lust flared in his eyes as he eyed the feast laid out before him. One lean finger reached out and traced the length of her slit, then rubbed it up and down before licking the tip of the finger.

"Sweet," he breathed. "Like passion fruit."

"Take a real taste," Mitch encouraged.

Randy needed no more urging. Autumn reached up and behind her to clasp Mitch's neck, steadying herself as Randy bent to one knee, spread the lips of her cunt and proceeded to taste every inch of her juicy sex. His tongue was like a soft flame, heating her core. Mitch's cock rubbing against the crack of her ass only added fuel to her internal fire.

Autumn felt totally wanton being handled this way by two masculine, mouthwatering men. She hitched her hips forward as much as she could, pressing against Randy's tongue and his soft laugh rumbled through her body.

"I do believe she likes this, Mitchell. Let's all get a little more comfortable, shall we?"

Autumn felt her body being shifted and in a moment the three of them were lying on the bed, with her in the middle. Randy was still stimulating her pussy, now with his strong fingers, pinching and rubbing her clit. Mitch had moved his hands to her breasts, tugging on the nipples and lightly raking his fingernails over the hardened tips.

The liquid of her arousal was sticky on her thighs and she couldn't help the soft sighs rolling from her lips as the two men continued their erotic assault on her body with light but steady strokes. She opened her eyes to see Randy staring into them, his own bright with lust and need. His fingers moved faster in her pussy, three of them now, curled to rub against *the spot*, the beat of her pulses rising, her blood rushing through her veins.

Mitch's cock was fitted exactly to the cleft of her buttocks, so with each movement is moved against her, while his hands continued to tease her breasts.

The orgasm came with such suddenness it simply swept over her, shaking her in its grip. Randy's hand and fingers pressed and rubbed, Mitch's cocked pushed harder against her, his hands squeezing harder. When he bit down gently on the sensitive spot on her neck she could do nothing but let the explosion take her, reveling in the spasms that raced through her. The walls of her cunt flexed against Randy's fingers, milking them and her hips thrust in the small motion allowed by her position as she rode the storm that captured her.

They worked her gently until the last aftershock died away, placing soft kisses on every part of her body, soothing her, taking her down as gently as they could. She closed her eyes, sinking into the folds of black velvet.

* * * * *

Autumn lay back on her bed, a glass of wine pleasantly buzzing through her system, her hips propped upward by pillows, a towel beneath her. Two gloriously naked men knelt at her feet, each one straddling a leg. Telling her she needed to be sure to keep her hands out of the way, Mitch had wrapped a silk scarf around them and tied the cloth to a spoke of the headboard. She'd never felt so wanton in her life.

She wondered how many of the blog ladies would be in a situation like this.

At first she'd felt self-conscious with Randy but he and Mitch were so obviously comfortable with each other and so determined to put her at ease that it didn't take her long to relax into the erotic situation. Now he leaned down and kissed her ankle, then tickled the inside of one thigh with his tongue.

"I think you have to be the most delicious woman I have ever tasted," he told her. "I can't wait until we get to the really sweet stuff."

Naked, he was just as glorious as Mitch.

Well, almost.

But when he'd unselfconsciously shed his clothes, she couldn't help but notice the size and magnificence of his cock, the thickness of the curls surrounding the root, the sharp definition of the muscles in his body, the tautness of the muscles in his very fine ass. His lips, when he kissed her, were slightly rougher than Mitch's, not as full but he certainly knew how to use them. And his tongue.

Mitch rubbed a soft bath sponge over her mound in a slow, circling motion, like the swish of velvet against her skin. "Ready, darlin'?"

She took in a deep breath, let it out and nodded.

Mitch straddled her right thigh, lathering her curls with scented soap, while Randy shifted to pull her left leg further to the side. With the pillows beneath her, her cunt was wide open to them. She'd never thought to find herself in this position but it was so erotically stimulating she was afraid she might come just from the idea of it. Of two men able to see every inch of her pussy. Touch it. Stimulate it. Do whatever they wanted to do.

As if they'd done this together many times—and maybe they had—Randy held her still while Mitch shaved her. She had to bite her bottom lip hard to keep her inner muscles from quivering and her body from twitching in response. When Randy moved his hand to pull back her labia, his fingers pressing lightly on her sensitive skin and Mitch ran the razor over the soft surface she couldn't help the moan that escaped.

Randy chuckled. "Our girl likes this."

"Not half as much as we do," Mitch told him in a slightly hoarse voice.

Autumn forced herself with great difficulty to hold still as Randy manipulated her flesh and Mitch slowly removed all traces of hair. When Mitch moved from his position she thought he was finished, unprepared for Randy to circle both ankles with his fingers and lift her legs, pressing her knees into her chest.

"W-What's happening?" she asked. "What are you doing now?"

"Just a little bit of fine barbering, darlin'," Mitch told her.

Randy pressed one forearm to the backs of her thighs to keep her legs in place, then he and Mitch together separated the cheeks of her ass. The next thing she knew Mitch was carefully running the razor over the fine hairs surrounding her anus, his touch soft and meticulous.

Mitch raised his head and looked at her over her bent legs. "Just want to make sure we get everything." He winked at her.

She heard the swishing sound of water, then felt the touch of the bath sponge as they cleaned her every place Mitch had shaved. The clanking and tinkling sounds told her the basin and razor were being disposed of. Randy lowered her legs and spread them apart.

Mitch moved to the side of her bed next to her head, another silk scarf in his hand.

"I'm going to blindfold you, Autumn. Don't worry. Nothing will happen if you don't want it to. But if you can't see, your sense of touch, of feeling, will be that much sharper."

"Oh." She swallowed. "All right."

She held herself still as he placed the soft fabric across her eyes and tied it behind her head.

What am I getting myself into here? Am I making a mistake thinking I can take on these two young studs?

She was hardly prepared for what came next.

A tongue flicked against her clit while another licked her bare labia. Hands pulled her legs as wide as they could and twin tongues licked up and down each side of her cunt, over and over again. Lips – whose? – closed around her clit while two fingers slid simultaneously into her weeping pussy. In and out they pumped, in time to the sucking movement on her clit.

She heard tiny sounds slip through the air and realized they were coming from her. Her entire body was on fire, heated blood surging through her veins, pulses throbbing everywhere. She tried to clench her inner muscles around the fingers that were...almost touching the right place. Almost. Almost. She wriggled her hips as much as she could, trying to urge the fingers deeper.

A soft laugh vibrated against her cunt, the sensations echoing through her and intensifying her need.

Teeth grazed her clit, just enough to drive her closer to the edge and a third finger joined the other two inside her vagina. Each man held a thigh with the strong fingers of one hand so it was impossible for her to squeeze her legs together and relieve the building pleasure. Randy increased the tempo of his fingers on the other hand while Mitch bent forward and kept his mouth tormenting her clit. The sharp spiral inside her was rising higher and higher.

She tried to move her hips, to ride the fingers plundering her but the dual grip on her was too firm.

"Let it go, darlin'," Mitch told her, his voice deep and thick. "It's time. Let us see you come."

As if his words released the coil inside her, she exploded, spilling into their hands and mouth, inner muscles spasming and clenching, over and over again. She was in a deep, sensuous void, where nothing mattered except the orgasm gripping her. The high keening sound that sliced into her

consciousness was hers, ignited by the intensity of the sensations washing over her.

At last the pulsing subsided and her muscles relaxed. She dragged air into her lungs, not sure she'd ever be able to breathe properly again. Two sets of hands released her wrists and removed the blindfold. Two warm, naked male bodies cuddled her, one on each side. Hands stroked her lightly, touching her breasts, her nipples, her navel and finally her newly shaved mound. Two mouths rained light kisses on her face, the texture of their lips like the brush of fabric on her skin.

Finally she opened her eyes to see both men smiling at her.

"Like the ride?" Randy asked, his eyes burning into hers even as a smile tilted up the corners of his mouth.

She shifted her gaze to Mitch and saw him watching her with equal intensity.

"I'd say she did." His voice was soft but she could hear the edge of lust in it. He bent down and kissed her mound, the tip of his tongue flicking once to catch her clit.

Autumn moaned and shifted slightly, trying to urge him to further intimacy but he pulled back with a short laugh.

"All that soft skin with nothing in the way," he murmured. "More beautiful than I ever expected."

"I'd say the lady deserves another glass of wine," Randy told him, sliding one arm beneath her to lift her to a sitting position, rearranging the pillows.

"Maybe I'd rather have some of your bourbon," she said breathlessly.

Mitch ran his fingers down the side of her cheek. "I know you loved it the other night, darlin' but we don't want to get you drunk." He kissed the tip of her nose. "Just pleasantly buzzed. And I was assured this was one of the best wines I could buy."

Autumn had a hard time imagining Mitch shopping for fine wine but the image aroused her almost as much as their touching did. She arranged herself comfortably on the pillow, accepted the chilled goblet and sipped at it as the two gloriously naked men toasted her with their bourbon.

She was sated and stimulated at the same time, the orgasm that had shaken her so only whetting her appetite for what was yet to come.

Wait until I email everyone about this!

Chapter Six

The dildo that Mitch had slid carefully into her pussy was humming away on its lowest setting, enough to keep her on edge but not enough to allow her to climax. Which was just as well, since she was doing her best to concentrate on two very impressive cocks. Mitch knelt at one side of her, leaning forward so he could slide his shaft into her mouth. Randy was on the other side where her hand was busy stroking his hard, pulsing thickness. Autumn couldn't believe how aroused she was, her now-naked pussy dripping with the juices of her desire.

She closed her lips around Mitch's penis and sucked him as far into her mouth as she could, tilting her head back slightly to allow him to slide further down her throat. The thumb of her other hand found the drop of fluid beading from Randy's slit and rubbed it into the velvety skin. She heard him suck in his breath, felt the movement as he nudged his hips forward.

Two sets of fingers toyed with her nipples, pulling them, stretching them, rolling them. The humming of the vibrator echoed through her body, sparking delicate nerve endings and taking her to a place where all she could think of was satisfying her body's needs.

She'd never imagined, no matter what she'd read or how she and the blog women had discussed it, that wildly erotic feeling of servicing two cocks at the same time. Mitch was moving slowly beside her, gliding his swollen shaft in and out of her mouth, sucking in his breath whenever her small tongue licked at it or her teeth grazed it. Randy seemed to move in cadence with him, her fingers barely able to wrap around his thickness as she stroked him.

She sensed when the teasing reached a critical point. Both men increased their tempo, their breathing escalating, their cocks pulsing in her mouth and hands. Mitch picked up the remote to the dildo that he'd balanced on the flat of her stomach and pressed the button. Immediately the intensity of the vibrations increased.

"Damn it," Randy hissed between clenched teeth. "I'm going to come. Holy shit."

"Me too," Mitch ground out.

Now the vibrator reached its highest level, breaking something loose inside Autumn. As Randy spilled over her fingers, groaning and jerking, Mitch poured into her mouth and her own body convulsed, again and again. The three of them jerked and spasmed, Autumn riding the dildo as it drove her higher and higher, the men twitching in the last throes of orgasm.

Just at the moment when she was sure she couldn't stand it another minute, couldn't handle one more tremor, one more shudder racing through her, Mitch pulled back from her mouth and pressed the Off button on the dildo.

"Jesus!" Randy collapsed on the bed beside her. "Honey, you are one undiscovered treasure. The day you went trolling on eBay was a lucky one for us."

"Just remember whose party this is."

Mitch's voice held only a hint of humor. If Autumn didn't know better she'd think there was a note of jealousy in there. Of possession. But that was impossible. They were just...having fun. Right? She was enjoying her grand adventure with a young stud – make that two studs – and Mitch was her guide. Period.

But the kiss he placed on her lips was anything but casual, his fingers stroking her breast sending her some kind of message as he caressed her. When she looked up into his eyes, they were almost midnight blue, dark with some unreadable message.

Then, whatever it was disappeared. He brushed his lips against her and said, "I think we owe you a nice warm bath. You've earned it." He reached over her to poke his friend. "Come on, hotshot. Get your body moving."

* * * * *

The shower she'd taken with Mitch, which had kicked her libido into high gear, paled in comparison to being bathed by two very attentive men. The old clawfoot tub was filled with water into which one of them had dumped half the bottle of her jasmine bath beads and half the bottle of bubble bath. Mitch, insisting that she leave everything to them, brushed her hair into a high ponytail and tied it up with one of her scarves. Randy folded one of the big new bath towels and placed it behind her neck as they lowered her into the water.

With Mitch near her head and Randy by her feet, they began to lather her from her neck to her toes with the rich bath gel sitting on the counter. Firm fingers massaged every muscle, rubbing and kneading it until her limbs felt weak and loose. She had never believed ankles could be such an erogenous zone until Randy gave them his undivided attention, lifting her leg and resting her foot on the rim of the tub so he could reach every spot.

At the same time, Mitch was kneading her neck and her shoulders, rubbing his knuckles lightly against the spot where neck and shoulder joined and calling to her mind the delicate kisses he liked to place there. His strong hands worked the muscles of her arms until they fell limply to her sides, even manipulating her fingers. Another unknown erogenous zone!

By the time Mitch had shifted to her breasts and Randy to her cunt, she was enveloped in a great wave of lassitude, willing to let them do anything to her body if she could continue feeling so wonderful. Mitch massaged her breasts with expertise, rubbing her nipples until they peaked with desire. The movement of his hands was so light that her breasts ached for a harder touch.

One of Randy's hands drifted up between her thighs, nudging them easily apart and caressing the bare lips of her pussy. He tweaked her clit, tugging at it just enough for her to feel the pressure. His other hand held her hip while fingers slid easily into her cunt, stroking the quaking inner walls, his touch as light and delicate as Mitch's.

Autumn fell into a state of indolence, floating in the water that surrounded her like a cocoon. She was aware of the twin stimulations to her body but it wasn't enough to fire her nerves and drive her to the threshold of release, just enough to keep her hanging on a plane of great pleasure.

She had absolutely no idea how long she floated in nirvana, the two men working every muscle and tendon in her body, whispering erotic words to her. From somewhere Mitch had produced a fat

scented candle in a holder—Mitch? With a candle?—and its floral scent teased at her nostrils and surrounded her with its warm aroma.

She startled slightly when Randy's fingers slipped from her pussy and drifted lower, pressing against her anus, pushing the tip of one finger inside. She tried to wriggle away but Mitch held her shoulder firmly, whispering in her ear and licking the edge of it with short, light strokes of his tongue.

Randy rubbed and pushed and scraped gently with his fingernail, sending icy-hot waves rushing through her body. Dark images swirled through her mind, ratcheting up the simmering need inside her.

"I think it's time to dry her off." Randy's voice was as deep as Mitch's and just as heavy with lust.

"I'd say you're right. She's completely relaxed."

They lifted her from the tub and stood her on a mat, drying her with towels, Randy patting down the last drops of moisture as Mitch released her hair and brushed it into loose waves. She closed her eyes, reveling in the attention, allowing herself to press limply against Mitch as he hoisted her into his arms and carried her to the bed.

Randy stretched out full-length beside her, his eyes glittering as he stroked his semihard cock. Autumn was pliant as Mitch kissed her, his tongue probing into her mouth, sweeping over her teeth, her tongue, the insides of her cheeks, sucking her tongue into his own wet cavern. When he placed her astride Randy she automatically reached for the other man's cock, closing her fingers over his and gliding up and down the thickness with him.

"Get him ready again, darlin'," Mitch urged, standing beside her and rubbing her back. "Go on. Take him in your mouth."

Autumn leaned forward, brushing Randy's fingers aside and lowering her mouth over the growing thickness. As she sucked him in deeper, her tongue playing over the surface, she reached between his thighs and cupped his balls, gently squeezing them then running the edge of her fingernails over them the way she'd read about in many of her books.

Randy jerked slightly. "Holy shit, Mitch. Did you teach her that?"

Mitch laughed softly. "If it's good, yes. If it's bad, no."

Autumn continued to work on Randy, feeling his cock thicken and grow firmer in her mouth as she stimulated his balls.

Suddenly he put his hands on either side of her face and pulled himself free of her wet lips. "Lift her up, Mitch. I want inside her pussy. Right now. I *need* to be inside all that tight, wet pink flesh."

Mitch's hands clamped down on her hips, lifted her until she was poised over Randy's cock. He held her as his friend sheathed himself, then lowered her as the man guided himself into her.

"Ride me, sweet thing," Randy rasped. "Clamp that little wet cunt right around me. Oh, yeah, just like that."

His words were as stimulating and arousing to Autumn as the feel of him inside her. She braced herself on his shoulders, her breasts swinging near his face. She sighed when a hand cupped one of

them and guided a nipple to his mouth. She was so involved with the feeling of his lips and tongue on her hardened tip she almost didn't notice the feeling of something cool on her puckered anus. She started to pull back from Randy but he held her breasts tightly, his lips still firmly around her nipple.

"Easy, easy, darlin'," Mitch crooned, his finger busy at her hole. "Just a little soothing gel to make sure we don't hurt those luscious, sensitive tissues." His finger slipped inside her rectum, spreading the gel carefully, his touch setting off sparks in the tiny nerve endings lining the channel.

As Mitch probed and rubbed, Randy turned his attention to the other breast and nipple and Autumn slid her body up and down his now very rigid shaft. She cried out at the sudden loss of Mitch's finger inside her but then she heard the snap of latex and in another moment the head of his cock pressed against her.

"Lean forward," he commanded. "Bend forward as far as you can without letting Randy slip out of you."

She did as he asked, Randy now holding both breasts, her face close enough for him to press his mouth to hers.

"Oh, man, what a sight," Mitch breathed as he inched his penis inside her. "Those puffy pink lips around your cock, her juices coating your dick, and you sliding in and out of her."

Randy broke the kiss, his breath hitching. "Jesus, Mitch. You'll make me come before I want to."

Mitch's laugh was predatory. "I thought you had better control than that, buddy."

"Not when you're drawing hot pictures in my mind," Randy said through gritted teeth.

Mitch tightened his grip on Autumn's hips. "Breathe in, darlin'. Just like the other night."

Autumn sucked in a breath just as Randy's mouth latched onto a nipple again and pulled on it and Mitch thrust inside her rectum until his cock was completely inside.

"Ready?" Mitch asked.

"Damn straight," Randy answered.

They set up a coordinated rhythm that spoke of long practice. As one drove into her, the other pulled back. In, out, back, forth, so steadily she lost track of whose cock was whose. She was totally full, stretched to capacity, dark need racing through her, Randy's mouth on her nipple setting up tiny explosions inside her.

The climax hit her without warning, rippling through her, grabbing her muscles but the two men never ceased their movements.

"Man, I can feel her come," Randy gasped, pulling away from her breast. "Shit, Mitch. Put your fingers down there."

One hand left Autumn's hip and probed between her thighs, touching the stretched lips of her cunt that were quivering and pulsing.

"Can you feel it?" Randy asked.

"Oh, yeah." Mitch's voice was strained. "You bet I can. She's got you in a vise."

"I don't know how long I can last."

Their conversation barely registered with Autumn. She was wrapped in such a fog of lust very

little penetrated fully. Except for the stiff, hard cocks inside her.

"I'm almost there," Mitch said. "Autumn? Autumn, can you hear me?"

"Mmm?" was all she could manage.

"Rub your clit. Do it now, darlin'. Reach down there and brush that little nub hard."

She fell forward again as her fingers stole between her thighs, easily finding her nub exposed, the flesh around it distended. Barely aware of what she was doing, she rubbed as he'd instructed, slowly at first, then harder and faster as the two men picked up the pace. The orgasm was building again, spiraling up from the pit of her stomach.

"Now!" Mitch shouted. "Right now!"

As both men exploded inside her, Autumn's orgasm roared through her like wildfire, burning her up, shaking her, pushing her from one plane to the next. Her pussy spasmed again and again, her hips rocking back and forth, riding first one man then the other. It seemed to go on forever, stretching her on a rack of desire that was beyond anything she'd ever felt. As if it had a mind of its own, her hand continued stimulating her clit, rubbing and rubbing, as the men shouted and pumped their semen inside the latex reservoirs.

She thought the tremors would never stop undulating through her. Even when the men were spent, their cocks no longer pulsing inside her, aftershocks continued to ripple through the walls of her cunt.

Her heart was crashing in her ears and she couldn't get enough air in her lungs. She fell forward onto Randy's chest, gasping for air, shivering in the aftermath of an orgasm so ferocious it drained every bit of her strength. She was only faintly aware of Mitch pulling back from her ass, then lifting her from Randy's body. Gentle hands placed her on her back on the bed. She heard murmuring as the voices moved away, then they were back, sponging her with a warm cloth, sliding her beneath the cool, crisp sheets.

"You think we worked her too hard?" she heard Randy ask, concern in his voice.

"I think it was just because she's never done this before," Mitch answered. "But she needs to rest now."

"Okay. I could use a little nap too. Which side of the bed do you want?"

There was a long silence and Autumn forced herself to awareness, curious as to what was happening. She opened her eyes slowly to see Mitch standing beside the bed, a strange expression on his face.

"Well?" Randy prodded. "I didn't think that was such a hard question."

Mitch let out a slow breath. "I think it would work better if you went on home tonight, buddy. Okay?"

That woke Autumn up. She glanced at Randy, standing there naked with his mouth open.

"Are you shitting me? What the hell's going on here?"

Mitch shrugged. "Just-just go on home, okay? We've had a great party here but it's over. For tonight."

Randy looked at Autumn as if to find some clue but she was as mystified as he was. Mitch had explained to her carefully exactly how the two men did this and the sleepover with morning sex was part of it. Finally he shrugged and reached for his clothes.

"Whatever you say, Mitchell. But you'll have to explain to me what's going on here, okay?"

"Tomorrow. I'll call you tomorrow."

Randy drained the last few drops of bourbon in his glass, tugged on his boots, gave Autumn one more look and stomped off out the door. The room was filled with silence broken only by the slamming of the front door and the revving of the engine of Randy's pickup.

Autumn hitched herself up on the pillows, tucking the sheet under her arms and stared at Mitch. "You want to tell me what just happened here?"

He slid under the sheet next to her, wrapped his arm around her and tugged her close so her head was resting on his shoulder. Idly his hand reached beneath the sheet and stroked her breast.

"I find myself in something of a dilemma, Autumn Kelley," he began. "I don't know quite what to make of it."

Oh, god, was he finally disappointed in her? Had she done something wrong tonight? Was he going to leave?

She tilted her head to look up at him. "What kind of dilemma?"

He cleared his throat. "I've spent my life being pretty much loose and free. Taking my work seriously but not my women."

Autumn clenched one of her hands into a fist. "Mitch, if you're trying to tell me I shouldn't expect anything more from you, it's all right. I understand."

"No. I don't think you do." He kissed the top of her head, his hand continuing to play with her breast and nipple. "For the first time in my life, I find myself wanting something more. A lot more. Except..."

"Except what?" she prompted.

"Except I don't know what *you* want. A romp in the hay with a boy toy? A chance to test your wings? The sex has been unbelievable but I think we've got something more than that going here, only..."

"Only what?" She sat up, pushing his hand away, the sheet falling to her waist. "God, will you spit it out already?"

"Except I don't know if you want someone younger than you hanging around on a more or less permanent basis. You might be happier with someone closer to your...interests."

She couldn't believe the look of apprehension on his face. Mitchell Brand worried? The sexiest man she'd ever met? The man who could take on the world? Autumn threw back the sheet, scrambled over Mitch's body and began pacing the floor, completely oblivious to the fact she was stark naked.

"Are you crazy?" She stopped next to him, her hands fisted on her hips. "I've had men closer to my *interests*, as you call it, until they bore me out of my skull. I can't believe that *you're* worried that I

might care that you're younger than me." She resumed her pacing. "You're what I want. I just didn't want to presume anything. After all, you've been around and I've..." she waved her arms, "been standing still. If anyone should be bored it's you."

"Autumn."

"Shut up. I'm just getting started." She had no idea where all this sass was coming from but she went with it. "I have never, ever heard anything so stupid in my life. I can't believe —"

As she moved near him again Mitch grabbed her arm and tumbled her on top of him, cradling her in his arms, kissing her until she was breathless.

"That's why I sent Randy home tonight. This was great. I know you enjoyed it and if you want to do it again we will. But like I said, the rules have changed. I want you to belong to *me*. I want there to be an us. A little icing on the cake now and then is all right but only now and then."

Her heart was beating triple time in her chest. "Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

"I'm asking you if you'll think I'm a freeloader if I tell you I want to stay. Forever. To build up this ranch with you. To take whatever the future brings for us."

She reached up and pressed her fingers to his lips. "Don't even use that word. I was so afraid when the basic work was done you were going to leave,"

In one smooth move he rolled her beneath him. Grabbing a condom from the nightstand he sheathed his cock and spread her legs.

"I'm not leaving," he told her. "This is where I'm staying. Right here."

And with one shift of his hips he slid home into her still-wet pussy.

* * * * *

Dear bloggers,

You absolutely won't believe what I'm going to tell you.

About the Author

I always wonder what readers really want to know when I write one of these things. Getting to this point in my career has been an interesting journey. I've managed rock and roll bands and organized concerts. Been the only female on the sports staff of a university newspaper. Immersed myself in Nashville peddling a country singer. Lived in five different states. Married two very interesting but totally different men.

I think I must have lived in Texas in another life, because the minute I set foot on Texas soil I knew I was home. Living in Texas Hill Country gives me inspiration for more stories than I'll probably ever be able to tell, what with all the sexy cowboys who surround me and the gorgeous scenery that provides a great setting.

Each day is a new adventure for me, as my characters come to life on the pages of my current work in progress. I'm absolutely compulsive about it when I'm writing and thank all the gods and goddesses that I have such a terrific husband who encourages my writing and puts up with my obsession. As a multi-published author, I love to hear from my readers. Their input keeps my mind fresh and always hunting for new ideas.

Desiree welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her [author bio page](#) at www.ellorascave.com.

Tell Us What You Think

We appreciate hearing reader opinions about our books. You can email us at Comments@EllorasCave.com.

Also by Desiree Holt

Cupid's Shaft

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Ellora's Cavemen: Flavors of Ecstasy I *anthology*

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