## RomanceDivine



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### Other Erotic Romances By Jodi Olson

### Raining on Sunday

Amelia lost her husband and was now in danger of losing her dream house. The constant rain drenched her, washing away her tears...and hope. Could the answer to her problems lay in becoming the sex slave to the two handsome builders of her dream home? Mike and Kevin could only hope her answer would be "yes."

### Playing House

What would a woman do to get her inheritance, especially if it required she have a husband? Could she rope the nearest cowboy; and if she caught him...what would she do with him? Kathryn gets more than she bargained for when she starts...PLAYING HOUSE.

### Naughty Whispers

What's a girl to do when she's got two hot men, willing, able and more than ready to take care of her needs? Gina had almost everything she could ever want: a college degree, money, and a new business - everything except the love of a man; let alone two men. Hudson and Grant, her brother's best friends, were back in her life. Could they be the ones to accept the challenge?

### Getting Wild

Neal Riley gets more then he bargains for when he takes a leave of absence from his job to tend bar for his brother at *The Swollen Pussy Club*. His life is turned upside down when librarian and would-be erotic novelist Jennifer Logan, takes a job as a stripper to – "research" – her next book. Jennifer's ex-boyfriend Steve, and hostile erotic dancer Cameo, bring danger to the mix and threaten Neal and Jennifer's on-again-off-again torrid romance. Only time will tell if her research will bring more than just a great story for her book – and a happy-ever-after ending for herself?

### A Christmas Wish

Spencer Martin was a workaholic who hated Christmas ever since his girlfriend was killed on that day five years ago. When Spencer's sister invites him to spend Christmas with her the idea of a 'family' Christmas doesn't sit well with him. But he has a change of heart when he hears that his first love, Maggie Sinclair, would be there. Maggie loved Christmas, from her snowman decorations to baking cookies for her elementary class and everything in between. Could Maggie make Spencer love Christmas again? Could she make him fall in love again?

## **Dedication**

To Barb Ledbetter: Thank you for all your encouragement and support and listening to me when I get frustrated. You are the best.

To the Erotic Ranch: Kim, Cindy, Brenda, Krissy, Dave and everyone else at the ranch. You are the best cheerleaders an author could have in her corner.

To my Editor Greg: Thank you for all the help you have given me along the way to see that my books are perfect for the readers.

To all my readers: Thank you for all your support and for reading my books. Hope you enjoy reading about Ryan, Brooke and Adam's romance as much as I've had writing about them.

## Jodi Olson

# Hunter's Possession

Jodi Olson

## One

Ryan Hunter couldn't believe he was now owner of the Triple H Ranch. His hands shook as he read the certified letter once more. His father Travis Hunter, died only five weeks ago. Whenever he'd asked his mother about him the answer was always the same; 'he died before you were ever born'.

It was too late to confront her now since she'd passed away a few years back, leaving him up to his ears in debt with a ranch that was falling apart. Why had she tried to do so much all on her own? While he'd been growing up, when he wasn't in school, he would do the job of two men; sleep a few hours then start all over.

The Triple H Ranch was only a short distance away and yet he never knew it existed until today. The letter stated it was a thousand acres; with that kind of land he could have anything he wanted, from cattle to horses or both. Or he could sell the ranch and be done with the bastard who gave him his name. Why did he leave the ranch to him if he walked away

all those years ago? Was he trying to make amends? Well it was too late for that.

When he arrived at the Triple H Ranch, he couldn't believe his eyes. The house was huge. Where he grew up was no more than a shack in comparison. Inside he counted six bedrooms and just as many bathrooms. Not seeing anyone else around, he wondered who had been taking care of the place. *Maybe it's the maid's day off*.

Ryan placed his things inside the master bedroom and stripped off the dirty worn out jeans he had on along with a shirt that was just as bad. His truck had broken down on the way to the ranch and he was covered in grease. Usually after a hard day's work at his own farm, he would strip down to nothing and place the dirty ones in the washer before heading for the shower. He'd spotted the washer near the kitchen and walked back downstairs, totally naked and carrying his clothes.

The laundry room was the size of another bedroom. It made him angry to think how his mother had worked so hard and the old man probably laughed his ass off about it.

He walked into the kitchen, unconcerned about his nudity. A woman, whom he assumed was the maid, was placing groceries into the refrigerator. All he could see was her cute ass. Maybe I'll stay around long enough to get her in bed, have a little fun with her then sell the place.

Where did that come from? He never talked like that before. *Maybe I'm like the old man after all*.

He didn't even bother to cover himself when she turned from the refrigerator and screamed. Then like lightening, she grabbed a broom and came after him. At that point, he took off for the stairs. When he turned around, she was right on his heels. She wasn't about to let him out of her sight. "Do all the maids have the privilege of drooling over their boss?"

"I'm not drooling and you're not my boss!"

He noticed the broom still in her hand; so he stepped back out of reach, "Lady, I am now."

"Nobody bosses me around." She held out the broom, keeping him at a distance. "Who are you anyway?"

"I'm Ryan Hunter. Travis Hunter was my father, or so I'm told by his will and his lawyers. Who the hell are you?"

"Brooke Hunter, your father's widow."

"My father was married to YOU?" His gaze traveled downward from her eyes until they stopped at her chest before looking over the rest of her. She was beautiful.

He couldn't believe his father married someone so young; she must have been around twenty-four. Was she after the old man's money?

"Yes, he married me so that makes me the owner of The Triple H Ranch."

He cocked his lips into a smirk. "This paper I have tells differently." He pulled it out of his jeans and showed it to her.

Brooke stood; listening to this cowboy who claimed he was the son of Travis Hunter; she couldn't take her eyes off him. She was preoccupied with his curly light brown hair and his long slim legs. What was between his legs was pretty impressive as well. His ruggedly handsome face was vaguely familiar. He looked just like her dead husband, only younger and much better looking. She bet women found him deliciously appealing, and wondered if he had a girlfriend, maybe a wife, somewhere. Why would it matter to her if he did have one of those?

From what she could tell he wasn't going to budge. "So, what are we going to do about this problem involving the ranch and ownership? I say you should go back home."

"Brooke, I'm not leaving this ranch, period. I'll gladly help you pack your belongings if you need some help."

She collapsed into a nearby chair; the good-looking cowboy was being a jackass. *Guess he gets that from his father too*.

"Brooke, I'm plum worn out. We can continue arguing in the morning after you've made me breakfast and I've had my coffee. Goodnight."

That arrogant ass! Her gaze followed Ryan as he climbed the stairs to the bedroom he thrown his bag into.

Two years ago, Travis Hunter walked into the diner she'd been working full time in. He flirted, she didn't. The following night, he was back and stayed until her shift was over. Every night for a month, he kept coming back until she agreed to go on a date with him. She had always liked older men and didn't even bother asking him his age.

After two months of seeing him, he asked her to leave her job and marry him; she wouldn't ever have to work again. At the time it sounded wonderful; no more worries about how to get by. They married right away, even though she didn't love him. She started slowly seeing changes in her husband after only a few months. Then he stopped having sex with her, even went so far as to sleep in the guest bedroom. He stopped talking to her except for the usual good morning and goodnight. She didn't understand what had happened with him, but nothing would change that now.

She looked upstairs, what if Ryan sold the place, where would she go? What would she do? She knew one thing for sure; she wasn't giving up without a fight.

That night Brooke tossed and turned in her bed. Her room sat right next to Ryan's and she wondered if he was having trouble sleeping, too. She couldn't believe Travis had

a son; he'd never mentioned any family. If she'd had a son, there was no way she could leave him behind. It seemed her husband wasn't who she thought he was. Finally she drifted off into a deep sleep.

Startled, Brooke sat up in her bed her body dripping with sweat. Her hand slipped between her legs to feel the dampness, it had been a while since she had dreamt about being with two men. It was a fantasy of hers, but then the dreams had stopped after marrying Travis.

She closed her eyes, the dream still vivid: her ankles spread wide, her wrist above her head held by one strong hand and that hand belonged to Ryan. The other man's face was a blur, but she could still feel those fingers inside her fiery slit.

She glanced at the alarm clock, three a.m. Lying back down she pulled the covers back up to her chin and within minutes she was asleep.

Ryan never had problems sleeping until now. There was always so much to do at his mother's ranch, he would come in every night exhausted. Maybe it was due to the fact that his whole world had changed over night. He had a feeling there was more to it than that and her name was Brooke Hunter.

He wanted to hear her scream again, but it would be different this time. She would be underneath him screaming his name over and over as he rammed his hard cock into her sweet center. Damn! Just thinking about her made him ache. By the end of the week, he would have her in his bed; if he could just get her to let go of that broom she held on to for dear life, it would make things go much easier for him.

## Two

Everyone at Hunter Ranch Supplies had been shocked at the news that Adam Hunter would be taking over his father's position as president. As far back as he could remember Adam wanted to work alongside his father. He'd spent long hours watching his father run the business and now, at age twenty-five, it was all his.

Rumor had it Travis was a mean SOB, but Adam never thought of him being that way. Sure he did get after employees sometimes, but that was expected if something went wrong. He would do the same.

After finishing college, his father found a place for him at Hunter Ranch Supplies. Within six months, Adam left because of an argument he had with his dad about a woman who worked part time in the warehouse. Adam wanted to spend time with her, but his father said he should find someone who had money. A week later, Adam went to work for the competition. That was two years ago, the last time they had talked.

Triple H Ranch was now his too. He already had his own ranch so he had no idea what to do with the Triple H. Maybe a trip out there was in order; once there, he'd decide what to do.

"Adam rose from his chair and walked out of his office, stopping by his secretary's desk.

"Karen, something has come up and I'll be out until tomorrow, maybe even the rest of the week. I'm sure you can handle things here while I'm gone."

"Where are you going, Adam?

I'm going out to The Triple H, maybe see about selling it."

Her pert tongue flicked at the edges of her crimson lips, "I guess this means you're canceling our date tonight as well?

Adam heard the disappointment in her voice, but vowed to call her later to arrange another date next week. "Unfortunately, but I'll call you tonight." He walked to the elevators and was soon heading to his truck.

On the two- hour drive out to the ranch, he thought about the last date he had with Karen. He wanted more than just regular sex. He wanted to try something new, and he even brought up the subject of having a three-some with a friend of his, but she wouldn't hear of it. A couple of his close friends were into that lifestyle and he wanted to try it himself. Maybe after a few more times of being together he could work Karen into it.

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Adam pulled into the driveway next to a truck he didn't recognize. Peering inside, he noticed the floor mats

were threadbare and the vinyl seat had holes.

As he reached for the door he heard voices inside. Who were they and what were they doing in his father's house? When he opened the door he saw a man, who wasn't wearing a shirt, sitting on a chair at the kitchen table and staring at a woman who was making something on the stove.

Maybe they worked on the ranch and Dad never got around to telling me about new employees he'd hired.

Adam made sure he let the screen door slam a little harder than needed so they would know he was there. "Who are you two, and what are you doing in my house?" He stood with his hands in his pockets hoping they would hurry up with their answer. He didn't have all day for chit-chat.

"What do you mean your house?" The bare-chested man stood, "I'm Ryan Hunter and this is my house."

Adam stared at the other man, and saw something in his face. He saw Travis, his father. I have a brother and never knew it. What else don't I know? What else did Dad neglect to tell me?

"I'm Adam Hunter," he backed away, his eyes taking in the stranger before him, "and I guess this means I have a brother I was never told about. Dad never mentioned having another son. Is there anything else I'm in the dark about?" He looked at the woman who seemed to have the biggest breasts he'd ever did see.

"Hey cowboy", she barked, "My eyes are *not* down there. I'm your daddy's widow, Brooke Hunter. I was married to him for two years," she dropped her spatula in the pan, "and he never told me about either of you."

"Yeah man," Ryan laughed, "don't be saying anything about her bodacious breasts or her luscious ass, she has a broom and knows how to use it."

The next thing Adam saw was Brooke hitting Ryan with the broom.

"See!" Ryan fended off the broom blows, "What did I tell you?

Adam was seething inside. He wished his father were here to explain all this to him; three owners of the Triple H and not one knew about the other? And he had a long lost brother? What a shitty day he was having!

Brooke held the broom in both hands and leaned up against the counter as she eyed the two brothers. The only similarity between them was the brown eyes. Ryan had chest-nut curly hair that came to the edge of his shirt collar, and he stood about six-four. Adam had dirty blonde hair that was kept short in the back but fell over one side of his forehead. He was around six foot. She wondered if he was the other man in her dream last night. She wished she could've seen the face of her other dream lover.

When she looked at Ryan, she saw him staring at her, and she blushed. Could he tell what she was thinking, had he heard her call out his name during the night? She turned so he couldn't see her face and pulled three plates from the cupboard. As soon as she pulled herself together, she placed them on the table.

"Hope you're hungry Adam, I've made plenty." She went back to the stove to get the breakfast of eggs and bacon she had made before all the commotion started.

She watched as they ate and helped themselves to seconds in only a few minutes. She had never seen anyone eat so fast, and she laughed when they went for more. *Boy, they sure have big appetites for food*. She wondered if their sexual appetites were as big.

Lost in thought, she speculated what would happen to

her if they both agreed to sell the ranch. Would they really throw her out? Where would she go? Two years ago Travis changed her world for the better. Even if he didn't really love her, she knew he wanted to make things better for her. One thing she knew for certain, *Travis wouldn't want to see me homeless*.

Ryan reached out and touched her hand. "Are you okay, Brooke? You're a million miles away, and you haven't touched your food."

"Just a lot on my mind, I guess. I wish Travis were here to explain why he did this. Three strangers all inherit the same ranch." She shook her head, her hair falling in a sexy wave over her eyes, "I don't understand it at all."

"Darlin', I don't understand this either, but I'm sure it'll all work out. Adam is calling the lawyers to find out what's going on. Hell I have a brother I never knew about. I'm sure Adam is just as shocked as well."

His hand caressed the top of hers and she suddenly wanted to know what it would feel like, to be in his arms, to feel those fingers stroke her lonely body. The thought of it made her head spin.

Before she knew what was happening, his warm and rough fingers traveled up and down, and then moved to sensuously trace the line of her cheekbone and jaw.

It had been too long since she had been touched like this and she moaned. The mere touch of his hand sent a warming shiver through her body. She should have pulled away from him, but she couldn't. She wanted more. Soon his lips were on hers and it was divine ecstasy when he kissed her. Her knees trembled as his mouth devoured hers.

When the screen door slammed, Ryan pulled away from her and she heard Adam's voice cussing into his cell

phone. "What do you mean, we have ten days to decide who keeps the ranch? That wasn't in the papers you sent." Brooke didn't like the sound of this at all.

Adam needed a drink and the day wasn't even half over. He remembered where his father kept the whiskey and walked straight for it. Maybe if he drank enough he would pass out then the nightmare would be over.

"Anyone else want one of these?" He held up the bottle of whiskey.

He heard Ryan say 'Yes' so he shoved a glass in his hand and began to pour. Then he sat back in one of the chairs not saying anything until after he had a few shots of the whiskey.

"It seems the old man wants us to decide which one gets the ranch before we even see any of that money. Can you believe that?"

Adam sat with his arms folded waiting for a reaction from either one. The minute he'd stepped into the house and spotted Brooke wearing those cute little denim shorts he'd wanted to fuck her. He was used to women falling into his bed so he imagined she'd be easy as well. He saw Ryan and Brooke kissing when he walked in the door. Ryan may have been the one to get her purring, but he would be the one that made her scream with just his tongue. She would be shivering under him as he entered her silky heat. Her moans and screams of pleasure would be for him. Thoughts of her breasts were making his mouth water and his cock rock hard.

He really didn't care about winning the ranch since he had one of his own. Taking Brooke to bed - that was a much different matter.

## Three

Ryan couldn't believe if he'd heard right. They had to pick which one would keep the ranch and just how were they supposed to do that, he wondered. How could he compete with Adam when he didn't have the advantage of being rich, or the resources of knowing someone who was and could help him out? The bank was repossessing his mother's farm in two weeks if he didn't come up with the loan money. He hoped to hell Adam didn't really want the ranch because he not only needed the money to get out of debt, he needed a place to stay, at least for a while anyway.

Now seeing the empty bottle of whiskey on the table, he couldn't believe they'd polished it off so quickly. The last time he drank that much was when his ex girlfriend ran off with some cattle rancher worth millions. He loved her with everything he had to give, but it wasn't good enough for her.

Several years had passed, while he'd run his mom's ranch, before she'd gotten sick, passed away and left him to take care of everything. Being with another woman hadn't

even crossed his mind until he saw Brooke bending over putting the groceries away.

There was something about her that made him believe she was a lot like him. He also felt the need to pull her into his arms and kiss her again. The spark was there and he knew she'd felt it too.

Ryan barely heard Adam excuse himself so that he could make a call to the office, something about calling his secretary before it got too late. He watched as Brooke got items out of the refrigerator for dinner. She hadn't said a word the rest of the afternoon, and he was getting worried about it. "Can I help with dinner?"

"I have a pot roast in the oven already; it should be done soon. You could set the table if you want."

Seeing the small smile on her face made his heart skip a beat as he took the plates from her hands. He thought she had the prettiest smile he'd ever seen, and looking at those pretty pink lips made him want to kiss them until he heard her beg for more.

When they all sat down for dinner, Ryan decided he didn't want to wait to see how they would work out who would get the ranch. He wanted it, and would do all he could to fight for what he believed should be his. He may not have thought much of Travis, his father, but damn it, he deserved something good to happen for a change. Travis owned him that much.

Ryan spooned a heap of vegetables onto his plate, "So, Adam, how are we going to decide which one of us stays and which of us goes? I don't know about you, but I was here hours before you showed up, so I think that tells you I'm ready to fight for what's mine." He dropped the spoon in the bowl and locked eyes with Adam, "And it's this ranch."

"The ranch is mine." Adam returned the gaze with one of his own. "You've only known for two days that you were even Travis Hunter's son. I've been by his side for most of my life; that makes me the winner. I even run his damn company now too."

Ryan stood quickly from his chair, wanting to punch Adam. Ever since he found out he had a half brother; he'd wanted to hit someone or something. He reached over the table and grabbed Adam's shirt, pulling him up hard. "I could care less about the damn company. I only want the ranch; you could buy a dozen or more ranches with your money. Soon, I won't even have a place to live. My old man owes me." With all of his might, he shoved his brother, watching him crash to the floor.

He had to get out of the house and get some air. Slamming the screen door he left without looking back at Brooke or Adam.

When he returned from his ride around the ranch four hours later the house was dark.

Ryan stood outside of Brooke's bedroom wondering if he should tell her he was sorry for ruining the nice dinner she'd made for them. He knew she must be upset too because there wasn't anything in those papers about her being able to stay. He would say something to Adam in the morning, but right now all he could think about was Brooke.

He couldn't get her off his mind, and being away from her for four hours drove him nearly crazy. While out riding, thoughts of her played over and over in his head. All of them were of her naked and in several positions: those long, sensuous legs, wrapped around him while she rode his throbbing shaft, cowgirl style. He took a deep breath and knocked on her door.

"Brooke, it's Ryan. Can I come in?" He waited until he heard a soft voice telling him he could enter.

She was sitting on the bed with a book in her lap, wearing a thin sleeveless nightgown that barely covered her thighs. The only light was a small lamp. Next to the lamp were several more books. He wasn't much of a reader since he was always too busy on the farm. She looked as if she'd been crying and that bothered him for some reason.

"Did you want something Ryan? I'm really into a good part in my book and would like to get back to it."

He saw she could barely look at him when she spoke. "It looks like you've been crying, why? Did Adam do something while I was gone? If he did I'll kick his ass all the way back into town."

"No, he didn't do anything. But I think he's ready to kick your ass for what you did."

"I'm sorry Brooke, I mean - for ruining the nice meal you prepared." He offered her a forgiving smile. "I know you worked really hard on it."

"It wasn't that hard really. I just hope what took place won't happen again. You two should try and get along. I'm sure Adam isn't a bad guy like you think he is. Now - if there isn't anything else, I'd really like to finish this chapter so I can go to sleep."

Ryan walked closer to the bed where he could see right through her gown and he let out a groan. His eyes darkened with arousal at the site of what she had hidden under her gown. He wanted her – now – right now - and there was no one around that would stop him, not even Adam.

Ryan grabbed the book out of her hands and held it up high enough for her not to reach it.

"What do you think you're doing? I was reading that."

"You can read it later; much, much later if I have anything to say about it."

Brooke was riled up and she rose from the bed. With all her strength, she tried to grab the book but Ryan held it out of her reach, switching it from hand to hand. His face broke into a wide grin at the site of her. She looked cute when she got mad. Ryan grabbed her waist pulling her to him. "I'm going to kiss you again. Ever since earlier today, I've been wanting another taste of you."

"If you're trying to distract me, it won't work."

"What are you going to do, hit me with the broom again?"

Brooke tugged on his shirt so hard that he dropped the book and they both toppled to the bed with Brooke underneath him.

He moved his weight off and lay next to her. Cupping her chin in his hand, he searched her face for any sign for him to stop. Seeing none his lips came coaxingly down on hers. She returned his kiss with a burning, aching need. Her lips tasted sweet and he wanted more. His tongue licked a path down her neck stopping at the edge of her gown.

Ryan knew the gown had to go so he pulled it over her head and tossed it aside, his eyes never leaving her body. She was completely naked, beautiful and heat consumed him as his eyes roamed down her sensuous form. "You are so beautiful, Brooke." He groaned when he reached her breasts, they were exquisite and just right for his hands. Licking his way down her breast to the nipple, he took it in his mouth and gently gave it a tug with his teeth. His lips and tongue feasted on her breast like it was his last meal. Brooke arched her back, giving into the sensation. Her nipples were made for kissing and sucking, but he needed to move further down her sweet

body. He stopped at her navel, rimming his tongue inside, making her lift off the bed.

The center of her thighs was next as he licked her clit slowly at first, than faster as he began to ravish her with his tongue. Her sweet cream made him hunger for her that much more. Ryan knew she was on the verge of orgasm as he pushed two fingers into her, possessing her fully, and licking her clit hard. He was drawn to a height of passion he'd never known before.

Ryan needed to be inside her now. His cock ached with need ever since the day they'd met and he wasn't waiting any longer. He threw off his clothes and placed a condom over his hard, thick shaft. She lay there watching him, desire in her eyes. Within a few seconds he was back on the bed and on top of her with his hard rod pressing against her belly, ready to be inside her.

His lean and muscular legs spread her legs and his tumescent shaft was poised at the entrance to her hot, wet channel.

He moved slowly, even as she lifted her legs to wrap around him, pulling him deeper inside her. Her nails dug into his back as he plunged into her over and over again. Their bodies moved in exquisite harmony with one another. Brooke cried out her release as waves of ecstasy throbbed through her. Ryan quickly followed spilling his seed as Brooke's womanly core tightened around his cock.

They lay in each other's arms, still sweaty from their lovemaking. Both felt so satisfied and heavy with sated exhaustion, it wasn't long before they were soon fast asleep.

## Four

Adam had locked himself in his father's office right after the incident with his brother Ryan. When he called Karen, his secretary, she informed him that a rancher was suing them because of bad fencing material. He couldn't believe it. That was never a problem before. He'd checked out all the supplies himself when he took over as owner. He thought it was odd that Ed Reynolds had quit the day he took over the company; maybe he was the one behind this mess. He promised Karen he'd go in town tomorrow and check into it.

After ending the call with Karen, he started looking through the file cabinet beside his father's long, wooden desk. There was more than being sued eating at his gut, and that something was the man claiming to be his half brother. Ryan did look a little like Travis, but he still wasn't convinced he was a Hunter.

If he knew his father they're had to be another Will filed away somewhere, or proof that Ryan was indeed his brother. In the bottom drawer, Adam found two large, sealed

envelopes. One read Travis Hunter's Last Will and Testament and the other was labeled Ryan Hunter. Adam sat down back down in the big leather chair and ran his hand through his hair, trying to calm down before opening the first one.

Adam opened the Will first. For some reason, he wasn't sure if he wanted to really learn more about Ryan or not. The Will was over a year old, based on the date it was filed. According to the document, the ranch was to be given to all three. If they sold the ranch, Ryan and Adam had to make sure Brooke had a place of her own. Travis had wanted her taken care of no matter the outcome. The money from the estate was to be split between Adam and Ryan.

Setting the Will aside, he slowly opened the other envelope, which held several documents. He dumped the contents onto the table; among them were several photos. In the first one, he saw a baby boy in a woman's arms. The woman looked to be in her twenties and the baby a year old, if that. On the back, it read Victoria and Ryan. Several other photos showed Ryan and the same woman at different stages of their lives, and the last one was Ryan at age eighteen.

The birth certificate was the next item he picked up. Travis's name was in the spot where it listed the name of the father. Ryan really was his brother after all. He couldn't believe it, after all these years of not knowing but wishing he had a brother, and now finally he did.

As Adam started putting the papers and photos back inside the envelope, he noticed a letter that had slipped to the floor. It was a letter addressed to Victoria. The envelope was yellowed from age and from the looks of it never mailed. He didn't think it was his place to open it so he slipped it into the back pocket of his jeans.

He stood and placed both envelopes back into the desk

drawer and yawned. His watch read two a.m. He turned off all the lights as he headed to bed. Along the way, he wondered if Ryan ever made it back and why he would even care.

Adam had to pass Brooke's room on the way to his. When he found the door slightly open he pushed it aside even more to peer in. The room was dark except for a small light on the table next to the bed. Quietly he started walking toward the table so he could turn out her light when he noticed she wasn't alone. He watched as she rolled over and snuggled closer to Ryan. He could tell one of her legs rested on Ryan's thigh.

Fuck! He wanted it to be him she snuggled with. A muscle quivered in his jaw as he stood there seething. His brother may have won this round but he had something that now belonged to Ryan and he wasn't going to hand it over just yet.

As he reached to turn the light out, he kicked something by his foot. There on the floor was a book and when he bent to pick it up he saw the title *Three Lovers*. He turned it over and read the back. It appeared to be a romance book about two men and one woman. *Did Dad know Brooke was interested in that sort of thing?* The rest of the books sitting on her night table were all along the same lines. *Wow, she's really into reading it, but would she be into it for real?* Silently, he flipped off the light and slid out the door before he was noticed.

Adam was downstairs before anyone else was up. He hadn't been able to sleep after everything he'd learned the night before. In the last week so much had happened; his father died, then he discovered his father had a widow, and he had a brother, and now the company was being sued because of fencing material. What next?

Adam was on his second cup of coffee when Brooke

and Ryan entered the kitchen. He winked at Brooke when he caught her looking at him and gave a deep laugh when she immediately looked away.

"There's coffee already perked and I've made enough breakfast for everyone. Help yourself, I've already eaten." He watched as they filled their plates with food and sat down. "Last night, I was going through some of Travis's papers and found his will. The will I found was a little over a year old. All of us get the ranch and if the ranch is sold, we have to find Brooke a place to live; and make sure she is well taken care of."

"So we don't have to decide who gets the ranch after all?" Ryan said, raising his brows.

"No, he wants all of us living under one roof. Ryan, who is Victoria?"

"Excuse me, I'll be back in a few minutes. I think you all need to discuss this without me here." Brooke left the room.

"That's my mother's name. Why?"

"During my search I found an envelope with your name on it. It contained several photographs and a copy of your birth certificate. I'm sorry I didn't believe you when you said you were a Hunter. You see, there have been others claiming to be Hunter kin, but it turned out they only were after money. I thought the same about you, but I was wrong."

"It's understandable, you've never even heard of me until yesterday and now we're all under the same roof because that's how he wanted it." Ryan pushed his chair back, "Hell, I'm sorry for fighting with you last night and shoving you. I should've controlled my temper more."

Adam looked to the door that Brooke had walked out of. "Now that Brooke has left the room there was something else I found in the envelope with your name on it. But I'm

keeping it until I think you deserve to have it."

"So you're blackmailing me, is that it? Why, just because I pushed you, is that it?"

"No, that isn't the reason, but I do want something."

"What could you possibly want from me?"

"I want Brooke, but I'm not selfish; I'm willing to share her with you. If you're not interested in that arrangement, then you'll never see the letter from our father to your mother. I didn't read it, but I have a feeling it explains why he left her."

"What if Brooke doesn't agree? And what if I decide to take the damned letter?"

"Oh, I think she'll agree. Did you see the books on her nightstand? The top five were all romances that involved two men and one woman." He smiled and ran a hand through his hair. "I think she's very interested in living out that fantasy, not just reading about it."

Brooke returned to the kitchen and looked at Ryan, who winked and rose from his chair.

Adam moved behind Brooke, so what if her hands were elbow deep in suds and she was washing dishes. He had to at least kiss her - or something more - before he could start his day.

She fidgeted as he crowded her personal space, "Did you need something Adam?"

Adam watched as she dried her hands and turned around to face him. He trapped her against the sink. "Yes, I've been staring at those lips of yours for an hour and I need to kiss you. I'm dying to know what you taste like." His mouth took hers, devouring her as if he couldn't get enough.

Ryan stepped beside her and kissed the back of her neck. "Let's take this somewhere we can get comfortable."

All three barely made it upstairs to her bedroom before Adam was taking her shirt and bra off; then he went right for her breasts, sucking and nipping them with his teeth.

Ryan dropped to his knees behind her, unzipping her jeans and pulling them off along with her panties.

When she stood completely naked Ryan moved her legs apart with his hands, and leaned forward; spreading her ass his fingers. His fingers massaged her clit, while his tongue made long slow strokes deep in her fiery slit until she was bucking into his face. When she was about to go over the edge, he stopped licking and sucking. He wanted her to beg for release.

As Ryan worshipped at her feminine font, Adam brushed his lips across her breasts, first one then the other. He took one nipple into his mouth, flicking it with his tongue. As he tongued one nipple, he pinched the other nipple with his fingers. Adam let go of her nipples and Brooke let out a whimper, as if she was bereft from the loss of attention. He was teasing her and she didn't want him pulling away.

Ryan took her in his arms and gently placed her on the bed. Her blue eyes grew larger as she watched both of them get undressed. She'd been too nervous to really get a good look at Ryan last night, but now she saw his erection was thick and large.

Her hands reached for his cock; her finger tracing the length of his hard shaft. She placed her fingers around it, slowly moving up and down its length. Brooke caressed his balls with her other hand; they were heavy with his need for her. Ryan growled as her fingers moved across his swollen member. Brooke felt his balls draw upward and she knew he was almost there.

Brooke placed her lips around the head of Ryan's

cock, her tongue gliding along his shaft as he slowly fucked her mouth. When she looked up at Adam, she saw his clenched jaw and how much he was holding back, wanting in on the action as well. She reached for Adam, her hand stroking his cock. She couldn't let him feel left out.

After Ryan erupted in her mouth, Brooke lay back down on the bed and Adam moved between her legs. His tongue licked circles around her clit as he entered two fingers into her wet folds. Then he sucked on her while his fingers reached up deeper to rasp on the wrinkled spot in her pussy. He rubbed and stroked until Brooke was bucking into Adam's hand and against his mouth.

"Don't stop Adam," Brooke moaned. Her face had ecstasy written all over it as she was near ready to crash with a powerful orgasm. She barely had time to register Adam looking up at her when Ryan's hand pulled her face toward him.

Ryan covered her mouth with his giving her a deep kiss. His finger's caressed her shoulders, arms, and her breasts as her release came full force.

Brooke watched as both men covered their cocks with condoms. Brook felt the tip of Adam's cock between her legs and she suddenly wanted him to hurry.

Adam growled as he entered her slick channel, plunging deep, he stroked her with his cock, pumping in and out. She felt herself spiraling to a second climax when he slammed into her, sending her over the edge for the second time. The way she gripped his manhood made his own climax crash down on him, and he collapsed to her side to catch his breath.

Ryan saw it was now his chance and slipped his engorged cock into the folds of her sex, slowly at first, then more and more until she took all of him. As he plunged in and

out, meeting her with even thrusts, he licked her breasts and nipples. Her taste exploded on his tongue making him crave her like fine wine. He felt her shudder and tighten around his rock-hard shaft and he thrust even harder. Her screams echoed through the room as her orgasm gripped her, causing his release to immediately follow.

It was several minutes before they all caught their breaths. Adam was the first to get dressed. He gave Brooke one last kiss before he left her room. Ryan hugged her to him, "Are you okay Brooke?" We didn't hurt you, did we?"

"No, no, I'm fine. All this is just a little overwhelming. Do you mind sleeping in your room tonight?"

Ryan smiled and gave her one last squeeze and a gentle kiss before he climbed off the bed, picked up his clothes and shut the door behind him.

Brooke was worn out and she needed some time alone. It had been a long time since she'd last had sex, and the last two days had pushed her to the limit. Yet she knew, if they wanted to go another round, she'd be ready. Thoughts of Ryan and Adam made her body tremble and her sex wet. They were attentive to her needs and that was a first for her. Travis never cared to even ask her what she wanted, let alone take the time to see she was satisfied.

When she couldn't get pregnant, Travis blamed her, not thinking it might be him. Brooke thought differently, but didn't mention it to Travis after she'd seen his temper a few times. He kept on telling her, he wanted another son to continue the Hunter legacy. Maybe he wanted another son that was more like him because she could tell already that Ryan and Adam were nothing like him. When he stopped coming to her bed she thought he probably had a mistress, or he just couldn't get an erection anymore. She tried to get him to talk to her, but

he never would. He was closed mouth about everything, including his company. Every time she brought up anything, he said it didn't concern her. But now, now everything was different, and she drifted off to sleep with thoughts of Adam and Ryan uppermost in her mind.

The next morning she was coming down the stairs from the bedroom when she heard two voices outside. One was a female voice and Adam was talking to her loudly, but not loud enough for her to hear everything. Then it became quiet, so she continued down the steps. When she approached the screen door, she found Adam with a blonde, who kept trying to touch him in flirty ways. Was the woman his girl-friend? Why would it matter to her if she were? Last night was just a one-time thing and they'd gotten caught up in the moment. Or was it?

Lost in thought, she hadn't seen Adam come up to the screen door.

"What did you say Adam?" she turned, unaware that she hadn't been listening to him speak to her.

"I said, you look so fucking hot right now, I could eat you up."

Brooke was sure she turned five shades of red as her breath caught in her lungs. Was he talking dirty to her, or was that wishful thinking on her part?

Adam reached out and grabbed her in his arms. Soon she was carried upstairs by Adam, and the other woman was quickly forgotten.

## Five

Adam hated himself for the way he'd broken it off with Karen, and the hurt look she gave him bothered him. He didn't want to lose her friendship, but as far as them sleeping together, it wasn't going to happen. At least now he didn't have to go into town today, since Karen had shown up at the ranch. He hadn't really expected her to show up out of the blue with those files. She'd mentioned leaving *Hunter Ranch Supplies*, but he really hoped she'd reconsider and stay on. She was an asset to the company and was good at her job.

He really had no idea what was happening with Brooke, but he knew he wanted more than just a temporary affair.

While he was sitting in the office going over his father's books, his thoughts drifted to Brooke; she was worth the distraction. He could still smell her, and his cock grew hard thinking back to an hour ago when she took him into her hot little mouth. As he closed his eyes, he could still see feel his hands in her hair and her lips wrapped around his cock.

She was opening her mouth wide to take him all in; her tongue licking and sucking his pre-cum from the slit with her tongue. Damn! It had never felt that good when Karen or any of the other women he dated did that to him. The thought of her tongue licking his hard shaft made him groan. Fuck! He was hard and hurting to be inside her again and if he didn't stop thinking about her, he was going to come in his jeans.

Adam forced himself to get back to the books and after a while, he slammed his hand on the desk, standing up quickly from the chair. Something wasn't right. Travis had been charging the buyers for farm supplies almost three times what they should have been. How could he have not realized this? Did this start happening after he went to work for the competition, or had Travis been doing this all along?

He wondered if anyone else knew about this and why didn't they say something to him? It seemed he didn't know his father as well as he thought he did. Things were going to change now that the company was his. Next week he was not only going through all the fence supplies to make sure they were up to standards, he would lower the costs as well.

He paced around the room, his mind racing over everything that had recently happened. Maybe he should give Ryan the letter that belonged to him, but if he did, would Ryan still be willing to share Brooke with him? He didn't want to stop, couldn't stop, at least right now. He liked the arrangement too much. He wasn't ready to give up Brooke and he wondered what Ryan would think about them sharing her a while longer. And what did Brooke think of the two of them sharing her longer?

With thoughts of Brooke occupying his head Adam closed the books for the night. He went into the kitchen expecting to find Brooke starting dinner but she wasn't there.

The house seemed quiet and where was Ryan? He should have been back by now.

He headed upstairs to see if Brooke was there when he heard voices. He stopped at her bedroom door, and found Ryan without his shirt on and his torso covered in sweat. He growled as he watched his brother kiss Brooke.

"Ryan, give her room to breathe, you're crushing her," he laughed as he leaned against the wall. "So how was it out there today?"

Ryan turned to Adam, "It was a great day, even if it was hundred and ten out in the shade. The guys are all hard workers and I think we'll work well together."

"Good to know. Travis hired the best."

"I'm going to shower," Ryan said, "I'll meet you two downstairs in a few minutes."

After dinner was on the table, Brooke watched as the two brothers chatted about farm equipment and everything else in between. She was glad it was working out for them because if they really did plan on sharing the house it wouldn't be any good if they were fighting all the time. She was so afraid she was falling for both of them. If they didn't get along, one of them would leave, and she wanted both to stay. How could she be falling in love with the two of them? Wasn't it too soon after her husband's death? Did it really matter? She'd been married to Travis for two years and for the last year they hadn't even shared a bed, let alone had sex.

Brooke had made apple pie for desert; she loved to bake when she was nervous or upset about something. It helped her forget, even for just a little while. She rose from the table, grabbed the pie, and set it down in front of Adam and Ryan. Then she went back for the plates. Before she finished her slice Ryan and Adam were helping themselves to seconds.

"You guys sure can eat," she laughed.

"You need to eat more," they both said at the same time.

"Why is that?" She eyed them warily, "I just wasn't that hungry and have a lot on my mind, I guess."

"Because tonight we have plans for you, and you need to keep up your strength. It's going to be a very long night." They all helped wash up the dinner dishes and clean the kitchen, and no more was said about the evening's activities.

Brooke couldn't wait for the night to get started as she watched Ryan lock the door and turn off the lights. He grabbed her hand before heading upstairs to meet Adam.

Ryan helped her pull her tank top over her head while Adam unfastened her shorts, pushing them down off her hips. Next came her bra and panties, and then she was standing there gloriously naked in front of them. Adam picked her up and placed her on the bed before stepping back and stripping off his clothes; Ryan wasn't far behind. They were both rock hard, and she watched as they rolled condoms over their thick shafts before joining her on the bed.

Ryan turned her onto her side leaving her back toward Adam. He kissed her as he moved her thigh up over his hip so she was open for Adam. "Relax, baby, you're going to love this." Adam's lubricated finger played with her tight little hole, pushing in gradually until he was past the tight ring of muscle. He worked his finger back and forth, spreading the lubrication around. Then he went in with two fingers, stretching and scissoring her to widen her enough to take his large cock. Her eyes grew large as she looked at Ryan.

Adam's fingers pulled out and Brooke whimpered at the loss. Ryan was circling her clit with his fingers when Adam's pulsing shaft pushed against her puckered opening filling her slowly. He stopped every few seconds to let her adjust to the foreign feeling until he filled her completely. All

the while, Ryan continued to kiss her and played with her clit until Adam fully penetrated her.

"Now it's my turn," Ryan said, "to get inside of that pretty pussy of yours, Brooke. Are you ready for me, baby?

"Yes, fuck me, I need you both so bad."

"Oh, we plan on giving you just what you need, darlin'." Ryan began to push his way into her.

Adam whispered in her ear, "You feel so good and snug wrapped around my cock, sweetheart." He pulled out slowly, and gently entered again, while he waited for Ryan to enter her heated sex.

Ryan and Adam took turns, working in tandem, as they touched, kissed and filled her. The only sounds that could be heard were the harsh, uneven rhythm of their breathing and the slap of flesh on flesh.

Adam couldn't hold out and knowing he was close, Ryan picked up the rhythm. Brooke cried out as the men pushed her harder and harder with every thrust. Her orgasm hit her full force taking her over the edge. The tightening of her muscles brought about an almost simultaneous release from Ryan and Adam and she heard them shout out her name.

They collapsed to the bed, spent from their furious sexual encounter. Soon she heard the soft snores coming from them and smiled. Her eyelids grew heavy as her back pressed against Adam's chest. She dreamed of the three of them being together nestled like this for years to come. Could it become real someday? She sure hoped so, because she didn't know if she could give either one of them up now.

# Six

Ryan sat in the kitchen across from Brooke, having his third cup of coffee. His eyes were full of arousal, "You're a dangerous woman, Brooke Hunter."

She turned, her head cocked, one hand on her hip, "What makes you say that?"

"Because all I can think about is making love to you. Yesterday I was having a hard time concentrating on the branding we were doing, and almost got branded myself. The men had a big laugh. Hell, I didn't think it was so funny. They said it must be 'cause of a woman."

He could see she was trying not to laugh, and when she couldn't hold it in any longer he got mad and walked out the door. Ryan got in his truck and decided to head for his mother's farm. In two more days, it would be auctioned off to the highest bidder. He wanted to pack up some of his personal effects and the keepsakes from his mom that he thought needed saving.

Ryan had a long time to think on the two-hour drive,

and made the decision to stay on at the Hunter ranch. He loved ranching, always had, and he wasn't about to change now. Brooke was another reason he wanted to stay. He laughed out loud, thinking about the first day they met, and her attacking him with that broom. She was a handful, and that's what he loved about her. His mind reeled, realizing that he truly loved her.

He and Adam were no longer fighting, and it seemed that they had several things in common, especially when it came to loving the ranch. He hadn't given any thought to their discussion on the letter that Adam had found; he'd actually forgotten about it until now.

When he arrived at the farm he took the rest of his clothes from the dresser and packed them in the suitcase. He didn't have much, so didn't take him that long.

He went into the kitchen and grabbed the last beer from the refrigerator, drinking it in one long swallow before he walked back to his mother's room.

Ryan began filling a box with her clothes. He never remembered her buying anything new. When she first became sick, he bought her a new dress, but she'd returned it. When he asked her why, she told him it was too much money to waste on something so fancy that she'd never wear.

In her closet, he found photo albums on a high shelf. He took them down, and began going through them, one at a time. Several were of him as an infant and toddler all the way through high school. The next were photos of his mother in her early twenties with a man around the same age. On the back, it read *Travis and Victoria*. The whole album was full of his photos. Upon taking a closer look he could see the resemblance between him and Travis. Did he have other traits like his father? From what he learned these past few weeks he hoped not.

In the back of the album he found an envelope addressed to Victoria Hunter from Travis. The postmark was three years old and it looked like the seal had never had been opened. He opened it, letting the letter drop on the bed. With shaky hands, he picked up the letter and slowly opened it.

Victoria, I am sorry for what I did all those years ago but I had no real choice in the matter. You knew how my folks treated you. They told me if I married you, I would be cut out of my inheritance and they would make our lives a living hell. I didn't want you treated like you were common trash and that is what they would have done.

My darling Victoria, I know I can't tell you often enough, but I'm truly sorry. I hope one day you will come to forgive me.

You have done a great job raising our son. He's turned out to be a wonderful young man and you should be very proud of your accomplishment. Someday I hope you tell him about me, but if you never do, I completely understand.

There is not one day I don't think about what could have been if I'd had the courage to just walk away from everything and we had run far, far away.

I will always love you Victoria.

**Travis** 

Ryan felt a vicious rage toward a father he never knew, and the cowardice the man displayed. If he'd still been alive he would've told him what he thought about the way he treated his mother. How could he tell her he loved her all this time, and yet never made any effort to take care of them? Didn't he realize they were struggling every day just to get by?

As he was about to rip the letter in half, he heard Brooke call out to him. Ryan looked up as she walked in the

bedroom door, with Adam right behind her.

"Ryan stop! What are you doing?"

"I'm tearing up a letter written to my mother from my bastard father. It doesn't concern you." His eyes moved back and forth from Brooke to Adam. "Why are you both here anyway?"

"Brooke said you left upset, and she didn't know where you were going. So we took a guess that maybe you came here."

Brooke sat down on the bed next to Ryan, her hand reaching for the letter. He sat quietly as she read it out loud, holding his hand.

After she finished reading it, Adam mentioned the other letter he'd found. "Do you remember I said I had something of yours? It was a letter addressed to your mother, at least twenty years old, maybe older."

"Did you read it Adam?" Ryan was getting annoyed and wished they would leave him alone.

"No, I didn't," Adam, said, "It wasn't any of my business."

"Well get rid of it. I don't want to see it. It'd just be a bunch of damn lies anyway."

"Are you finished here Ryan?" Brooke asked. "It's getting late and I think we should get started back."

"Yea, I'm done here," Ryan stormed out of the bedroom, carrying two boxes, with Adam and Brooke following him.

Ryan wished Brooke would've ridden back with him, but Adam said his truck looked like it could break down any minute. So they agreed she would ride back with Adam.

Ryan's truck did make it back to the Triple H, but just barely. After Ryan carried the boxes into his room, he col-

lapsed on the bed and never moved the rest of the night. He dreamt of making love to Brooke all night long. He loved her and wanted her by his side forever, if that was possible. He decided to tell Adam in the morning, and then tell Brooke later that night. He hoped she loved him too because if she didn't there was no way he could live at the ranch and see her without wanting her.

\*\*\*\*

Adam received several offers on his ranch and he had only put it on the market two days ago. He had a lot of time to think about the ranch and Brooke. His brother Ryan was a part of those thoughts too.

He was really starting to like that he had an older brother. And he also knew Ryan was in love with Brooke; just as he was in love with her. Would that cause problems with his brother? He hoped not. He would give up Brooke and leave if he had to, although it would hurt to leave Brooke. For his brother, he would do it.

# Seven

**Brooke** wondered what it was that Adam wanted to talk to them about. Maybe it had to do with the problems over at the company, or maybe he wanted to tell them he'd had enough of the both of them.

She'd never felt as lonely as she had last night. Neither brother came to her bed, and she'd been disappointed. She loved them both equally, and didn't want to choose one over the other if she didn't have to. *Travis must have known this was going to happen, or was this his plan all along?* He did know about her fantasies, and maybe this was his way of telling her it was okay.

Brooke didn't have any friends and rarely went into town. If she needed something from the store, one of the ranch hands would make the trip for her. She knew they wouldn't say anything about her being with two men, and if they didn't like it, they didn't need to work there. She was happy, and it was about time something good happened for a change. She just hoped Ryan and Adam felt the same way she did.

Standing on the balcony, she sensed Ryan behind her. "Why don't you come over and stand next to me? The view is great from here."

Brooke continued to gaze at the wide expanse of ranch, "The view is already great from where I'm standing."

When she turned she saw Ryan looking at her ass, and not out towards the ranch acreage. She blushed when he looked up at her face.

She leaned into him letting his strong arms enfold her. His erection pressed into her lower back. She wanted him to make love to her, but she also wanted to be with Adam.

"You feel so good, Brooke."

Ryan was touching her everywhere, his hands stripping her of her shorts and halter-top before she remembered where they were.

"Ryan!" She playfully slapped at him, but not enough to dissuade his advances. "What if the ranch hands see us?"

"Let them watch. If they are, I really don't care."

"Then you're wearing too many clothes," she said breathlessly.

As Ryan stepped away from her the cool evening breeze made her nipples tighten even more than they were already. She trembled.

"Are you cold?" Ryan didn't think she was cold, rather very aroused.

"Not cold, I need you Ryan. Make love to me now."

Brooke watched him remove his jeans and shirt; he was so magnificently male. Her hands roamed over his arms and chest. Her fingers tugged gently on his nipples, teasing them until they became hard nubs. She had the urge to lick and suck on them so she flicked her tongue around them; making him moan with the pleasure she gave.

Adam watched the two of them on the balcony. Any minute Ryan was going to ram his cock inside her sweet sex and he wanted her to take him into her mouth when that happened. He couldn't believe watching the two of them was making him rock hard and aching to be involved. As he watched, he pulled his shirt off over his head and kicked off his jeans.

Adam crept closer and saw Brooke release her hold on Ryan's nipples. Pre-cum was dripping from the tip of his cock as Brooke reached for him. Adam groaned as she ran her finger over the slit, then he watched as she greedily licked her finger clean. Chills ran through his body when she placed her hand over his hard shaft and gently squeezed him. He moved away from her only long enough to take the cushion from the lounger and lay it on the balcony floor. "Brooke, get down on your hands and knees. I want my cock inside that sweet mouth of yours while Ryan fucks you from behind."

Ryan lined himself up behind her while Adam moved to the front. Ryan spread her thighs and pushed his cock inside the folds of her sex as Adam positioned his cock at her mouth. She was so wet that Ryan easily slid all the way in to her swollen center. As he pumped in and out of her, Brooke was moaning around Adam's cock. The sight of Brooke sucking on Adam was almost too much; Ryan was afraid he might lose control.

"Let's go to the bedroom. I want Brooke to ride me," Ryan said as he pulled his shaft from Brooke's fiery slit. They quickly moved to the bedroom. Ryan lay back onto the bed, with Brooke crawling on top and lowering her body onto his swollen erection.

"That feels so good," Ryan said, as his hands grabbed her hips, pulling her down and forward, to position her for

Adam's invasion of her tight nether hole.

Adam spread her ass apart and quickly lubricated her puckered opening. His hard rod penetrated her as he whispered, "Brooke, you belong with us always, baby."

Ryan toyed with her nipples, pinching and plucking them as Adam stroked his cock into her wet depths. Soon, they all found the perfect rhythm and rode a wave of pleasure to ultimate contentment.

\*\*\*\*

Both men cuddled against Brooke. They lay there, still, trying to get their breathing to a normal pace when Brooke blurted out, "I love you Ryan and Adam, and I can't give either one of you up."

"I love you, too sweetheart. We aren't telling you to make a choice between us. How would you like to have both of us?" Adam said as he pulled her closer into his arms and kissed her. "You can only marry one of us, though, and I'd be content with it being Ryan." Adam looked over at his brother, love shining in his eyes.

"Brooke," Ryan said, "I love you. I have for a while, but I just didn't realize it until the day you and Adam found me at the farm. You're the best thing that's ever happened to me. Adam is the second best. Would you marry me?"

Brooke didn't have to think about it. She wanted to be with both of them forever. "Yes, I'll marry you, Ryan. And Adam, please don't ever leave us." Tears fell as both men kissed her, and made love to her over and over again.



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## About the Author

Jodi Olson has been an avid reader of romances since the age of 14, cowboys being a favorite subject. Taking her love of romantic westerns and cowboys to the next level, she crafts her own short stories featuring the themes, and cowboys, she loves. She has expanded her writing to include sensual multiple partner stories.

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