



Something to Talk About

Violet Summers

(c) 2009

ISBN 978-1-59578-648-7

Something to Talk About

Violet Summers

Published 2009

ISBN 978-1-59578-648-7

Published by Liquid Silver Books, imprint of Atlantic Bridge Publishing, 10509 Sedgegrass Dr, Indianapolis, Indiana 46235. Copyright © 2009, Violet Summers. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Manufactured in the United States of America

Liquid Silver Books
<http://LSbooks.com>

Email:
raven@LSbooks.com

Editor
Terri Schaefer

Cover Artist
April Martinez

This is a work of fiction. The characters, incidents and dialogues in this book are of the author's imagination and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is completely coincidental.

Blurb

Miranda Lee Jenkins has been the subject of local gossip all her life, and has hated every minute of it. The last straw comes when she finds out her low-down-snake of a boyfriend has been cheating on her and everyone in the ever lovin' town knew it! Including her secret crush... Or, to be more accurate, secret crushes!

Wyatt has wanted Randi Lee for as long as he's known her, and when his lover Jon meets the little spitfire, he wants her, too. The men know that no other woman can complete their family the way Randi can. Now, they just have to convince Randi that a love like theirs is worth giving the folks in town *Something to Talk About*!

Chapter One

Randi Lee Jenkins came out of the bathroom at the Lone Dog Saloon, scrubbing her wet hands against the thighs of her jeans. She hated this place, and had it not been for her serious need to pee she wouldn't have stepped foot in the honky-tonk.

Drunken cowboys and stale beer were not her idea of a good time. All she wanted was a long hot bath and to finish up her thesis. One more semester and she was through with nursing school. She'd be making some serious changes in her life when graduation day came.

She was almost out of the hellhole when she spotted him. Billy Purcell—*her boyfriend*—with Sally Moore perched in his lap.

Randi's hands curled into fists as she watched Billy kiss Sally's neck... as his hand rubbed her skinny thigh. Sally was giggling and turned in time to see Randi staring at them. She sent Randi a big toothy grin before grabbing Billy and shoving her tongue in his mouth.

Humiliation smacked Randi in the face as she turned around and rushed out the door before Billy could see her.

*

"Dirty, rotten, stinkin', *bastard*," Randi shouted as she swung the Louisville Slugger and connected to the front headlight of Billy's prized four-by-four. Humiliation had quickly morphed into a rage that consumed her, wildfire quick.

She crawled on top of the hood, her eyes blurring with tears she refused to let fall. *Crack!* A long jagged line appeared down the center of the windshield. She raised her bat for another blow. "Wasted three years of my life on that low-down dog." She'd known, deep down, that Billy was a pig. Hell, he'd spent the last two months on the couch complaining their mattress was too soft. She should have known what a huge fucking lie that had been. Between her job and school she'd brushed the thought aside, refusing to admit that Billy was no good for her.

The window gave way, shards of broken glass flying to the four winds. Jumping down from the hood she marched to the back of the truck, taking out both taillights and putting three serious dents in the tail gate. By this time a small crowd had gathered around the truck.

"Let him live in my home rent-free, eat more in a day than I do in a week." She peppered the fire-engine red body with dents from front to back end.

"Here, girl. If you're gonna do it, do it right!" Old Paul David cracked a toothless smile and tossed her his hunting knife.

Randi picked it up where it stuck in the ground and plunged it into one shiny black tire. "Let's see ya get home now, you pig." Systematically she slit all four tires. The truck lowered to the ground with a hiss.

She opened up the passenger door, taking the knife to the leather seats. She carved them in a criss-cross pattern, pulling out the filling as she went. Sitting in the cab, she brought her booted foot up and kicked the stereo until it was pushed so far in only an expert would be able to retrieve it.

Never, in all her twenty-four years, had Randi ever lost her temper this badly. Hell,

she barely ever raised her voice. But this was the last straw. Between her job as a cashier at the local grocery store, the pressure of school, and her crappy personal life, something had to give; she just hadn't known what. Well, now she did: she and Billy were through.

She bent low, ready to pull the carpets out when she was grabbed around the waist and hauled out of the truck. Randi dropped the knife and started kicking and flailing.

"Hold on there, Randi Lee. Ouch! Now, Goddammit, that hurt."

Randi went limp at the familiar, deep voice. Great. Someone had called the law.

The adrenaline rush crashed, leaving Randi exhausted as she leaned into Jon Denton, Carter County, Texas's Sheriff.

"Damn, sweetheart, you sure made a mess." He turned her around in his arms, but kept her securely in his grasp.

His whiskey-brown eyes gleamed from under his Stetson. The corners of those gorgeous eyes crinkled as he smiled. "What did Billy do that has you out here destroying his truck?"

Before she could answer a howl rent the air as Billy ran up and surveyed the damage. Spinning around, his face as red as the paint job, he screamed, "You stupid bitch! What did ya do to my truck?"

Randi lunged, but Jon had her captured by the waist again before she could reach Billy and strangle his no-good, lying ass.

"*Your* truck! *I* pay for that truck. It's in *my* name."

Billy looked back at Jon. "I wanna press charges. Destruction of property, assault and being a royal *bitch*."

"You stupid asshole, it's my property! If I wanna destroy it, I damn well will." Randi felt a rush of bitter satisfaction when Billy's face went from red to purple with rage. She smiled and finished, "Let Sally drive you home."

A hush fell over the crowd as Billy gaped like a fish out of water. Damn. How on earth had she ever thought he was good looking? He looked like a landed trout. Before she could even begin to gloat, though, the crowd parted and Sally stepped through. She looped her arm around Billy's neck and wrapped her skinny body around him like a vine. He smiled and kissed the little redhead, grabbing her ass and using a lot of very obvious tongue. Randi wanted to gag. "Maybe I will, Randi Lee. At least *she* doesn't just lie in bed like a cold fish when we're doin' it."

Several murmurs passed around the crowd, and Sally gave her a malicious smile. Randi flushed from head to toe at the insult, but she'd be damned if she let him get the last word.

"Yeah, well, maybe she can get off on a little Vienna sausage!" She held up her pinky meaningfully and let it droop.

Billy's face went purple again and he lunged.

*

Aw, fuck. Jon dropped Randi Lee and stepped into Billy's charge. The other man was every bit as tall as Jon, but he was skinny and flabby, and lost his breath in a loud whoosh as his solar plexus connected with Jon's shoulder, which he'd lowered into Billy's charge.

The drunken idiot hit the ground gasping and whimpering about police brutality, with Sally Moore egging him on. Jon rolled his eyes and moved back to Randi Lee's side.

"All right folks, show's over. Get on back inside." He raised a brow and let his gaze

go hard on the crowd when no one moved. "Now," he said, and while he kept his voice even and almost pleasant, there was something in his tone that sent the bar crowd scuttling back to their drinks.

"You okay, sweetheart?" he asked, tipping up her chin with one finger. Her tear-streaked face punched a hole in his gut. Everyone in Carter County knew what Billy was doing behind her back, but no one had the guts to tell her. Even him. He wrapped his arm around her waist as she leaned into him and cried.

He walked them to his patrol car, opened the door and set her in the front seat. "Don't you move, sweetheart," he told her. He slipped the seatbelt around her, locking her in, before closing the door.

He walked back to Billy and Sally. The younger man was screaming. "Why ain't she in handcuffs, Sheriff?"

Jon folded his arms across his chest. "She's not the one who tried to get physical."

"She got physical with my damn truck," the other man screeched.

"Billy you best get home and pack up your stuff. I'll keep Randi Lee away tonight, but I suggest you be gone by morning."

"*Me* gone? She's the one who done lost her damn mind. Look at my truck. If you don't do something, I'm gonna report you to the state police."

Jon remained calm; he'd dealt with his share of drunks and Billy was no different.

"Let's not make this any worse than it already is, Billy. I think you've done enough to Randi Lee. It's time for you to move on."

Billy stepped up into Jon's face, his finger pointing at Jon's chest, "You better do your job, Sheriff, and take that bitch to jail."

Before Billy could utter another word, Jon had him up against the truck with his arm behind his back.

"You listen here, Billy Purcell. Everyone in town knows what a drunken dog you are. Don't mess with me, boy, or I'll haul *your* ass to jail for assaulting an officer. I'm giving you tonight to get out of Randi Lee's place. You're still there in the morning, I'll be taking you to jail." He pulled back a little and looked Billy in the eye. "You're pretty enough. I give it twenty-four hours before you're someone's bitch." He released Billy in disgust, turned his back on him, and stalked to the patrol car.

He would take Randi back to his place. That was the only way he could guarantee she'd be safe and stay put.

Yeah, right. Jon rolled his eyes at himself. Like he hadn't been looking for a way to get Randi Lee Jenkins in his clutches for the last however many years. Flipping open his phone, he dialed his home number. Wyatt picked up on the third ring.

"You're late, Sheriff." Wyatt's low drawl never failed to tickle the nerves at the base of Jon's spine.

"There was a little dust-up at the Lone Dog and we got company tonight," he told the other man, and was rewarded with Wyatt's chuckle.

"Well, hell, Jon. When isn't there a dust up at that dive? So, who're we rescuing tonight?"

Jon took a deep breath, uncharacteristically nervous about his lover's response.

"Randi Lee finally caught Billy with his hands where they shouldn't be and tore up the bastard's truck. He's out for blood, and she's a wreck. She isn't going back home tonight."

The other end was quiet for a full minute. "Do you think it's a good idea to bring her here, Jon?"

Jon sighed. "Probably not, but Wy, I can't let her be alone tonight."

"No, I guess not," Wyatt said slowly. Jon could all but hear the wheels turning in his head. "Okay, bring her home."

The line went dead, and Jon smiled. Wyatt might not have patience for social conventions, but damn if the man didn't make up for it by being patient in other areas. Jon took off his hat as he climbed into the driver's seat of his cruiser.

"You taking me to jail now?" Randi asked. Her nose was red and her face puffy and all Jon wanted to do was lean over and kiss her.

"No, sweetheart. I'm taking you to my place. I told Billy he had to be out by morning."

"Will Wyatt mind?"

Jon reached over, enfolding her hand in his. "Wyatt's fine with it, Randi Lee." Jon grimaced. If only she knew how fine Wyatt really was with it, she might run in the opposite direction.

He radioed the station that he was done for the night and that the situation at the bar was taken care of.

Randi Lee Jenkins had been starring in his fantasies pretty much since the first time he saw her, and he knew she'd been starring in Wyatt's even longer. Wy had gone to school with her, been her friend long before he and Jon met during their stint in the Army. He'd mentioned her to Jon more than once when they'd talked about bringing a woman into their relationship; described her as sweet and sassy, and more than woman enough to take on two stubborn cusses like them, until Jon had been half in love with her before he'd even met her.

When he and Wyatt had come to Carter County, to Wy's hometown, to settle down and Jon met Randi Lee for himself, he'd been hooked. She was everything Wyatt had said and more. Sweet and funny and with curves to die for, she also had a touch of vulnerability in her eyes that made Jon want to wrap her up in cotton and take care of her.

Those fantasies he and Wy shared about having a woman to love, having a family together, those fantasies had settled solidly on Randi Lee Jenkins, but she'd been all but living with that waste of skin Billy Purcell before they had the chance to make a move.

Now she was free, and damned if Jon was gonna let her get away again.

*

Randi sneaked a glance at Jon Denton from the corner of her eye. The Sheriff was a walking wet dream, tall and lean with those wicked whiskey eyes. But, hell, so was Wyatt, for that matter. The fact the two men were live-in lovers only made them that much hotter, in Randi's opinion. A cop and a cowboy. Every woman's fantasy to be sandwiched between the two hottest men in Carter County.

She blew out a deep breath as she concentrated on looking out the window. The pastures blurred by in the evening light. The sight was always beautiful, but a constant reminder of how trapped she was in this small town. A place where everyone knew everything, and no one had bothered to tell her that Billy was double dipping.

"So how long has everyone known?" She watched Jon flinch.

"Randi Lee, that's not important."

"The hell it isn't. How long have I been a fool, Jon?" Tears filled her eyes again, and

she determinedly sniffed them back. "How long have you known?" she whispered.

Jon stopped the patrol car in the middle of the road. He turned to face her and reached out to cup her cheek.

"Oh, sweetheart, that isn't important anymore."

"Yes, it is. I need to know how long people have been thinking I'm pathetic."

"No one thinks you're pathetic," he insisted. Randi just stared him down.

"Dammit, Randi Lee, I guess about six months now."

Randi's hand covered her mouth to stifle her sob. "Oh God." Tears fell hard now as her stomach clenched. She'd been the fool of the county for that long? She knew how the gossips were. She imagined the glee they took in talking about how sad it was. *Billy out carousing, and silly little Randi Lee stuck working and paying his bills.* She was an idiot, a foolish, stupid woman who had stayed with a loser. In her head, the whispers got worse. *But then, what do you expect? Look at her mama and daddy ... the Jenkins' were doomed to heartbreak and scandal, no doubt about it.* She felt sick to her stomach, embarrassed beyond belief. She felt like the star of one of those pathetic country songs that Billy loved so much.

Randi had always considered herself a smart woman, and deep down she'd known what Billy was really like. She'd like to pretend otherwise, but she couldn't blame anyone but herself.

How many talk shows and magazine articles had she read about women staying with losers? How many times had she rolled her eyes at them, when all the while she was doing the same damned thing? And why? When Randi thought about it, she realized that she'd been afraid. Afraid of being alone, afraid of leaving her childhood home, afraid of life. Billy was a convenient excuse for her not to change the things about herself she didn't like.

Well not anymore. Change was being thrust upon her, and she was gonna embrace it, ready or not.

Jon remained quiet the rest of the ride to his ranch house, and Randi was thankful. She didn't feel up to making polite conversation.

He pulled into the drive and parked the car, and Randi took a deep, calming breath and looked around. It was Wyatt's house. He and Jon had moved in shortly after Wy's mama had moved to Florida three years ago. It was a nice place, had probably even been pretty back when Wy's mama had kept up the flowerbeds lining the front porch.

Jon was out of the cruiser now and opening her door. She took his hand and let him tug her out of the car.

"C'mon, sweetheart. Let's get you settled."

Just the warmth in his voice was enough to start calming her down. Randi obediently followed him up the stairs and into the house.

*

After showing her into the bathroom so she could clean up, Jon went into the den and poured himself a shot of whiskey.

"Hey, pour me one too." The soft masculine voice brought a small smile to Jon's face. Wyatt made his way over, taking the shot glass that was full and downing it in one swallow.

"How's she doin'?" he asked. Genuine concern was etched on his handsome face.

"She'll be okay, I suspect. Randi Lee's a tough little lady. It's Billy I'd like to kill."

He shook his head and tossed back his drink. "Stupid little prick, foolin' around when he had that at home. He doesn't deserve her."

"Did you kick his ass?" Wyatt asked, placing his hand on the back on Jon's neck and tugging him down until their lips were grazing.

"Knocked him down," he admitted with a grin. "Asshole didn't give me reason enough to do any real damage." Wyatt laughed, and it shivered down Jon's spine. Because he couldn't resist, he pressed a rough kiss on Wyatt's mouth.

"Wish I'd been there," Wyatt muttered when they parted. "I'm not the law. I don't need a reason to kick his scrawny ass."

"Then I'd have a reason to put you in handcuffs," Jon agreed with a leer, and Wyatt laughed again.

Five years as a couple, and two more before that as friends, and Wyatt's laugh still went straight to his dick.

Both men turned at the sound of Randi's boots hitting the hard-wood floor. She sidled up to the bar and climbed onto a stool. Jon tried to hide a smile. She wasn't tall, but she sure packed a wallop.

"Mind pouring me one of those?"

Jon grabbed a third glass, but only filled it half-way. He didn't want her drunk tonight. He wanted her to understand exactly what he and Wyatt were going to tell her.

*

Randi looked at both men, so opposite each other, yet both as yummy as hell. Jon was at least six-three, long and lean with short, silky dark brown hair and those sexy light brown eyes. Wyatt was about three inches shorter and built broader, his thighs thick as tree trunks from rodeo riding. His light blue eyes and streaky, overly long golden hair, coupled with his perfect bone structure, should have made him pretty. Pretty *hot* is what it made him. And utterly masculine. She squirmed a little in her chair as the whiskey, among other things, made her belly warm.

"How do you two do it?" she wondered aloud.

"How do we do what, sweetheart?" Jon smiled.

"Stay together for so long. Stay happy with each other? How did you two know that it was right?"

Jon and Wyatt shared a long look before Jon moved to sit beside Randi.

"Well, you feel it in here," he said, taking her hand and placing it on his chest. His heart beat strong and steady against her palm. The heat of his touch felt disturbingly good against her palm.

"Oh, what the hell does that mean?" she muttered, pulling away from him before she gave in to the temptation to wriggle her fingers between the snaps of his shirt, looking for skin.

Wyatt leaned back against the bar on her other side, so she was sandwiched in warmth.

"What it means for me," he said softly, "is that I like who I am when I'm with Jon. And when I think about the future, he's there. I can't picture a life without him in it."

Wyatt's words wrapped around Randi's heart and squeezed. The idea that someone could feel that way about her seemed so foreign, so out of reach. She felt her eyes fill again.

Jon ducked around her and cuffed Wyatt on the back of the head. "You're such a girl

sometimes,” he teased, but Randi caught a glimmer in his eyes that matched the one in her own.

“I didn’t hear you complaining last night,” Wyatt murmured, and Randi just knew she went red from head to toe. What she didn’t know was whether it was from embarrassment at their blatant flirting, or arousal at the thought of them together.

“Come on sweetheart, let’s go sit on the couch. You look whipped.” Jon said, sending a quick and naughty grin in Wyatt’s direction. Randi let him lead her to the couch, and even leaned into him a little when he sank down next to her on the supple leather. Wyatt dropped into the chair across from them, propping one ankle over the other knee.

Randi’s eyes were dry now, but the scene outside the bar kept playing in her head, “Why didn’t anyone tell me? Why didn’t either of *you* tell me?”

Wyatt shifted forward and propped his elbows on his knees.

“We should have,” he admitted. “Truth is, there is no good excuse why no one did. We’d heard the rumors, but never saw him actually do anything.”

“Wyatt, we’ve been friendly since high school. You could have come to me.” Randi watched his face redden at her condemnation. “You *should* have come to me. I looked like a fool out there tonight.” Swallowing back the lump in her throat, she sat back, crossing her arms over her chest. She didn’t know what to do with herself.

“Sweetheart, once you mentioned his, er, Vienna Sausage,” Jon imitated her limp pinky gesture and Wyatt choked back laughter, “wasn’t nobody looking like a fool but little Billy.” Randi groaned and covered her face with her hands. “He won’t be there when you go back tomorrow,” Jon assured her. “The spare room’s yours as long as you want it. Or you can...” Wyatt cut Jon a look, stopping him from going further.

“Or I can what?” she asked. Waiting as both men looked at each other, then back to her. Jon moved closer to her, his thigh touching hers, his arm sliding along the back of the couch. “Or you can sleep with us.”

“What?” Randi shot off the couch, moving away from both men. “You’re *gay*.”

Chapter Two

Damn Jon and his total lack of timing, Wyatt thought. Randi's face was white as a ghost, and she'd wrapped her arms around her waist in a pose that screamed self-protection. He'd known it would be a mistake to bring this up tonight. He'd have rather waited until they had the chance to woo her a bit, let her get used to the idea.

Jon wasn't that patient; he went after what he wanted, and they both wanted Randi Lee with a hunger that threatened their sanity.

"Randi Lee, Jon and I are both attracted to women."

"Oh. So this is something you do all the time, huh? Pick some woman up and screw her?"

Shit. Wyatt sat back in the chair.

"No, sweetheart," Jon stood, moving toward Randi Lee, but stopped when she beat a hasty retreat. "No," he repeated, "we don't pick up some random woman and bring her home to screw." Wyatt could tell Jon was holding on to his irritation by a thread. "We've been waiting for *you*."

Randi Lee's eyes went wide, and Wyatt thought—hoped—he saw a flicker of interest in their indigo depths.

"You're kidding, right?" she finally squeaked. She moved to the bar and quickly poured and downed another shot, coughing a little at the burn. "You honestly expect me to believe that the two hottest guys in town," she flapped her hand at Jon who'd smiled and moved closer, "who happen to be *gay*," she shot a poisonous glare at both of them, "have been waitin' around for a little triple play with me?" She raked them each with an outraged glare. "Hell, I can't even keep one jackass loser satisfied." She gave a bitter little laugh that broke Wyatt's heart and turned back to the bar. "I haven't had nearly enough to drink."

Jon moved in again. This time he snagged her hand before she could escape.

"Sweetheart, nothin' was gonna satisfy Billy Purcell short of a blow-up doll full of beer." He reeled her in, and Wyatt almost lost track of what he was saying, totally caught up in the sight of Randi Lee's full curves pressed up against Jon's rock-hard planes.

"I don't get it," she was saying when Wyatt managed to drag his brain out of his jeans. "Are you offering me a pity fuck? Is this some sort of kinky thrill for you?"

Jon sent him an exasperated look, and Wyatt knew it was time for him to step in. Jon might be willing to show his emotions to the world, but he'd rather eat worms than talk about them. No, that was Wyatt's job.

"Do we want to fuck you?" Her eyes snapped back to him and she tensed a little in Jon's grasp. Good. She was done panicking, and they had her attention.

"Oh, hell yeah we want to fuck you." He rose and paced closer to them. "I've wanted to fuck you since senior year." Her eyes got big again, and again he saw that faint spark of interest. "But we don't just want to fuck you, darlin'. We want to keep you."

"Keep me?" Her breath hitched a little over the words, and she pulled away from Jon. Wyatt was a little surprised the other man let her go. "What exactly does that mean, keep me?"

"It means," Jon stepped in, demanding she split her attention, "we want you in our

bed, and in our house, and in our lives.” Her mouth fell open in shock, and damned if she wasn’t adorable.

“Jon and I are faithful to each other,” Wyatt added, needing her to understand. “We don’t plan on changing that, but we both want something more.” He stepped up and cupped her jaw in his hand. Her skin was so silky, so unlike Jon’s permanent scruff of stubble. “Darlin’, we want a family. Maybe even babies some day, if you’re willing.”

“In this town? Come on, guys. You gotta be nuts to want something like that.” Randi’s stance relaxed some. Wyatt only wished it was because she wanted the same thing, and not because she thought they were insane.

“Like we give a fuck what the yahoos in this town think,” Jon muttered, propping himself on a barstool. “If we cared about that, we’d never have settled here in the first place.”

Wyatt reached over and scrubbed his fingers through Jon’s hair. He talked big, but Wyatt knew the guy’s heart was right out there for the taking. It was one of the things that had made him so fucking irresistible.

Randi turned back to the bar and poured herself another shot.

“I shouldn’t have said anything.” Jon sighed and intercepted her glass before she could slam back the shot. “The timing was all wrong, and I wasn’t doing my thinking with my brain.” He tossed back the shot, and Wyatt couldn’t help but notice he’d placed his lips on the same spot Randi Lee’d had hers. “Just think about it, will you?” Wyatt wasn’t surprised when she slowly nodded. Like anyone could deny Jon anything when he asked for it in that low rumble.

Wyatt left Jon at the bar and showed Randi Lee the guest room. She thanked him in a subdued voice, ran those big blue eyes over him once more, and then closed the door, leaving him with a knot in the pit of his stomach and a hard-on from hell.

What the hell, might as well have another, Wyatt thought, and headed back to the bar.

*

Jon was sitting on one of the bar stools, his hands wrapped around a sweating bottle of beer. He figured he’d better back off the hard stuff. He’d already let his mouth outrace his brain once tonight. He wanted to kick himself for blurting out what he and Wy wanted from Randi Lee. It wasn’t the sort of thing you sprung on a girl, particularly one who’d had as shitty a night as she had. *Damn, damn, damn.*

“What’s come over you, dumbass?” Wy’s voice echoed Jon’s thoughts.

He shrugged. “I don’t know. A case of verbal diarrhea?”

Wyatt sighed and walked over to stand facing him. He reached out and combed his fingers roughly through Jon’s hair, then wrapped those hard, calloused fingers around the back of Jon’s neck, kneading strongly. Jon leaned back into Wyatt’s capable touch. He closed his eyes and gave himself over to the hypnotic pleasure as Wyatt squeezed out the knots that formed during a long day at work.

He had to smile when he felt Wy lean in, resting his forehead against Jon’s. “I want Randi Lee in our bed and in our lives every bit as much as you do, Jon-boy, but your timing is lousy.” Wyatt’s soft laugh tickled his ear.

He kept his eyes closed a moment more, savoring Wyatt’s touch. Finally he looked up and met the other man’s piercing blue gaze. “So, do you think I totally fucked up our chances?”

Wyatt smiled, the quirky little grin that never failed to grab Jon low in the gut.

"I don't know. It's all up to her now. Come on, Sheriff. Let's get some sleep." Jon slugged back the last of his beer and returned Wy's smile. Turning off the lights on the way out of the room, Jon hoped like hell he hadn't scared Randi Lee off for good.

*

Randi sat on the edge of the twin bed, holding the sheets so tight her knuckles were white. Her face was flushed and she felt really stupid. Their proposal had floored her. They wanted a woman to be with them, and not just any woman. They wanted *her*. The idea made her nipples tighten and her mouth water. To be loved by two men. The thought should have had her running out the front door. Instead, she was squeezing her thighs together tightly.

What would it feel like to be pressed between them? She could do it just this once; no one else would have to know. Randi was in turmoil because part of her was screaming for her to get her ass over to the boys' room and have her way with them, while the rest of her was wondering what the hell she was doing even thinking such a thing.

The whiskey warmed her belly, and without her permission her mind took a little side trip on the wild side. Randi smiled and blushed with at dirty thoughts racing through her head. She stood and walked toward the door, then stopped.

"What the hell do you think you're doin'?" she mumbled to herself, walking back and sitting on the bed. Her nipples tightened even more and she cupped her breasts trying to relieve some pressure. The touch of her fingers only made it worse as she imagined the men sucking her nipples, one on each side, and each exploring her body with strong, sure fingers.

She jumped up from the bed again and made it all the way to the door, her hand on the knob. Her mind was running in circles, like a mouse in a wheel going over and over the pros and cons, but it was her body that decided for her. Shutting off her thoughts, she twisted the knob and walked out and across the hall.

She opened the door of their room, her breath fast and harsh. Jon was standing by the window but turned when she entered the room. He'd just taken a step toward her when Wyatt came out of the bathroom. He stared at her, blue eyes wide and glinting, then looked at Jon.

Jon took another step toward her and smiled. His expression gave off a sexual heat that made her heart beat in double time. Both men approached her from opposite sides of the room. She started to feel like a mouse again, this time one being stalked by two big ol' tom cats. Jon raised one calloused hand and touched her cheek.

"Damn, look how beautiful she is, Wy."

Wyatt hummed a low agreement and stroked a finger down her cheek, trailing sparks in its rough wake.

"I'm gonna kiss you now, Randi Lee," Jon continued. "If you don't want that, you need to stop me, sweetheart. Tell me no right now and I'll stop." Randi didn't move. She couldn't move; couldn't speak. Fear slammed into her chest. Not because she didn't trust either of these men. She absolutely did trust them. She knew them, knew they were honorable and if she wanted them to stop, they would.

The fear stemmed from her real desire to experience the touch of these men, and from the knowledge that once she'd given in to them, she might never be satisfied with anything less. They lit a fire of lust in her that made her body soften and her mouth water.

God, she was so tired of being afraid; of caring more about what everyone else thought than she did about her own thoughts and opinions.

Tonight could be the first step in overcoming her fear of everything. Granted, it was *huge* step, but Randi didn't want to test the waters any more. She wanted to dive in headfirst and take the chance without knowing the outcome.

Had she lost her mind? Probably, but after living in a cocoon, she wanted to break free. Why not start now with these two beautiful, rough-edged men?

Randi was mesmerized, unable to think as she watched Jon's lips descend onto hers.

His mouth was warm and tender. He kissed her slowly, his tongue licking at the seam in her lips. He was giving her the chance to break the kiss, she realized. Randi opened her mouth for him and welcomed the slide of his tongue.

Oh, what a wicked, wicked tongue he possessed. It was wet and silky sliding across hers. Randi moaned in his mouth as she felt his hands move to her waist, pulling her up against his hard frame.

Wyatt moved in behind her, his solid, hard warmth pressed into her back. His lips danced along the nape of her neck, swirling patterns along her skin.

"She tastes like fresh cherries, Wy," Jon said, a wondering tone in his voice as his lips traveled to her chin and he nipped up along her jaw.

"Then let me have a taste." Wyatt tilted her head to the side and back and captured her mouth in a searing kiss. Wy's kiss was just as delicious as Jon's, just rougher and more demanding. He probed and prodded the tender recesses of her mouth. Randi moaned and opened her mouth wider. Wyatt kissed her deeper and harder.

Jon yanked her tighter to him, pulling Wyatt along with her. Randi grabbed the front of Jon's uniform, curling her fingers in the khaki fabric as he leaned down, licking the side of her neck. Each press of their lips to her skin was like an electrical shock. Each nerve ending was sensitized. She'd fantasized earlier what it would be like to be held between them, but no fantasy could compare to the real thing.

Two sets of lips pressed fire-branded kisses to her. Two sets of hands stroked and explored. They took their time as their mouths mapped every inch of skin above her shoulders. Randi's panties had moved way past wet; they were soaked.

Wyatt let go of her mouth only to move down to her ear.

"We want you, Randi Lee. We want you in our bed tonight. We've dreamed about having you."

"Say yes, sweetheart," Jon murmured along the other side of her neck. "Let us show you what good lovin' is like." Every word they spoke pulsed in her clit.

Oh God. Randi sighed. She wanted this. She needed this. Hell, she *deserved* this. For one night she wanted to be treasured and taken care of. Made love to, not just fucked. Her mind made up, Randi nodded her head.

*

Wyatt slid his hand along her rib cage. He looked up at Jon and licked his lips. His cock was hard as steel and he didn't know who he wanted first, Randi Lee or Jon. He would have them both before the night was over. They'd talked about loving Randi Lee for so long, but Wyatt had never believed it would actually happen. Hell, he'd gone to high school with her, known her all her life. He'd always had a crush on her, even after he realized he liked men.

Wyatt turned her into his arms and bent down to kiss her freckles. The light dusting

covered her nose and cheeks, matching the cinnamon of her hair. Her mouth tasted like honey and cherry lip balm, and when he sucked her lower lip in, to nibble, she gave a breathy laugh. He slipped his hands down to the small of her back and over her ass. He squeezed, opening her mouth with his tongue as he groaned with pure male satisfaction.

Jon was at his back, his mouth grazing the back of Wyatt's neck. He loved the contrast of Jon's hard body at his back and Randi Lee's soft one pressed to his chest.

His cock was iron hard, and aching like crazy. He pulled Randi Lee into his crotch, grinding against her, desperate for some relief. Jon's hands slid around, burrowing between Wyatt and Randi Lee so he could peel off first Wyatt's t-shirt, then Randi Lee's tank top.

Wyatt let go of Randi's ass long enough for Jon to pull her shirt over her head, and raised the backs of his hands to travel over her silk-covered breasts. They were small, round and firm and fit in his palms perfectly.

"Fuck, Randi Lee," he murmured, totally caught up in the moment.

Skimming his mouth along her chest, he licked even more freckles before dipping into the valley between her breasts. Jon's hands were rubbing up and down his chest, tweaking his small flat nipples, which the dumbass knew made Wyatt absolutely insane. Wyatt wanted to explode; the contrast of his two lovers was about to bring him to his knees.

He mimicked Jon's movements on Randi Lee, pinching and tweaking before he latched onto her nipple with his mouth. Every time Jon pinched his Wyatt's nipple, Wyatt sucked Randi Lee's deeper into his mouth.

The room filled with the sound of ragged breathing and low moans and the temperature rose. Wyatt lifted his head, staring into Randi Lee's flushed face. She was so fucking beautiful she blew his mind.

*

Jon kept playing with one of Wyatt's nipples, but allowed his other hand to stroke Randi Lee's creamy skin. She was pushing herself forward into his and Wyatt's caresses, making little wanting sounds that made his blood run hot.

He abandoned Wyatt's nipples and slid his hand down Wyatt's stomach, dipping below his jeans to tease his hard dick. Wyatt groaned when Jon caught at his cockhead, and Jon groaned right along with him as his thumb dragged through the pre-cum that had formed there.

Suddenly in a hurry, he pulled his hand free of Wyatt's pants and let go of Randi Lee with a lingering caress. Then, hands free, he jerked loose the buttons of Wyatt's jeans and swiftly tugged them down. Working just as quickly, he stripped himself, too. Wyatt sent him a wicked smile, and set about getting Randi Lee blissfully naked, as well.

Moving back behind Wyatt, he nestled his throbbing dick between Wyatt's ass cheeks. The familiar move never ceased to stop his breath, amazing him with how fucking good it felt.

Wyatt let go of Randi Lee and rotated around to face Jon, crushing his lips in a wet, juicy kiss. Jon kissed him back, and clamped a hand on Wyatt's shoulder, urging him to his knees. Wyatt didn't need much convincing. He dropped willingly, and ran his tongue roughly along the underside of Jon's dick. Jon hissed and let his head drop back as the pleasure whipped through him.

A soft gasp caught his attention, and he looked up to see Randi Lee watching avidly as Wyatt dipped even lower to tease Jon's balls with his tongue. Jon wanted to shout in

triumph as her tongue slid out to lick her lips.

Jon held out his hand, and Randi Lee allowed him to pull her forward and guide her to her knees as well. He placed a hand on each of his lovers' napes and watched, enthralled as Randi Lee's small pink tongue danced along his length with Wyatt's larger one. Their tongues tangled, writhing over him like a velvet lash, and he hissed out a curse. Wyatt looked up with a slow, nasty smile, and deliberately did it again.

He spread his legs a little wider and clutched their necks a little tighter. Wyatt pulled back and flicked at his raging cock.

"It's good to be king, isn't it, Jon-boy?" he murmured with a smirk.

Jon smirked right back. "Fuck, yeah, it is." He ran his fingers roughly through Wyatt's hair, then turned to Randi Lee, who was watching them hungrily.

"Take me in your mouth, sweetheart." He had to force the words from his raw throat. Wyatt backed off and Randi Lee grasped Jon's cock. Her small mouth opened wide as she licked and nibbled playfully around his crown.

"Suck it, Randi Lee," he groaned. If she teased him much more, things would be over before they even got started. Jon laced his fingers through her hair, not to force her, but because he needed something to anchor himself when she oh-so-slowly slid her lips down on him, engulfing him in liquid fire.

"Fuck darlin ... that's perfect."

The sensation of another wet tongue tickling his sac nearly drove Jon over the edge. He tensed every muscle in his body to fight off the orgasm as Randi Lee sucked his dick and Wyatt nibbled and licked at his balls.

He had to stop their kisses or he was going to come for sure. Gently he pushed Randi Lee off of him. Wyatt automatically followed suit.

"Get on the bed, sweetheart, and spread your legs," he demanded. She didn't even hesitate, just climbed on the bed and lay down.

"Bend your knees and show us how wet you are," Jon continued. She bent her knees and slid her feet as close to her ass as possible. Then she let her legs fall slightly open. With both hands on either side of her labia she slowly exposed herself to them.

Jon hissed as he caught sight of her perfect pink pussy glistening back at him and Wyatt. He shared a speaking look with Wyatt, and they moved in tandem, swarming up the bed and grasping her thighs. Each of them drew one of her silky legs over a shoulder, and they settled in to feast.

*

Wyatt's lips got to her before Jon's did. She rose up on her elbows, watching as he nibbled on her clit. He was so fucking gorgeous, they both were. He rolled his eyes up, letting his gaze skim the length of her body until it caught hers, and suddenly the intensity increased by about a hundred and fifty percent. The flat of his tongue tickled her clit, sending her squirming for deeper contact.

Just when she thought she'd go stark staring mad, she felt another tongue, Jon's this time, rimming the tender mouth of her entrance. Her breath hitched, and then he was fucking her with his tongue while Wyatt wrapped his lips around her clit and sucked.

Randi closed her eyes and gave herself up to the pure bliss that enveloped her body as she raised her hips and moved in time with their mouths.

The orgasm wasn't a surprise, but the deep intensity of it rocked her to her core. Her screams filled the air and there was no doubt she experienced complete satisfaction. She

tried to slide up the bed but both of them closed their hands around her thighs, preventing her from going anywhere as they continued to eat her. They were relentless in their ministrations to her pleasure. Over and over they licked her pussy, exploring each fold and crevice until destructive pleasure began to build again. She cried out as one of them, at this point she couldn't tell who, slid down below her pussy and rimmed her back hole.

She'd never had a tongue slide across that part of her body before, and the excruciating pleasure had her near tears. She couldn't say who was doing what at this point. All she knew was that one of them latched onto her entrance, greedily sucking every drop of her cream into his mouth, while the other delved his stiffened tongue deeper into her ass. Stars exploded behind her eyes as her body slipped off the cliff one more time. She was shaking from head to toe when both men removed themselves from between her thighs.

Wyatt slid up next to her, bringing her in to snuggle against his chest.

"Are you all right, darlin'?"

Was she *all right*? Hell, no! She was soaring. Her body had been taken to another freaking planet! The deep well of loneliness within her was filling up because of these two magical men.

"Oh, yeah," she managed to whisper, and Wyatt chuckled softly.

"You ready for more, then?" he teased.

"Oh, good Lord, yes," she moaned, and felt herself flush cherry red when his chuckle became a full blown laugh.

"Here, Wy," Jon called out and Randi watched Wyatt reach up and easily snatch the foil packet out of the air.

He ripped open the packet and quickly donned a condom. She was relieved that both men thought of protecting her. Her brain wasn't able to form a coherent sentence, much less think of being responsible.

"Have you ever been taken in your ass, darlin'?" Wyatt asked, caressing her face. She shook her head, feeling a little wide-eyed and nervous, and he smiled before leaning down to kiss her forehead.

"Jon's going to take you there, darlin'. It's gonna be so fucking good for you. You just listen to my voice and I'm gonna talk you through it."

Nerves crept down Randi's spine. What if she hated it? What if it hurt so bad she wanted to stop? The *idea* of being filled up by two men was hotter than hell. The reality scared the crap out of her. *Don't chicken out now girl*, she told herself sternly. *You wanted to break out of your shell. Here's your chance.*

Her answer must have taken too long, because Wyatt looked at her, his forehead scrunched with a slight frown.

"We don't have to do it this way. We're not gonna force you to do anything you don't want to, darlin'."

Randi reached back and let her hand travel down to her ass. She opened herself up with one hand, but she kept her eyes locked with Wyatt's.

"I want this," was all she managed to get out before Wyatt swooped in and kissed her deeply, shifting her to straddle his waist. At the same time she heard Jon's heartfelt, *oh, thank God*, and felt a cool liquid drizzle between her cheeks. Jon's fingers smoothed it down, nudging against her back entrance. The touch was foreign and spectacular. She'd never known such a riot of different sensations all at once. All of them new and all of

them good.

“That’s it, sweetheart,” Jon mumbled against the back of her neck. A finger probed deeper, breaching her tight star. She gasped at the contact, and then gave a long, sighing moan as he delved deeper, stimulating nerves she’d never even known existed. Wyatt’s fingers found her pussy, his thumb circled her clit.

“When you feel Jon press in, just breathe through it. It’s gonna hurt a little bit at first, but I swear after a minute you’ll feel nothing but sweet pleasure.”

Randi jumped slightly when Jon’s cock touched her entrance, feeling her body automatically lock down against him. He moved her hand and held her open himself, cupping one cheek in each of his huge, hard hands. She grabbed Wyatt’s muscular arms and held on so tight her knuckles went white.

Jon shushed her and pulsed his dick gently against her. At first her body fought the intrusion; when she started to stiffen in panic, Wyatt whispered hot words in her ear and eased one finger into her pussy.

Her body was in chaos. Her pussy wept in desperation, frantic for a deeper touch. She bit down on Wyatt’s shoulder as she began to burn from Jon’s invasion.

“Just relax, darlin’,” Wyatt breathed against the sensitive bend of her neck. “Relax and breathe through it.”

She focused on Wyatt’s words, Wyatt’s fingers fucking into her while his thumb ground gently over her clit, and pushed out into Jon’s steady pressure. There were a brief few seconds of pain and then he breached her tight ring of muscles and settled himself inside her.

*

Jon sucked in a breath and frantically fought back the orgasm that threatened to overwhelm him at the hot, grinding clutch of Randi Lee’s ass around his dick. She made a soft, mewling sound of distress, and he forced himself to be completely still, to give her time to adjust. He knew the pain would subside in moments, and he did his best to help her along, licking at her shoulder, and nipping at her earlobe.

“Damn, Randi Lee, you’re so fucking tight.” She gasped in a breath, and he felt her soften around him, sucking him in deeper. “Oooh, sweetheart,” he grunted against her neck, “you’re squeezing my cock so good.”

He set his teeth lightly into her shoulder, then lifted his eyes to meet Wyatt’s blue gaze. His lover had an almost feral smile on his lips, and his eyes were the incandescent blue of the heart of a fire.

The sight hit him like a fist to the gut, and he locked an arm around Randi Lee’s waist, and shifted her higher on Wyatt’s body. She moaned and pushed back into the movement, taking every throbbing inch of Jon’s dick. He could tell Wyatt knew exactly what he was feeling. It was there in the intensity of his gaze.

Wyatt had been patient, Jon knew. More patient, Jon admitted, than he could have been. It was time for the payoff. Jon reached around and took hold of Wyatt’s dick. Wyatt and Randi Lee followed his lead as Jon brought Wyatt’s swollen dick head to the entrance of Randi Lee’s hot, sweet pussy. He wanted to feel Wyatt through the thin wall that separated her sheath from her back passage. He wanted to feel Wyatt go to pieces as their dicks rubbed over each other with the finest of barriers between them. He needed to feel Wyatt and Randi Lee both go to pieces around him.

Randi Lee gave a low, breathy sigh and slid down the length of Wyatt’s dick. Jon

about felt his eyes roll back in his head at the friction and pressure, and from the tight set of Wyatt's jaw, he knew Wy was feeling it just as much.

They rested inside her for a moment; it was just too fucking sweet to rush. Slowly Randi Lee's breathing calmed, and while the pleasure didn't lose one tenth of its intensity, some of the desperation in his balls loosened.

Moving torturously slowly, Jon shifted back to sit on his heels, dragging his dick the length of Randi Lee's clutching ass. She gasped, her head whipping around in shock at the sensation. Jon could relate. He remembered vividly the first time his ass had been taken; the nerves and the desire, and that *holy fucking God* rush of dark ecstasy that had taken him totally by surprise.

He could see all that and more now in Randi Lee's deep blue eyes, and it just egged him on. He needed to send her higher. He wanted to watch her *burn*.

Once he'd pulled almost all the way out, the thick ridge of his cockhead stretching her entrance, he felt Wyatt begin to move. Jon edged back in, deeper and deeper, and Wyatt glided out, dragging over him with intoxicating pleasure, only to reverse the direction and do it all again.

Randi Lee's body relaxed in her lovers' arms. Jon pressed up tight to her smooth back. Wy pulled an abbreviated sit-up so he was flush with her front.

"Kiss up, girl. We need you," Jon whispered. Randi Lee tipped her head up and their three mouths met in a wet, clumsy sort of kiss that dragged satisfied sighs from them all.

Their pace increased as Randi Lee's body became fully pliant. With Wyatt's cock rubbing him through Randi's body and his cock buried to the hilt in her ass, Jon knew that nothing had ever felt so right, so perfect.

Eyes locked with Wyatt's, Randi Lee's soft body cushioned between them, Jon felt like he was truly home. While his love for Wyatt was true and forever, Jon knew without a doubt that he could love this woman as well. He knew the three of them could build a good life together and he found he wanted that to happen more than anything.

He pushed his arm under Randi Lee's shoulder, lacing his fingers with hers. He worked his other hand across her hip until he could tangle his fingers with Wy's. The three of them fit together like the pieces of a puzzle, locked in the most intimate of embraces, wrapped up in each other.

Randi's hand tightened around his, as did Wy's.

"Please," she moaned and it spurred both men on.

Jon pushed harder, he and Wy taking turns burying themselves inside her. The rhythm was blistering and mind numbing, blurring into one long slide into bliss.

"Oh, *fuck*. Wyatt, Randi Lee." Their names tore at his throat as he came hard, and the pleasure just went on and on.

Just when he thought he was done, Randi Lee went over, ass squeezing him like a vice as she wriggled and gyrated all over his cock and Wyatt's too. Then, before he could even think about catching his breath, Wyatt was crying out, arching tight beneath them, drawn up like a bow, and Jon could feel every scalding burst of heat that exploded from him sinking through the delicate skin that kept them separated.

He was dizzy when all the movement stopped, barely had enough brain left to grab the base of the condom when he drew out, and make sure it hit the trash and not the floor. He knew Wy did the same thing, not because he saw it or heard it, but because it was Wy, and he wouldn't do anything else. The thought made Jon smile.

Once he'd taken care of the necessities, Jon flopped to his side, pulling Randi Lee in to spoon against him. Wyatt scooted in close, resting his head on the pillow facing Randi Lee's, and tangling his legs with theirs. Sweat soaked the sheets and glued them together, but no one even tried to move.

Oh, yeah. Jon knew *this* was how he wanted to end every day for the rest of his life: Making love to the two people who were meant to be his.

* * * *

Randi woke up pinned to the bed, a heavy male arm thrown over her hip. She blinked a couple times in confusion. Billy wasn't anywhere near that sturdy. Frowning, she allowed her eyes to adjust to the small sliver of light seeping through the blinds. She yawned and stretched her legs.

An ache like she'd never felt before traveled up her thighs. *Oh, shit!* The memory of the previous evening slammed into her like a freight train. Jon and Wyatt. She'd had sex with *both* of them.

Really, really good sex, the little devil on her shoulder whispered.

"Randi Lee Jenkins, what the hell is wrong with you, girl?" she mumbled to herself. Slowly, so as not to disturb the men, she eased the arm off of her. Sitting up in the bed, she turned her head. Jon's arm had been the one holding her down. Wyatt was spooned up behind him.

Her heart ached as she watched the sleeping lovers. They looked so perfect together. They'd felt even better when they'd been buried inside her. Taking her in ways she'd never dreamed. Giving her multiple, sanity-stealing orgasms.

Oh, oh damn, she was in so much trouble.

They'd only touched each other minimally, instead focusing all their hungry passion on her. She'd loved every second of it, but she wanted to see them do more than kiss and pet each other.

No. Absolutely not. She was *not* going to sit around and wait for them to wake up and put on a live sex show for her. No matter how much she wanted to.

Standing on shaking legs, Randi retrieved her clothing from the floor. She wished like hell she could stay, could take them up on their offer to become a part of their family. She knew she couldn't.

Leaving Billy and jumping into a much more complicated situation, no matter how right it felt, was out of the question. This town was too small to accept her taking one new lover so soon, let alone a relationship like the one she'd have with Jon and Wyatt. Hell, the only reason Jon and Wy had any peace in the town as it was, was because Wy's mama would fly right back from Florida and kick some hen ass if anyone picked on her boy, and Jon was the Sheriff, and almost as scary as Mama Morgan.

Randi wasn't strong enough to handle the stares and small-town gossip. Her reputation as a fool was already cemented, thanks to Billy. She couldn't stay in Carter County, not after what she'd done with Jon and Wy. Not with her family's history. There was no way they'd just sit back and let her deny what she'd felt with them. No, she needed a fresh start, a new town. A big city where she could blend into the background and be anonymous.

She wouldn't possibly be able to give these two men what they wanted, what they yearned for.

Her heart saddened more than the heartbreak Billy had given her, she fumbled into her clothes. Taking one last look at Jon and Wyatt, she wiped an errant tear that fell on her cheek and walked out of the bedroom, out of the house and out of this Godforsaken town.

Chapter Three

Two Years later

Jon groaned deeply as Wyatt rose and fell on his cock. He and stroked his lover's dick firmly, his other hand gripping Wyatt's hip, urging him to move faster.

"Damn, Wy. You feel so good," he gritted out as his lover's pace increased. Jon's hips rose as Wyatt slid down.

"Harder Jon, I'm so close."

Jon pumped Wyatt's cock faster, applying pressure under his cockhead, his thumb sliding across the plump head, smearing pre-cum.

"Yes, yes, fuck, Wyatt!" he bellowed when his balls tightened and he shot into his lover's tight ass. Wyatt let loose his own cry as he climaxed, his cum landing on Jon's stomach.

Wyatt fell to his side, pulling Jon to his chest. Jon kissed his chest lightly, running his hands along smooth skin.

Both men held each other in the quiet darkness until Jon couldn't stand the silence a moment longer.

"What's wrong? You've been awfully quiet this week." He looked into Wyatt's clear blue eyes, as the other man's brow furrowed.

"You're gonna think I've lost my mind."

"Come on, Wy. Talk to me." He pressed his lips to Wy's flat male nipple. He already knew what was on Wyatt's mind, had been on his mind for a long time. But he waited until Wyatt spoke to be sure.

"I've been thinkin about her again." Jon chuckled against Wy's chest. Yep, exactly what he thought was going through his partner's mind.

"I'm glad you find it so funny."

Jon lifted up on one elbow and rested his head in his hand. "I'm only laughing because I've been thinking the same thing."

Wyatt's smile lit his face, reminding Jon how truly beautiful he was. "Why can't we get her out of our minds? I don't understand; I'm happy with you, with our life, but..."

Jon finished his thought. "But she touched us both in a way we can't forget. She's ours, Wyatt, and belongs with us." Jon traced Wyatt's strong mouth with his thumb, "I know where she is," he confessed.

"Is she back?" Wyatt's hopeful gaze made Jon's heart break just a bit.

"No, she's near Dallas-Fort Worth. I run into her cousin Brett every once in awhile and he fills me in. She's a nurse now in one of the hospitals. Seems to be doing really well."

"She's never coming back." Jon nodded at Wyatt's statement.

"Do you blame her?" Wyatt shook his head wearily at the question as Jon continued. "This town is as close to hell as you can get. Why would she want to return?"

Jon closed his eyes when Wyatt stroked his face. "I miss her. God knows I love you, but I miss her."

Jon pressed his mouth softly to Wyatt's. "I miss her too. We've talked about leaving

here. Now's as good a time as any."

"Any place in particular you have in mind?" He felt Wyatt's smile against his mouth. "I was thinking about Dallas. Remember Rollins, from our old unit? He's a U.S. Marshal now. Told me to give him a call if I ever wanted to stop being a small-town sheriff."

Wyatt's hand grabbed Jon's nape. "Damn, I love you," he whispered, pulling Jon's mouth to his. The kiss deepened as two male tongues danced over each other, two sets of male hands started to explore and two male lovers celebrated the decision to go and get the woman they both craved.

* * * *

Randi rubbed the back of her neck hard. Thank God her twelve-hour shift was finally over. While she loved working in the emergency room, there were nights like tonight when she was thankful her shift was over. They'd lost two teenage boys to gunshots tonight; it was always difficult to lose young kids to violence.

"So, when are you going to give in and go out to dinner with me?"

She smiled as a deep east-coast accent whispered in her ear.

"Well, Dr. Richards, it's kinda late now, don't ya think?" she turned, facing the handsome doctor from New York. He'd been asking her out for the past month and she'd avoided it.

"I love it when you talk, Miranda. All those y'all's make me crazy."

Randi laughed. "Then you're too easily amused. Thanks, but I can't tonight; all I want is a hot bath and a good book."

His expensive cologne tickled her nose. "Have I told you how good I am at massage? I could rub down those tired shoulders of yours."

Randi stepped back, folding her arms over her chest. "When are you gonna give up?"

Steven Richards folded his own arms, mimicking her.

"I'm not. Haven't you heard, we New Yorkers are a stubborn bunch?"

"Okay," she agreed; it had been way too long since she'd had dinner with a man.

"But I really can't tonight."

"Fair enough. How about tomorrow night? I could pick you up around seven."

"Let me get back to you, doc. Goodnight." Randi turned her back to the arrogantly sexy doctor. She knew he had a reputation as a playboy, but what could one dinner hurt?

Thoughts of what she was going to wear for her date carried her all the way to her car in the parking lot.

Leaning against the hood of her car was a long, tall cowboy in a black Stetson. Her breath caught in her throat. *Wyatt! Oh my God, Wyatt.* Her heart did a funny little flip as she moved in front of him.

"Hello darlin'." His low twang reminded Randi of hot words whispered in her ear, urging her to feel everything she'd never felt before. To touch a man in ways she'd only dreamed. She looked around; Jon wasn't with him.

"Wyatt." She stepped forward and embraced the cowboy. His arms wrapped tight around her and he lifted her slightly off the ground. When his lips skimmed her cheek, Randi's nipples stood at attention.

He set her down and she moved back a step. "Wow, Wyatt what are you doing here?"

He leaned back on her hood, hooking his thumbs in the front pockets of his jeans,

“Why, I came to see you, sweetheart.”

“No, I mean what are you doing in Dallas?”

A million-dollar smile lit up his face.

“Jon and I live here now, darlin’.”

This time Randi’s heart beat like a thunderous hammer.

“When? How long have you been here?”

“‘Bout two months. We bought us a pretty little spread about twenty miles outside of the city limits. Jon’s a Marshal now.”

Randi was not going to panic, no way. One half of every wet dream she’d had over the past two years was standing in front of her. He looked even better than before, his skin tanned by the hot Texas sun. Had his jeans always fit him like a soft second skin? She made her hands into fists to keep herself from reaching out to him again.

“How ‘bout a drink, Randi Lee?”

“It’s Miranda now.” Wyatt frowned and she continued, “Miranda’s more professional.”

Wyatt tipped his hat back and smiled, “You’ll always be Randi Lee to me, darlin’.”

Female voices giggled in the distance behind her. Randi turned to see three of the biggest gossips standing near the entrance to the emergency room, staring at her and Wyatt.

Just what she didn’t need, their tongues wagging to the rest of the staff and to Dr. Richards.

“Okay Wyatt, lets grab a drink, just follow me.” She opened her car door and hopped in.

*

Randi Lee was more beautiful than Wy remembered. Her smooth face was bright and healthy. She no longer carried dark shadows under her eyes. He followed her closely, and flipped open his cell as he drove.

“Hey. You find her?” Jon’s deep voice vibrated along the airwaves.

“Yes, we’re headed for a drink right now.” Wyatt tried to keep the excitement out of his voice. There was no point in getting ahead of themselves. “She’s skittish as a colt. We gotta tread careful here, Jon. I get the feeling she might run if we push her too hard.”

“Then we seduce her.” Jon’s reply made Wy laugh.

“Don’t laugh, Wyatt. We seduce her, make her crazy to get in our pants. She wants us, she never would have shared herself with us the way she did if she wasn’t feeling something for us.”

“I know you’re right, but damn, I got hard the moment she walked into the damn parking lot.”

This time Jon’s laugh was loud. “You get hard at stiff wind. Keep it light tonight, nothing too heavy. We’ve waited this long, we can wait a bit longer.”

“I hear you loud and clear, but you’d better be in the mood tonight, because I am gonna be hot, hard and ready to fuck.”

“I’m always ready, Wy. See you tonight.”

Wyatt flipped the phone closed and parked his truck in behind Randi’s compact car in front of a small bar on a quiet street.

He got out of the truck and took Randi’s elbow, ushering her through the door. The bar was cozy and low lit. Slow, melodious country music played throughout the place.

They made their way to a small corner table and sat.

Wyatt slid in next to her, careful not to touch, but close enough that he could reach out if he chose. The waitress appeared immediately and they both ordered a beer.

Randi's deep blue eyes shone in the dim light, her smile genuine. "I can't believe you're here. Why did you leave Carter County?"

"The town got way too small. People were getting braver with their comments concerning Jon and I. We figured it was easier to leave and start somewhere else." He clenched his hand into a fist to keep from reaching out and tucking a piece of hair that fell against her cheek behind her ear.

The waitress returned with their drinks, and Wy took a nervous swig before setting the beer back down. Unable to resist temptation, he reached out and took her hand.

The familiar electric pulse shooting down his arm shouldn't have come as a surprise, but it did. "Randi girl, how are you doin', sweetheart?"

She ducked her head, not quite meeting his eyes. "I'm doing well. I have a good job, a nice place to live and nobody knows about my past."

His stroked his thumb over her palm. "That's important to you, isn't it? That no one judges you."

Her blush was visible even in the low light.

"You know what it's like to have people talk about you. Think they know what you're like, to think there's something wrong with you."

"Jon and I know better than most." He wanted to pull her to him, run his hands down her back and tell her it was all right.

"How can you stand it? How can you deal with all the gossip, the hurtful things folks say about you?"

Damn. He didn't want to bring up old hurts, not tonight. Tonight was supposed to be two old friends getting back in touch. His thumb grazed her chin, lifting it so she was looking at him. "Randi Lee, darlin', you can't control what someone else is thinking or saying. We don't try, we know what kind of men we are and that's all that matters."

"I wish I could feel that way, Wyatt. I really, really do." She closed her eyes for a moment, looking tired. "I know it's not rational, especially in a big city like Dallas, but I can't get past the *idea* of my choices being fodder for others."

Wyatt was at a loss for words and did the only thing that he could think of. He wrapped an arm around her and pulled her in for a hug. She didn't cry, but she was shaking. His lips brushed her temple, while he ran his hand up and down her back, offering what comfort he could. "Randi Lee, darlin', it's okay."

*

Randi held in the tears as Wyatt's strong arm held her to him. He still smelled the same, like the outdoors and sun, clean and smooth. The memories of the night she'd spent together with him and Jon came rushing back in Technicolor. All the touches, kisses. The moans and cries, the thrusts and sighs. No man had ever touched her the way this man and his lover had.

Her nipples tightened to painful points, her thighs trembled and she longed to pull Wyatt down and taste his sensual mouth. To experience the ultimate surrender to a masterful lover one more time.

"Don't do this to yourself, sweetheart." Wyatt whispered. His lips touched the shell of her ear, and her skin began to burn as she remembered what he felt like buried in her.

His face when he came, the way his body rocked under her as Jon was at her back. “Wyatt, I have to go.” She couldn’t breathe as she pulled away from him and stood.

“I can’t do this right now. I’m so sorry.” She bolted out of the bar and to her car, unshed tears blurring her vision. Dammit, why did he have to be waiting at her car?

“Hold on there, Randi Lee.” Wyatt spun her around to face him. His blue gaze penetrated a part of her she’d closed off two years ago.

“Don’t do this to yourself, darlin’. I’m not here to hurt you. I just needed to see you, make sure you were doing okay.” His smile was light.

“How about you come out to dinner with me and Jon tomorrow. He has an early shift.”

Randi shook her head no, even though her heart was shouting at her to say yes. Oh God, but she wanted nothing more than to sink back into the arms of Jon and Wyatt, but she couldn’t go there.

His thumbs stroked her cheeks, “Calm down. Take it easy, sweetheart. No pressure here. Just dinner, nothing else.”

She pulled herself out of his embrace, “I’m sorry, Wyatt. I wish I could, but I just can’t.”

Randi moved back and into her car. Wyatt’s hands fell to his side, his eyes never leaving hers as she shut the door. And as she drove away, she fought every instinct that told her to turn the damned car round.

* * * *

Randi rushed into Cubicle One, a trach kit in one hand. It was shaping up to be another grim night in the ER. Some sort of major drug bust had gone south, and Texas Mercy was being flooded with casualties, both cops and crooks.

One positive side effect of the onslaught was that she’d been able to avoid Dr. Richards all night. When she’d first clocked in he’d moved in behind her, his breath stirring her hair as he asked if she’d been hugging her boyfriend in the parking lot last night.

He’d looked speculative when she denied it, and pressed for a specific day and time for their date. Randi managed to hold him off for the moment, but she didn’t know what she’d do when he finally cornered her. She wanted to go out with him, or with someone who wasn’t Wyatt or Jon. But with the sound of Wyatt’s voice fresh in her ear, and the feel of his body still warm against hers, Randi didn’t know if she’d ever be able to move on beyond what she’d shared with the two men.

“Incoming!” One of the EMS drivers shouted vitals as her partner propelled yet another stretcher into the ER. *Damn*, Randi thought, listening to the laundry list of injuries, *this old boy is lucky to walk away with his life*. She glanced down at the raw bullet wound on his thigh. *Hell, if he survived the blood loss, he’d be lucky to walk, period.*

Pushing into a fresh gown and gloves, she moved to the patient’s side, taking over the balloon pumping air into his lungs while the EMS driver continued chest compressions.

Push, push, squeeze. Push, push, squeeze. The rhythm was as natural as breathing, and Randi felt herself slipping into the zone where nothing existed except her and the patient. She was breathing for him, and in return, he would live for her.

Rhythm established, she dared a glance down at his face. Her heart stuttered. Her hands hesitated.

“Miranda!” The paramedic’s sharp voice snapped her back to the present. “What the hell’s wrong with you, girl?”

“I know him,” Randi blurted out. “His name’s Jon Denton. He’s... I guess he’s a U.S. Marshal now.”

“Well, keep your focus, sugar.” The female paramedic shot her a sympathetic look as she continued administering chest compressions. “Let’s get your friend out of the woods, then you can slow down and be worried.”

“Right,” Randi muttered. *Right*. Now wasn’t the time for shock and horror. There’d be time for that later. Once Jon was stable. And, by God, he would be. She wasn’t gonna let Jon die. She wasn’t gonna put Wyatt through that anguish. And, though she refused to think too hard about it, she wanted him to live for her, too.

* * * *

It was over an hour later when Randi made it to the surgical waiting room. She’d pulled off her tear-away gown and replaced her blood-streaked top, but the trousers of her scrubs were splattered with blood, and she knew if she looked in the mirror, she’d find a pasty white face framed by matted, sweat-dark hair.

Good thing she didn’t have much ego to speak of.

The waiting room was crowded, families of both law enforcement and suspect alike sitting silent and stark, waiting for news about their loved ones. Wyatt sat facing the doors, elbows propped on his knees, face buried in his hands. So achingly beautiful and alone that it wrenched Randi’s heart.

Jon was alive, but it had been touch-and-go for a while. The drug dealer’s bullets had sliced through his thigh, nicked the artery and then traveled through his rib-cage, collapsing one lung which had threatened to slowly suffocate him.

Randi knew she’d never forget the sight of his face, white and lifeless, as they’d rushed him to the OR. That wicked, sexy mouth still and pale. Those warm brown eyes closed, perhaps forever.

Maybe she couldn’t give Wyatt and Jon what they wanted, but dammit, she needed to know that they were both alive and well and healthy out there somewhere.

*

The automatic door swept open with a hushed sound, but Wyatt still heard it. He was on his feet and halfway across the room before anyone else had even looked up. Before he’d even focused on which doctor or nurse was entering the room.

The sight of Randi froze him in his tracks. Her face was stark white, and she had dark bruises under her wide eyes. She was holding her lips tight, like she wanted to cry, and her hands balled up at her sides in fists.

“Randi Lee?” *Oh, God, don’t let her say it...* She looked far too tragic for it to be good news.

Wyatt strode quickly to her side, grabbing her arms and tugging her into his embrace. He needed to hold her, needed something to hold onto if his world was going to collapse.

“Darlin’?” He couldn’t force anything more past the lump in his throat. He could barely manage to get any air in. He thought the world was shaking, then realized it was

him. *Oh God, please don't let her say it...*

Strong, slender arms wrapped tight around his waist as she hugged him back. Time went elastic. It felt like she held him for hours, it was over in a heartbeat.

"He's alive, Wy."

Those three words in Randi's tired, husky voice were about the most beautiful sound Wyatt had ever heard.

He let his head drop to Randi's shoulder, dragged her tighter against his body, drinking in her warmth and vitality. Letting her thaw a little of the ice that had crept into his heart the minute he got the call that Jon was down, shot, and things looked bad.

"Here, honey," she murmured softly, and led him out of the waiting room and down the bright, garishly lit hallway. He gripped her hand, not daring to let go. It felt like her grasp was the only thing keeping him from flying into a million pieces.

"Come on." She guided him into a silent, softly lit room that smelled of incense and flowers, rather than the sharp, antiseptic smell of the hallway. She pointed him at a pew and pushed. He went down hard, his legs giving out under him.

"He's alive." He repeated back her words, hearing the ragged hope and fear in his voice and not caring. Those two words said everything—and nothing at all.

"He's hurt real bad, Wy." Randi didn't sugarcoat things, and he was grateful for it, even while he was desperate for some comforting words. She dropped to the pew beside him, never once letting go of his hand.

"The bullet hit his femoral artery, and he lost a lot of blood." Randi held his hands while she spoke, her cool, pale fingers trying to rub warmth into his icy ones. "Another punctured a lung, and then decided to hang around a while. The surgeons are removing it right now, and they'll get him patched up in no time."

"Fuck," he breathed out roughly. "So he's not out of the woods yet."

"No, honey, he's not." Once again he spared a brief wish that she'd lie to him.

Reassure him that Jon was okay, would fully recover. Because he really didn't think he'd survive a world without Jon Denton in it.

"The surgery was going well when I left," she continued softly. "They'd stopped the bleeding from his thigh wound and had it pretty well sutured up. The chest wound is gonna take longer, but only because these surgeons are the best." She reached up and caught his chin in one small, capable hand, forcing him to look her in the eye. "I hate it that Jon got hurt," she told him fiercely. "But if it had to happen, I'm glad it happened here. Texas Mercy has the best trauma surgery team in this part of the state. They're gonna save him, and send him home healthy so we can give him holy hell, and kick his ass from here to Texarkana."

Wyatt felt a painful smile twitch his lips.

"Thanks, darlin'." He lifted their twined hands and brushed his mouth over her knuckles. "Will you go back in?" he asked. "Look out for him while he's in surgery?"

She gave a reluctant shake of her head.

"They kicked my ass out of there the minute they realized I knew him." Her pert little nose wrinkled in disgust. "I can't be 'dispassionate and objective' if my 'emotions are compromised'." She made air quotes around the words, and that smile threatened his control again.

"Well now, that really sucks, darlin', 'cause if anyone could get him well with sheer cussedness, you'd be the one to do it."

“Don’t you just know it,” she responded firmly. Then she did the worst, most destructive thing she could have done.

Her full lower lip trembled, and her eyes went really wide, like she was trying to hold the tears in by sheer force of will.

“Ah, fuck, darlin’.” The sight of her vulnerability undermined the shreds that were left of his control. With a tug, she was in his arms. His head fell again to her shoulder, and he drew in the scent of soap and iodine and Randi Lee like a tranquilizer.

She twisted in his grip, wrapping her arms tight around his neck, pulling him closer as his body began to shake.

He wasn’t crying. Men don’t cry. No, that was sweat he felt sliding between his rough cheek and the satiny skin of her neck.

He kept telling himself that while she held him tight, rocking him gently and letting her own tears streak her face.

* * * *

Randi scrubbed her hands over her face as she headed for the locked cabinet where the narcotics were kept. Her eyes felt like they’d been sandblasted, and her head felt stuffed with cotton, courtesy of her cry upstairs with Wyatt. She’d finally been forced to leave him in the surgical waiting room when one of the ER nurses came looking for her.

The ER wasn’t any less swamped just because her ... friend was a patient.

Randi arrived at the door to the Drug Room and sighed as she dug out her key. The lock stubbornly resisted for a long moment before the door abruptly relented, popping open to crack against the wall.

Light flooded the small room, and Randi blinked several times, trying to sort out what she was seeing. The stifled, feminine shriek and rough male curse that greeted her clarified things real fast.

“Oh, shit, Miranda...” Dr. Richards trailed off as he removed his hands from beneath the scrubs of a young intern.

Randi fought back a semi-hysterical giggle.

“Uh, Doc, I think I’m gonna have to cancel our date.” Could this night get any more hideously surreal?

“Ohmigosh!” The little intern, who couldn’t have been more than twenty-one or twenty-two, scuttled around Randi and hurried off to parts unknown. Probably, Randi thought dryly, to get her bra fastened again under the loose top of her scrubs.

“Miranda, don’t be such a prude.” Richards had quickly tucked and zipped, and looked rather like he’d been caught reading up on a new surgical technique rather than feeling up an intern.

“Prude?” Randi felt her jaw drop. “I don’t think it’s prudish to decide not to date a man who plays hide the thermometer with random interns in the locked drug closet, Dr. Richards.” She shook her head. “I’m just gonna get this morphine for Dr. Clayton, and then I’m gonna get back to work and forget this ever happened.” Randi leaned way around Richards, grabbed the drug she’d been sent to retrieve, and turned to go.

Richards caught her arm, not hard, but firmly enough to stop her in her tracks.

“I’m not sure what you thought you saw, but...” Randi cut him off at the pass.

“What I saw was a doctor porking an intern in a room full of controlled substances.” Randi shook her head and tried to pull away, but Richards wasn’t finished with her yet.

“Miranda, I like you a lot. I’d like to get to know you better.” He looked meaningfully into her eyes. “I’d hate to see you sabotage what’s shaping up to be a successful career as an ER nurse because you’re stuck in some small-town mentality. Do you understand me?”

Randi gazed at him in disbelief. “I don’t think I do, Dr. Richards, because it sounds like you’re threatenin’ my career if I don’t go out with you.”

“Not at all,” Richards smiled. “I’m just pointing out that gossip usually turns on the one spreading it.” He patted her arm, then stepped around her, leaving her alone in the medicine locker.

“Sweet baby Jesus,” Randi muttered, thumping her head back against the door frame. “I sure can pick ‘em.” As if she’d needed a reminder that her taste in men was at best impossible—she pictured Wyatt and Jon—and at worst, disastrous.

Chapter Four

With her shift over, an exhausted Randi checked on Jon's status. She found Wyatt at the nurse's station arguing with Betty "Ball-buster" Maguire. The cranky old nurse was waving her finger in Wyatt's face as she lectured him.

"I understand that you're concerned, Mr. Morgan, but only immediate family is allowed in the ICU."

"Ma'am, I can assure you that I *am* Jon's immediate family." Even from down the hallway Randi could see Wyatt's face going red as his anger and frustration mounted.

"Betty, Wyatt is cleared to go in." Randi kept her voice firm. If she faltered at all, the other nurse would pick up on it and jump her but good.

Instead she folded her arms and stared at Randi. "Fine, Miranda. But you're responsible for this one," she practically growled, pointing her finger at Wyatt.

"Come on, Wy. Let's go check on him." Randi grabbed his hand, towing him away from the nurse's station. Wyatt visibly relaxed and laced his fingers with hers.

As they went down the hall Randi tried to prepare Wyatt for Jon's post-surgery appearance. "The surgical nurse called me downstairs a few minutes ago. Jon's breathing on his own, but he's gonna be hooked up to a lot of things. Heart monitor, blood pressure, an IV of antibiotics as well as one of pain medicine."

Randi paused outside Jon's room and looked somberly up into Wyatt's eyes. "He'll be wearing an oxygen mask. If he's awake he'll be very groggy and may not even remember what happened. We have to remain calm and let him sleep as much as possible."

Wyatt pulled Randi to him and held her tight. She wrapped her arms around his waist, not sure who was comforting whom.

"Shit, darlin'," Wyatt muttered against the top of her head. "It's always me that's in the hospital bed all banged up. Jon's a lot stronger than I ever knew if he managed to survive this kind of sheer fucking torture every time I got hurt."

Randi gave him a squeeze. "Well, no matter how bad he looks, he's stable now. He's just gonna keep getting better and better."

Randi pulled out of Wyatt's embrace, slipping her hand into his and leading him through the door.

Wyatt went completely still when he saw Jon. His lover was nearly as white as the sheets he lay upon, except for the bruising on his face and the dark circles under his eyes.

Randi let go of Wyatt and stood back as he grabbed a chair and flipped it around to straddle it next to Jon's bed. Wyatt draped one forearm across the back of the chair and rested his chin on it, eyes never leaving Jon's wan face. Reaching down, he picked up Jon's hand—the one without any IVs. Silently Wyatt pressed Jon's open palm to his cheek. His eyes slid closed, and Randi swallowed back a lump in her throat when she saw his chest hitch with an uneven breath.

The emotion flowing from Wyatt to his lover was so strong Randi could literally feel it on her skin. She tried to rationalize away the ache it started up in her heart. She was tired. She was worried about Jon. She was worried about Wyatt, her long-time friend, and what Jon's injury might do to him. As much as she tried to explain it away, though, deep

down Randi knew what that ache was. It was loneliness. Loneliness, and the desire to be loved.

She wanted to join them. She wanted to touch Jon and reassure herself that he was okay. She wanted a lot of things, but her run-in with Dr. Richards played back in her mind. She wished she was brave enough to walk over to Wyatt and Jon, but she just wasn't. The threat of nasty rumors froze her in place.

*

Wyatt pressed Jon's hand more firmly against his cheek. Goddamn, the thought he could have lost Jon forever left an empty, sick feeling in the pit of his stomach. He felt Randi hovering behind him and wanted to reach out to her, but she was still skittish.

A low moan drew his attention back to the bed. Jon's eyelids slitted open ever so slightly.

"Hey, dumb ass," Wyatt broke out in a wide smile as he watched Jon's eyes squint further open. "I'm supposed to be the one with the dangerous job."

Jon gave him a hazy smile, and focused his eyes slowly on Randi.

"C'mere, sweetheart," he murmured, his voice rough and slurred.

Wyatt let out a silent sigh of relief when Randi perched on the side of the bed, laying her hand gently on his arm above the IV needle.

"Wha' happened?" Jon's voice was raspy, his lips dry and cracked. Before Wyatt could move, Randi shifted and grabbed a cup with ice-chips, spooning one into Jon's mouth. He gave a little sigh of appreciation, then gestured with his hand for someone to explain.

"Do you remember the bust?" Wyatt asked cautiously.

"Yeah." Jon closed his eyes wearily. "Went from sugar to shit in about five seconds flat."

"Well, your boss told me that the Cubans knew y'all were coming. They were ready with their own little armory, waiting to take you all out."

"Fuckers," Jon muttered without opening his eyes. "So what's the damage?"

"You're going to be fine, Jon." Wyatt couldn't bring himself to describe the scope of Jon's injuries.

"No bullshit, Wy," Jon whispered. It was clear to Wyatt that even this brief conversation was tiring his lover out, and Wyatt was determined to end it before anything was said that could upset Jon even more.

Randi blew that plan to hell.

"Let's just say it's a good thing you're a tough old son, Jon Denton. Otherwise you'd be having this conversation with Saint Peter."

"Shit, Randi Lee," Wyatt sputtered. Jon cracked his eyes opened and gave a tiny shake of his head.

"You just go right ahead, sweetheart. I need to know what I've got to work with here. And you," he gave Wyatt's hand a squeeze. "You leave our girl alone. She's doing what I need her to do."

Wyatt looked at Jon's pale face, lines of fatigue and pain deepening around his mouth and eyes, and rolled his eyes in disgust as Randi continued.

"Well, the first bullet hit you in the chest and punctured a lung. It took the surgeons a while to get it out. Stubborn thing liked it where it was." She ignored Wyatt's snort and continued, describing Jon's injuries in a calm, factual manner that made Wyatt grit his

teeth to keep from howling his rage at how close he'd come to losing the other half of himself.

*

By the time she'd explained his injuries, Jon was starting to look a little green around the gills. In fact, his hand was clenched on the IV board until his knuckles went white, and a light sweat filmed his forehead.

"Oh, baby, you need to sleep." She rose quickly and snatched his chart from its hanger by the door. "And you're up for a dose of happy juice."

"Don' want anything," he muttered, scowling when Wyatt laughed at him.

"Jon-Boy, all those times you forced some fucking painkiller down my throat are coming back to haunt you." Jon glared and Randi watched Wyatt's expression soften. "If you won't take the pain meds for yourself, do it for me. It's killing me to see you hurting and know there's nothing I can do about it."

"Fine," Jon grumbled irritably. "Give me the damn shot." Randi had already prepared the syringe and quickly began injecting it into his IV, drawing out a small amount of saline to mix with the potent narcotic, diluting it so it wouldn't burn going into his vein.

It didn't take long for Jon to relax, the tension melting from his face. As he lay there with his eyes closed, Randi expected he'd be asleep soon.

Wyatt rose and grabbed her hand. Drawing her across the room to the window, he glowered at her.

"You couldn't fucking wait a day to tell him how bad he was hurt?"

Randi ignored his ire because she knew it was rooted in his deep worry for his lover.

"Wy, if I hadn't explained his injuries he'd just start obsessing about 'em instead of resting like he needs to."

Wyatt heaved a sigh and cupped her chin. "Damn, sweetheart. I know you're right, but that doesn't stop me from wanting to protect him." He cast a grim look at Jon, lying there hooked up to a veritable octopus of tubes and wires. "Though I guess that ship has sailed."

Randi moved in closer, instinctively needing to comfort him.

"Now don't you go getting all stupid and male on me, Wyatt Morgan. There was nothing you could have done to prevent this. He was doing his job, just like you did every time you climbed on a bull. All you'll do with that hang-dog face is piss him off." She gave him a grin. "Hell, Wy, you're pissing me off, and I'm wide awake to kick your sorry ass."

Wyatt pulled her in closer, wrapping his arms around her. Randi shot a quick glance at the open door. Thank God no one was there where they could see. Reassured, she let herself sink into Wyatt's embrace. God, he felt so good against her. Warm and solid and strong. She was so damn tired, but in his arms she felt protected and safe. A dangerous combination for a woman determined to resist.

"You've been a lifesaver, darlin'," he murmured into her hair. "I'd've lost my mind with the waiting if I hadn't had you to hang on to." He stroked his hand along the length of her spine, sending little tingles of heat along its path.

Shit. There was no place in her life for the arousal washing through her.

"We're friends, Wy." She tried to keep her voice firm. Maybe if she said it enough times they'd both believe it. "Of course I'm gonna be here for you."

“Is that all we are, Randi Lee?” He dropped his head, nuzzling into her neck and blowing playfully at the loose curls that had escaped her hair clip. She bit back a whimper as her nipples went hard, rasping against his muscled chest. “Because I gotta tell you, you feel like more than a friend to me.”

“I can’t do this, Wyatt,” she rushed out. “You know why I can’t do this.”

“I know you’re afraid, sweetheart,” he soothed. “And I know Jon and I want to take all that fear away.” When he said such things in that soft, velvet voice, she really wanted to believe him.

He cupped her chin again, tipping her face up to meet his eyes. Damn beautiful eyes, she thought peevishly.

“You are so fucking pretty, darlin’.” He leaned down, breathing the words against her lips. “Pretty inside, too,” he added, catching her bottom lip in a gentle, teasing nip.

Randi was helpless to resist as Wyatt nibbled at her lips, sending little sparks of arousal tingling over her body. She caught her breath at the sensation, and he took full advantage, slipping his tongue into her mouth. He tasted of coffee and of Wyatt, that unique aphrodisiac flavor she’d never forgotten, no matter how hard she tried. His tongue slid along hers, sleek and sensuous, and she couldn’t entirely stifle the moan he pulled out of her.

“That’s right, darlin’,” he whispered between nibbles and slow, hot licks. “You just let me make you feel good for a minute here.”

And he did make her feel so good. Randi pressed in closer, needing that hot, hard body pressed up against hers. Somehow her hands were at his waist, clenching on his tough leather belt, desperate for something to anchor her. Because the things he was doing with his mouth were about to make her float away.

*

Wyatt wallowed in Randi’s heat, in her reluctant response. Oh yeah, he knew she was reluctant. He understood her fears. He and Jon had faced more than their fair share of discrimination and judgmental assholes since they’d become a couple. But unlike Randi, Wyatt knew that those narrow-minded bastards didn’t have to rule their lives. There were ways around them.

Still, he knew he’d have to let her go soon. She tasted too damn sweet, and she was too fucking soft against him. Much more and he’d have his hand down her scrubs and his fingers drenched in her honey.

She clutched at his belt, dragging him harder against her, and then raised up on tip-toe, settling the aching ridge of his cock against the soft warmth of her pussy. Goddamn, he wanted them naked. Wanted to feel her, hot and wet and rubbing that honey all over him.

She whimpered, and the sound pierced him, arrowing straight to his heart. Apparently he wasn’t the only one affected by it.

“Shit, Wy.” Randi froze against him and both of them whipped their heads around to face the bed. Jon was watching them with sleepy eyes and a faint smile. “You’re supposed to wait and seduce her when I’m not too fucked up to participate.”

Randi made a mortified little sound and dropped to her heels. Her hands rose to his chest and pushed hard. He held her close for a moment just to prove he could, like the macho asshole Jon always accused him of being, then let her wriggle free.

*

“S’ okay, sweetheart,” Jon was saying, eyes roaming from Randi’s swollen lips to the nipples pressing like diamonds against the t-shirt she wore with her scrubs. She could almost feel the heat in his gaze. “Let Wy take care of you.” He gave her a smile that was entirely too sexual for a man who’d had life-saving surgery earlier that day. “He’s sooooo good at taking care of you.” His eyes slid closed, and Randi hoped fervently he’d drifted back off to sleep. No such luck.

“I know that ‘cause he’s sooooo damn good at taking care of me.” Randi didn’t dare look at Wyatt. Hell, she didn’t want to look at Jon, either. Instead she locked her gaze on the door, hoping desperately that no one had looked in on them while she’d been crawling Wyatt like a honeysuckle vine on a fence. “Sides,” he mumbled, his eyes drifting closed. “I’ll get mine later. You don’t need to worry ‘bout that, sugar. Right, Wy?”

*

Wyatt was torn between amusement and irritation. Amusement because if he were in his right mind, Jon would never say something like that to Randi. Not when she was still so skittish. Irritation because the minute Jon had spoken, Randi shut down completely. He could still taste her on his lips, but she was as distant as the moon.

At Jon’s words, she tensed up even more and sidled toward the door. Wyatt caught her hand, grimacing at the panicked look she sent him.

“Now Randi Lee,” he soothed her, “Jon-boy here’s pretty well out of his head. Don’t let him spook you with his morphine fantasies.”

“Right,” she agreed faintly. “But I’ve still gotta go, boys. Duty calls and all that.” She scuttled out the door, and Wyatt let her go with a silent curse. He moved back to the bed and flipped the chair around. No straddling the damn thing with the boner he was sporting.

“Sorry ‘bout that,” Jon mumbled as Wyatt settled in, grabbing his hand.

“It’s okay,” Wyatt answered, even though he knew Jon was more than half asleep. “I *will* take care of both of you soon enough.” He leaned back to adjust his aching dick, and smiled at the ceiling. “And then *I’ll* get *mine*.”

* * * *

One week later Jon was half-healed and wholly cranky. He was sick of hospital food, sick of hospital smells, and fucking sick of his hospital bed which was too small for Wyatt to join him.

He wanted to go home and get back to the business of living. He wouldn’t be back to work any time soon. The brass had seen to that. He’d have a nice, long recovery time. But that would just give him time to work on Randi Lee.

Thoughts of his own private Florence Nightingale brought the first smile of the day. She stopped by his room several times a day, spending her breaks with him, and whatever other time she could sneak away. She was sweet and sassy, and when she didn’t feel cornered, so damn sensual that he’d been fighting a woody for the last three days.

As often as not, Wyatt was there during her visits. He had a history with Randi, and they’d regaled Jon with plenty of schoolyard stories that kept him laughing and then cursing them because the laughter fucking hurt. But he loved it.

He’d been attracted to Randi since Wyatt pointed her out to him, had enjoyed her sass during the infrequent time they’d spent together, but now he discovered how much

he *liked* the woman. She made him laugh with her dry wit, and constantly surprised him with her intelligence. If she'd just see how fantastic she was, she'd be perfect.

Clearly it was up to him and Wyatt to show her how amazing she was.

While he'd been fantasizing about his dream girl, Nurse Veronica, a platinum-haired little beauty, had hustled into the room wheeling a cart containing all the necessities for a sponge bath. It was on the tip of his tongue to remind her he'd been walking on his own for the last five days, and could manage to wash himself, when Randi stepped into the room.

Her eyes narrowed on the other woman, and her smile was tight.

"Hey, Ronni." If Jon hadn't known her so well, he'd have bought the friendly act.

"Miranda," the blonde barracuda purred. Jon had noticed that, while the packaging was all whipped cream and cotton candy, the personality inside was about as sweet as battery acid. "I thought you were assigned to the ER this rotation."

"I am," Randi agreed easily. "Jon's a friend, so I wanted to check up on him." She sent Jon a much more genuine smile. "So, you givin' 'em Hell, Jon-boy?" He loved that she'd picked up on Wyatt's nickname for him. Somehow in her husky little voice it was a lot less irritating than when Wyatt used it.

"Now, Marshal Denton here wouldn't dream of being uncooperative, would you?"

Randi looked at him with raised brows and a twinkle in her eyes, and Jon swore he could read her mind. *Nope*, he silently agreed, *Nurse Ronni doesn't know me at all*.

"That's good to hear," Randi said mildly, and Jon wanted to burst out laughing. "I'll just get along now," she added and his amusement died a quick death. "I'm about to clock out."

No way was he letting her escape so fast. Particularly when she'd be leaving him alone with Nurse Greedy-Eyes over there.

"You don't really have to go, do you?" He tried to sound pathetic, but from the look on her face he wasn't succeeding.

"Afraid so, Marshal. Groceries to buy and floors to vacuum."

Desperate times called for desperate measures. Jon let his gaze drift appreciatively to Nurse Ronni.

"I suppose it's just as well, then, Randi Lee. Nurse Veronica here was just about to give me my bath." To his great satisfaction, Nurse Ronni's eyes flared lustfully, and Randi's flared with what he recognized as pure jealous rage. He let her see his satisfied smile. She'd assume it was directed at Nurse Ronni.

"That's right, Miranda." Yep, Ronni was more than willing to help him out, especially since she didn't know she was doing it. "You go on home. I'll take care of our lawman here."

Jon grinned even wider when Randi's hands clenched. Damn, but she was cute when she was all fired up.

*

Randi looked from Jon's shit-eating grin to Ronni's cat-with-the-cream smirk. Oh, *hell no*, that woman wasn't getting her hands on Jon. Not in this lifetime.

"Now, Ronni," she said evenly, "we both know that Jon should be doing things like that for himself by now." She directed a dire glare in Jon's direction. "You're never gonna recover fully if you don't work at it."

"I don't know, Randi Lee." Was that a twinkle in his eyes? "I'm still feelin' mighty

weak.” Damn. That was a twinkle all right. The bastard was enjoying this. “I could use the help.”

“And I’m happy to provide it,” Ronni interrupted. “You go on now, Miranda.” Randi wanted to wipe that smirk off Ronni’s face in the worst way.

“Unless you want to do it yourself,” Jon broke in innocently. Ronni sent him an incredulous look while Randi seethed. “Never mind,” he added. “I can see you’ve got better things to do.”

He’d trapped her. She could either bathe him herself, which was way too tempting for her state of mind, or she could let Veronica do it. Veronica with her shiny blonde hair and perfectly manicured little claws just waiting to sink into any available male, and some of the unavailable ones, too. *Shit.*

“That’s okay, Jon,” she ground out. “There’s nothing on my schedule that’s more important than helping out a friend.” She pasted a bright, phony smile on her face and turned to Ronni. “I’ve got this, Ronni.”

Nurse Veronica’s disappointment was almost comical. “Are you sure, Miranda? I know how stressful the ER is. You must want to go home and rest.”

As if she was going to leave the bitch alone with Jon.

“Nope, Ronni, I’m fine. You go ahead to the next patient.”

Nurse Veronica huffed and pouted and carefully left the drape and door open when she left.

Randi followed her, closing the door with a sweet smile at the other nurse, and snapping the curtain closed around Jon’s bed.

He was giving her such a pleased, innocent look that she was torn between anger and humor.

“You low down, dirty, cur dog,” she hissed at him. He grinned delightedly. “You set me up!” His grin became an outright laugh.

“Oh, sweetheart, there was no way I was gonna let you leave me alone with that barracuda. If I’m gonna have any woman’s hands all over me, they’re gonna be yours.”

“Wyatt’s right. You’re a dickhead.”

“Huh-uh,” he corrected her. “I’m a dumbass. Wy’s the dickhead.”

She seethed as she stalked around and lowered the side rail on the bed. “You can just get yourself up and do your own damn washing, bub.”

He must have seen in her face just how much she meant it, because he hit the button to raise the bed all the way up and moved to swing his legs over the side.

“Fuck,” he muttered, his mouth going hard as the movement obviously pulled at his injuries. “Give me a minute, sweetheart.”

Randi sighed and moved to check his chart.

“What is wrong with you, you idiot? You’ve skipped the last two doses of your pain meds. You think that makes you more of a man or something?” Randi didn’t wait for him to answer, but stalked out to the drug closet to retrieve two Darvocet tablets.

“Take these and don’t bother to argue.” Jon’s eyes narrowed, but he took the pills. She quickly tugged at the ties holding his hospital gown closed. “Now go ahead and lie back.” She pulled the bath-cart closer and tested the water. Still nice and warm.

Randi folded down the blankets, and worked his gown off, leaving it draped at his waist, covering the things she didn’t need to see. She dipped a washcloth in the warm water, then doused it with liquid soap.

Jon tipped his head back on the pillow and murmured his enjoyment when she began to stroke the sudsy cloth over his neck and shoulders. She wanted to do the same. Damn, but his body was fine. Even with the stark white of the bandage wrapping around his ribs, he looked hard and fit. Strong. He looked so damn strong.

With another clean cloth, she rinsed away the bubbles, leaving behind golden skin with a satiny sheen. She glanced at his face. His eyes were still closed, the lines of pain relaxing around his mouth. Then she glanced down at his chest. Fine, downy hair textured his pectorals, inviting her to pet him. His nipples were a rich, cocoa color that fairly demanded she nibble and suck. She felt her own nipples go tight and needy. Nope, she decided, too much temptation.

Randi picked up his hand, gently running the soapy cloth between each finger before moving it up his arms in slow swirls. His low hum of pleasure vibrated low in her body. Damn. Even the man's arms were sexy. Trying for brisk efficiency, she lathered up his other arm and his pits, rinsing them equally quickly.

"Slow down, sweetheart," Jon murmured. "This is the best I've felt since I woke up in this place."

She could see just how good he felt. The stirring under his wadded-up gown made it painfully obvious.

Randi determinedly brought her eyes back up to his face. His eyes were still closed, and he wore a dreamy smile. Good. The Darvocet was kicking in. Maybe it would make him sleepy enough for her to make it through the rest of his bath without embarrassing herself.

Stalling for time, she took the pan of water to the bathroom. She took her time adjusting the taps until the temperature was just right, then took even longer rinsing out the washcloths. She'd finish his bath, but she'd be damned if she ever let him back her into a corner like this again.

He was still and silent when she came back into the room. Taking a deep breath, she walked to the bed. Time to get this over with.

*

Jon was floating on a cloud of sweet sensation. The painkiller had taken the edge off the ache in his ribs and thigh, but it hadn't touched the ache in his heart. Or the one in his dick.

Randi was rubbing the washcloth over his chest, skirting the edges of his bandage with easy, practiced movements. He wanted to tell her again to slow down, this pleasure was way too good to be rushed, but he knew if he did, she'd most likely quit altogether. So he kept his silence and was rewarded with the swirling of the washcloth around his nipples.

He tried to hold back his moan of pleasure but, damn, his nipples were so fucking sensitive, and the washcloth was just the right mix of warm, wet, soapy and rough. He felt them peak, and practically begged for more.

"That's so good, sweetheart," he mumbled. "Please, God, don't stop." He shifted on the bed as his cock hardened.

She gave a little sigh, and began the rinsing process. She drew the washcloth in teasing little strokes over his chest, carefully avoiding his nipples. He slitted his eyes open and studied her face.

She was gorgeous, flushed and intent, her plump lower lip caught between her teeth.

As he watched, she ran the cloth over first one, then the other nipple. Breath hissed between his teeth at the sensation, and he moaned when she repeated the caress.

"Baby, so good," he whispered.

Eventually she stopped, and he forced his eyes open. She was looking toward his groin, still worrying her lip between her teeth. She looked so alarmed he had to offer her an out.

"I'll finish if you really don't want to." *Stupid, noble dumbass*, his cock was screaming. But, as noisy as his little head was, his big head knew that if he forced the issue now, he'd probably create all sorts of resistance later.

So his grimace of pain when he moved to sit up was totally genuine.

"No," she said softly. "I'll do it." She didn't meet his eyes. "You lay back."

He did, gratefully, and held his breath as she peeled his hospital gown away from his hips. His cock, painfully hard and happy to see her, arched up to strafe his navel. Her breath caught and her eyes got wide. He waited for her to back down, but after a moment she seemed to shake herself awake and reached for the cloth.

He wanted to weep in gratitude when the cloth ran over his lower belly, nudging his raging erection as it passed. He imagined his eyes were glazed as she ran the washcloth over his hips, carefully avoiding the bandage on his thigh. She was looking a little dazed herself as she began to carefully rinse him.

"Almost done." He could tell she was trying for brisk, but the effect was breathless and so damn sexy he felt a drop of pre-cum pearl up on the head of his cock. "Ohhh," her low breath was almost silent. Almost, but not quite.

*

Oh, sweet baby Jesus. What was she doing? Randi gazed covetously at Jon's cock. It was thick and strong and had a slight curve that she remembered very clearly. It had caused him to rub against places that had never been rubbed against before when he'd been buried inside her.

She bit her lip and forced her hands to steady and brought the soapy cloth down to cup the base of his cock. He hissed and arched a little, pushing into the contact, and she froze.

"Sorry, sweetheart," he gasped. "Ignore the dying man."

She smiled a little bit, and delved deeper with the washcloth, cupping his heavy testicles. The door was closed. The curtain was pulled. The way his body reacted to her touch was completely intoxicating. Randi couldn't resist enjoying the moment herself.

Slowly, softly, she palpated his balls, massaging gently with the soapy washcloth. His low groan vibrated through her, and she felt moisture flood her panties. He shifted his legs open, giving her more room. She rubbed the cloth over the slick space behind his balls and he groaned a little louder. Shit. He was so responsive she could almost come just from listening to the noises he made during sex.

He planted the foot of his uninjured leg flat on the bed, and began lifting into the strokes of the cloth. Randi swirled it around his balls again and again, watching in fascination as they drew up tight to his body.

Finally, when he was panting and she felt like she'd float away on her own lust, she brought the cloth up to his cock. He hissed and his hips hit the bed.

"Too rough?" she whispered.

"Yeah," he managed. "I'm too fucking sensitive." He speared her with burning

brown eyes. "But you missed another spot anyway."

She raised her brows and he pushed up with the foot he'd braced on the mattress, letting his knee fall to the side and giving her access to his ass. His gorgeous, hard, ass.

Randi leaned in and hesitantly slid the washcloth back over his testes, over that super-sensitive spot right behind them, and into the dark crevasse between his cheeks. His groan was rich and long as she moved the cloth slowly along his crack. He squirmed a little, clearly unable to stay still under her languid touch.

Damn. Her pussy was molten. She was absolutely melting just watching him arch and writhe under her touch. She hit his anal star and he grunted, pushing into the pressure. *Oh, shit*, she thought. *That shouldn't be so sexy.*

Absently her free hand stroked down his belly, tracing the fine trail of hair leading down from his navel. With a will of its own, her hand wrapped around his cock, measuring the width, then the length.

He gasped and bucked hard into the caress, then swore with the inevitable pain to his incisions.

"Hold still, baby," she whispered. "Let me do all the work."

He was so beautiful in his arousal, face lightly flushed, brows drawn in, eyes intent. His cock overflowed her hand, compelling her to stroke faster, to spread her fingers and try to touch as much all at once as possible.

She continued to work his anus with the washcloth. His response was just too delicious. His hips jerked against the bed in time with her deep anal massage, moving in urgent counterpoint to her hard pulls on his cock.

"Jesus, Randi Lee," he croaked, lips pulled back in a snarl of pure lust. "Sweetheart, you're so good." His voice was utterly carnal. "Fuck, your hand feels so good." His fingers closed over hers on his cock. "Harder, baby. Rub the head real nice." He demonstrated, swiping the pad of his thumb over the spot just under his cockhead that she knew drove him wild. "Fuck me with your hand, sweetheart." He grunted when she mimicked the motion. "Jesus, Randi Lee." He seemed almost inarticulate, and every grunt jacked up Randi's arousal. "Don't stop, baby. I'm gonna come."

Randi was squirming now herself, pressing her thighs together, trying to squelch the inferno burning in her pussy. He'd reached down further and was pulling at his balls trying, she knew, to stem the tide of his orgasm.

She wasn't going to stand for that. She wanted his orgasm. She was on fire to see him come, to watch him spurt over her hand and to run her fingers through his seed.

She sped up her motion and let the washcloth fall to the bed. Prodding his dark opening with one soap-slick finger, she ran the thumb of her other hand over the tip of his cock, mingling soap and water with the cum rising up to trickle down his slit.

He grunted, groaned, clenched his ass around her fingers, and Randi smiled. Without any warning she thrust her finger into his clutching hole, twisting slowly and searching for that little swelling that would send him over the edge.

And there ... it ... was. She ran her fingertip over his prostate and he gave a choked off cry. She did it again, jerking relentlessly on his cock, and he growled long and loud.

His cock swelled impossibly harder, his ass clamped painfully down on her finger, and he came in a rush. Randi breathed hard, on the verge of coming herself as she watched him shoot burning ropes of cum over his belly. He came so hard, grunting and growling with each spurt.

She eased her finger free and slowed her strokes on his cock, gentling him through the end of his orgasm. Finally he clasped his hand over hers again, stilling her but not letting her release him. She dared to meet his melting brown eyes for a moment, but quickly looked away when he spoke.

“You are the most amazing, sexy woman I’ve ever known,” he rumbled in that deep, velvety drawl. “Thank you, sugar. I haven’t felt this good in forever.”

She was glad he felt better. She was about to fucking spontaneously combust. Noise from the hallway suddenly penetrated her aroused fog and she stood, quickly pulling away from his all-too-tempting body.

*

“Oh, Lord,” she gasped. “I need to get you cleaned up!”

Jon ignored the twinges in his incisions and reached up to snag the towel dangling over the edge of the cart. He dropped it negligently over the sticky mess on his chest and belly, and watched Randi frantically rinse him off.

Damned if his dick didn’t stir when she ran the clean cloth down his ass. It didn’t seem to remember he’d had an orgasm that had all but knocked him unconscious just minutes earlier. It was more concerned with Randi Lee’s firm little fingers and her spicy, aroused scent.

“Go easy there, sweetheart,” he chuckled when she ran another clean cloth over his cock and balls. She shot him a pissed-off look and he laughed outright. Poor little thing. She needed to get off in the worst way, if those clenching thighs and pointy little nipples were any indication.

She’d finished cleaning and drying him off and had just wrestled him, complaining all the way, into a clean hospital gown when the door opened.

*

Wyatt stepped into Jon’s room. His lover lay on the bed, his face flushed and wearing a smile a mile wide. Randi looked over at him not quite meeting his eyes, her face filled with embarrassment. *Lucky bastard got off and I missed it.*

He moved slowly across the floor, and reaching Randi Lee, put his arms around her. He grabbed her wrist and brought her hand to his nose. Jon’s semen was still on her fingertips.

“Someone’s been naughty while I was gone,” he chuckled. His breath quickened as he brought Randi’s fingers to his mouth. He sucked each digit one-by-one, savoring Jon’s taste against his tongue.

Randi Lee’s gasp and sudden moan had Wyatt pulling her backwards toward the door. He looked at Jon, whose eyes were closed, but Wyatt knew there was no way the other man was truly asleep. He was watching the show, no doubt.

Wyatt was just in the mood to show him what he was missing, lying in that bed recovering.

“Randi Lee, darlin’, I’ve been waiting way too long to touch you.” He whispered in her ear. His tongue snaked out and licked the delicate shell before moving down to the lobe and sucking it in his mouth.

One hand slid under her scrubs, loosening the tie of her pants. The other traveled up underneath her shirt. His palm rubbed over one tight nipple. He enclosed her breast with his hand, squeezing gently.

“Oh, Wyatt.”

“Feels good doesn’t it, darlin’?” his other hand moved down her belly to her neatly trimmed pussy. His first finger moved slowly along her slit, teasing her, tempting her.

“Spread those legs for me, baby. Let me make you feel good.” Wyatt pushed his finger in between her folds. Encountering more of her delicious cream, he slid easily inside her hot channel.

“Randi Lee, how can you ever deny what we have here?” Wyatt asked. Damn, he wanted her smack dab between him and Jon. He craved her soft little moans and to feel her coming apart for them both.

His palm rubbed her clit, and her legs opened so that he could get two fingers in her. He crooked his fingers, moving in and out in long slow thrusts. Randi pushed her sweet ass against his crotch, and Wyatt jerked in response.

*

Randi dug her teeth into her lower lip. The pleasure Wyatt was delivering was killing her. His slow movements set her on fire, she wanted to turn around and ride him hard.

“Help me, Randi Lee.” His voice vibrated against the side of her throat. “Help me make you come.”

Randi slid her hand into her pants, her own fingers moving over Wyatt’s hand. She followed his movements, increasing the pressure. She should be mortified that she was helping Wyatt get her off, but she wasn’t. First with Jon and now this moment with Wyatt, it felt so right. Like the missing piece of her was finally in place.

She brought her arm up and wrapped it around Wyatt’s neck; he clamped his mouth on her nape, sucking hard.

“Oh yes, Wyatt, yes.” She hissed as her pussy walls started to contract. She compressed her lips together to keep from crying out as her orgasm swept through her. Wyatt held her tighter and he thrust even harder, bringing her completely over the edge.

It took her a few minutes to calm her breathing down, for her heart rate to return to normal. Wyatt removed his hands from her. He turned her around and licked his own fingers this time. She melted all over again as she watched him close his eyes and savor her cream.

He pulled her close, his lips crashed down on hers in a blistering kiss. She could taste herself on his tongue as he plunged it into her mouth.

He pulled back, “Oh, Randi girl...” He stopped as the door they were up against opened slightly, bumping his head.

He moved them both away and the door swung open wide. Ronni stood with her hand on her hip, eyeing first Wyatt, then Randi.

“Am I interrupting anything, Miranda?” *Oh shit!* Ronni was one of the worst gossips in the hospital. “The Marshall’s call light came on.” Randi cut her eyes quickly to where the call box was wedged between Jon’s hip and the bed-rail, and felt a little light-headed at the thought that any of the nurses on duty could have walked in on them at a much worse time.

“I ... I have to go, Wyatt. My shift ended twenty minutes ago.” Wyatt made a move to stop her but Veronica put in her two cents.

“Miranda’s right, look at those circles under her eyes. She definitely needs to go home and get some beauty sleep.”

No, what she needed to do was punch Veronica in the face. Instead Randi took a calming breath and smiled, “She’s right, Wyatt, I am tired. I’ll check on Jon later.”

She hightailed it out of the room on shaky legs, not stopping until she made it to her car. Had she lost her damn mind? It seemed any time she spent around Jon and Wyatt she did. Randi prayed that Ronni hadn't really guessed what had gone on.

*

It took a ridiculously long time to get rid of the blonde nurse, made even longer by the fact that Wyatt was suffering a raging case of blue balls.

The taste of Randi's cream, coupled with the feel of her coming all over his hand, and the taste of Jon's cum on her fingers, had tied his cock in knots. He needed fucking relief, and he damn well was gonna get rid of Ms. Naughty Nurse so he could get it.

"You seem worn out all of a sudden, Marshal Denton," Ronni was cooing. "I should have known better than to leave. All that ... socializing with Miranda must have done you in."

Wyatt swung around to look at the woman, ready to bite her head off for implying Randi done anything wrong, but Jon beat him to it.

"Wasn't the socializing," he said easily. "Was the pain pill she gave me first." He sent her a deceptively drowsy smile. "Damn pills knock me out."

"Humph," Ronni muttered. "If you say so." She turned her baby blues on Wyatt.

"You and our lawman here must be pretty good friends. I've seen you here every day since he moved to our floor." She smiled flirtatiously.

And here we go, Wyatt thought wryly. He strolled over to the bed and picked up Jon's hand. His lover shot him an amused glance and turned his hand to lace their fingers together. Nurse Ronni's eyes locked on their entwined hands and her mouth dropped open.

"We're the best of friends," he told her with a smile. "In fact, I can't wait to get my *friend* here home so I can take care of him properly." Wyatt suppressed his laugh when her eyes dropped to his crotch and got even bigger.

"You mean you're...?" She trailed off, then tried again. "But I thought you and Miranda..." Wyatt interrupted before she could piss him off all over again.

"Randi Lee and I went to school together. We've been friends for a good fifteen years." He looked Ronni square in the eye. "And when I brought Jon home with me, she became his friend, too. That was really nice," he added truthfully, "because we lived in a small town and there were a lot of narrow-minded bigots." Ronni flushed at the not-so-subtle hint.

"W-well, that's really nice for you," she stuttered. "If you're okay, Marshal Denton, I'm going to get back to my rounds." She fairly ran out the door, and Wyatt and Jon both burst out laughing.

"Shit, Wy. I thought her eyes were gonna pop out," Jon snorted.

"Well, after the way she came in here I had to do something to take her mind off Randi Lee." Jon sobered and nodded.

"She is so ours, Jon." Wyatt knew that now more than ever. Hell, he could still feel her melting all over his hand.

"It's making me nuts," Jon agreed. "Every time we take a step forward, something happens to scare her off again." He sent Wyatt a slow smile. "We took a couple of big steps forward today though, didn't we?"

Wyatt looked ruefully down at his erection, which showed no signs of abating. "Speak for yourself, Jon-boy."

“Ya know, Wy,” Jon drawled. “You really ought to take care of that thing.” His lips curled in that naughty smile that never failed to shoot Wyatt’s dick higher and harder. “State you’re in, you’ll poke somebody’s eye out.”

Wyatt snorted out a laugh and ran his palm down his dick, squeezing through the rough denim of his jeans.

“I don’t know about that,” he mused, “but I might keel over dead from a lack of blood to the brain.” He gave Jon a sour look. “Sucks to handle it myself, though.”

Jon kept on smiling and reached over to flick open the button fly of Wyatt’s jeans. With each button Wyatt felt his muscles tense. He hadn’t gotten off, hadn’t even gotten himself off, since Jon had been shot. Now he was about ready to go stark staring crazy.

“Well,” Jon murmured, “I don’t know that I’m up for any sucking, but I think I’ve got the handling covered.” He’d released the last button, and Wyatt obligingly worked his jeans and briefs over his hips, freeing his raging hard-on. Jon chuckled. “Looks like someone’s missed me.”

“You have no idea,” Wyatt answered feelingly. “Jesus, Jon,” he muttered. “Jerk me already.”

Jon handled his cock far too lightly, and Wyatt fought the rabid urge to wrap his hand around Jon’s and show him what he needed.

“There’s lotion in the drawer.” Jon nodded at the rolling nightstand and Wyatt leaned over, fumbling around until he unearthed a small tube of hospital-issue lotion.

“Gimme,” Jon said, holding out his hand. Wyatt handed it over without a word of complaint. Jon was a master with his hands, and Wyatt was ready to reap the benefits.

Jon squeezed a generous amount of lotion into his hand, then rubbed it between his palms, spreading it around and warming it up. Wyatt’s eyes about rolled up in his head when Jon wrapped one slick hand around his dick and sent the other questing down to cup his sac.

Wyatt shifted his booted feet, spreading his legs as wide as his jeans would allow, and Jon burrowed deeper. His hands were magic, massaging his balls, rubbing slick and hot into his perineum, and finally, at long last surrounding his weeping dick.

“Fuck, yeah,” Wyatt grunted as Jon began to stroke. “Squeeze me hard, Jonny. I wanna come all over your hand.” Jon hummed his agreement and squeezed harder, keeping his strokes maddeningly slow, tightening up on the down-stroke, and going light and easy on the upstroke.

“You fucking tease,” Wyatt grumbled without any heat. “I need to come, dumbass.” Jon just grinned and kept up his slow, maddening pace. “Jesus God, please,” he muttered. “I’ll fucking beg if you want me to. I haven’t come in over two weeks,” he groaned. “Not since the last time I got off with you.” Jon drew a breath and speeded up his pulls on Wyatt’s dick. Wyatt pressed his advantage. “That’s right, rub it hard.” He groaned. “You are so fucking good at this.” With every word Jon’s brown eyes burned brighter, and his hand worked faster. Wyatt never got tired of how turned on Jon got when he talked dirty to him.

“I wanna blast off in your mouth, Jon-boy. In your ass.” Wyatt’s hips jerked, thrusting in time with Jon’s hand on his cock. “I’m gonna get you home and fuck you for a week straight,” he grunted. He was so close, he could taste the orgasm, could feel it sizzling from his balls up the length of his cock.

“Jesus, Wy,” Jon panted, pulling hard on Wyatt’s dick. “I just fucking came and

you're gonna have me ready to go all over again."

"Can't help it," Wyatt responded. "You're too fucking good at this." Wyatt felt a deep groan work up from his toes. "*Fuck*, yeah." The orgasm took him quickly, slamming into him and all but knocking him flat. He shot what felt like gallons of cum, painting his stomach and Jon's hands in the hot, sticky fluid.

Just when he thought he was done, Jon gave him that heart-breaking smile and raised his hand to his mouth, licking Wyatt's cum from his fingers. Wyatt cursed and his dick pulsed again, shooting until he was totally empty, totally sated.

Jon fell back on his pillow, breathing hard. His eyes closed and his hands fell loosely to his sides on the bed.

"Love you, Wy," he mumbled. He'd been fighting the pain pill for nearly an hour now, and Wyatt could tell he was finally losing the battle.

"Love you, too, Jon-boy," Wyatt answered, as he tucked himself back in his jeans. He dragged a chair to the side of the bed and sat. Leaning in, he brushed Jon's hair back from his forehead. "God, but I love you, too," he added fiercely.

* * * *

Ten days later the doctors released Jon, sending him home with a big bag of pain pills, a bigger bag of bandages and gauze, and strict orders to keep his ass in bed. He'd be starting physical therapy soon, and they didn't want him to bust any stitches in the meantime. Frankly, he didn't think the whole taking it easy thing was going to be too much of a stretch. He hurt like hell.

Wyatt pulled into the long driveway to the ranch and Jon let his head fall back on the seat. Trees lined the narrow lane, and the sun cast dappled golden shadows everywhere. He took what felt like his first deep breath since before the shooting and looked over at the man in the driver's seat.

"Damn Wy, it feels good to be home."

Wyatt stopped the truck near the front porch. He turned in his seat, reaching out to cup Jon's face.

"I'm glad to have you back home where you belong. It's been damn lonely out here without you."

"I thought Randi Lee was keepin' you company." His heart broke a little at the idea of Wyatt being here all alone while he'd been laid up.

Wyatt shrugged. "We had dinner a lot, but neither one of us was in the mood to relax. With you hurt and her being so nervous, I thought it might be better to take it easy with her."

Jon understood his lover perfectly. After their hot encounter in the hospital, Randi had been real careful around both men, always looking over her shoulder whenever she was in the room.

Jon recognized the doubt and fear in her pretty eyes. She was terrified someone at the hospital would start rumors. While he knew why she was so fearful, it bothered the hell out of him that she'd let others dictate her life.

Randi Lee was theirs, had been since the first kiss, the first intimate touch, and he wasn't about to let her get away a second time.

Wyatt jumped out of the truck and came around to his side. Opening the door, he helped Jon out of the truck. "Come on, Jon-boy. Let's get you in the house and back in

our bed.”

Jon chuckled. “Already trying to fuck me, eh?”

Wyatt leaned over and kissed his neck. “Always Jon, always.”

* * * *

The insistent ringing of the phone jerked Randi out of a fitful sleep. It took several seconds of slapping around her bedside table to find the damn thing, and several more to find the talk button.

“Yeah?” she rasped, still more asleep than awake.

“Randi Lee, Jon’s got a fever. He’s shivering and sweatin’. He won’t take anything, and he refuses to go back to the hospital.” Wyatt’s tense voice cleared the cobwebs from Randi’s sleep-fogged mind.

“What’s his temperature?”

“It says one hundred and three point eight.”

Shit.

“Okay, Wy,” she drew a breath and collected her thoughts. “It’s most likely nothing. Give him some ibuprofen, then make sure the room is cool. Make him drink a lot of water. If he feels up to it, put him in a cool shower.” she listed off as many things as she could think of as she struggled free of her tangled sheets and flipped on her bedside light.

“Dammit Randi Lee, he won’t let me do anything for him. It’s makin’ me crazy. I need you here, darlin’. *We* need you.” Randi couldn’t believe the desperation in Wyatt’s voice. The man had broken every major bone in his body riding bulls, but seeing Jon hurt had him panicked. It was a reaction Randi never would have expected from Wyatt.

“Okay, Wyatt, just calm down. Give him the medicine, and give me directions. I’ll be there as soon as I can.”

Finally awake, Randi scribbled down the route to Jon and Wy’s ranch. She raised an eyebrow at the location. That was some pretty territory.

She shimmied into her jeans and a sweatshirt, grabbed a bag and filled it with ibuprofen, bandages, and Gatorade, and rushed out the door, pausing only to flip the deadbolt.

She had a forty-five minute drive to reach the men’s ranch. She turned on the radio, trying to drown out the thoughts in her head. Jon was a strong man, but his body was still compromised from his injuries. Now he had an infection to throw off. Damn fool man belonged back in the hospital, and if that temperature didn’t go down tonight, that’s exactly where he’d go, even if she had to carry him there on her back.

And poor Wyatt. He didn’t like not being able to control a situation, and Jon’s recovery was something that was out of his grasp.

The closer she got to the ranch, though, the more she realized she wasn’t panicked about Jon’s condition. No, she was feeling a little worried and a lot excited. This would be the first time she was alone with the boys outside of the hospital, since that fateful night two years ago.

Get yourself under control, girl. Wyatt just needs your help with Jon, that’s all. Randi snorted to herself. *Yeah, right. Like there’s ever a “that’s all” where those two are concerned.*

Even still, her body softened at the idea of being alone with them. They both felt so right, whether she was touching their hard bodies or they were driving her wild with their

practiced skills.

The drive went by in a blur, and sooner than she'd expected Randi pulled up in front of the house. It was time to get herself together and into nurse mode.

*

Wyatt opened the door the moment she stepped on the porch. Randi had never seen him so ashen.

"Thank God you're here. He won't let me do a Goddamn thing to help him." He pulled her into the house by her arm and dragged her upstairs. Randi stopped Wyatt outside of the bedroom door.

"Wyatt, you need to calm down. If Jon's sees you agitated, it will only make him surlier. He'll be okay. I promise."

Wyatt nodded and opened the door, ushering her to the bed. He'd been right; Jon was clearly running a fever, and his expression was filled with pain.

"I told Wy not to call you. Just a little fever. It'll pass." Yeah right, just a "little" fever. The man had no color to his face save the dark circles under his eyes and deep red slashes across his cheekbones.

Randi pulled out her digital thermometer. "Uh huh. Well, open up big guy, I just need to check for myself."

She perched on the side of the bed and Jon bared his teeth at her.

"You don't open up, I'm gonna have Wy hold you down and I'll take your temperature from the other end," she teased.

Jon groaned but complied with her wishes.

"He take anything, Wy?" she asked as she waited for the thermometer's beep.

"Yeah, I finally got a couple of ibuprofen down his stubborn throat about twenty minutes ago," he mumbled as he walked over to a leather chair in the corner and flopped down.

"Yeah? What did you threaten him with?" Randi meant it as a joke and was surprised when Wyatt replied.

"I told him I'd never suck his dick again."

Randi tried to hold in the laughter but was unsuccessful.

"Oh, and the good Lord knows a man will do anything for a blowjob."

The thermometer beeped and Randi pulled it out.

"One-oh-two point two," she commented. "Not bad for twenty minutes." She grabbed a bottle of Gatorade from her bag and handed it to Wyatt. "Let me take a look at his meds, and you put some ice in this. It's got electrolytes and other good stuff so he won't get dehydrated."

Wyatt moved to the dresser and gathered up five prescription bottles, which he handed to her on his way out the door. As soon as he'd left, Randi gave Jon a stern look.

"Okay, Marshal Hard-Ass," she lectured. "You know damn good and well that you need to take your pain meds. You're not gonna be able to sleep well without them, and you need to sleep in order to heal."

Jon scowled and mouthed the words "nag, nag, nag."

"Damn straight I'm gonna nag," she shot back. "And while I'm at it, what the Hell are you thinkin', putting Wyatt through this?" She smacked him lightly upside the head, grinning in satisfaction when his mouth dropped open in surprise. "In all the years I've known him, I've never seen the man panic, but you've got him goin' and good. So settle

your bad self down.”

Wyatt returned before Jon could reply, which Randi figured was just as well. Jon gave the glass of Gatorade a mutinous look, but when she scowled and muttered “settle,” he reluctantly took a sip.

She hid her grin when she noticed him surreptitiously sucking the cold beverage down. She knew it must feel good on his dry throat. The stubborn ass.

Shaking her head, she glanced over at Wyatt, who was watching in disbelief as Jon obediently drained his glass.

“You’re a magician,” he muttered.

“Nope,” she argued. “Just a very pushy woman. I’m gonna get a bowl of cool water. You wanna open up that window and let the air circulate some?” Her dutiful cowboy opened the window, then disappeared to get two washcloths from the linen closet.

*

Jon really wanted to scowl and growl at Wyatt and Randi as they ganged up on him, but he was too happy. He was about to get a rub down from the two people in the world whose hands he wanted all over him. It was just a damn shame he didn’t feel good enough to enjoy it.

His ribs were hurting like hell and he knew he’d have to give in and take a fucking pain pill before too long. Randi Lee must have read his mind, because she put a glass of water to his lips.

“Open up, Jon-boy. Time to make you go night-night.”

“Oh Hell, woman. Can’t I just enjoy feelin’ both ya’ll’s hands all over me without everything being so Goddamn hazy?”

Randi cracked a wicked smile at him. “If you cooperate now, maybe we can save that for another time. Now open.”

He reached out and stroked his finger down her cheek. “Promise?”

Her eyes widened like a deer in headlights, but Jon wasn’t about to let it drop. “Promise me, Randi Lee, that I will feel you both without drugs between us.”

“I promise.” Her voice was softer than a whisper, but it echoed like a shout. He eased up and opened his mouth to take the pill, then lay back on the bed and spread his arms wide.

“All right ya’ll, I’m all yours. Do with me what you will.”

“How ‘bout a kick in the ass?” Wyatt muttered. Jon chuckled. Wyatt was clearly annoyed with him.

“I’m sure there are other things you’d rather do with my ass.” He turned his head in time to catch Wyatt’s kiss on his lips.

He closed his eyes as two sets of hands holding cool washcloths began to wipe his heated body down. A man could get used to this kind of treatment.

*

She thought she was dreaming. Why else would there be a hard, hot body spooned up behind her, while her hand was pressed to an even hotter, harder chest. She let herself float, enjoying the dream. It was a variation of one she’d had frequently after her night with Jon and Wyatt. In it she felt completely safe and surrounded by love.

Warm, damp lips coasted over her nape, and the intensity of the sensation jolted her awake. No dream. Wyatt was pressed up tight against her back, enormous erection prodding her hip, and her hand was pressed against Jon’s still feverish chest.

She shifted a bit, trying to wriggle away from Wyatt, but only succeeded in jostling Jon, who gave a low grunt of pain.

"Ah, crap," she muttered, looking back over her shoulder. Wyatt was gorgeous, sleepy and tousled. His eyes lacked their usual laser intensity and were, instead, a soft, dreamy blue. His lips were flushed and looked fuller than usual. All in all, the damned man looked entirely too edible for her peace of mind.

He ducked his head down to kiss her neck again, and she jabbed an elbow back, catching him off guard.

"Back off, Romeo," she told him. She couldn't hold back a little smile as he winced and rubbed at his ribs, all traces of drowsy sensuality erased.

"I thought you were supposed to make people feel better," he grumbled, scooting back and giving her room to move. Randi rolled to her back and cast a significant look down the length of his body.

"I think you were feeling a little bit too good there, cowboy," she answered, laughing outright at his disgruntled look.

"Wyatt Morgan," Jon's voice was drowsy, but he sounded clear and coherent. "Are you taking advantage of my angel of mercy and trying to cop a cheap feel?"

"Since I'm the one who was freakin' out last night, I think she's actually my angel of mercy, dumbass." Wyatt's irritated expression cleared as he pushed up on one elbow to look across Randi's body at Jon, who was blinking sleepily at them both. Jon returned Wyatt's grin with a slow, sexy one of his own when Wy added, "And there wasn't anything cheap about what I was coppin' or what I was feelin'."

"Okay, boys," Randi wiggled around until she could sit up without jostling Jon too much. "Clearly we're all awake. I'm just gonna check your temp," she shot a stern look at Jon, "and give you a couple more ibuprofen, which you *will* take without an argument," she added when he opened his mouth to do just that. "Then I'm gonna clear out."

She looked at the thick bar of sunlight sweeping across the floor with surprise and some dismay. She hadn't planned to fall asleep. She actually was stunned she'd been able to relax enough for it to happen. Even more surprising was the fact that she didn't have the urge to run screaming from the room. The sense of panic that usually filled her every time Jon and Wy got too close was conspicuously absent this morning.

Maybe it was being so far from Carter County and the busybodies who'd made a career out of guessing what "poor little Randi Lee'd" got herself into this time. Or the nurses here in Dallas, who'd turned gossip into an Olympic sport. Maybe it was the vivid image of Jon in his hospital bed, hooked from head to toe in tubes and wires.

Whatever it was, when Jon caught her hand and looked at her with serious, whiskey-brown eyes, she didn't want to leave.

"He still looks like shit," Wyatt pointed out, gesturing to the dark circles under Jon's eyes and his pale face.

"I love you, too, dickhead," Jon replied, but his voice lacked any force. He did look like shit, Randi thought. Of course, it was to be expected given the nature of his injuries, but still...

"What if his fever spikes again, Randi Lee?"

She wanted to be annoyed, to get all righteous and indignant because she was sure Wy was playing her, but she couldn't dredge it up. After all, she was thinking along the

same lines.

Not that she didn't think Wyatt was perfectly capable of taking care of Jon. She knew Wy had his wits about him again, and could bully Jon into taking his meds and anything else the contrary Marshal needed to do. No, Randi had an overwhelming need to be a part of it. To help Wy take care of Jon, and to make sure Wy took care of himself, too.

It was the patient himself who finally decided her. Jon looked at her with his warm, brown eyes and said, "I'll be fine if you really need to go, sweetheart. But I wish you'd stay."

Shit. Shit. Shit. She was so doomed.

* * * *

The weekend passed in a blur. It was her forty-eight hours off, so she didn't have to go in to work. Every time she found a reason to leave, Wyatt had a question or Jon's fever rose again, so she didn't even bother going home. She knew—and she bet the boys knew it, too—if she left, she'd find a million and one reasons not to come back. So she spent the weekend in her jeans and a series of the men's t-shirts. She particularly liked Jon's; he had a twisted sense of humor and a collection of obnoxious "message" t-shirts to match it.

Saturday night found her sitting on the deck, which stretched the entire length of the back of the house, sipping a glass of sweet tea and feeling like a stranger in her own head. Her t-shirt du jour featured a full moon obscured by clouds and the legend *Insanity: When that Little Voice in Your Head Asks, "Is there room in there for one more?"* Somehow the slogan seemed to sum up her situation perfectly.

She wanted Jon and Wyatt in the worst way. She was honest enough to admit she'd been craving them since the minute she'd fled their bed in Carter County. Spending this time with them only intensified the wanting, because the longer she was with them, the more she liked them. And now she had time to really think about it, about why she'd really run away, and why even now, in this huge city, she still couldn't fathom a "real" relationship, no matter how she craved it.

Now she didn't know what to do. She didn't even really know what she *wanted* to do. The men had been open from the get-go about their desires. They still wanted her: in their lives, in their bed, on a permanent basis. She couldn't deny the appeal. They were two magnificent beasts. One dark, one fair. One mischievous, the other thoughtful. Together, they could give a woman everything she could possibly need to be happy.

And, dammit, Randi wanted to be happy.

But the reasons for her panicked flight two years ago hadn't changed. She'd spent her life the focus of malicious gossip; first because her daddy took off with his eighteen-year-old secretary when Randi Lee was just a baby, and then because her mama decided to drown her sorrows on a nightly basis at the local watering holes. That was why she'd developed such a dislike of dive bars like the one she'd caught Billy playing tonsil hockey with Sally in.

After years of pity and scorn, Randi had worked hard to raise herself above her beginnings. She'd graduated high school at the top of her class, worked full time and still managed to put herself through community college, then worked full time and finished up her degree in nursing at the University of Texas. She'd finally felt like she had something

to be proud of, something the wagging tongues of Carter County couldn't find fault with.

Once she'd calmed down, she'd realized that she wasn't hurt and enraged that Billy'd cheated on her. No, what had enraged her was the fact everyone had known about it. They'd been talking about it behind her back, just like they'd picked apart every other event in her life.

Letting Jon and Wy seduce her into a relationship was tempting. So very, very tempting. They made her feel good, strong and smart. And the good Lord knew they made her burn. But the kind of relationship they wanted would be impossible to keep quiet. Hell, the men wanted babies one day. And while a small part of Randi wanted the same things, the thought of the speculation over her relationship with the boys, let alone the speculation over any potential future child, was enough to give her hives.

She was paralyzed by her small-town fears. She'd told herself plenty of times that it wouldn't matter where she worked. She didn't have any close confidants that might spill her private life. On the other hand, because she spent the majority of her time at the hospital, if some of her co-workers caught even the slight hint that she was loving two men, her life could be made hell. Backstabbing took place even in the best of working environments, and people like Veronica totally got off when she could make life miserable for those she didn't like. Randi had no doubt that her fellow nurse didn't like her one bit. The minute Dr. Richards had taken an interest in her, Veronica treated her as though she had the plague and would love nothing better than to make her life miserable any chance she could.

"You're thinking so hard I could hear you all the way upstairs."

Randi started violently, splashing tea over her hand. She'd been so caught up in her own thoughts she hadn't even heard Jon walk onto the deck. He lowered himself gingerly into the chair next to her and lifted her tea-sticky hand to his mouth. Slowly, holding her gaze with his every second, he licked the sweet tea from her skin, not stopping until every drop was gone.

"So you thought you'd come on down and get me all stirred up?" She pulled her hand from his grasp. Her voice was huskier than she'd like, and Jon gave a slow, sexy smile in response.

"Is that what I do, Randi Lee? Do I get you all stirred up?"

She snorted in response. "Jon Denton, you know good and well that you and Wyatt live to get me all stirred up." He gave her an unrepentant smile and she scowled at him. "It'd make things a lot easier on me if you *didn't* keep me all stirred up. Then I could make some logical decisions."

"Sweetheart." He was still smiling, but his eyes were serious. "There's nothing logical about what Wy and I feel for each other." He reclaimed her hand and lifted it to press a soft kiss on her wrist. "And what we feel for you? Hell, sweetheart, it's about as opposite of logic as it gets."

Randi turned in her chair to face him. He kept a firm grip on her hand, and she didn't have the will to pull it away again.

"I need to be logical, Jon," she told him earnestly. "I spent most of my life as the subject of every bit of local gossip there was." He frowned, and she covered their clasped hands with her free hand. "I don't wanna ever go back there again. I don't ever want to feel people's eyes on me and know they're judging me." She gave a bitter little laugh.

"I know all the rhetoric about not caring what others think about you, and I know

that ‘their’ opinions don’t change who I am.” She shook her head. “Jon, knowing that and feeling it in here,” she lifted a fist and laid it over her heart, “well, those are two different things entirely.”

“I know I push, Randi Lee.” He met her gaze squarely, his whiskey gaze warm as it coasted over her features. “I’ve never been good at delayed gratification. Wy says I want what I want, when I want it.” He smiled wryly. “The thing is, I don’t want to pressure you, or push you into something you aren’t ready for. Hell, neither of us do. I’m just the one with the impulse control issues.”

He reached out and tucked a piece of hair that had worked loose from her ponytail behind her ear.

“Wyatt would kick my ass for bringing it up again, but I want you to understand something. Randi Lee Jenkins, Wyatt and I are in love with you. That’s not gonna go away or change, no matter what you decide to do about it. We can wait, so you take your time figuring out what you want and what you can live with.” He flashed that slow, sexy grin again and she felt her bare toes curl against the warm wood of the deck. “Just realize that we might be willing to wait, but we’re not gonna stop trying to influence you.”

“Well, I’ll be damned.” Randi jumped at the sound of Wyatt’s voice. Once again one of her boys had managed to sneak up on her while she was distracted. It was a little consolation that Jon jumped, too, though the satisfaction faded when he winced in pain at the sudden movement.

“I didn’t know you had it in you to be patient, Jon-boy.” Wyatt perched a hip on the arm of Jon’s chair and ruffled his hair affectionately. “You almost brought a tear to my eye.”

Randi laughed, relieved by the release of tension. “Yeah, mine too,” she agreed. “Course then you had to go and kill the moment.”

Jon released her hand to cuff Wyatt’s muscle-corded bicep. “Good job, asshole.”

Wyatt leaned against the side of the chair and grinned. “No problem, dumbass.” He turned his attention to Randi, who was enjoying the show. She loved the way they interacted. There was nothing wimpy or wishy-washy about either man. Individually they exuded enough testosterone to give her a contact high. Together, well, if a girl’s eyes could orgasm, hers would be doing so on a regular basis.

“Darlin’, everything Jon just said? Well, it goes double for me. We want you, but it doesn’t mean a thing if you’re not totally on board. We want to be a family, not occasional or temporary lovers.”

Her throat grew tight with emotion.

“I’m working on it, Wy,” she managed. “I really am. And I don’t mean to keep you waiting on my decision. I’ve just gotta work it all out in my head.”

Wyatt leaned in and kissed her forehead, a surprisingly sweet gesture. “I know, darlin’,” he whispered. “I know.”

* * * *

When Monday came, it was almost physically painful for her to leave. In two days the ranch had come to feel more like home than her apartment had in two years.

She was still considering that little fact as she pulled into the hospital parking lot. She wanted that feeling, the feeling of being home. She just wasn’t sure if she could take everything that came with it.

Life took on a new routine. Her normal schedule was twelve hours on, twelve off. Now she found herself spending her off-time dreaming up reasons to drive out to the ranch. The first week or so, it was enough of an excuse to say she was checking up on Jon, but after ten days went by without a recurrence of his fever, she had to get more creative.

The boys were more than willing to help her manufacture excuses. First Wyatt had to fix her dinner to thank her for all her help. Then Jon needed a tutorial on how to care for his injuries once the staples had been removed. Wyatt bought a sweet little filly, and just had to show her off to Randi Lee. Jon needed help with physical therapy.

And when their excuses began to wear thin, Randi came up with her own. She left her medical bag out at the ranch. She forgot her scrubs there one day when she'd changed into jeans to go riding with Wyatt. She couldn't reach Jon by phone, which may have been because she dialed the wrong number—completely by accident, of course—so she had to drive out and check on him.

She became a master at rationalizing the amount of time she was spending with the boys, and an expert at ignoring how deep she was falling under their spell.

She liked them. They were fun to be around.

She began to accumulate stuff at the ranch. First a few items of clothing. A bathing suit. Then, when she could no longer deny that she was sleeping there more often than at her apartment, her hairdryer and toothbrush migrated to Jon and Wyatt's spare bathroom.

Inevitably things became more physical. She'd find herself curled up against Wyatt's side watching a movie on the plasma screen TV, while Jon lay on the couch with his head in her lap, or she'd catch herself leaning into Jon's back as he stood at the grill flipping steaks. It didn't take long for the casual intimacy the men shared to spread and include her, and it felt so natural she didn't even notice it happening.

When Jon started the ritual of kissing her goodbye every time she left for work, it didn't occur to her to protest. Wyatt watched intently, she noticed, and promptly started his own ritual, kissing her goodnight every time she stayed over in the spare room.

Randi lived for those kisses. She dreamed of them and woke up flushed and in a sweat from dreams so erotic she could hardly look the boys in the face without blushing. But awake, no matter how much she wanted to, she couldn't quite take the last step. She knew that by going to their bed she'd be making a promise of sorts, and it was one she didn't know if she could keep.

So for now, she decided, she'd let the boys keep courting her. She'd never been courted before, and confusion and sexual frustration aside, she was enjoying it.

* * * *

Wyatt was pretty sure he was gonna spontaneously combust. He and Jon hadn't made love since before the shooting, and hadn't much fooled around since that one time in the hospital. At first because it was because Jon just felt too shitty, but as time went on, because it didn't feel right without Randi Lee as part of the mix.

They'd talked about it one night while she was at work and they were lying in bed, dicks in the air. Jon had laughed and said Hell must have frozen over, because he was willing to lay there with a boner because it didn't feel complete getting off without her there.

Now Wy was starting to feel like he and Jon had had a brain transplant. Jon was

suddenly all patient and thoughtful, and Wyatt felt like his balls were about to explode.

It didn't help that every time she left, Randi Lee gifted each of them with a kiss so scorching he'd swear it left blisters. Or that on the nights she slept over she'd catch one or both of them in the hall after her shower and press up against them all damp and warm and smelling like honeysuckle, and rock their worlds with her hot, sweet taste.

Something had to give, and soon. He just hoped it wouldn't be his sanity.

*

Randi was heading for bed, wondering how on God's green earth she was going to get any sleep with the boys just a couple of doors down from her. Wyatt was in the shower; he'd caught her outside the bathroom and said goodnight in his oh-so-memorable way. He'd crowded in on her, pressing her up against the wall with the sheer bulk of his body. Then he'd kissed her. Damn, the man knew how to kiss. His mouth should be registered as a lethal weapon.

She was still dizzy, tingling all over, when she passed the boys' room. As usual, the door was open a bit and, glutton for punishment that she was, she poked her head in to tell Jon goodnight.

He was sitting up in bed, the blanket shoved down below his belly button. Randi licked her lips at the sight of his broad tanned chest. His color was good, and his wounds were healing up nicely. The man was gonna have some bad-ass, sexy scars, she thought with an inner smile. Like he needed any more mojo in that department.

"Come to tell me goodnight, sweetheart?" His voice slid across her body like a warm breeze. Involuntarily she glanced down at his lap. His cock was tenting the sheet, and her mouth started to water at the sight. Randi heard the shower turn off. Wyatt would be out in a minute.

"Randi Lee, I want you to come here." Jon's voice deepened, taking on an authoritative tone. She shook her head. She wasn't ready, might never be ready for this. "We've been dancing around this for weeks. I can't take anymore, and neither can Wy." He swept the sheet aside, baring a body so beautiful she didn't know where to look first.

The skin of his upper body was tanned a rich bronze, testimony of the time he'd been spending outdoors with no shirt. His lower body was paler, the thick muscles of his thighs and calves almost looked like they'd been carved out of ivory. And, oh, my goodness. His cock was a work of art. Thick and ropy with veins, it stood proud, the head looking flushed and damp and reaching nearly to his navel.

"Come here, sweetheart," he repeated in that low, hypnotic voice.

She should run; she knew she should run, but her feet were planted firmly where she was. How many times had she lain down the hall with the image of them making love playing havoc with her sleep?

She wasn't strong enough to keep fighting her deep attraction to these two men. The truth was, she cared way too much for them. She didn't want to, but she couldn't help it. Each one gave her something she needed. Wyatt was patient and steady. He spent his time studying her, trying to figure out what made her tick and wooing her with all their conversations. Jon was like dynamite, stealing kisses or copping a feel whenever he could. But he also had a sweetness that was utterly disarming. They made her laugh. They made her feel safe. If she were honest with herself, Randi had to admit that she felt somehow complete when she was with them.

When Jon wrapped his hand around his cock, it made Randi moan. His dark eyes

were half lidded. The sensual curve of his mouth was slightly parted as his hand closed around his cockhead and slowly slid up the length. He pulled one leg up and let it fall to the side. His other hand went down to his balls, cupping them lightly.

All at once Randi was by the side of the bed, and she wasn't quite sure how she got there. She was sure that she couldn't stop now, didn't even want to try. Never taking her eyes off Jon's hand, she climbed onto the bed, settling next to him on her knees. Her hand closed over his and Jon removed his hand with a sharp hiss. She took over the slow jacking motion for a minute, savoring the never-forgotten feel of his cock in her hand. Silk over steel. Finally, she couldn't wait another second. She brought her mouth down to his crown, pressing a soft, sucking kiss to the very tip. He hissed again and his hips arched jerkily. Randi smiled against the burning flesh and slid her tongue out to sample the drop of pre-cum beading there.

The bed dipped. Randi's eyes shot up but she didn't let go of Jon. Wyatt was on his knees, completely naked and ready to play.

*

Wyatt thought he might be hallucinating. He figured the amount of blood leaving his brain to pool in his dick must be messing with his vision, because damned if Randi Lee wasn't on the bed, licking Jon's cock like it was her favorite lollipop.

Without taking his eyes from the couple on the bed, he moved in closer and watched Randi Lee's little pink tongue flicker over the head of Jon's cock. His lover's hips jerked in a familiar motion, and Wyatt felt a smile curl his lips. Jon-boy never did have much patience.

He climbed up onto the bed, kneeling on Jon's other side, facing Randi Lee. Her eyes rose to meet his, warm and brown and soft. Her lips parted just a little, just sucking the very tip of Jon's cock in. When her tongue flicked out to tease the ridge under the head again, Wyatt swore he felt the lash on his own dick.

She gave him a little smile, and then she swallowed Jon down, wrapping those lush red lips around Jon's thick cock and taking him deep. Wyatt's hips moved on the bed, fucking the air and then fucking his own hand in time with her slowly bobbing head. She was so damn beautiful as her cheeks hollowed out with strong suction. And Jon. Damn. His lover's eyes were slits of glittering topaz, his mouth half opened for his ragged breaths. Wyatt could tell the man was holding back, probably afraid he'd scare Randi Lee off if he let go the way he wanted to

From the look in the little vixen's eyes, that wouldn't be a problem.

She gave one long pull and Wyatt grinned at the strangled sound Jon made as his dick popped out of her mouth.

"Wanna share, Wy?" Oh, fuck. This was the way they wanted her. Wet and wild and full of fire.

"You know I do." He barely recognized his own voice, it was so full of gravel. He leaned in and pressed a soft, damp kiss to her swollen lips, and then they both moved their mouths to Jon's dick. The familiar salt and musk that was his lover's essence filled Wyatt's mouth. Jon's earthy scent filled his head. But this time it was joined with Randi Lee's sweet feminine spice. Wyatt thought his dick would explode.

They slid their tongues up and down Jon's shaft, taking turns sucking lightly at the head and sliding down to lick at his balls. Jon's strangled groans filled the room, a husky counterpoint to the soft, wet sounds of their mouths on his dick. When their lips met at

the head, tongues tangling, Jon's hips shot up uncontrollably. Wyatt leaned in, bracing his hands on Jon's lean hips, holding him down and forcing him to just take the pleasure.

Jon's head was thrown back against the pillow, chanting, "Oh, yeah. Oh, fuck," until it became the bass beat of the dance their tongues performed on his dick. Wyatt wasn't sure how long they tortured Jon with their greedy mouths, and he could have gone on all night, but there was a lot more he wanted to do.

Wyatt let Randi continue to love Jon with her mouth. He slid down between Jon's legs, planting himself on his stomach and dragging one of Jon's legs over his shoulder, opening the man up to him completely. Jon knew what was coming next, and moaned, bucking up into Randi's mouth and fisting his hands in the sheets by his hips.

Wyatt gave a slow, wicked smile and captured one of Jon's testicles with his lips, sucking it into his mouth and rolling his tongue over the tight, delicate flesh. Pulling back, he moved to the other one, sucking it in hungrily, savoring Jon's hitching breaths. He looked over and caught Randi Lee's eyes locked on his mouth. If he wasn't mistaken, their girl liked what she was seeing.

"*Fuck, Wy,*" Jon growled. He'd reached up and knotted one of his hands in Randi Lee's hair, not pulling or even guiding her movements. Wyatt knew he was just looking for something to anchor him down while his world exploded.

Wyatt scooted back even farther and grasped Jon's ass, breaking him wide open. He dragged his tongue hard along Jon's perineum, dragging a rough cry from his cop's throat. Hungry for more, hungry for the desperate sounds Jon made when he came, Wyatt planted his thumbs on either side of Jon's pucker, stretching the tight muscles. Leaning in he drove his tongue against the resistant opening, wriggling in with firm flicks of his tongue that were sure to send Jon over the edge.

It didn't take long. Wyatt felt Jon's legs stiffen, heard his cries as he came. Irresistible. Wyatt looked up in time to watch as Randi Lee swallowed as much of Jon's thick cream as she could, but Jon's cum was everywhere, dripping down the length of his shaft to slick over her still pumping hand, glazing her plump lips like honey. Pushing up on his knees Wyatt grabbed her nape and pulled her to him, catching her mouth with his. He licked her lips, tasting her and tasting Jon. He felt Jon's hand slide free of her silky hair, his fingers tangling briefly with Wyatt's at the back of her neck.

Right now, at this moment, Wyatt had everything he needed in life. He had Jon, and they had their woman, and there was no fucking way he was going to give this up now that he'd had it. No fucking way.

*

Randi pulled back from the kiss, looking into Wyatt's baby blues. She recognized the hunger in his eyes; it mirrored her own. She didn't know when she'd decided to give in to that hunger, she just knew she couldn't bear to spend another night craving them both.

With a wicked little smile, Wyatt guided her over Jon until she straddled his still heaving ribs. Her cop lay beneath her with his eyes closed, breath coming raggedly from between parted lips. He was so damned beautiful it made her heart hurt.

"Stay on your knees, darlin'," Wyatt whispered, stroking his hands down her sides. Jon's eyes opened just a bit, just enough for her to catch the amber glitter beneath his heavy lashes.

"Stay up high, sweetheart," he agreed. "I don't wanna miss the show."

The show? Oh, God.

Wy was behind her, his hands wrapped around her thighs. He opened her up with his thumbs, and she felt almost painfully vulnerable, painfully aroused. Jon's low hum of appreciation brought her attention back to his flushed face. She read it in his eyes a second before Wyatt's tongue grazed the slick outer lips of her sex, and she hissed at the fiery contact.

"Yeah, Wy. She liked that." Jon's grin was wicked. Randi shivered as Wyatt worked her, lavishing long, slow licks along the length of her pussy. He rimmed her opening, prodding with his tongue until she was pulsing inside, swollen and aching and needing to be filled. He seemed to read her mind, because he suddenly plunged his tongue inside, fucking into her just enough to make her crazy for more.

"Wy?" Could that trembling voice be her? She'd never heard such desperation, never felt such desperation. Yeah, the first night they'd spent together back in Carter County had been amazing, totally earth shaking; but this was more.

Maybe because the last several weeks had been a kind of extended foreplay. Maybe deep down they'd all known that eventually she'd give in, she had to. Or maybe it was because what she felt for the boys now was so much more than simple lust.

Wyatt hummed into her pussy, the air and sound vibrating over her violently sensitive flesh. He slid down, lying on his back between Jon's legs, head cradled on his lovers abs to get at her better. Every stroke of his tongue wiped away her equilibrium, so she leaned over Jon, bracing her fists on either side of his head for balance. The move dragged her pussy over Wyatt's face, and he was quick to follow, dragging his tongue up the length of her slit until he could close his lips softly over her clit. He sucked it gently at first, flicking the tip with his tongue. He might as well have been using a cattle prod. Lightning streaked through her, and Randi pushed her hips back against Wyatt's mouth.

"Mmmmm... Randi Lee. That's it sweetheart. Ride his face." Jon's hands traveled down the length of her arms from shoulders to wrists, leaving goose bumps where ever he touched. Her breasts were dangling over his face, and he reached up to palm them. He gave a deep, luxurious squeeze that loosened her thighs, then caught her nipples between thumbs and forefingers and pinched hard.

Lightning, again.

Randi shot forward into Jon's caress but Wyatt grabbed her hips in hard hands and pulled her back against his devouring mouth. Her pussy tightened when Wyatt slid two thick fingers in her hungry entrance, fucking into her with a maddening little twist that hit places inside of her that lit her up like a Fourth of July sparkler. Then, he clamped down hard on her clit, working it in little circles with his tongue.

Randi's body began to shake as her thighs quivered. So close. Both men made their caresses harder, faster, more forceful. Jon arched up, catching a nipple between his teeth, and Randi let out a scream of rapture as everything inside her imploded and the world went supernova.

She hadn't come that hard since ... well, since ever, and she was more than ready to fall over and just bask, but Jon and Wy weren't about to give her any rest.

Jon, who seemed to have fully recovered from his own orgasm, if the hard, damp iron bar pressing up against her was any indication, pulled her up until she shivered over his dick. Wyatt had moved from under her, and the bed shifted as he climbed over Jon's legs to get to the night stand. She could hear a low, steady stream of cuss words that were so crude they were sexy as he fumbled with something behind her.

Jon gave a little grunt, and Randi realized Wyatt was sheathing him, protecting her even though he had to be about ready to explode. Her heart melted a little bit as she realized that even when her mind was too blown to look out for herself, her boys put off their own pleasure to protect her.

Holding his dick with one hand, Jon cupped her hip and guided her down until her opening kissed his crown. She shuddered in reaction and involuntarily pressed down. Jon shuddered, too and let go of his shaft to reach up and cup her face in his hand.

“Be still, sweetheart. Wy needs to be in you, too, and you need to let him get you ready.” He traced her lips with his fingers, and she sucked them into her mouth, lashing them with her tongue until he swore hotly and his hips gave a little upward jerk.

“Oh, Lord,” the words escaped on a yelp as a sudden cold wetness pooled in the dimple just above her butt cheeks. Jon’s cock, pulsing against her entrance, was almost forgotten as Wyatt’s hands wrapped around her hips, thumbs dipping into the rapidly warming lube and dragging it down.

She loved Wyatt’s hands. They were so big, rough and callused from his work on the ranch. They dragged delicious sparks over her skin, were so hard and competent, yet still so gentle.

Now those magic hands were holding her steady as his thumbs slicked along her crack, pausing to probe lightly at her back entrance. The knowledge that he was preparing her, getting her ready for his cock, hit her like a shot of whiskey, warming her from the inside out.

Jon joined in the torment. He laid a hand over one of Wyatt’s on her hip, and slid the other between Randi’s legs, catching her aching clit between two fingers and squeezing until she squealed and bucked in their grasp.

“Randi Lee,” Jon’s deep voice was even deeper, a low growl of pleasure. “You need to push back when you feel Wyatt start to breach you.”

A sudden surge of joy washed through her. She’d been so empty, so lonely for so long. Now, finally, *finally* her boys were with her, filling her and utterly obliterating the empty spaces.

“I have done this before, ya know.” She didn’t try to hold back the laugh; it was pure happiness. Reaching behind herself, she grabbed on to one of Wy’s granite-hard thighs and let her nails dig in. “Make me ready for you, baby,” she told Wyatt in a husky, sexy voice she didn’t even know she possessed. “You’ve been patient long enough, and I need to feel you in there with Jon-boy where you belong.”

Wyatt’s low groan and litany of filthy words, sexy words, vibrated through her. Then, without any warning, his thumb broke through the tight muscles of her sphincter, and there was nothing but pleasure, flowing through her like thick, hot honey.

In spite of the fact that he’d worked both her and Jon through mind-blowing orgasms without taking anything for himself, Wy took his time preparing her. First one thumb, then two, rubbing against each other in opposition, dragging over nerves she’d forgotten existed. It seemed to take him forever to stretch her, and before he was done she was riding his hands, fucking herself on his thumbs as Jon dragged the head of his cock up the length of her slit to tease her clit.

“Oh, my God, Wyatt. Get inside me. I’m gonna come and I need you inside me.” Finally she felt it, his crown pressing hard against her opening. Her eyes widened and she couldn’t catch her breath as he forged his way in, deeper and deeper until he was in her

so deep she could feel him in her heart.

Once Wyatt bottomed out, Jon began working his way in. He wasn't as patient as Wy had been, and his short, jabbing thrusts rubbed against Wyatt's dick through the thin wall between her ass and pussy. Randi shuddered at the sensation, and shuddered again at Wyatt's low moan as the head of Jon's cock dragged over the head of his deep inside her.

"Fuck, Jon," Wyatt's normally soft voice was almost unrecognizable. "I can feel you." His hips gave a little jerk, and Randi saw sparks behind her closed lids. "Randi Lee," Wyatt groaned. "Darlin', you are so fucking tight." His hips jerked again, a little more deliberately this time, and Jon shifted in counterpoint, and Oh. My. God. She could come from just Wyatt's voice, let alone the feel of their cocks rubbing against all the sensitive spots inside her; rubbing against all the sensitive spots on each other.

"Feel so good," he muttered as they seamlessly picked up the pace.

"Missed you, sweetheart," Jon added, his bass a rumble. "Missed you so much."

It was too much. They were loving her from the inside out, stripping away her defenses and leaving her with no way to protect her heart.

*

Wyatt held onto Randi's hips, his thrusts became deeper as he felt Jon pull back. Randi had one hand on Jon's chest and one wrapped around Wyatt's neck. His lips sucked where her throat ended and her shoulder began. The friction of Jon's dick sliding in and out was driving Wyatt crazy. Randi moved her hips, riding both cocks.

"You're so damn beautiful Randi, ride us baby, ride." Their movements made the temperature in the room rise, their bodies becoming slick with sweat. Each of them moving in a sensual dance, Wyatt couldn't tell where he began and Jon and Randi ended. Wyatt closed his eyes and let his body take over. Driving him deeper in Randi, while Jon did the same. His cock widened as his balls tightened.

"I can't hold back." He gritted his teeth and finally let go. Pumping deep in Randi Lee's ass. He wrapped his arms around her, holding her tight to him as Jon thrust up, faster than was wise for his injuries, but Jon's face said it all. He was lost in the depths of Randi. Wyatt watched as his partner stiffened.

Jon's eyes popped open as he came, his gaze locked on Wyatt as he pumped himself in their woman. Randi followed Jon, and her cry was sweet music to Wy's ears as he held her through the shudders. Kissing her neck and talking her down, helping her to relax. He moved her off of Jon and both of them fell to their sides, trying to catch their breaths. His arm moved over her side, his fingertips touching Jon's. He closed his eyes and for the first time in over a month Wyatt fell into a deep sleep.

* * * *

Randi walked into the ER door with a smile on her face. Her skin tingled and her lips were buzzing from the goodbye kiss Jon'd given her when he dropped her off in the hospital lot, and she was already anticipating Wyatt's kiss hello when he picked her up when her shift ended in twelve hours.

Jon was back to work, confined to his desk and whining about it like a baby. She'd had to let her fingers do the walking over his too-hot bod to give him an incentive to quit complaining. Randi understood his frustration. Jon was totally instant-gratification-boy, and sitting at a desk was guaranteed to drive him nutty in less than a week—hell, probably in less than a day; all the same, Randi and Wyatt were just as happy to have him

out of the field and somewhere safe.

Randi tried to wipe the goofy grin off her face as she headed to the employee lounge to stow her purse and sweater in her locker. She wasn't very successful. She was going back out to the ranch after her shift was over, for her forty-eight hours off. The two days fell on the weekend, so both her boys would be home, and she could barely quell the excitement buzzing through her body.

The past month and a half had proven to be the happiest time of Randi's life. She'd never believed, not down deep inside, that she would ever fall in love. Now she was in love, totally head-over-heels, sappy-assed, gooey-in-love with not one remarkable man, but two. And they loved her back.

Her boys were generous with the words, generous with their affection—both physical and verbal. Making love had never been so earth shattering before her boys. But the sex was just a part of it, and not even the most important part. They touched her all the time; tenderly, playfully, with intent and with absent affection. No one had ever touched her just because they couldn't keep their hands to themselves before her boys.

Her boys. She loved the way the phrase sounded. Especially since she knew it was true. They really were hers. And she was coming to accept that she was theirs, too.

"Who put that smile on your face, Nurse Miranda?" Dr. Richards' question jolted her out of her wayward thoughts. Randi cursed herself for getting so caught up wallowing in her happiness that she'd practically walked right into the man.

She kept the smile on her face, but it was a struggle. "I guess I'm just in a good mood today, Doc," she replied with forced friendliness.

The handsome doctor crossed his arms and moved into Randi's personal space. He cocked an eyebrow and perused her from head to toe. Randi felt her face burn from his close scrutiny. How could she have ever considered dating the man? He was a pig.

"No, I recognize the face of a satisfied woman." She'd just bet he did. He'd worked his way through half the nursing staff and all the female interns in the weeks since she'd caught him in the drug closet. "I have to tell you, Miranda, I thought I would be the one to put that look on your face." His utter arrogance made Randi sick to her stomach.

"Well, Doc, I hate to disappoint you, but this look is all about the forty-eight off I've got coming up after this shift. Nothing more." That was the truth, too.

"You wouldn't happen to be spending that forty-eight with the guy who just dropped you off, would you?" Richards' gaze slid insolently over her body. Randi felt a sudden need to shower. "You looked awfully cozy."

"Now, Dr. Richards," this was beyond stupid. Why wouldn't the man just leave her alone? "I prefer to keep my private life just that. Private." She stepped neatly around him, then bit back a curse when he fell in step next to her.

"Isn't he the Marshal who was in here a couple of months ago with a gunshot wound?"

Randi sighed. The man was like a mosquito. He just wouldn't go away.

"Yes," he continued, "I'm sure it's the same man." He gave her an appraising look. "I thought he was gay."

The look in his eyes settled like a lump of ice in her gut, but Randi was determined to ignore it. *He's one man*, she reminded herself. *He's an arrogant swine, and his opinion is less than worthless.*

When Randi didn't answer him, Richards continued in a thoughtful voice. "You

know,” he mused, “you’re awfully quick to judge me, when you’re shacking up with a couple of queers.”

That was it. Randi turned on him and spoke with quiet rage. “*Enough*. It’s not you. It’s never gonna be you. Deal with it.” She shook her head at the condescending smile on his face.

“Well, look at you all fired up.” Richards reached out to tuck a strand of hair behind her ear, and Randi swatted his hand away. “You’re almost as sexy mad as you are all satisfied looking.”

“Dr. Richards,” she gritted out, “you are out of bounds. You need to back off, and save your attentions for the interns and candy strippers who don’t know yet what a dog you are.”

Richards’ handsome face flushed with anger.

“Watch yourself, Miranda,” he sneered. “You’ve got no room to throw stones about who I sleep with.”

Finally her temper snapped. “I don’t care who you sleep with, you moron. And I don’t even care who you fuck on hospital property when you’re on-shift. Hell, I don’t even care if you do it in the narcotics closet. I just want you to leave me alone.”

His lips twisted and a look of such vindictive rage contorted his features that Randi instinctively took a step back. Too late, she realized he was taking her words as some sort of threat. *Great. Now she was even more fucked.*

“You know,” he sneered, “if rumor’s to be believed, I’m not the only one to indulge in a little recreation while on the clock. And at least I confine myself to staff and keep my hands off the patients.”

The icy lump in her stomach grew. Ronnie. It had to be. The catty little bitch had been way too interested in Jon, and in what had gone on in his room that day.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Randi thought she should get an Oscar for keeping her voice so level when she wanted to start screaming. “And neither do you,” she added, then turned and stalked away.

She tried to shrug it off, but Richards’ words kept coming back to haunt her. It didn’t help that the man spent most of her shift in the ER. It seemed like every time she turned around he was lurking, watching her. By the time her shift ended, Randi was tensing up every time she saw Richards speak to someone. Hell, she was tensing up every time someone even looked her way.

Her nerves sucked all the joy out of the weekend, and not just for her. By the time her forty-eight was up, both Jon and Wyatt had practically turned cartwheels to make her smile, and guilt was digging in for the long haul, right next to fear.

“You’re killin’ us, darlin’,” Wyatt whispered into her ear Sunday night while he tunneled into her body. She clung to him with a desperation she couldn’t hide, and under his relentless hands came to an orgasm that left her sobbing.

Jon moved from his position behind Wyatt and spooned up behind her, wrapping her in his arms.

“Sweetheart, you’ve gotta tell us what’s wrong.” He cupped her jaw and gently tipped her head back until he could see her face. “There’s nothing we can’t face if we do it together, Randi Lee,” he rumbled. God, she wanted to believe him.

“It’s nothin’,” she finally insisted, unable to force the truth past the lump in her throat. How disappointed would her boys be if they knew her old demons were rising up

again?

Somehow, she convinced them she needed her own car when it came time to leave for work Monday morning. She just couldn't bear the idea of Richards or someone else seeing Jon drop her off with his usual morning kiss, and she couldn't stand the idea of Jon's hurt and confusion if she scuttled out the door without any sort of goodbye.

She entered the ER with a headache brewing, and acid churning in her stomach. She had to get it under control, she knew it. She just didn't know how. Her head and her gut were at war; she knew that the opinions of others didn't matter, but every time someone cast a curious gaze her way, she wanted to curl up and die. It was completely irrational, and she couldn't stop it, no matter how hard she tried.

"Well, well. Miranda." Veronica's voice was as sweet and innocent as a baby's laugh.

"Hey, Ronni," she replied, hoping she didn't sound as tired and depressed as she felt. "What can I do for you?"

"Weeeelllll," the smaller woman drew the word out into at least four syllables before giving Randi a secretive little smile and saying, "A little birdie told me that your Marshal friend isn't quite as bent as I thought."

"Bent?" If she hadn't been so exhausted from her mental hysterics, Randi would have gotten the point a lot sooner.

"You, know," Veronica dropped her voice to a whisper, "*gay*."

"What?" The word snapped out with enough force to pop Veronica's eyes wide, and Randi quickly throttled it back. "I mean, why would you say that? They are definitely *gay*." She gave the other woman a dark look and added, "*Gay*, not *bent*."

"I don't *think* so," the little blonde insisted. "I hear they've been keeping company with one of the nurses here in a distinctly *non-gay* manner."

Randi's stomach dropped. Richards. It had to be. She searched Veronica's expression for any hint that she knew Randi was the nurse in question, but Veronica's slightly scandalized expression wasn't giving away anything other than avid interest.

"No, they are very much, extremely *gay*." Uh-oh. She knew immediately she'd protested too much, because all that avid curiosity suddenly lazed in on her.

"Why, Miranda Jenkins!" Veronica's mouth dropped open in undisguised glee. "Are *you* making time with those nasty boys?"

Oh, God. Oh, God. Oh, God. Richards might have planted the seeds, but she'd done this to herself with her frantic denials.

"They're a couple, Ronni. I went to school with Wyatt," she said waving her hand as though her keeping company with the boys was no big deal. "We have dinner now and then but, like I said, they're a couple."

Lord, she prayed Veronica believed her.

The little blonde wagged a finger at her. "I think you're protestin' a little too much, sugar." Veronica gave a tinkling laugh. "Your secret is out."

The rest of her shift passed in a blur of curious stares and whispered comments. At least, that's how it felt to Randi. By the time she was ready to leave, she knew she couldn't face the hour-long drive to the ranch, or the hurt and confusion she knew she was causing Jon and Wy. She pressed number one on her speed dial, and let out a gusty breath of relief when Wy's smooth tenor sounded on the voice mail.

"Hey, guys." It was a struggle, but she thought she kept her voice steady. "I'm pretty

tired, and I'm not really up for the drive out tonight." Surely they couldn't hear the tears threatening in her voice, right? "I'll give ya'll a call after I catch a few hours of sleep, okay?" There was so much more that needed to be said, but her throat just shut right down over the words, and she flipped the phone closed without even saying goodbye.

The phone went off three times during the ten-minute drive to her rarely used apartment, and each time she hit the button to send it straight to voicemail. She couldn't talk to them, either of them. Not right now.

She stumbled into the apartment and headed straight for the bedroom. She didn't bother to turn on the light or even do more than kick off her shoes before falling face-first onto the mattress. Panic, guilt, and the exhaustion of a twelve-hour shift in the ER all piled up on her and she was asleep in minutes.

She slept for more than nine hours, and woke with just enough time to shower, grab some groceries, and determine that there were ten messages on her voicemail. She deleted them without listening. She'd awoken knowing what she had to do, and she was afraid hearing Wy's silky voice or Jon's deep rasp would just mess with her resolve.

She checked the clock and made a call to the ranch, dialing the house phone and not one of the boys' cells, since she knew that neither of them would be in the house at this hour. This time she was prepared with what she wanted to say.

"It's me," she began. "Look, boys, what we've been doin', well, it's been a lot of fun, but I just can't live my life this way." Randi bit down hard on her bottom lip and closed her eyes against tears. "I think we need to take a step back." She laughed a little bit, realizing how bitter it sounded. "Okay, *I* need to take a step back." She sighed. "Anyway, I'm on my way in to work, so I'm not gonna be able to talk. And there's really not anything to talk about, anyway. Don't be mad, guys," she added softly. "We knew this wasn't a permanent situation."

She hit "end", and turned the power off on her phone.

It was a grueling twelve hours in the ER. The two biggest gangs in the Dallas-Fort Worth area were in the middle of a turf scuffle, and no less than five teenaged boys had been brought in with fatal or near-fatal gunshot wounds. During a lull in the action, one of the veteran nurses told Randi to be glad it wasn't an actual turf *war*; she remembered one night when twenty-two young men died in the ER.

The one upside, if there could be an upside to such senseless violence, was that it kept Randi's mind too occupied to think about her situation. To think about Wyatt's quiet intensity, or Jon's wildfire passion. God, she'd only been away from them thirty-six hours and her skin literally ached for their touch. How much worse would it get, giving them up for a lifetime?

When she dragged her weary carcass into the car, she hesitantly turned on her phone, then realized there was no one to fool but herself, and waited impatiently for it to power up. No new messages. She frowned and called her voicemail anyway. *No new messages.*

Good, she told herself. *This is good.* No new messages meant they'd realized she was right, that she just couldn't handle what they were offering. And no, dammit, she wasn't disappointed that they hadn't tried to convince her.

She spent a good half an hour in the shower, trying to scrub off the horror of the night. Somehow she found herself slumped against the shower wall, tears running down her face as she thought about the tremendous waste of life. She cried even harder when she contemplated the emptiness she had to look forward to in her own life since she'd left

her boys.

She walked out of the shower with one towel around her head and another wrapped around her body. Entering the living room two shadows crossed in front of her.

She let out a scream that rattled the windows until she was grabbed around the waist, “Randi darlin’, settle down,” Jon’s deep voice soothed.

“What in the world are you two doin’ here?” she squeaked. Jon let go of her arms and crossed his arms over his chest.

“We got worried after you left us that crazy message. Then we couldn’t get you on the phone.” Jon was using his Marshal voice on her.

“I just didn’t feel like talkin’ tonight.” She shot back.

Jon shook his head, “You’re not doin’ this to us, Randi Lee.”

Wyatt, who’d been quiet up until now, chimed in. “We wanna know what’s got your feathers all in a ruffle.”

Randi took a deep breath. They did deserve an explanation, “People have seen you all drop me off at work and they’re startin’ to ask questions.”

“So?” So Wyatt was never long on words, one of the things she loved about him.

“So, you know what I went through back home. I can’t face that again.” She cringed as Wyatt stood next to Jon, seeming to wait on her to continue, “It’s not fair to any of us if all I’m worried about is what is being said about me.”

Wyatt spread his hands wide, “So you’re ready to just throw away what we have together, what we feel for each other?”

“I’m sorry, Wy. I really am.” Her heart was ready to explode with guilt. She didn’t want to give them up. She also knew she couldn’t take anything like she had back in her home town.

“This is bullshit, Randi Lee Jenkins.” Jon shouted.

She jerked her head toward him and planted her hand on her hip. “Last time I checked, Jon Denton, you weren’t my daddy and you don’t get to tell me what is crap.”

Jon’s face was getting redder by the second, “It *is* bullshit ‘cause you know damn well what we have is once in a lifetime. Are you tellin’ us you can live the rest of your life without me and Wy?”

She refused to crumble; all she wanted was to run into their arms and lose herself in their bodies. “I can do what I have to in order to keep peace in my life.”

Jon tossed his worn black Stetson on the floor. His hands went to his black, button-down shirt and he ripped it open.

Randi started backing away into the hallway. “What do you think your doin’, Jon?” Her mouth dried up as he shucked out of his shirt.

Wyatt followed suit and removed his T-shirt. He stood next to Jon and ran his hand down Jon’s flat stomach. Inching further, his hand covered the front of Jon’s jeans and cupped his obvious hard-on. “Come on, Randi girl. Can you say you don’t wanna feel Jon buried balls-deep in your wet pussy? That you don’t wanna feel our mouths suck on your perfect nipples?”

Randi’s breath hitched as her nipples spiked to hard points. Her thighs trembled as she continued to back away and they advanced slowly on her.

Jon took over the verbal onslaught. “You won’t be able to forget us, darlin’. You’ll spend night after night with your hand between your creamy thighs wishing it was us making you come. When you close your eyes at night, you’re gonna remember every

touch to your skin, every tingle and burn you've ever felt. Can you go back to one-on-one sex with some snot-nosed doctor who wouldn't know how you like to be licked?"

Randi hadn't realized how far she'd back stepped until her calves hit the bed. Wyatt slowly lowered Jon's zipper, then pulled his very erect cock out of the tight denim.

She licked her lips.

"She likes it when I do that. Tell me, Randi, do you like it when I do this?" His hand gripped Jon's length and rose slowly up and down. Jon returned the favor by getting Wyatt out of his jeans. They both stood hard as stone, their cocks full and ready.

She closed her eyes remembering the feel of being filled up by these two and it was all she could do to remain standing.

"Drop that towel and let us see if you're wet or not," Jon urged as they descended upon her. Her hand pulled the knot out of her towel and let it fall to the ground. She couldn't resist the whiskey-colored eyes of Jon, nor the full lips of Wyatt. They were indeed a lethal combination and Randi needed the feel of them plastered against her.

Jon fell to his knees before her while Wy knelt on the bed behind her. Wyatt kissed along her neck; his tongue hot and wet, leaving a trail as he moved from one shoulder to the other. "Spread your legs for Jon, darling. Watch his tongue take all that sweet cream."

Randi was floating on another plane, 'cause she knew damn good and well that earth never felt this good. Wy settled in at her back and opened her up for Jon's mouth.

She cried out as Jon's mouth covered her from the front and Wy's moved to her backside. One tongue circled her clit and the other rimmed her ass. Randi had one hand in Jon thick hair and the other pulled Wyatt's shorter locks. She ground herself back and forth on their faces, reveling in the utter pleasure they were delivering to her body.

"Don't stop," she ordered through clenched teeth, "Lick me harder Jon, slide into me." Oh Lordy she was about to shoot straight up in the air. She continued to egg the men on. Telling them when to add force and when to back off. Wyatt and Jon's tongues met between her thighs, sharing her taste with each other and Jon pressed his thumb to her clit at the same time. It was all she needed to come and she cried as she rode out the waves.

*

Jon nodded to Wy who scooted back onto the bed and sheathed himself before pulling Randi with him. He lay down and without changing her position he opened her lips wide, "Ride me girl." Jon couldn't take his eyes off the picture she made facing him and riding his lover.

Her back was arched and her breasts stuck out full and proud. He crawled up the bed, straddling Wyatt's thighs and settled in to feast. He pulled on her taut nipple with his teeth, sucking as much of the rounded globe into his mouth as possible.

His hand moved up and down his cock, his head dripping pre-cum that he smeared all over himself.

He let go of her breast and sat back on his knees. She eyed him jerking off, her mouth open as she rose and fell slowly on Wyatt, "Touch your clit, Randi," he rasped. He worked himself harder as she opened her nether-lips up to reveal her soaking-wet pussy. He watched as her pussy swallowed Wyatt's cock, doing his best to hold out before driving himself into her. He wanted to drag this time out as long as possible.

They needed Randi to realize that she was meant for them and them alone. His eyes glazed over as she worked two fingers around her tight little bud. She made such a

gorgeous figure. Her head thrown back, her hips grinding into Wyatt's pelvis, her hands working her clit, teasing the hell out of him.

Jon grabbed her fingers and pulled them into his mouth, sucking her sweet juice off each digit. He heard her exhale harshly as he licked her clean. With only a brief pause to sheath himself, he let his gaze drill into her glazed blue eyes. "Hold yourself open, darlin'," he demanded.

Grasping his dick by the root he pushed the head into her already full pussy. The first touch of Wy's cock to his electrified all three of them as they let out a collective moan. He and Wyatt had never both taken Randi in her pussy at the same time. Tonight his body called for this very intimate sharing. He needed the feel of both his lovers against him, needed to feel her soft, warm wetness surround him and Wyatt. The dual sensation of rubbing himself along Wy's hardness and her softness was beyond intoxicating.

Randi Lee wrapped her arms around Jon's neck as she leaned back. Wyatt grabbed Jon's wrists, holding tight as Jon pumped hard into her. He was close. Fuck, they were all close.

He felt Wyatt's dick swell against his, felt his own balls draw up, ready to shoot. And, damn, Randi Lee's sheath just seemed to get tighter and juicier with every thrust. Her face was flushed and tear streaked. Her mouth open, lips red and puffy. Her full breasts bounced with every thrust, nipples tight and dark as raspberries and just begging for his mouth.

Jon tightened his abs and leaned down, capturing one plump nipple between his lips. He gave a hard suck, and Randi Lee arched, crying out. When he sank his teeth in, she screamed and all that juicy wet heat clamped down on him and Wyatt, sending them all into the heart of the sun.

Christ how could he ever give this up?

But how could they force her to stay with them?

*

Wyatt cradled Randi Lee against his chest, and thought his heart might just crack in two. He could feel Jon going soft inside her; soft, but still full and thick. He could feel her slick honey and the silky wetness of their semen. He could feel Randi Lee's heart pounding under the arm he'd wrapped around her chest to keep her tight against him.

It was all so excruciatingly intimate, the pleasure and release. The crushing knowledge this might be the last time, that they might already have lost her.

He met Jon's eyes and saw the painful knowledge lurking there as well.

Far too soon, Randi Lee began to stir, tugging out of his arms to kneel upright over Jon's lean frame before tumbling gracelessly to the side. A part of him wanted to snort in amusement; they'd fucked the balance right out of her. A bigger part wanted to howl in denial; he needed her in his arms, pressed between his heart and Jon's where she belonged.

She scrambled off the bed and grabbed a t-shirt that lay crumpled on the floor. He recognized it as one of Jon's, a dark gray one that had the legend "*I've known some of my biggest disappointments since they were little hopes and dreams.*" It was too apt to be funny.

"It doesn't change anything," she whispered. They didn't even pretend to misunderstand her.

"It could change everything, if you let it," Jon replied. His heart was in his whiskey-

hot eyes, and seeing that twisted the knife Wyatt felt in his own.

“Then I guess I just can’t let it.” Randi Lee at her most obstinate. He loved that about her, her sheer stubborn cussedness. And he hated it, too. It was going to steal her from them.

“Love alone isn’t enough,” she continued sadly. “Yeah, there’s stuff like trust and friendship, and that’s all important too. But even with all that, sometimes love just isn’t enough to overcome all the obstacles.”

“You’re wrong, sweetheart.” Jon reached out to her, and she jerked away. When Wyatt saw the flare of pain in his lover’s eyes, saw the desolation in Randi Lee’s, something inside him just snapped. He surged off the bed in an abrupt movement that startled both his lovers, and turned on Randi Lee. He could tell by the look in her eyes that everything he was feeling—the pain, the frustrated rage—was showing on his face.

“You’re right,” he growled. “Love alone *isn’t* enough.”

*

Randi felt her eyes go wide at Wyatt’s sudden movement, and she saw Jon was staring at him, too.

Where was her calm and patient lover? Because the man facing her now had lightning in his eyes and thunder in his expression. And she’d be damned if she’d admit, even to herself, how fucking sexy it was.

“Love isn’t enough,” Wyatt repeated, cutting off whatever Jon was starting to say. He advanced on her, and she backed away. She was terrified. Not that he’d hurt her physically. He’d cut off his own hand before he raised it against her. No, her fear was for her heart; because she’d clearly pushed him past his patient control and the truths he was throwing at her cut like knives.

“I love Jon,” he rasped. “And Jon loves me. And none of that matters worth a damn if we didn’t make the choice every day to be together. To put up with the bullshit we give each other, and to put up with the bullshit we get from society.”

He was right up in her space. Standing so close his hot breath washed over her with every violent word.

“And we do get bullshit. There are a lot of people out there who have consigned us to hell because of the way we’re put together. And that’s okay, because we don’t answer to them. There are a lot more people out there who wanna talk about us, who get off on whispering and snickering behind their hands. And that’s okay, too, because anything they say? It has nothing to do with who or what we are.”

His eyes blazed, searing into her, burning away all her excuses and seeing clear through to the fear in her soul.

“Their petty little words, their criticisms and judgments, well, they don’t reflect badly on us. They just show how pitiful the accusers are.”

The intensity of his stare was too much for her, and she turned her head away. But Wyatt wasn’t letting her get away with it. He reached out and caught her chin in one hard hand. He wasn’t rough, but he wasn’t going to be denied. Slowly, inexorably, he forced her to face him again.

“So, no, Randi Lee, love alone isn’t nearly enough.” His voice dropped, losing the hardness, but not losing one iota of the intensity. “Not for us, and not for any straight couple in a normal relationship.” The slight sneer in his tone clearly showed what he thought of “normal.”

“We make a choice every day to be together. And you have to make a choice, too. Choose to be with us. Choose to grab on to what we share, because it’s fucking magic, and none of us will ever find it again.”

He brushed his thumb over her bottom lip, and she realized it was trembling. Then he swept it over her cheek, gathering up her tears.

“Or you can choose to let them win. To let your fear win.”

Jon had left the bed, and now he moved up next to Wyatt and put a gentle hand on his shoulder. She could literally see the love and support flow from Jon to Wy, and it was humbling.

“Sweetheart,” Jon rasped in that gravelly rumble she loved so much. “We love you. We both love you so fucking much it’s killing us.” He reached out his other hand and cupped her cheek, so that her face was surrounded in heat; Jon’s gentle strength on her right, Wyatt’s rough tenderness on her left.

“There won’t be another woman for us,” Jon continued, and she saw the truth in his eyes, and in Wyatt’s, too. “And we won’t ever be totally complete without you.”

Oh, God. With every word her heart was breaking a little more. With every flicker of pain in Jon’s whiskey-brown eyes, with every flash of despair in Wyatt’s ocean-blue gaze, her soul bled a little more.

“Wyatt’s right, though I never thought about it like that.” Jon squeezed the back of Wy’s neck with visible affection. “We chose each other, and we make that choice all over again every day. And there isn’t a day I don’t wake up and thank God that I’ve got the chance to make that choice. But we can’t force you to do the same, no matter how much we want to. No matter how much we love you, or need you.” Jon dropped his hand from her cheek, and Wyatt did the same. Suddenly Randi felt very cold and alone.

“I think you need us just as much, Randi Lee. Just as much as we need each other, and just as much as we need you. But, sweetheart, it’s gotta be your choice.”

His words hit her like blows. Blows to her heart, bruises to her soul.

“I just can’t, Jon.” She didn’t even recognize her own voice, it was so weak and wobbly.

Jon gave her a somber, solemn nod, and stepped away. Wyatt’s expression was rawer, more pain filled. Wyatt searched her face one more time, seeming desperate to find some inch of give in her expression, then his eyes went dark and desolate and he turned away, striding out to the living room and grabbing his jeans.

“You know where we are, sweetheart,” Jon murmured. “We aren’t going anywhere.”

And then, before she could deny them again, her boys were gone.

* * * *

“She’s not coming back, is she?” Jon sounded so depressed that Wyatt paused on his way to the kitchen and sifted his fingers through Jon’s hair.

“I don’t know, Jon-boy. It doesn’t seem like she is.”

It’s been almost a week since they’d left Randi Lee’s apartment, Wyatt had watched Jon’s hope slowly fade, and it flat out broke his heart. As for himself, well, Wyatt had seen the blind panic on their girl’s face, so her failure to come home didn’t really surprise him. It hurt like hell, but it didn’t surprise him.

“What else could we have done to convince her, Wy? Because, dammit, she belongs here. She’s ours.”

Wyatt dropped onto the couch next to his lover and allowed himself a long sigh.

"There's nothing we could have done. Not one blessed thing." He scrubbed the heels of his hands over his eyes, trying to lose the headache that had been nagging at him all day. "Randi Lee needs to straighten things out in her own head; we can't do it for her."

"Come here, dickhead." Jon reached over and dragged Wyatt around so that he could get at his back. Wyatt let his head fall back gratefully as Jon dug strong fingers into the painfully tight muscles of his neck and shoulders.

"Damn, Wy. You're all full of knots."

"You have no idea," Wyatt replied dryly. The knots weren't confined to his back. They twisted up his stomach, and strangled his heart. The old cliché *if you love somebody set them free; if they belong to you, they'll come back; if they don't come back, they were never yours* might be true, but it sucked ass.

Jon seemed to sense his mood, because he wrapped his arms around Wyatt from behind and pulled him back into his embrace.

"I love you, Wy," he rumbled. "And if Randi Lee doesn't come back, well, she wasn't meant to be with us," he continued in an uncanny echo of Wyatt's own thoughts. "It'll suck, but we've got each other and we'll be okay."

Wyatt leaned back into the strength of his lover's embrace and decided that, no matter what, he was a very lucky man.

* * * *

Randi finished out the work-week in a daze. She worked herself to exhaustion, then went home to fall into bed and sleep until it was time to go to work again.

If her goal had been to avoid gossip, she'd failed miserably. Only, instead of gossip about her scandalous relationship with two men, the gossip was about her break-up and how wrecked she was. Dr. Richards sent her knowing, fake-sympathetic glances every time she saw him. Even Veronica approached her with a cup of coffee and the offer of a shoulder to cry on that sounded almost sincere. And Randi was almost pathetic enough to take her up on it.

She felt like a zombie. She felt like she was sleepwalking. She felt like she was five days dead.

It had been five days since she'd seen her boys.

By the time Friday rolled around, Randi was heartily sick of herself. She knew she had to do something, but she couldn't, for the life of her, think of what. She was all slept out, and the apartment was a disaster, so with her forty-eight hours off ahead of her, she decided the time had come to clean.

Because the floor was ankle-deep in dirty clothes, she tackled laundry first. Once she'd hauled it all down to the laundry room, she went back upstairs and ran the vacuum, then scrubbed down the bathroom.

Scenes played out behind her eyes. Wyatt working with a green filly, gentling her into the saddle. The wicked glint of his eyes when he was amused, and his subtle, dry sense of humor. The way he touched her, like she was as fragile as a kitten and as precious as gold.

She swiped at her cheeks, and attacked the soap scum in the tub like she had a grudge against it.

By the time the bathroom floor was clean enough to eat off of, it was time to retrieve

her laundry, so she trudged back down the stairs. When she shoved through the door, she walked right into her downstairs neighbor, who was locked in a clinch with her date du jour. The sight stabbed at her, reminding her painfully of the feel of Wyatt's comforting embrace, and Jon's playful teasing.

Back upstairs, she flipped on the radio, hoping for a distraction, and flopped down in the middle of the floor to fold her clothes.

How the *hell* had she ended up with three of Jon's shirts?

She clutched one in her hands, unconsciously holding it to her heart as she remembered the day she'd worn it home. Jon had come home one Friday night with a backseat full of flower flats, snap dragons, hyacinth, and vivid purple and yellow pansies, all velvety and fresh looking.

"I was thinkin'," he'd drawled in that gravely rumble that never failed to vibrate things low in her body, "that we could use a little softening up." He indicated the area around the front porch with a nod.

"And were you thinkin' that 'the little woman' was gonna take care of that?" she'd asked with an arched brow.

"Actually," he admitted with an embarrassed little grin, "I was thinkin' we could do it together."

Dirty rotten dog melted her heart.

They'd spent Saturday up to their elbows in dirt and flowers, while Wyatt sat back and heckled them. Planting the flowers had led to trimming the bushes, and trimming the bushes had led to a trip to the garden center where Jon had picked up a bunch of wooden trestles to border their little garden.

After a long, luxurious shower, she'd pulled on one of Jon's shirts to sleep in, like she usually did. Somehow, it had ended up in her bag when she'd come home the last time, and now it served as a bleak reminder of what she'd thrown away.

Now she looked down at the worn cotton in her hands and choked back a tearful laugh. The shirt said *The one thing all your dysfunctional relationships have in common is YOU.*

Suddenly everything Wyatt had said that last, hideous night came flooding back. She'd made a choice, all right. She'd chosen to be miserable and alone. She'd chosen to reject two men who offered her love and acceptance in favor of a "safe", empty life. And it hadn't even kept the gossips at bay. It hadn't brought her the peace she'd claimed she needed. It hadn't brought her anything but a barren apartment and three much beloved t-shirts.

It was like a light bulb had gone off in her head, and suddenly Randi knew what she had to do. Leaving the laundry in a heap on the floor, she grabbed fresh jeans and Jon's t-shirt and headed for the shower.

* * * *

The door was locked, of course. After all, Jon was a cop. But that was okay, because Randi had a key. Still, she felt a little like she was breaking and entering as she made her way through the spacious great room and out to the kitchen. There was no sign of the boys there, either, or out on the deck where they spent most of their evening hours.

Randi took a deep breath and headed for the stairs.

By the time she'd made it to the main upstairs hallway, she could hear the shower

running. She didn't know whether to be thrilled or distraught. Chances were, she'd find one of the guys in the bedroom, and the other in the shower, which meant she wouldn't be able to face them both at once. On the other hand ... hot water, hard, naked flesh, soap slick hands and fingers... Ummm. There was a lot to like there.

Setting her chin, Randi walked into the master bedroom. Their room, the room where Jon and Wyatt had made such incredible love to her over and over again. To her surprise, it was empty, but a low murmur of deep voices drifting through the half-opened bathroom door let her know exactly where her boys were.

She made it as far as the bathroom door, but the sight that met her eyes froze her in her tracks. It was steamy in the room, but not so steamy that it obscured her view. No, there was just enough steam to soften up the edges of things and give them a dreamlike quality.

Wyatt was leaning back against the wall, just out of the spray, with his legs braced wide and his hands flattened at his sides. Jon was on his knees in front of him. His hands were wrapped around the tops of Wyatt's thighs, high enough that Randi knew from experience Jon was using his grip to break open the line of Wyatt's ass.

As she watched, Jon darted in and gave the head of Wyatt's dick a fast, noisy suck. Wyatt's head thunked back against the shower tile, and he gave a groan so low Randi almost couldn't hear it over the pounding of her heart and the pounding of the water.

Jon's rusty chuckle filled the humid space, and Randi couldn't help but smile at the sound.

Wyatt's abs rippled, and Jon's hands followed the motion, sliding back around his legs and coasting up to mold the curves of Wyatt's pecs. Jon leaned in and sank his teeth into the swell of muscle just under Wyatt's right nipple, and grinned again when Wyatt hissed and knotted his hand in Jon's wet hair.

Obviously enjoying the torment he was serving up to his lover, Jon took Wyatt's nipples between fingers and thumbs and gave a sharp twist. Wyatt arched against the shower wall, a single, golden sound wrenched from his throat as Jon toyed relentlessly with the diamond-hard discs.

The moisture in the air coated Randi, sheened her in a fine mist of sweat, and filled her lungs with the scent of citrus and sandalwood. She was breathing hard, trying to drag in enough oxygen to process what she was seeing because, damn, it was too fine to miss.

"You are a fuckin' *tease*, Jon-boy." Wyatt's silky tones wrenched Randi's attention back to the action at hand.

"I'm only a tease if I'm not plannin' to follow through," Jon argued, flicking his tongue over Wyatt's nipple.

"You plannin' to follow through any time in this century?" Wy grumbled, and Randi found herself smiling again.

"Just relax, dickhead," Jon rumbled, his lips pressed to Wyatt's abdomen just above the spot his cockhead was waving for attention. "It's been a shitty week, Wy," he added more seriously. "Let me take care of you."

Oh, shit. If her heart hadn't already been broken, that would have done it. She'd suffered all week, felt like the walking dead, but she hadn't really considered how her rejection had affected her boys. She took a step further into the room, and she could see the lines of strain around Wyatt's blue eyes, the tight set of his mouth. And, damned if the proud line of Jon's shoulders wasn't drooping just a little bit.

“S been just as shitty for you, Jon-boy,” Wyatt offered. The hand he’d knotted in Jon’s hair gentled until he was petting Jon, tracing the line of his cheekbone with his thumb and teasing Jon’s lips with his fingers.

Finally, Randi’d had more than she could stand. She dropped her jeans and left them where they lay, then yanked Jon’s oversized shirt over her head. She was naked when she approached the shower, and pretty much amazed that the boys hadn’t noticed her approach. But then, if she’d had something as pretty to look at, she probably wouldn’t notice anything else, either.

“Frankly,” she commented, grinning as two heads jerked in her direction, two sets of eyes locked on her, spitting amber and blue flames. “It’s been a shitty week for me, too. But since that’s all my fault, how’s about I take care of the both of you?”

*

It was a good thing Jon was already on his knees, or Randi Lee’s sudden appearance would have knocked him flat on his ass.

God, she looked so fucking good, all naked and pink. They’d forgotten to turn on the fan when they’d gotten in the shower, and the moisture in the air had beaded up on Randi Lee’s body, so that she fairly glowed.

He’d spread his hand on Wyatt’s belly for balance when he’d heard her voice, and now Jon realized Wy was as tense and still as a statue. Shit. Jon wore his heart on his sleeve, and he knew it. Randi Lee’s absence had eaten away at him, and he hadn’t even tried to hide it.

Wy was different. He kept his emotions hidden tight behind a layer of laid-back-good-ol’-boy charm. That didn’t mean he didn’t feel them, though. Wyatt felt more intensely than any person Jon had ever known, and losing Randi Lee had hurt him so deep that he’d shut down entirely.

Still, it was hard for Jon to look at their little vixen and think of anything but how fucking beautiful she was.

He sat back on his heels, leaving his hand soothingly on Wy’s tight abs, and shook his wet hair out of his eyes. She’d started to look nervous in the face of their continued silence. Slowly her hands crept up to knot in front of her, and he could tell she was forcing herself not to try and cover up.

Jon wanted to say something to ease her, but the words were all tangled up in his throat. Wyatt rescued them both, sort of, by speaking first.

“We didn’t expect to see you, darlin’.” Jon’s heart squeezed a little at the caution in Wyatt’s voice.

“No,” she replied, and dammit, she sounded just as cautious. “I don’t suppose you did.” She took a step closer, and Jon really looked at her. Not just at that luscious bare body, but at the stubborn angle of her jaw, and the new, quiet resolve in her eyes.

“I’ve been twisted up in my head for a long time,” she continued softly. She looked at Jon, and he nodded encouragingly, then tipped his head toward Wyatt. She seemed to understand what he was trying to tell her, that Wyatt needed more emotional first aid than he did, because she let her gaze land on Wy and linger.

“I’ve always hated being the talk of the town. You know it, Wy. Hell, you were there for most of it. It took me a long time, almost too long, to really understand what the two of you,” her gaze flicked to Jon, and he felt it like a caress, “have been trying to tell me.” She shook her hair back, and gave a tremulous little smile.

"I'll probably never like knowing that other people think they have a say about my life. I imagine it'll always bug me." She moved closer and Jon felt his dick, which had gone to half attention as she spoke, jerk back to full military posture. Wyatt's muscles jumped beneath Jon's hand, and Wy's gorgeous, mouthwatering cock almost seemed to be begging for attention.

"I've been twisted up in my head," Randi Lee repeated. She was right outside the shower now, close enough to step on in. "But I've never been twisted up in my heart." And then she took that last step. She reached down to Jon, and he let her take his hand and tug him up to stand, but her eyes stayed locked on Wyatt's.

"I love you." There was such certainty in her voice, Jon swore a mountain wouldn't move her. "I love you both so much." She glanced at Jon again, including him in the healing heat that glowed in her indigo gaze. "I love you more than my so-called reputation. I love you so much that I realized the peace I keep saying I need? Well, the only place I'm gonna find that peace is right between the two of you."

She reached out to lay one hand on Wyatt's chest, right next to Jon's, which had slid up when he stood. She was so close. The scent of her, honeysuckle and spice, filled Jon's head. She laid her other hand on Jon's chest, and it was like she'd closed a circuit. All three of them jerked a little at the shock.

Jon finally felt Wyatt relax, just a little, beneath his hand. He let out a relieved breath when Wy reached up and ran one trembling finger down Randi Lee's cheek.

"You gotta be sure, darlin'. Don't come back if you're not sure, because I can't take losing you again."

"Oh, Wy," she whispered. "Baby, I'm so sorry I hurt you." She moved her hand up to cup his jaw and draw him down to her for a sweet, almost chaste kiss. "I won't ever do it again." She turned and pressed a kiss to Jon's chest, right over his heart. "I won't ever hurt either of you that way again."

"Ah, fuck," Wyatt sighed, and wrapped a hand around the back of her neck to draw her in for a starved, devouring kiss.

*

When Wyatt crushed his lips down on hers, Randi finally knew everything was going to be okay. The devastating hurt she'd seen lurking in his sapphire eyes had cut at her, and she wouldn't have blamed him if he never forgave her for it.

Jon was the emotional one; she'd expected him to be the one most damaged by her rejection. Now she realized that, for all his patience, Wyatt's feelings ran so deep, were so intense, that her refusal to accept his love had all but crippled him.

His kiss tasted of pain and anger and blistering heat, and Randi was lost with the first sweep of his tongue. Jon moved up behind her, pressing in and sandwiching her in hard, slick heat. With Wyatt's rough hands cupping her face, his mouth plundering hers, and Jon's hard hands wrapped around her hips, Randi knew she was finally home.

"Love you, sweetheart," Jon mumbled against the back of her neck. He gathered her hair in his fist, pulling it to the side to bare the sensitive skin of her nape. He bit down, and Randi squealed in pleasure. Wyatt swallowed down the sound and groaned into her mouth in return.

Jon's hands were on the move, sliding up from her hips to cup her breasts. She wriggled luxuriously as he squeezed deeply, massaging the firm globes before catching her nipples between his fingers and pinching.

Wyatt's hands slipped down, wrapping around the backs of her thighs. Their lips parted and she was so caught by the sight of him she almost forgot to breathe. He tipped his head back against the tile, lips red from their kiss, dragging in air like a drowning man.

Jon was just as affected by the sight, she knew. His dick leapt against the curve of her ass and his teeth tightened on her neck.

Wyatt used his grip on her hips to hoist her up, and she automatically wrapped her legs around him. The position opened her up to him, letting the head of his cock nuzzle against the mouth of her pussy, and it opened her up to Jon, too. Jon took full advantage, moaning into the crook of her neck and riding her crack with deep, surging thrusts that prodded the tiny opening between her cheeks.

It was elemental, the fire of their touch, the water from the shower, the rock solid anchor of their bodies. Nothing had ever felt so good, so right. Not even when they'd been together before. She knew what the difference was. The difference was that now she was finally ready to accept everything they had to offer, and to give them all of her in return.

*

Wyatt was poised at her entrance, ready to thrust home. The sensations were indescribable, her heat and wet, so different and more intense than the rain of the shower, burned through his reservations. He wanted her. He wanted the life they could have together. He wanted to see her in Jon's ridiculous shirts, and in her scrubs, and bare-assed naked in their bed.

All of a sudden, he got the implication of the raw intensity against his dick, and he slammed his head back against the shower wall again.

"Shit," he gasped. "No condom." Then he winced at the pain in his skull. He was gonna have a fucking goose egg at the rate he was going. Or a concussion. Good thing he had his own private nurse to kiss it all better.

She moaned and wriggled until his tip was engulfed in molten honey. "You and Jon-boy do it raw," she panted, "so you're both clean, right?"

"Yeah." The word was drawn out into about seven syllables as she worked herself further down his erection.

"I'm on the pill," she continued in a breathy whisper. "And I get tested every six months since I work in the ER."

Jon got her implication first, because he moaned deeply and thrust so hard against her ass that it rocked straight through to Wyatt.

"I want you to do me raw." He saw stars at the words, and swore he'd keel straight over from the way the tiny bit of blood left in his brain galloped down to swell his dick even bigger in her tight pussy.

Still, he fought for sanity.

"This isn't the time to make that kind of decision, darlin'," he gritted out, and his voice, for once, was almost as deep as Jon's.

"Shut up, dickhead," Jon rumbled in return, and boosted Randi Lee up with his hands on her ass, so she had a smooth slide down Wyatt's dick, swallowing him down to the root almost effortlessly.

"We'll talk about this later, dumbass," he gasped, and then he gave up on trying to think. It was all sensation. The fist-tight clench of Randi Lee's pussy around his dick, the

scalding heat of her honey against his naked skin.

She gasped sharply, and he felt the probe of Jon's finger stroking over his dick from the inside, and he knew Jon was lubing her ass, stretching her and preparing her for his invasion.

And, oh, she loved it. She wiggled all over Wyatt's dick, taking him deeper and harder as she tried to keep him and still thrust back against Jon's penetration.

"That's it, sweetheart," Jon murmured. Wyatt shuddered at the sound. Passion took Jon's already deep voice down to a growl. "Ride my hand, Randi-girl. Fuck my fingers with this tight ass while you fuck Wy with your sweet pussy."

"God, Jon," she gasped, following his directions so well Wyatt thought his eyes would cross. "Get in me. I need you in me."

"I am in you, Randi," he murmured.

"Not what I mean, dumbass." Wyatt thought the fact that she whimpered the words took some of the impact away, but maybe not, because Jon made an agonized sound and withdrew his fingers, and Wyatt felt the motions as Jon lubed up his cock.

"You're askin' for it, sweetheart," Jon growled, and Wyatt felt the slide of Jon's cock, working side to side, filling their girl up until Wyatt could feel their hearts thundering together, in his dick, in Jon's dick, in each soft, swollen fold of Randi's sheath wrapped around him in a stranglehold.

"I can feel you," she whispered, her voice fractured with pleasure and soft with wonder. "I feel your hearts." That amazing, sunshine smile broke across her face with the words, and Wyatt felt it light him up from the inside out.

*

She was full. So full she knew she'd never feel empty or alone again. The sensation of her boys, bare, was beyond anything she'd ever imagined. It made the old, familiar rhythm of thrust and retreat new and electric, and she felt every surge in every cell of her being.

The orgasm was coming on fast, like a freight train, and there was no denying it. She was okay with that. This time was about reconnection, about cementing a vow she'd made to her boys, the vow to never hurt them all again. There'd be plenty of time later for long, lazy loving; plenty of time to lick and suck, to let them pleasure her, and to watch them pleasure each other. She was starved for the sight of them, and just the thought of it tipped her over the edge and into ecstasy.

She'd never come so deep, so hard. Jon and Wy both cried out, both swore as she felt herself clamp down on them. Jon broke first, pumping what seemed like a gallon of burning cum into her, heating her from the inside and sending her pussy into a whole new set of contractions.

Wyatt kept his legendary composure just long enough for her to settle. Jon was still in her. Even softening he was still full enough to give her a happy little stretch. Once she and Jon were both calmed down, Wyatt leaned up and drew his tongue along her neck with a slow, fiery sweep. He lifted his head and crushed a sloppy, urgent kiss on Jon's slack mouth, then met Randi's eyes squarely with his own.

"You're ours now, Randi Lee Jenkins. You came here of your own free will, you made promises, and now you're marked with Jon-boy's cum." The words shuddered through her like lightning, and she felt them shudder through Jon, too.

"I am, Wy," she sobbed, completely undone. "I'm yours and I'm Jon's and I'm not

going anywhere.”

Wyatt responded with a guttural moan, and surged into her, jack-hammering away until he thrust so deep, she swore she could feel him in her heart. Jon grunted against her back and, impossibly, his cock twitched in its warm haven in her ass. Then she couldn't focus on anything but Wyatt. He was coming, coming, face transcendent with pleasure, cum filling her to overflowing with heat and life.

When her tears caused his beautiful face to blur she could still feel him, in her and around her. And Jon was right there, too, so she was surrounded with such warmth and love that she knew she'd never need any other peace, any other calm, anything else for the rest of her life.

*

Much, much later they sprawled across Jon and Wy's big bed, stuck together with sweat and cum, and none of them having any inclination to move.

“You called me Randi,” she suddenly realized, looking up at Jon. She was draped over him like a blanket, and Jon was propped up against Wy's chest, back to front.

“You're different now,” Jon explained, stroking a strand of sweaty hair back off her cheek. “You grew up a bit this week. Randi Lee just didn't seem to fit anymore.”

“You know,” Wyatt interjected, “I think you're right.” He reached up and dragged his fingers through Jon's hair, and Jon closed his eyes briefly in enjoyment. The sight made Randi all gooey inside. “I don't look at her,” he shifted his gaze to Randi, “at you, and see a Randi Lee anymore.”

“Do you see a Miranda?” she asked curiously.

“Oh, hell no,” he laughed, bouncing Jon, and consequently her, pleasantly with his amusement. “Miranda,” he drew the word out humorously, “is a stuck-up, prissy-assed ER dragon.” She stuck her tongue out at him and he darted in to give it a quick lick.

“Nope, you're Randi. My darlin', Jon's sweetheart. All warm honey and sugar, sugar.”

“Huh.” She scrunched up her forehead. “I think I like that.”

“You know it's not gonna suddenly get all easy, right?” he asked suddenly, and the ghost of pain was in his eyes. “Folks're gonna talk. They always do.”

“I know,” she assured him. The quiet confidence that filled her felt wonderful. “And when the babies come, we'll need a plan, 'cuz I don't ever want my babies to have to deal with the stuff I did as a kid.” Both men went taut at the mention of babies, and turned stares blazing with identical flames of hope in her direction. Randi smiled. Her boys were flat out aching to be daddies.

“But as long as I'm coming home to the two of you, we can work it all out.”

And they did.

The End

About the Author:

Violet Summers is a married mother of three beautiful children, including one set of twins, one rambunctious puppy, and one husband, except when she's a single mom of one spoiled teenaged God-child and three spoiled kitties. Both of Violet's personalities are very busy!

No, Violet has not suffered a psychotic break yet (though she may after dealing with creating web pages and MySpace accounts). Violet is actually the writing team of Sierra Summers and Violet Johnson.

Both women read voraciously, and in a multitude of genres. Sierra classifies them as “readers, as opposed to readers of romance. This means when we write, we’re as concerned with the story as we are with the sex.” That said, Sierra has been known to boycott books where the characters haven’t “done the deed,” by page 125.

Sierra and VeeJay live in Southeast Michigan, and the spice of the Metro-Detroit area often flavors their work. “Why look for a more glamorous setting,” VeeJay asks, “when we’ve got the beautiful, re-vitalized Downtown area to draw from?”

Violet Summers writes in a variety of genres, from contemporary to paranormal; from soft BDSM to fantasy. The two things all her stories have in common is their deep emotional and their scorching erotic love scenes.

Sierra and VeeJay love to hear from their readers. You can contact them at VioletSummers@yahoo.com

**Meet Lsb Authors At The House Of Sin
Lsbooks.Net**

We invite you to visit Liquid Silver Books

LSbooks.com
for other exciting erotic romances.

2007: Terran Realm

Urban fantasy world: TerranRealm.com

Featured Series:

The Zodiac Series: 12 books, 24 stories and authors
Two hot stories for each sign, 12 signs

The Coven of the Wolf by Rae Morgan
Benevolent lusty witches keep evil forces at bay

Fallen: by Tiffany Aaron
Fallen angels in hot flight to redeem their wings

The Max Series by JB Skully
Meet Max, her not-absent dead husband, sexy detective Witt, his mother...

And many, many more!