

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



Slow and Wet

Helen Hardt

Jillian loves her gorgeous bronc-busting boyfriend, Dale. She just hasn't told him yet. After a satisfying romp, she walks naked into Dale's kitchen, shocked to find another hot cowboy. Travis likes what he sees and is eager to take up where he and Dale left off four years earlier – as two men giving one woman the ultimate pleasure.

To please Dale—and herself—Jill agrees. Under the Wyoming summer sky, she yields to the desires of both men. They cover her in her favorite beverage, Dale's homemade honey-lemonade, and lick every drop from her body. But will this erotic encounter with four strong hands, two delectable mouths and two determined men lead to what Jill ultimately wants—Dale's love?

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Slow and Wet

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SLOW AND WET

Helen Hardt

Chapter One

"Slow and wet, darlin', slow and wet. You know just what I like."

Jillian grinned against the steel of Dale's gorgeous cock. Oh yeah, she knew what her man liked. And she liked it too. That was her naughty secret to giving the fantastic head Dale adored. Concentrate on what felt good to her tongue and lips, and his pleasure would follow.

Right now, licking every inch of his erection felt sweet as honey-lemonade on a hot summer day.

Jill swirled her tongue along his length, up over his cock head, and tormented him with long, wet strokes. When she reached the base, she circled around his sac, savoring every moan, every sigh from his firm, full lips as she cupped him and sucked each ball into her mouth.

"You're killin' me," Dale said, his voice low and husky.

Jill smiled again and twirled her tongue around his sac then licked up the long shaft to tease him underneath. She flicked her tongue over his cock head and sucked it between her lips.

He moaned. "Damn, Jill. You give great head."

Flexing her tongue into a point, she fucked his tiny slit. Once. Twice. Three times. He grabbed her cheeks, fisted his hands into her auburn tresses, and pulled her forward, forcing her to take his entire length.

She devoured him, his salty manliness an enticing flavor. But only for a few seconds. Jill liked to be in control when she sucked Dale, so she eased back and twirled her tongue over the sensitive head of his penis. She resisted the urge to take him in her hands, to curl her fingers around his steely hardness.

Instead, she rained tiny kisses along his length. With each of his trembles, her pulse quickened. Nothing turned her on more than turning him on.

Taking his cock head into her mouth again, she let it rest against her bottom lip while she flicked her tongue over the top.

Slowly, she crept forward, her lips molding around his hot cock. She increased her suction just a little, then stopped and backed off every now and again, teasing him.

When he grabbed her head again, the muscles in his forearms taut with tension, she took pity on him and took another rigid inch into her mouth.

“Just a little farther, darlin’. God, that’s good, the way you suck me.”

Each time he tried to pull her forward, she retaliated by taking an inch away. Smiling against his hardness, a tiny giggle escaped her throat. The vibration must have tickled him because he shuddered and growled out a low curse.

She gave in and took another inch. His cock felt hot and moist in her mouth, and she loved it. Loved him, though she hadn’t told him. Dale Cross was her cowboy. Her lover. Her Prince Charming.

Her destiny.

He just didn’t know it yet.

Her hips undulated in rhythm with her soft thrusts on his cock, and with each forward motion, she imagined him sinking that rock-hard length into her moist pussy. She was already wet. Had been since he’d greeted her with a kiss when she showed up at his place to surprise him. She’d been out of town on business for a week and hadn’t been able to wait a minute longer to see her man.

And now she couldn’t wait a minute longer to fuck him. She wanted his hardness inside her, stretching her.

She took his entire shaft into her mouth one last time, letting the knob of his cock head graze the back of her throat.

He groaned, shivering against her, his dark nest of curls tickling her lips and chin. Her pulse raced with the urge to finish him this way, to let him erupt in her mouth so she could taste his salty cum as it slid down her throat.

But no.

She wanted to fuck.

Now.

Though sorry to let it go, she removed her lips from his hard length. It stood erect in all its glory, shiny from her saliva, its golden color marbled with two veins meandering around its thickness.

Dale Cross had the most beautiful cock Jill had ever seen.

She pushed him onto his back and started to climb on top of him for a ride, but suddenly found herself on her own back, her cowboy staring down at her with mischief in his eyes.

“Hey, Dale. I wanted to fuck.”

“Darlin’,” his brown eyes gleamed at her, “I promise you the fuck of the century. Later. Right now I want to taste that sweet pussy.”

Jill sighed and relented. As much as she loved fucking Dale and sucking his cock, having him lick her pussy was right up there on the feel-good scale too.

Dale smiled between her legs, pulled each thigh over his shoulders, and buried his face in her wetness. He sucked pussy the way he did everything—with a singular purpose and motivation to be the best.

From his bronc busting, to babysitting his niece and nephew, to helping his grandmother run the ranch that would be his someday. He tackled each job that came his way with effort and finesse.

Goose bumps formed on Jill’s body and her nipples stiffened when his silky tongue slid over her slick pussy lips. He nibbled at her clit, bringing her almost to the precipice, and then backed off, teasing her.

"Please, Dale. Let me come."

"You'll get what's comin' to you, darlin'," he said. "You drove me insane with your cock suckin'." His lopsided grin, lips shiny with her juices, tantalized her from between her thighs.

She met his smoldering gaze. "That's not fair, Dale."

"Not fair?" He chuckled and nipped her thigh. "I'll show you not fair. I'm gonna kiss your hot pussy 'til you scream, lady. How's that for not fair?"

He dove back into her cunt, licking and nibbling. Jill cupped her breasts, squeezed them, and plucked her hard nipples. The sensation traveled at light speed and landed between her legs, adding to the torment Dale was inflicting on her.

He sucked at her, and the smacking of his tongue and lips made her tingle.

"Damn, you sure are wet," he said against her folds. "So wet for me. So juicy. I guess you missed me, huh?"

"Y-yes. I missed you more than I can say. Now please let me come."

He shook his head, and his wavy dark curls tickled her inner thighs. "I missed you too, Jill. I missed your hot kisses, your tasty nipples, your sweet pussy." He flicked his tongue over her clit and then dragged it downward through her folds, all the way to her anus, where he swirled it in lazy circles.

She shivered.

"Mmm," he said. "When are you gonna give me your ass, darlin'?"

"I...I don't know." She couldn't think about that now. All she could think about was coming. She feared she might explode into a million pieces if he didn't let her release.

His laugh rumbled against her ass cheeks as he fingered her tight hole. "I got it nice and lubed up right now. Let me just..."

Jill gasped as he penetrated her.

"Just a finger. Relax."

She loved this man, and she wanted to please him. She loosened, and found she liked the feeling of his thick finger sliding in and out of her ass.

"You're so pretty, darlin'," he said. "So pink and puckered. I'm gonna fuck your pussy today. And someday," he sighed, his voice a heady rumble, "you're gonna let me sink my cock into your virgin ass, and we're both going to love every second of it."

"Sure, Dale, sure." Jill was pretty certain she'd agree to anything right now, if he'd just let her come.

"Promise, darlin'? Promise you'll let me fuck your ass someday?"

"Dale..."

"It doesn't have to be today. But I want you so much. I want to claim every part of you."

"Yes, Dale. Fine. Just. Please. Let. Me. Come."

The hot breath from his laugh tickled her clit. "You've been a good girl. You deserve a reward."

His finger still penetrating her ass, he lowered his mouth to her pussy and sucked the whole swollen fruit into his mouth while he tongued her clit.

She exploded and her womb convulsed. The spasms radiated outward, until every nerve ending in her body sizzled. Still he fingered her ass, and the intense pressure added to her blazing climax. She soared as the ripples surged through her body.

"Dale!" she cried. "That feels so good. So fucking good!"

He licked her folds, and she floated downward, her body sinking into the softness of his bed. His finger left her ass and he tongued her once, twice more, before he crawled upward and crushed his mouth to hers in a searing kiss.

He tasted of the crisp honey-lemonade they had shared, spiced with her female musk. Intoxicating.

Their tongues dueled and tangled, their breaths mingled, until he ripped his lips from hers, panting.

"Condom," he said, and extended his arm and fumbled in his nightstand drawer. A few seconds later, sheathed, he plunged into her hot, willing cunt.

Jill let out a soft sigh as her walls clamped around him. Good. So damn good. Like he was born to fill her. A perfect fit.

"Darlin', you're so tight right after you come. So hot."

His voice, deep and hoarse, swirled around her like a smoky bourbon. So fucking sexy. He pulled out and thrust into her again, his hardness sliding along the swollen nub of her clit. She squeezed her legs together and hugged his hips as he drove his cock harder and harder into her. Each time he pulled out, she whimpered until he drove back in.

"So tight, Jill. So fuckin' tight."

With each thrust, she longed to cry out her true feelings of love for him. Was it too soon? They'd only been seeing each other a couple months. But with each kiss of his lips, each stroke of his long, hard cock, Jill knew, without a doubt, that she was in love with Dale Cross.

The way he worshiped her body, made love to her soul, he had to feel the same way. Didn't he?

She grabbed the firm cheeks of his bottom, and he groaned.

"Yeah, Jill. I love when you play with my ass."

She squeezed him and pushed downward, forcing him farther into her heat. "Dale," she panted, as her climax ascended, "Dale, I—"

"Jillian, I can't hold on any longer," he rasped. "I'm sorry, darlin', I wanted you to come again... God!" He thrust into her one last time, releasing.

Her orgasm hit her as his hot cum shot into the condom. She spasmed around him.

"Yeah, yeah," he said. "You're coming too. I'm glad. So glad..." His voice trailed off and he kissed her neck with firm, moist lips. "Damn, I've missed you."

Jill's whole body quivered from her climax, from his sweet kiss, but mostly from his admission that he'd missed her. She'd missed him so much she'd gotten a speeding ticket getting back home to see him. The job offer she'd received—complete with significant pay increase—to relocate back to Denver paled in comparison to life here with Dale. She'd say no first thing tomorrow.

"Give me a few minutes, darlin'," he said, "and I'll be good to go again. I'll last longer next time, I promise."

He slid off her slick body onto his back and reached for her. She snuggled into his arms and inhaled his intoxicating blend of cinnamon, cedarwood and male musk. Dale never wore cologne. Jill breathed in the spicy aroma again. Mmm. If he could bottle his own fragrance, he'd make a fortune.

She lifted her head and took in his sculpted chest, the dark hairs curling over his nipples, matted with the sheen of his sweat. He looked good enough to eat. Again.

He tilted his head toward her. "You want some more lemonade, darlin'?"

She nodded and stretched her arms over her head. "I've got a thirst to quench, that's for sure, cowboy."

The adorable dimple in his right cheek twinkled at her when he smiled. "Sit tight. I'll be right back with a cool drink."

Jill watched his lean backside as he strode out of the bedroom. He was so handsome, with a face and body like a god. She could look into his beautiful bronze eyes forever and never tire of their piercing fire.

She stretched again and let her body sink into the cool cotton sheets covering Dale's king-sized bed. A bed she hoped to occupy for a long, long time.

Her fingers wandered to her nipples and she stroked them, bringing each to a tight bud. Mmm. So good. She plucked at them lazily, imagining Dale's talented lips sucking each one. She let one hand drop and graze her swollen clit. Her pussy was still soaked, and she rubbed the smooth folds between her fingers. Within minutes, she was close to climax again.

But where was Dale?

How long did it take to pour two glasses of honey-lemonade, anyway?

"Dale?"

She sat up, her pussy still pulsing with the need to come. But why go at it alone? She'd just as soon bring herself to orgasm with Dale's hard cock in her mouth. And this time she'd swallow him whole and feel his hot cum trickle across her tongue.

She stood and ambled out the door. "Cowboy, I'm still horny, and it's going to take more than your famous honey-lemonade to cool me off —"

She stopped abruptly in Dale's kitchen, her words dangling in midair.

Dale stood at the counter, his back to her, wearing green cotton boxers. When had he put them on?

But her boyfriend's attire was the least of Jill's concerns. At the table sat another cowboy nearly as hot as Dale himself.

And not a thread of clothing covered her.

The blond cowboy's lips curved into a grin as he ran his long fingers through his tousled hair. Lapis lazuli eyes raked over Jill's nude body.

"Seems I've been gone too long, Dale," he said. "The scenery's definitely changed around here," he arched a nutmeg eyebrow, "for the better."

Jill's skin heated and she crossed her arms over her puckering nipples. She couldn't help staring at the broad chest clothed in a black western shirt. The first few snaps were open, and several golden chest hairs peeked out.

Dale turned around and his jaw dropped. "Jill!" He rushed toward her, pulled her into his arms, and shielded her private parts from the other cowboy's view.

"We used to share everything, Dale," the blond said with a husky laugh.

"Go get something on," Dale whispered in her ear.

"I heard that," the man said, still smiling, "and I've already seen her gorgeous tits and her pretty red nipples." He cleared his throat. "And what's down below. Why not introduce us?"

"Be happy to," Dale said, "once she's properly covered."

The other cowboy ignored Dale and stood, offering his hand. His denims hugged hips as lean as Dale's. If he turned around, she'd no doubt see an ass just as fine too. He was almost as tall as Dale, which made him six-two, at least.

"I'm Travis Logan..." His voice was slightly deeper than Dale's, with a little more of a cowboy twang. "Dale's best friend since we were kids, and you're the prettiest thing I've seen in a month of Sundays."

The bold words sashayed around Jill's heated body, and her already hard nipples stiffened further and poked into Dale's golden chest. Dale's cock came to life inside his boxers and brushed against her tummy. An icy tingle raced through her. Amazing, how Dale could affect her so.

Or was it Travis?

Couldn't be.

"Trav, don't you have any shame?"

"You've known me almost my whole life, so you know the answer to that question." Travis grinned. His full pink lips were nearly as luscious as Dale's.

"Yeah, I guess I do," Dale said. "Trav, this is my girl, Jillian Reynolds."

A rush of warmth coursed through Jill at the words "my girl".

"Mighty pleased to make your acquaintance, ma'am." Travis squeezed her hand, and a flare of heat skittered over her skin. "Seems Dale has all the luck. Beautiful women have always flocked to him."

Jill leaned farther into Dale's chest, but Travis continued to hold her hand, rubbing his thumb into her palm. His touch felt nice. Which wasn't good. She whisked her hand away.

"Remember the good old days?" He spoke to Dale, but he stared at Jill, dropping his gaze to her breasts, which were still crushed against cowboy number one. "When we did everything together?"

Dale cleared his throat. "I remember."

"We were team ropers," Travis said to Jill. "Champions. Started when we were kids. Couple years ago, though, I went solo in ropin', and Dale here switched to bustin' broncs. I've been away since then, tourin' the circuit."

"And you, Dale?" Jill raised her gaze to his brown eyes.

"You know where I've been, darlin'. Here, helpin' my grandma run this place. Doin' the local rodeos."

"But didn't you ever want to tour?"

"Heck, no. I'm a homebody. I'm happy here, runnin' the ranch," he smiled, "hangin' out with you." He turned to Travis. "Jill's from Denver."

"I took you for a big-city gal," Travis said. "What are you doin' in a little cow-town like Sweetwater Junction, Wyoming?"

"I'm in computer sales. A few months ago, an opportunity came up to relocate here, and I jumped at it. I wanted to get away from the hustle and bustle."

Travis chuckled and shook his head. "If only I'd come home sooner, I might have seen you first." He winked. "'Course that didn't always matter."

"Trav..."

Jill's heart raced beneath her chest. Why? From being held in Dale's strong arms, no doubt. Or was something else going on?

Naked.

Shit, she was still naked. "Uh, Dale? I need to—"

"Yeah, you sure do, darlin'." He grabbed her rump and lifted her, and she wrapped her legs around his waist. "We'll be back in a minute, Trav. Fully clothed."

"Damn," Travis said. "Can't say I've seen enough of the beauty of my hometown just yet."

"Yeah, you have," Dale said, walking back to the bedroom. He looked over his shoulder. "You've seen all of Jill you're gonna see, pal."

"Don't be so sure about that, buddy."

Had Jill imagined the words? Or had they actually come from the gorgeous blond cowboy?

She tightened her thighs around Dale's sexy waist. Didn't matter anyway. She needed to get dressed and then douse herself with about a gallon of Dale's honey-lemonade.

Then maybe go jump into Sweetwater Lake.

And she wasn't even sure that would cool her off today.

* * * * *

"It wouldn't hurt to ask her, you know."

Dale sprinkled seasoned salt on the three sirloin cuts, flipped them carefully, and poked Jill's to make sure it wasn't too done. His girl liked her steak oozing.

He turned to Travis and tried to look nonchalant despite the hairs on the back of his neck standing tall.

"She's a nice girl, Trav. She wouldn't be into that."

"Lorna was a nice girl too. Remember? She was my girl, Dale, but you took many turns with her, and it was fun for all of us."

"That was years ago."

"Four years, buddy. We had some good times. We were a team."

"We were team ropers, Travis. Not team fuckers."

Travis tossed his head back and let out a guffaw. "I seem to recall we did pretty well in the team fuckin' department too. Lorna never had any complaints, and neither did any of the others."

"This is different."

"How so?"

"She's..." Dale hedged. Words he couldn't form stuck in the back of his throat.

"I can tell she's special to you."

"Yeah." He cleared his throat and poked at a steak that really didn't need poking. "Aw hell, I don't know."

Travis took a long sip of his honey-lemonade and shook his head. "I never thought I'd see the day."

"See what day?"

"Nothin'. Never mind." He arched one eyebrow. "This is your chance to give her a hell of a gift, bud. Two huge cocks for the price of one."

"I'm all the cock she needs. Besides, haven't we outgrown all that?"

"Outgrown the desire to give a woman the ultimate pleasure? Heck, I sure haven't. Why not let her make the decision?"

Dale shrugged. He couldn't deny he'd been aroused at the way Travis had raked his gaze over Jill's nude body. His sex had stiffened in his drawers and pushed into Jill's soft flesh. Watching his friend fuck his woman appealed to him on a primal level. But what really turned him on was the thought of offering her something purely physical, purely hedonistic. Purely for her ultimate pleasure, as Travis had said.

Would Jill want something like this? Lorna had wanted them both, and Travis had allowed it.

He poked the steaks once more then transferred them to a platter. He looked over his head to see Jill push open the sliding glass door.

"The salad and veggies are ready whenever you two are." Her smile lit up her gorgeous face, and her auburn hair fell in ringlets around her creamy shoulders.

"We're comin' now, darlin'," Dale said, glancing sideways at Travis.

But Travis didn't catch Dale's eye. His gaze was settled on Jill.

Chapter Two

Both Travis and Dale had stared at her all through dinner. Now, her back turned as she loaded the dishwasher, the heat of their dual gazes still penetrated her like the Wyoming sun on a cloudless summer day.

"Jill?"

She turned at Dale's voice. "Yeah?"

"Trav has a few things to take care of."

"Oh, of course." She cleared her throat and advanced toward the two men, her arm extended to Travis. "It was great to meet you. I'm sure I'll see you again soon."

Travis' husky chuckle eased over her as his large, calloused hand enclosed hers. "Soon, yes, I hope. I'll be back later tonight, if all goes well."

He pulled her toward him and gave her a chaste kiss on the cheek, shook Dale's hand, and then headed out the front door of the ranch house.

Jill stared into Dale's bronze eyes, puzzled. "What did he mean, 'if all goes well'?"

Dale took her hand. "Come on. Mabel'll be here in the morning to clean the kitchen. You know you don't need to do this."

"But I don't mind —"

"I do," he said, and led her into the living room. He sat down on his rustic leather couch and patted the soft cushion next to him.

She sat, and he gathered her into his arms and kissed her neck.

"You didn't answer my question. Is Travis staying with you tonight?" Jill's muscles tensed, she wasn't sure why, as she waited for his answer. Did she want Travis to stay?

Dale let out a short cough. "No. Not the whole night, anyway. He, uh, has a place not far from here where he hangs his hat when he's in town."

"Oh. Well, maybe we'll see him tomorrow."

"Nope. While we were grillin' the steaks, he told me he was leavin' come sunup for another rodeo gig."

Jill swallowed, a strange sense of loss nagging at her. She quickly batted it away. So she wouldn't see Travis again. Dale was the man she loved. He was inside her, a part of her. She breathed in, catching his masculine scent. She'd do anything for Dale Cross.

"Thing is, darlin'," Dale continued, "Travis was wonderin'..."

"Wondering what?" Why would Travis wonder anything that mattered to her and Dale? A chill slithered across the back of her neck, and her sex responded. Strange.

Dale stood abruptly. "I'll be right back."

"Well...okay." She watched his gorgeous denim-clad ass as he walked back to the kitchen. Magnificent. He returned a few minutes later with two glasses of lemonade and handed one to her.

"I put a shot of bourbon in, the way you like it."

Jill took a sip of the crisp beverage. "Thanks. Now what's going on?"

Dale took a long, slow drink of his lemonade. "There's something I want you to know about me, Jill. Something I want to share with you."

"Okay." Nervous ripples skittered across her skin. The thought that Dale had hidden something from her agitated her. She loved him. Would marry him if he asked. And now? She inhaled, bracing herself.

"Travis and I...well..." He stood again and paced to the end of the room and back.

"Dale, for God's sake, what the hell is going on?"

He gazed into her eyes, his own burning with fire. His strong hands cupped her cheeks and he leaned down and pressed his lips to hers in a gentle kiss. Jill's heart leaped into overdrive. She opened to him, let his smooth tongue entwine around hers. What started as gentle soon became passionate and lusty.

Dale ripped his mouth away. "Damn, I can't even kiss you without losing my mind."

Her nerves settled – a bit – and she let out a laugh. "And that's a bad thing?"

"No. No, not at all." He sat back down next to her and took her hand, massaging each finger. "I want to give you everything, darlin'. You're so damn special to me. And there's somethin' I can give you that... Well, I don't know if you want it."

"I'd love anything you gave me, Dale." *Especially if it's circular in shape and symbolizes forever.*

He smiled, his eyes crinkling, and Jill's heart jumped. "Travis is attracted to you, darlin', and the two of us, well... We'd like to make love to you, if you're willin'."

Ice prickled Jill's skin, even as her pussy warmed. She was taken aback, but also turned on. Two men? Two hot men? But she was in love with Dale. Why would he want this? And was it wrong for the idea to intrigue her? Make her hot?

Because it did indeed make her hot, despite her feelings for Dale, and Dale alone.

"You would share me?"

He lifted her hand and gently slid his lips across her palm. Her tummy fluttered. "It's not sharing you, not really. It's giving you a night of pleasure. Pure, unadulterated pleasure. Something I can't give you alone. Two mouths to kiss you. Two cocks to fuck you, darlin'. But if you don't want it, that's okay."

"And you've...you've done this before?"

"Yes."

"And enjoyed it?"

"Yes. I've enjoyed giving a woman that amount of pleasure. And the woman has always been extremely satisfied."

A knife of jealousy stabbed her. She didn't like thinking of Dale with other women. But heck, she was no virgin herself. Of course he'd had other women before her. She

nervously swiped at the beads of condensation on her glass of lemonade. "And you and Travis don't...with each other?"

He smiled, and a chuckle escaped. "No, darlin'. That's not what this is about. We both love givin' a woman the ultimate sexual experience. It's for you, not for us." He let out a shaky laugh. "Well, a little for us, I guess. I'd love seein' you like that, Jill. I'd love to be able to give it to you."

Naked between two beautiful men? The idea had merit. Ménages had starred in her fantasies on more than one occasion. But with Dale? The man she loved?

He looked at it as a gift. Something he wanted to give her. And though she wanted to accept—oh yeah, she really wanted to accept—would it change his opinion of her? Would he look at her the same way afterward? Would he ever fall in love with her, feel about her the way she did about him?

Jill gulped the rest of her drink and handed the glass to Dale. "No more. At least not laced."

"Okay, Jill." Dale's tone reeked of resignation. "I understand."

"I'm not sure you do," she said, as she feathered her fingers over his forearms, his sinewy muscle tripping her pulse. She was wet. She wanted this. An experience she'd never forget. A precious gift from the man she loved.

And if he couldn't love her back? She'd relish this night. And tomorrow she'd pick herself up, dust herself off, and take that job offer.

"I don't want to be drunk tonight, Dale. I want to feel every slide of those four hands, every pucker of those two mouths, every thrust of those two big cocks."

He smiled. "I promise you, darlin', this'll be a night you'll never forget."

* * * * *

"Any ground rules?" Travis asked, as four strong and capable hands gently peeled the clothes from Jill's body. A soft summer breeze cooled the Wyoming summer night, and the moon veiled the threesome in delicate light. Dale's backyard was enclosed,

private, and carpeted with soft grass. The men had laid a king-sized cotton throw on the ground.

When Dale didn't answer right away, Jill's flesh heated. Ground rules? What were they talking about?

"You can do whatever she wants you to do," Dale said. "But her ass is mine."

"Understood."

As her naked body was exposed, determination overcame her shyness. Heck, Travis had already seen her naked. She wouldn't think. She'd just feel, and she'd top any previous ménage these two cowboys had orchestrated.

She fingered the snaps on Dale's shirt and ripped them open, letting her fingers wander over the dark hair dusting his sculpted chest. She bent and flicked her tongue over one copper nipple, and her pussy jerked as the nub hardened under her lips. She tugged on it, Dale's groans fueling her desire, as she unbuckled his belt and unzipped his jeans. She pushed them down his strong thighs, and he stepped out of them. Looking over her shoulder, she saw that Travis had also undressed. Light golden hair covered his muscular chest and well-formed legs. His cock, slightly longer than Dale's but not quite as thick, jutted from a bush of dark blond curls. Moisture trickled down her thigh.

She turned back to Dale and he took her mouth in a searing kiss. As their tongues tangled, hard flesh pressed against her back, and a second pair of lips trailed tiny, moist kisses over her shoulder. She shuddered and her skin tingled. Dale's hard cock pressed into the soft flesh of her tummy, while Travis' nudged her back. Dale's hands cupped her breasts and squeezed them, and he eased her down to her knees. His mouth still clamped to hers, he pressed his cock against her, as Travis did the same from behind.

When Dale finally broke the kiss, panting, Travis nudged her shoulder and pressed her onto her back, then leaned over her and took her mouth. His kiss tasted of passion and fire, while Dale's had tasted of intensity and emotion. His tongue had a rougher texture than Dale's, and Jill found she enjoyed the different sensation. He used less

tongue than Dale, but his kiss was no less intoxicating. Dale's lips trailed along her neck, up to her earlobe, where he nipped her. She shuddered. But just as she deepened her assault on Travis' mouth, her lips locking his, Dale yanked her away by the shoulder. The suction of the kiss broke with a loud smack.

"New ground rule," Dale said huskily. "You don't kiss her."

Jill didn't hear Travis' response, if there was one, because Dale crushed his mouth to hers in a kiss so passionate and possessive it erased all memory of Travis' lips. Dale's tongue tasted of honey, of spice, of sweet love, and Jill drowned in the pleasure of his kisses.

When he finally ripped his mouth from hers, Travis sat over her with a pitcher of honey-lemonade.

"Dale told me this is your favorite drink, sweetheart," he said, a glint in his bright blue eyes. "We thought you might enjoy a little tonight."

"I'd love some." Jill smiled and looked around. "Looks like you forgot the glasses, though."

"Who needs glasses?" Dale said, his tone teasing. "Go ahead, Trav."

Travis tipped the pitcher, and the liquid trickled onto Jill's hot body. She squealed, and her nipples puckered into tight buds. The cool beverage flowed over her breasts, her belly, her thighs, easing between her legs and into her wet folds.

"Now I guess we'll have to clean you up, darlin'," Dale drawled.

"It'll be a pleasure," Travis said. He cupped the breast on his side and thumbed a hard nipple. "She sure has pretty tits. The nicest I've seen in some time."

"Mmm-hmm." Dale bent to taste one. "Sweet and red and hard as pearls." He licked the tip of her nipple, and Jill moaned, shuddering. "Two mouths, darlin'." Dale's breath vibrated against her flesh. "Two pairs of lips to kiss you. Two tongues to lick all that syrupy lemonade off your hot body."

Travis' firm lips latched onto the other tight bud. His touch was lighter than Dale's. He licked where Dale sucked. And Jill found she loved each sensation. Warmth spread through her breasts and flashed to her pussy, which pulsed between her thighs. Dale tugged, and Travis kissed, and Jill thought she'd implode with want.

After lingering moments of vivid stimulation that trickled to her sex, she needed more. The nipple Travis licked wanted to be bitten, and the one Dale nipped wanted to be licked. "Could you guys switch places? Each suck the other nipple?"

"Anything you want," Dale said, his voice hoarse. "This is for you."

They quickly switched, and Jill sighed and sank farther into the moist cotton, her nipples tight with anticipation. The smacks and slurps of the two luscious masculine mouths sent shivers across her skin.

"Mmm, gorgeous." Travis' deep voice rumbled against her sensitive flesh. "The tart lemon mixed with your sweet flesh."

"Yeah, delicious. And beautiful," Dale agreed, and tugged harder with his teeth. The pleasure shot to her cunt with lightning intensity.

"Such pretty red nipples, so tangy from the lemonade," Travis said, "and I bet that's not all that's pretty and red."

"And tangy," Dale added.

Cream oozed from her pussy. She knew she was wet and swollen and ripe for the plucking.

Dale released her nipple with a soft pop, leaned forward, and thrust his tongue into her mouth for a scorching kiss. The fresh citrus taste of the lemonade he'd sucked exploded in a candied bouquet.

He trailed moist kisses over her cheek, then down the hill of her breast to her tummy. He swirled his tongue into her navel while Travis continued to lick her other nipple. Her body heated, then chilled, then heated again. She writhed under the expert hands and mouths.

When Dale reached her patch of russet curls, he spread her legs and groaned. "You're swollen and red. So pretty. Will you show Travis your pussy, darlin'? Let him lick you?"

Dale's eyes smoked a deep umber, and Jill's body ached for a cock. Any cock. Travis' cock. "I want Travis to lick me. To take me."

Travis released Jill's nipple and smiled against her fleshy breast. "It'll be my pleasure." He moved to join Dale.

Her legs spread wide, Jill watched the two heads—one dark, one blond—eye her pussy with rapt attention.

"She's delicious, Trav." Dale swiped his tongue over her clit, and a zing of heat slid up her spine. "Taste her."

Travis bent down and slithered his rough tongue over her clit. Again, she noted the different textures of their two tongues. Both drove her crazy with lust.

Dale slid his fingers up and down her slick labia, squeezing them together, while Travis continued to nip at her clit.

"Gorgeous, darlin'," Dale said. "Just gorgeous. You've got the prettiest pussy I've ever seen. How does it feel, Jill? How does it feel to have me play with your lips while Trav licks your clit?"

Feel? How could she put it into words? Amazing wouldn't begin to describe it.

"Mmm," she said. "Dale, I can hardly breathe it feels so fantastic."

His chuckle rumbled against her thigh, sticky from the lemonade and her own cream. He nipped her there and continued to slide his fingers over her slick folds. She writhed, searching for her release, but Travis' lips denied it. Every time she was about to come, he released her clit and kissed her belly.

"Dale," she panted. "I want...I need..."

Two of Dale's thick fingers thrust inside her pussy, and she shattered, clenching around him in sweet convulsions. "Dale!" she cried. "That's so good!"

"Come for me, darlin'," he said. "Just like that. Milk it. Cream all over my fingers."

Once her spasms slowed, Dale removed his fingers and shoved his hot tongue into her willing flesh. "I'm suckin' the honey out of you, darlin'," he said against her wet pussy. "Every last drop."

Travis moved forward, took a hard nipple into his mouth, and licked gently. "You've got one sweet pussy, Jill," he said against her breast. "Dale's a lucky man."

"Mmm. I sure know it." Dale swiped his tongue through her labia once more and then nipped her clit, sending an aftershock shuddering through her.

"Get a condom, Trav," he said. "I want you to take her first. She's so fuckin' tight right after she comes. You're gonna love it." He looked up at Jill, his eyes burning into her. "That okay with you, darlin'?"

God yes. "Please. Take me, Travis."

Travis released Jill's nipple. "Don't have to twist my arm."

A minute later, Travis knelt between her legs, sheathed and ready to plunge into her.

"You sure, bud?" He nodded at Dale, who was kneeling behind Jill's head, his cock dangling in front of her lips.

"I'm sure," Dale said, "if it's what Jill wants."

Jill panted, and her eyes blurred. She wanted that cock, wanted those dark blond curls to tickle her labia as he drove into her. "Yes." Jill puffed against Dale's engorged shaft. "Fill me up. Now."

"You got it, sweetheart." Travis entered her in one smooth thrust.

"Ah yes." Jill's walls clenched onto Travis' hardness. Different than Dale. But big, and hard, and hot. The feelings were different too. More primal, more urgent, completely focused on pleasure for pleasure's sake.

"Let him fuck you, darlin'," Dale said. "Concentrate on the physical. I want you to feel good."

"Mmm, I do, Dale." She reveled in the raw joy of being taken. Travis' skillful pounding held her body in thrall. But Dale's words, his deep timbre, his concern for her enjoyment, bewitched her and filled her heart with unimaginable sensation.

"Would you suck me while he fucks you?" Dale's cock nudged her lips. "Would you let me fuck your sweet mouth while Travis fucks your pussy?"

"Cowboy, you know I'll always suck you," Jill said, and she twirled her tongue over his head. She licked off the bead of pre-cum and savored the saltiness. "Mmm. I love how you taste."

"I bet I'm not near as tasty as you are," he said. "Yeah, that's it. Suck me. Suck my cock."

Jill craned her neck to take more of his manhood between her lips. He knelt above her, and she licked the underside of his swollen length. She inhaled the muskiness of his balls then lapped at them, tonguing every peak and valley of his sac.

"You drive me crazy," Dale said, panting.

She lowered her head back to the soft blanket and licked his cock head some more. "I love your cock, Dale. I love to suck it."

All the while Travis pumped into her, and her pussy creamed over him as she neared the precipice again.

"You're getting close, sweetheart," Travis said. "You're pussy's clenching. Damn, you feel good. Such a sweet fuck."

"Do you want to come all over Trav's big cock, darlin'?"

Jill released the tip of Dale's length. "Yeah, Dale—" Jill paused, unable to form words. She wanted Travis. Wanted him to pound into her. Wanted to clench around his thickness. "I-I want to come."

"Go for it, Trav."

Travis' calloused fingers grazed her clit, and she burst, soaring higher than the first climax. Travis continued to thrust, and Dale soothed her with sexy words, how hot she was, how beautiful, how hard she made him. She absorbed it all in a heady rush.

When her release subsided, Travis pulled out of her, his cock still rock-hard, and disposed of his condom.

"Your turn, bud," he said to Dale. "And my turn to feel those gorgeous pink lips around my cock."

"Do you want that?" Dale asked Jill. "Do you want me to fuck you while you blow Travis?"

"Mmm, yes." More than anything, she wanted Dale's cock inside her. She wanted to force every last drop of cum out of him. And sucking Travis didn't sound too bad, either.

Dale leaned down and kissed her, slowly and passionately, then flipped her over onto her tummy. "On your hands and knees, darlin'. I'm takin' you from behind."

Dale fumbled with a condom, and soon his length teased the cheeks of her ass.

Travis knelt in front of her, his cock weeping with pre-cum. She grabbed his taut butt for support and licked the salty drops from him.

Meanwhile, Dale kissed her thighs, nipping and licking, then tongued her pussy. "Mmm. You taste so good, Jill. Just like honeyed cream." He slid his tongue over her labia, then up over her anus. Her tight hole puckered, and she shivered. Would he take her ass tonight?

Would she let him?

Chapter Three

Travis reached for the pitcher of lemonade and poured some over his cock. "I want it to taste good for you, sweetheart."

His beautiful sex tasted just fine to Jill, but the lemonade added an extra zest that she had to admit made it even better. She teased his cock head, licking around the sensitive rim and underside, then took him a little farther. She slurped every drop of that mouthwatering beverage from him. And she enjoyed every minute.

"She gives great head, Trav," Dale said as he inserted a thick finger into her cunt. Her walls pulsed around him. "So tight, darlin'," he said. "I need to fuck you right now."

He thrust into her wet channel, and his balls slapped against her clit, making her shudder. He plunged deep once, twice, then once more, and Jill was on the verge of another breath-stealing climax. She grabbed Travis' ass and took his cock into her mouth again.

She sucked him deep into her throat, his moans igniting her to take him even farther.

"Sweetheart, that's amazing," Travis said. "Absolutely amazing."

"Told you, Trav," Dale said, his words breathless. "Damn, you're tight, Jill. So tight and sweet. I love fuckin' you."

Jill wanted to answer, to tell Dale she loved fucking him too, but her mouth was full of cock. She moaned, grinding back against Dale's thrusts. She felt so full, so well pleased, and neither Travis nor Dale had released yet. The night was still young.

Dale continued to pound into her as she blew Travis. When the pad of his finger pushed against her anus, she trembled.

"Okay?" Dale rasped.

She released Travis' cock to answer. "Yeah, cowboy. Go ahead."

The cool sensation of lubricant, coupled with the heat of Dale's fingers, melted against Jill's tender flesh. He massaged her tight rim, then inserted his wet finger slowly, stretching her. The feeling was so invasive, so intense, but she relaxed into it, and found pleasure in having Dale fill her so thoroughly. Travis' cock still dangled in front of her, but she leaned back into Dale's body and quivered as he added another finger and fucked her in two places at once.

The climax took her by surprise. He hadn't even been touching her clit, but she shattered, and tiny sparks erupted on her flesh. She soared higher and higher, and her only regret was that Dale wasn't coming with her. She cried his name, her voice not quite her own.

"That's right, darlin'," he said. "Come. Come for me. Only for me."

Only for me.

Had Dale forgotten Travis was there?

Once her pussy relaxed, Dale removed his cock and pulled her against his chest in a tight embrace.

"That was phenomenal, Jill," he said. "Like nothing I've ever felt before."

"But you didn't—"

"No, not yet." He cupped her cheeks and pressed his lips softly to hers. "What was phenomenal was making you come like that. I loved it."

"But I want you to come. So far, this night's been all about me."

He chuckled against her lips. "All about you? I've had a rippin' good time. And so has Trav. Haven't you?"

"Hell, yeah. Watching you, and being a part of it, boggles my mind."

"You want to come some more, darlin'?" Dale kissed her cheek.

"I...I..."

"I'll take that as a yes." Dale's husky laugh vibrated against her neck. "Let's get you cleaned off. The hot tub's all fired up." He stood and lifted Jill, and she wrapped her legs around his waist. Amazing, how their two bodies fit together, as though they'd been created for each other. Skin-to-skin with Dale was the most erotic, delicious and sweet sensation she'd ever felt.

"Come on, Trav," he said.

* * * * *

Dale kept his hot tub lukewarm. That's how he and Jill preferred it. They could stay in as long as they wanted without getting overheated. Still, to prevent dehydration, he kept plenty of water handy.

And another pitcher of honey-lemonade.

The warm water swished around his body, tickling him. His erection still raged. He could have come. He would have gotten hard again right away. Jill had that effect on him. He could fuck her every night for the rest of his life and not get tired of her beautiful body, her tight pussy, her amazing selfless heart.

God, he loved her.

The words he'd never said to a woman didn't particularly surprise him. Even though he hadn't formed them until now, they saturated his mind, as if they'd always been there and always would be.

He loved Jill.

She sat on the edge of the hot tub, her legs spread, Travis' blond head bobbing between them. Her eyes were closed, and her body glistened with shiny perspiration in the moonlight. Sexy little moans escaped her throat. She was beautiful. So fucking beautiful. And now, as he watched his best friend eat his woman's pussy, he knew, without a doubt, he'd spend the rest of his life with her.

Tonight was a gift. A gift she deserved, and he was glad to have given it. An experience she wouldn't soon forget.

But it wouldn't happen again.

Jillian Reynolds would be his, and his alone, for eternity.

He tapped Travis' shoulder impatiently. "My turn."

Travis lifted his head, his chin gleaming with Jill's sweet cream. "Sure, bud." He moved to the other side of the tub.

Dale buried his face between the legs of the woman he loved. She smelled like peaches. Peaches, lemons, honey and Jill. An inebriating combination, and one he wouldn't tire of any time soon. Slowly, he licked her slick folds, like silk against his tongue.

"Ah, Dale." She sighed. "I love when you lick me."

He groaned into her, taking her swollen labia between his teeth and tugging. She squealed. God, he loved sucking her, making her feel good. He knew just what she liked, and he lived for her moans, her sweet cries of ecstasy.

Between his legs, his cock throbbed. He'd been close to release several times already, but he held off for her. He wanted to give her everything tonight. The ultimate pleasure.

He sank his tongue into her moist slit. Nectar drenched his mouth and chin. He lapped her thoroughly, tensing his tongue and fucking her as deeply as he could. Then he pushed her thighs up toward her chest, careful so she wouldn't lose her balance on the edge, and licked her puckered anus.

"Dale!" she cried.

"Mmm. Good, darlin'?"

"The best."

He released her thighs and nipped the inside of one. "I'm gonna take you there tonight."

"Mmm. I know." She inhaled, her beautiful breasts bobbing lightly against her chest. "I know."

"First, I want you to come again, though," he said, and then tongued her clit. "I want you to come. Then I want you to let Travis fuck your tight pussy again. Would you like that?"

"Mmm. Anything for you, Dale."

"It's all for you, darlin'. Only if it's what you want."

"It's...it's what I want."

"Then come," he rasped, his tone commanding, "come for me, Jill."

Dale thrust two fingers into her wet channel and sucked her clit hard. She shattered, her walls clenching around him as he massaged her G-spot and fresh cream drizzled over his hand. When her spasms slowed, he removed his fingers and pulled her into the warm water.

He sat down on the bench, the water coming midway up his chest, and pulled Jill onto his lap. "I want you to slide your clit up and down my hard cock, darlin', while Trav fucks you. Would you like that?"

"God, yes," she said.

Dale watched as Travis, condom already in place, moved behind Jill. His lady didn't know it yet, but this was the last time she'd fuck another man. One last gift to her, to be sandwiched between two men, the object of both their desires. A jolt of jealousy speared into him and shattered his resolve for a moment. But he inhaled, gripped Jill's slippery body, and willed to give her this satisfaction one last time.

She sighed, soft and feathery against his neck, when Travis entered her.

"You have the tightest little pussy," Travis said, his face twisted into a grimace.

"Yeah, she sure does," Dale agreed. "Enjoy it." *For the last time.*

Jill slithered up and down Dale's shaft as Travis fucked her from behind. Dale was so hard he thought he'd explode if he didn't get to come soon. She was so beautiful. Her auburn ringlets, moist from the exertion and the steam from the tub, framed her pretty round face. Tiny beads of water dripped from the strands. A delectable strawberry hue

flushed her cheeks, and her lips—those soft, sweet lips—were as red as a ruby. Dale cupped her silky pink cheeks and drew her mouth to his for a kiss.

A searing kiss that thundered through him. Jill's mouth was sweet as cherry wine. He thrust his tongue inside, sweeping it in the satiny warmth, branding her. It was a possessive kiss. A kiss that said, *You're mine. Another man may be fucking you, but you're mine. Now and forever.*

Jill's delicate sighs echoed with a soft vibration into Dale's mouth. Her clit sliding up and down his cock was sweet torture. Behind her, Travis grunted, his face flushed.

"Dale," he gasped. "I can't hold off any longer. I have to come."

A ribbon of possessive lust knifed through Dale at his friend's words. This was Travis. His buddy. He loved him like a brother. Loved him enough to let him pleasure his woman. But it was over now.

He ripped his mouth away from Jill's and inhaled a much needed breath.

"No."

"No?" Travis groaned as he pounded into Jill's pussy. "What do you mean?"

"I mean no. You don't come inside her."

"It's okay, bud. You know I'm wearing a raincoat."

"It's not okay. I don't want you to come inside her. Pull out and finish yourself off."

Travis' gaze met his, and Dale knew his friend understood. He withdrew, pulled off the condom and tossed it on the edge of the tub, then squeezed his eyes shut as he gripped his cock. Thick streams of cream spurted into his other hand. When he was finished, he wiped his hands on a towel sitting on the edge of the tub, then plunked down onto the lounge seat with a heavy sigh and a splash. He closed his eyes.

Jill's face was buried in Dale's neck, her moist body clamped to his. She hadn't watched Travis get off, which intrigued Dale.

"Darlin'?"

"Hmm?" Her voice hummed against Dale's earlobe.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, Dale."

"You know what I'm talkin' about, don't you?"

"Yeah." The soft flutter of her lips against his neck as she smiled warmed him. "I know. And I'm ready."

She lifted her head and her flushed face had never looked more beautiful. He stood and helped her up. Without any prompting, she turned her back to him and braced her arms on the edge of the tub.

So beautiful. Tiny droplets of moisture meandered down the swell of her round cheeks.

So trusting, to give herself to him like this, and in front of his friend. At that moment, he loved her with an intensity he hadn't known existed.

"Jill." His own voice had deepened.

"Yes?"

"This is something I only want to share with you."

She nodded and wiggled her bottom against his erection.

Did she understand what he meant? He wasn't sure. His original plan had been to initiate her ass while Travis fucked her pussy. To let her be filled in the ultimate way. Previously, when he and Travis had pleased women in this manner, Dale had always taken the pussy. Now, as he readied to make love to his woman in a new and exciting way, he yearned for oneness with her, and only her. Travis could watch, but the act was for Dale and Jill alone. He cleared his throat.

She twisted her neck around and met his gaze with her emerald eyes. "What is it?"

"I know you're a virgin here."

She nodded.

"What I mean is...I am too. I've never had anal sex. This is something I've saved for someone special. And I want that someone special to be you."

"Oh, Dale. Thank you." Her smile dazzled him, and he bent to press a chaste kiss to her lips.

He pushed the head of his cock into the soft valley between her butt cheeks and slid it up and down. Her little moans excited him. He looked over his shoulder. Travis was gone.

Dale smiled. His friend had decided to give them some privacy. He was the ultimate good guy.

He let his dick rest against the soft flesh of Jill's cheek as he reached for a tube of lubricant he had set next to the tub earlier. He squeezed a generous amount into his palm and smeared it over her anus. He worked one finger in, then another, relishing the firmness of her muscles. Damn, this was going to feel good. With his free hand, he reached around the front of her and teased her clit. When he'd added a third finger, and a gush of nectar from her pussy coated his other hand, he knew the time had come to make her his.

Jill undulated against Dale's invading fingers. The invasive pain morphed into pleasure, and she found herself both desiring and fearing his cock. But the warmth from his confession—that he'd never shared this with another—gave her courage. Though she'd given up her vaginal virginity long ago, she could give this virginity to the man she loved.

The man she hoped to spend the rest of her life with. Hope speared through her. She'd know soon enough whether she'd be turning down that new job.

He pressed moist kisses to her dripping neck. "Darlin'."

"Yes?"

"I think you're ready."

She nodded. As ready as she could ever be. Ready for her man to take her.

"Don't worry, I'll go slow."

She nodded again, and the rip of a condom packet zinged in her ears. Cool lubricant coated her, and a few seconds later, the head of his cock nudged her anus. He pushed in, stretching her, and she winced at the sharpness.

"Easy, darlin'," he rasped against her neck. "I don't want to hurt you. You tell me if I need to stop."

No. She'd give him this gift. She wanted it as much as he did. And after what he'd given her tonight—the joy of being pleased by two hot men—she wanted to give him something equally precious. Within a few seconds, she adjusted. "Go ahead, Dale. I want this."

"Ah, Jill." He inched in a little farther. Not so bad this time. When his fingers found her clit, she relaxed and backed into him, taking him deeper.

"Darlin', that's nice," he said, his voice deep and husky.

She backed into him again, taking more of his enormous cock, and found that the fullness completed her in a primal yet soul-wrenching, way.

"That's it, take all of me." Dale thrust into her ass, and when his balls slapped against her pussy, she knew he was part of her.

And that he would be forever.

"Darlin', I want you so much," he said. "Tell me when you're ready."

So sweet to think of her, when he no doubt wanted to pound into her with a vengeance. They'd been going at it for hours, and he hadn't come yet.

She wiggled against him, the intrusion of his cock in her tight tunnel a shocking, surprising pleasure. No longer uncomfortable, she found the fullness exciting. Was it pleasure because it felt good? Or was it pleasure because it was Dale inside her? In a place he'd never been with another woman, and she'd never been with another man?

Warmth exploded through her veins. Her blood boiled beneath her flesh. At that moment, she'd never wanted a man more.

"I'm ready, Dale."

He pulled out and thrust in, and shivers rippled through her pussy. A soft sigh left her throat.

“Okay?” he asked.

“Mmm. Better than okay. Take me, cowboy. Take me to where neither of us has ever been. I want to go. With you.”

“My sweet Jill.”

He plunged into her again. Waves of joy sparked between her legs and threaded outward to every cell in her body. She met him thrust for thrust, taking all he gave her, and relishing the carnal baseness of it. So good.

Dale’s fingers worked her clit as he penetrated her, and moisture drizzled down her inner thighs. Swirls of steam surrounded them, and beads of sweat trickled down her cheeks and neck. Dale’s other hand found a breast and cupped it, squeezed it, and then plucked at her hard nipple. The sensation—the amazing sensation—rainbowed over her flesh, through her blood, all the way to her heart.

And she exploded into the most earth-shattering climax she’d ever known. Icy-hot spasms shook the walls of her pussy and ribboned through the rest of her body, culminating in sweet chills that rippled across her tingling skin.

So intense was this joining, that for one glorious moment, their bodies and hearts seemed fused as one.

“That’s right, darlin’,” Dale’s voice cut through the fog of her desire as her climax slowed, “come for me. Only for me.”

Only for me.

He gripped her hips and thrust one last time into her, his slick body covering hers as he released. His cock pulsed into her tightness, and she backed into him again, wanting to give him everything she had.

Everything she was.

Vibrant images and half-formed thoughts jumbled inside her head, a mass of feelings she couldn't quite string together in any coherent way. But three words forced their way to the top of the heap.

I love you.

How she longed to utter them. And to hear Dale say them back. Maybe sometime soon.

Dale was still buried deep within her.

"Ah, Jill." He panted against her neck. "This meant so much to me."

"Me too." Truer words had never left her lips. Tears stung the corners of her eyes.

He slid out of her and she turned to face his deep, dark eyes. So gorgeous. His handsome face was shiny with perspiration, threads of nearly black hair stuck to his cheeks. Droplets trickled along the chiseled angles of his cheeks, nose and chin. His night beard had surfaced and caught drips of moisture.

He'd never looked better.

She pressed her body against his in a fierce hug. She slid her slick breasts against his dampened chest hair, and her nipples pebbled.

She'd never get enough of this man.

Oh, to be alone with the one she loved...

Alone? She jerked away. Where had Travis gone?

"Dale?"

"Hmm?"

"Where's Travis?"

He pulled her back into his embrace and chuckled against her cheek. "He must've gone inside. Probably wanted to give us a little privacy. And I don't know about you, but I appreciated it."

She smiled against his beefy shoulder. "Me too."

Dale lifted her, easing his hands under her slick bottom, and set her on the edge of the hot tub. He quickly disposed of the condom. "You thirsty, darlin'?"

She was. Ravenously so. "After that? You bet."

He reached for the lemonade and handed it to her. She took a long drink straight from the pitcher. The crisp citrus flavor flowed down her throat like nectar from the gods.

After a couple more swills, she handed the pitcher back to Dale. "Here, you must be thirsty too." She grinned. "Have I ever told you how much I love your homemade honey-lemonade?"

His lazy grin lit up his handsome face. "A few times." He downed several swallows of the beverage. Still holding the pitcher, he helped her to her feet. "You want to go inside?"

Inside? Travis would be there. And though she liked the other man, she kind of wanted to be alone with Dale for the rest of the night. But they couldn't be rude to his guest.

"Sure. Let's go on in."

Dale wrapped her wet body in a fluffy towel and led her across the redwood deck to the sliding glass doors. The house was dark, and Dale flipped the light switch in the kitchen.

"Trav?" he called out.

No response.

"Maybe he had to leave," Jill said.

"Hmm. That's not like him to just up and disappear."

Jill walked around the kitchen and turned on another light. Her gaze darted to the counter and landed on a folded piece of paper addressed to Dale and her. She picked it up and ran her wrinkled fingers along the crease. "Dale? I think he left us a note."

Dale came up behind her. "Go ahead and read it, darlin'."

"I wouldn't feel right. He's your friend."

"I think you're as close to him as I am now." He smiled and chucked her under the chin.

"Still—" She handed the paper to Dale.

"Okay." He unfolded and glanced over it, and Jill's skin chilled a little. She wasn't sure why.

"What is it?"

He grinned. "Nothing. Here," he handed her the letter, "you can read it."

Jill took the crisp white paper and read the words.

Dale and Jill,

Thank you for tonight. I've never experienced anything quite so intense, and I won't forget it. You two have something really special together. Don't let it get away.

Hope to see you both again soon. I'll call you when I'm back in town, Dale.

And Jill, it was a true pleasure to make love to you, one I know Dale won't grant me again. Don't ask me how I know. He'll tell you when he's ready.

Fondly,

Travis

Jill's pulse raced like a hummingbird's wings. Her skin heated. "Dale?"

"Hmm?"

"Is that true? You won't let him make love to me again?"

He cupped her cheek, and the wrinkled pads of his calloused fingers felt rough, but she loved it. "Oh yeah, darlin'. That is so fuckin' true."

"Why?" Jill's heart thudded. "I thought you and Travis liked to give a woman the pleasure of two men."

"Yes, I can't deny that. But it's past tense for me now."

"Oh?"

He smiled. "God, I hope you feel the same way."

"Well sure. I enjoyed tonight, but if you don't want to do it again, I'm okay with that."

"Good." He fingered her moist curls. "You're so beautiful."

Emotion tugged at her tummy. "Thank you."

"I wanted to give you tonight. It was for you. An experience you deserved to have. And it was your only chance to have it."

"It was?"

"Sure as hell was, if I have anything to say about it." His bronze eyes burned into hers. "Do I, Jill?"

Desire swept through her, laced with a touch of confusion. What exactly was he saying? "Do you what?"

"Have anything to say about it."

"If you have something to say, Dale, I sure wish you'd just say it."

"Okay." He cleared his throat and seared her with his smoldering eyes. "I won't share you again. I want you to be mine, and only mine."

She launched herself into his arms. Happiness—pure, unadulterated joy—surged through her. "I'm yours," she said. "I'm yours, Dale. I didn't need tonight."

"You mean you didn't enjoy it?"

"Oh, I enjoyed it. It was a pure physical pleasure. But with you, Dale, I get more. We came together tonight on a level that was way more than physical."

"Ah God." He rained kisses across her cheeks before clamping his mouth to hers. The kiss spoke of passion. Of possession.

Of love.

When he released her, he cupped her face and gazed into her eyes. "I love you. Do you know that?"

She nodded, and a lone tear trickled down her cheek. "I love you too, Dale. I have for a while now."

He brushed the tear away. "Don't cry, darlin'." Then a grin split his face from ear to ear. "Damn, woman, why didn't you tell me?"

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I'm an idiot." He laughed. "It took ol' Trav." He sighed.

"I suppose he knew what he was doing."

"Hell, he might have had an inkling, but he also wanted to get in your pants. And I can't say as I blame him. I'm thinkin' the same thing right about now."

"Yeah?" Her body responded with chilled skin, a heated pussy. Moisture dribbled between her legs. Mere words from Dale could turn her on. "After the night we just had, you're ready for more?"

"With you? Always." He seared her lips with his. Her hands crept over his muscled chest. She fingered his hard nipples, and then rested her hand over his heart. It beat in synchrony with her own.

When he broke the kiss, he wrenched the towel from her body. His fingers slid into her slick folds. "Mmm. So wet for me. Already so wet."

She quivered at his touch, and then removed the terry towel from around his waist. His cock stood at attention—hard, long and magnificent. She dropped to her knees and flicked her tongue over the salty head.

"Wet," she echoed. "That's exactly how I'm going to give it to you, cowboy. The way you like it. Slow and wet."

About the Author

Helen Hardt is an attorney and stay-at-home mom turned award-winning author. She's been writing stories since the first grade, when her aspiring writer father encouraged her and gave her a small metal file cabinet with "Helen's Story Box" written on it in permanent marker. She began her first novel, a young adult romance, in the eighth grade. Although it will never see the light of day, she still has the manuscript that she typed on the old IBM Selectric.

She stopped writing to attend college and law school. She met her real-life hero in law school, and they live in Colorado with her two teenage sons. Helen writes contemporary, historical, paranormal and erotic romance. Her non-writing interests include Harley rides with her husband, attending her sons' sports and music performances, traveling and Taekwondo (she's a black belt.)

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

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