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Ménage Amour

The Cowboys Ride Again

Sofia Hunt

THE COWBOYS RIDE AGAIN

Delectable Bad Boys 3

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MENAGE AMOUR



Siren Publishing, Inc.

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DEDICATION

For Mitzi, may all your fantasies come true.

To my editor, thanks for your suggestions. I believe they've made this a much better book.

THE COWBOYS RIDE AGAIN

Delectable Bad Boys 3

SOFIA HUNT

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Chapter 1

Even her characters were bored with the plot of her latest novel and on the verge of a revolt. The ingrates threatened to take over her plot and force it in a different direction.

Natalie Andrews forced her fingers to type a few more dull sentences. Sitting back, she scanned the last few pages she'd written. Moaning, she covered her eyes, as if the problem would go away. Counting to ten, she waited, for what she didn't know. She uncovered her eyes and peeked at the laptop screen. The words on the page mocked her. They were boring, really boring.

And speaking of boring, her problems went beyond a boring plot and bored characters who threatened to hijack her story. It was much worse.

Levi was bored.

With her.

She could tell. She read it in his deep heavy sighs, his barely concealed yawns, and, most of all, in his waning sexual interest.

It wasn't that he didn't smile when he saw her. Or that his face didn't light up when she came into a room. It wasn't that he flirted with other women or even paid them any notice.

It wasn't that he didn't love her. He did. She knew it as well as she knew how much she loved him.

Sex was the problem. Plain and simple. His sexual appetite went to the far side of adventurous. Hers, well, she'd been expanding her boundaries, but by comparison, her expansion was like travelling out of the state when he wanted to travel out of the country. Lately, a niggling feeling warned her she'd better buy a plane ticket for an international flight or lose him.

He wanted more adventure, while she didn't even know what more there was to want.

Okay, not exactly true. She'd seen those movies he'd made when he'd worked his way through college as the infamous "Cowboy Long Dong." They'd acted out just about every one of those scenes with a few glaring exceptions. It was the exceptions he resisted trying. He didn't think she was ready. But she was ready. She'd show him just how ready if he'd let her.

She'd throw away the last of her long-ingrained inhibitions and become the woman he needed her to become. Not just for him, but for herself, too, heck, even for her characters.

She'd walked out on Levi's love once. She'd never do it again. She was a fighter, and she'd fight for her man.

Chewing on her lower lip, Natalie tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and contemplated her next steps. Failure wasn't an option. She wouldn't go running home to Daddy, tail between her legs, begging his forgiveness. He'd shackle her under his iron control again. This had to work. She'd make it work. This time she'd be different. This time she'd prove her love. Whatever it took, she'd do it. She wouldn't be a quitter. Never again.

Sighing, she checked her watch. Levi's plane would be halfway back from Texas by now. Business, he'd told her. Bullshit, her instincts said. Yet, he wouldn't cheat on her. She was certain. He'd needed space. That was all.

She turned back to her laptop. By day she was a caterer, by night she secretly wrote hot romances as Mia Lang. No one knew her true identity except for Levi and her agent. She planned to keep it that way. Lately, her agent had been begging her to write hotter, go further, and explore the forbidden. Even her characters, Carla and Rich, demanded kinkier sex scenes. Yet her fingers refused to type the words. She re-read her last scene. This book wasn't working any more than her sex life was working.

When she'd shown up on Levi's doorstep last year, they'd explored those horizons, tested those sexual limits. Lately, all they did was missionary style, almost like Levi was afraid to push her. She, in turn, an expert in flying under the radar, kept quiet. They both ignored the elephant in the room.

A loud rumble vibrated through the cool spring air. A vehicle badly in need of a muffler moved closer every second. She frowned. They weren't expecting anyone until today. It wasn't like guests just dropped in to visit this remote Montana ranch.

Natalie stiffened, afraid to look out the window. This couldn't be the guest Levi expected to arrive tomorrow. Even now, he was rushing back from Texas a day early to greet his old friend. He'd danced around her questions, except to say they'd been good friends and went way back, and Traci was in a bit of trouble. How could she possibly compete with an old friend? Especially an old friend from Levi's professional football days or his college days?

Yet, his friend wasn't expected until tomorrow. It couldn't be her. Nor was the visitor one of their workers. Natalie had given the ranch hands the day off, and there wasn't another soul for miles.

Tamping down her concern, she rose to her feet and crossed the slate entryway to the front door. Her socialite mother had drummed good manners into her for years, which obligated her to greet their uninvited guest. Pausing, she grabbed the pistol from the drawer in the hall tree. Manners were one thing—good sense and caution were another. A girl had to protect herself.

Opening the door, she waited and held her breath, the gun clenched tightly in her hand. The piece-of-shit truck barreled down the driveway, gravel flying, muffler dragging. It skidded to a halt several dozen feet from the front door. The thing coughed and died a slow death when the driver turned off the ignition.

A stocky male body—oh, yes, a very definite male body—emerged from the rusted-out truck. His tight sleeveless T-shirt hugged every muscle on his ripped chest. His shoulders rivaled a bull's, and his narrow hips led to huge thighs. He appeared to live in a gym lifting weights.

Her author alter-ego kicked into high gear as her brain hummed with plots starring this man as the hero. Meanwhile, the rest of her body wanted part of the action. Her traitorous heart skipped several beats, as her eyes feasted on the man. He was drop-dead, drop-into-bed gorgeous. And she shouldn't be thinking thoughts like that. She was in love with someone else, and this man was a stranger, a dangerous, seductive stranger who sent a tickle of arousal thrumming between her legs.

Levi accused her of watching too much true crime on TV, and this was a perfect scenario for a rapist or murderer or both. *Woman all alone on a remote Montana ranch. Charming stranger drives in and asks for work, or a can of gas, or a cup of sugar, or an extra large condom. Stupid woman invites him in for lunch. He devours the lunch, finds a use for the condom, and then proceeds to torture and bludgeon stupid woman, disposing of her nude body in a stock tank on the back forty.*

She had no intention of being a stupid woman.

Her guest grabbed a worn duffle bag from behind the seat and slammed the pickup door. Turning, he spotted her on the front porch. Her eyes locked on the largest silver belt buckle she'd ever seen. Her grandma could have used it as a serving platter at Thanksgiving. She couldn't make out what it said without staring. He caught the direction of her gaze and smirked.

"Stop right there." She forced steel into her voice.

He ignored her and stepped forward.

She leveled the gun at his chest with shaking hands. A slow smile tickled the corners of his sexy lips. Undaunted, he walked toward her. His grin turned cocky. He stopped two steps below her and assessed her, starting at her feet, pausing at her big breasts, and ending with her face. His brown eyes sparkled with confidence and approval. Her body responded with a tugging between her legs, a reaction previously experienced only with Levi. Yet, this man elicited a sexual response just by scanning her body.

His brown eyes clashed with her blue ones. With the intensity of a lightning storm, sparks arched between them. Sexual chemistry combined into an explosive mix. The faint scent of masculine aftershave hung in the air.

Annoyed with him and herself, she tightened her hold on the gun. He didn't give a shit. The brazen ass swept his battered Stetson off his head. His black hair gleamed in the sunlight.

"Afternoon, ma'am."

"Good afternoon. Don't take one step closer." Her tone dripped ice, but her body radiated heat, a lot more than would be expected on this crisp spring day. She shivered and held the gun in a death grip.

"You might want to take the safety off if you plan on usin' that weapon." His eyes twinkled with amusement.

"Who *are* you?"

He snorted. "So much for Montana hospitality."

Her eyes narrowed in annoyance. "Just answer the question. We're not expecting company."

"I'm Trace O'Malley. You can call me Trace or Mal or whatever it suits your little heart to call me. Just don't call me late to bed."

"How about nothing, and you can hightail it right back to your truck with your little good ol' boy Southern balls intact."

He placed his hat over his heart. "Aww now don't go breaking my heart thirty seconds after you've met me."

"What's your business here?"

He sighed and rolled his eyes. "I'm lookin' for Levi Kelly."

"Levi?" Her hold on the gun relaxed.

“Yeah, I’m a day early. I was supposed to be here tomorrow.”

“You’re Traci?”

“Yeah, Levi does like to call me that. Knows it needles me. I’m his old buddy from Texas. We grew up together, did a little stint in the adult entertainment business together. May I say that you’re every bit as beautiful as Levi described.”

“Well, considering Levi wouldn’t tell me a thing about you, I’m surprised you know anything about me.” The heat of shame burned her ears, as her mistake became obvious. After all, assumptions made an ass...and all that.

“I know a lot about you.”

“I’m sorry. I was expecting a woman. Levi said you were an old friend.”

“I am. Not all of Levi’s old friends are women.” He perused her body again, appearing to enjoy the scenery. “So you’re Natalie Andrews, the woman Levi’s crazy about?”

Crazy? Levi? Natalie frowned and chewed on her lower lip. How could this complete stranger elicit such strong emotions in her?

“How about you lower that weapon, sweetheart, and invite me in?”

Natalie jerked the gun to her side and gestured for him to follow her in the door. He shut the door after himself, placed his duffle bag on the floor, and bent to unzip it. Only then did Natalie notice a little, furry head poking out of the bag.

“What is that?” She watched as a miniscule black poodle bounded out of the bag and proceeded to hop around on its hind legs, yapping wildly. A little pink bow was tied in its top knot.

“My dog, Gigi.”

“Gigi? Your dog?”

He scooped up the wriggling, pint-sized mass of energy and grinned. “She’s my girl.”

The man had to be gay. She’d never met a macho, straight man with a frou-frou dog like that.

Natalie breathed a sigh of relief. Surely, that’d squelch her instant attraction to him.

So far it wasn’t working.

* * * *

Trace snapped his tongue back in his mouth. Levi sure knew how to pick 'em. Always had. The little lady was prettier than the Brolin County Herford Festival queen and a damn sight less plastic.

He stared at her body, unable to stop himself. Her long legs rivaled any rodeo queen he'd ever ridden into the sunset. Even with her legs encased in blue jeans, he could tell she worked out. Her slim waist led to a rack that'd make any man fall to his knees and worship at her altar. Her body was topped off with the face of an angel. Everything about her caused a raging conflict inside him.

This was his best friend's girlfriend, and he didn't screw around on his friends. Never. Ever. And especially not Levi.

Yet he and Levi *had* shared women in the very distant past. The thought of sharing this woman with Levi hardened his cock in less than a second. He bent down, deposited Gigi on the floor, and picked up his bag.

"Natalie, where shall I throw my stuff?"

"That way. Second door on the left." She pointed down the hall, seeming reluctant to actually show him the bedroom. Probably better that way.

Trace escaped to his new refuge and a cold shower. Gigi pattered after him, hopped onto the bed, and made a nest in the pillows.

If he stayed here long, he'd be taking a lot of cold showers. His instant attraction to Natalie had slammed him in the gut harder than a bat connecting with a hundred-mile-an-hour fast ball. Damn it all to hell. He couldn't let this happen.

Unless...

Unless, Levi and Natalie were agreeable.

He rubbed his chin in thought. Anticipation steamrolled through him. He damped it down. Way too soon to tell what the future held or didn't hold.

Stripping off his clothes, he headed to the shower and forced his body under the lukewarm water. His fantasies were getting the best of him. Natalie was no wild country girl out for the ride of her life. She was a spoiled, sheltered senator's daughter. He was a poor boy from the backwater of Texas. His daddy had worked as a ranch hand for Levi's dad. His mom had been a bartender and the town slut. She'd hung around long enough to give birth to him, dump him on his daddy's doorstep, and take up with the next man to come along. Once in a while, she'd breeze into their lives, set their asses on end, then breeze out again. His dad had been an okay sort, just worked too much, drank too much, and stayed home too little.

Shivering, Trace stepped out of the shower and toweled off. He glanced in appreciation at the tile floors, granite countertop, and soaking tub set into a bay window. This was only a guest bedroom. Levi'd done well for himself. And Trace, hell, he'd done nothing. He was a broken-down rodeo rider who'd partied all of his money away, couldn't get any work, and had to reinvent himself. So now he'd come to Montana to hide from a crazy bitch of an ex-girlfriend and to beg Levi for a job as a ranch hand.

Things had come full circle.

Chapter 2

Levi Kelly drove hell-bent for leather toward his Montana ranch. But then, he always drove like that. An hour ago Natalie texted him to let him know his guest had arrived early.

He chomped at the bit to see his old buddy. It'd been a long time. He'd grown up with Trace. Bound by disinterested parents, they'd hung with each other through grade school and high school. After graduation, they headed to California, Levi for college with a football scholarship and Trace to pursue his dream of being a professional rodeo cowboy.

To make ends meet, Trace had worked occasionally in his uncle's movie business. *Adult* movie business. Levi's football scholarship didn't cover the expenses of a randy, wild teenager, and his dad refused to give him a penny because his son didn't go to a Texas school. At that point, he, too, supplemented his income by doing a few adult films on the side as the infamous Cowboy Long Dong. He'd managed to keep his identity a secret until it'd been uncovered a few years ago and all hell broke loose, forcing his early retirement from professional football.

It'd been years since the two men had spent time together. Years since Levi had left college and his short-lived movie career behind for a lucrative stint in the NFL and a couple championship rings. Trace went on to make a decent living as a professional rodeo cowboy.

Now in his mid-thirties and living on his Montana ranch, Levi could afford to be generous and help out an old friend, especially an old friend who understood him like no one else. He'd missed that closeness with another person.

He should have it with Natalie, and he had for a brief time. Lately, something seemed wrong. Several times he'd found her sitting on the window seat staring out at the rugged landscape with a wistful expression on her face.

Did she regret her decision to give up everything and live in this remote location with him? Was she getting tired of him? Was the early challenge of starting a business turning to monotony?

She'd lived with him for a year and become a successful caterer in the area. She catered everything from PTA meetings to exclusive parties at celebrities' Montana vacation homes. In addition, her writing career seemed to be going well, as far as he knew.

Yet something was missing. He feared he didn't measure up to her fantasies. The reality of being isolated with him day in and out, putting up with his faults, might be changing her mind about their future. When they'd lived together a few years ago, they'd been in the city. She'd had tons of friends to visit and places to go.

Now she had him, some horses, a handful of ranch hands, a laptop, and a small town full of colorful characters. Was it enough? No bright lights, no shopping malls, no society parties?

He was scared shitless he might be losing her.

When Trace called, he jumped at the opportunity to insert a little spice into their lives. Trace, with his amusing anecdotes and country-boy humor, might inject just the right amount of excitement back into their lives.

Who knows? Maybe they'd even attempt a few things Natalie had never tried. Trace would be game, so would Levi. How far the relationship between the three of them developed would be completely up to her. She claimed she wanted more, but did she really?

* * * *

Trace flirted with Natalie over dinner, harmless, fun flirting. Levi watched with amusement and did nothing to discourage it. As a possessive alpha male, he should have been pissed, tearing his friend from limb to limb and booting his sorry ass out the door.

Yet, he didn't feel any of those feelings. *Strange*. He would with anyone else, but Trace was different and always had been.

Actually, Trace's bantering and sexual innuendoes turned him on. *Even more strange*. In his mind, he imagined Natalie squirming beneath him as he pumped in and out of her tight, wet pussy. Straddling her face, Trace would feed his cock to her. Little by little, she'd take him in down her throat, until she'd swallowed the entire thing.

Damn. His dick grew rock hard. What a fantasy come true, sharing the woman he loved with his best friend.

Trace shot a questioning glance his way. Levi winked. One of Trace's eyebrows crept upward in acknowledgement. Permission asked. Permission granted.

They both lusted for the same women, though not actually in competition. They'd played the game before. Now, they played it with Natalie, the one woman he took seriously and considered a part of his future. Maybe she'd find room for Trace in their future, too, as unorthodox as it might seem to the average person off the street. Of course, he'd never been one for normalcy. Nor had Trace.

They'd shared women before, but never a woman like Natalie. Most of the women they'd shared knew the ropes. They hardly compared to naïve Natalie with her hot body. Her recent willingness to push the limits gave him hope. His heart swelled with love. She continually stretched her comfort zone for him.

Natalie flounced into the kitchen and tossed a come-hither look over her shoulder. Even though it was meant for Levi, he noticed Trace swallowed hard and cleared his throat. Levi watched her little butt sway from side to side until she disappeared from sight.

"You've got one hot woman, Cowboy." Trace used his nickname, derived from Cowboy Long Dong all those years ago.

"That I do. Jealous?" Levi put a beer bottle to his lips and downed half of it. It didn't do a thing for his dry throat.

"Jealousy would imply I want her all to myself. I prefer to share. I'm just that type of guy."

"And you think I'll share with you?"

"A guy has to have his dreams. You game?"

Levi rubbed his chin and regarded his buddy thoughtfully. "That all depends on Nat. We need to take it slow with her, even though she's been dropping hints about taking things in that direction for a few months. I've been holding back because, until you called, I couldn't see sharing her with another man."

"But you can with me?" Trace fingered the edge of the place mat.

"I trust you."

"I'd never hurt her. The chemistry between us is so hot it'd ignite an iceberg. I fell for your feisty little filly the second she pointed her gun at my chest."

"You're lucky you have all your moving parts." Levi chuckled.

"Yeah, it was touch and go for a moment there. Damn, she's a fine one."

“She is. She’s not a one-night stand. She’s a woman who needs to have feelings for the man she’s with.”

“What if that’s two men?”

“We’ll see. It’s possible, the way she looks at you.” Levi hesitated and studied his friend. “Before we discuss Nat any further, tell me the truth. Why are you really here?”

“Really? ’Cause I have this craving I can’t shake for shoveling horse shit and chasing cattle across thousands of acres.”

“Bullshit.”

“I’m just a simple country boy after the simple things in life.”

“Too busted up? Not winning money on the rodeo circuit anymore?”

“Bull’s-eye. Plus, this barrel racer I’d been dating seems to think I need to be sleeping in her bed or in a grave. Had to get outta town.”

“You let a little woman scare you?”

“Her gangbanger brothers suggested I leave or lose my favorite appendage.”

“I see. You always did know how to pick ’em.”

“So do you, buddy. So do you.” Trace looked longingly at the door Natalie disappeared behind.

* * * *

Natalie leaned against the counter and gulped down a large glass of water in an attempt to regain a little composure. She’d started the evening with shameless flirting, hoping to get a rise out of Levi. Nothing. It was almost as if he didn’t care enough to be jealous. Yet he didn’t appear to be indifferent. If anything, he enjoyed their banter and paid more attention to her than he had lately. Not to mention he sported a huge hard-on.

The flirting had moved from harmless to serious as the night wore on and the wine and beer flowed. Trace O’Malley with those espresso-brown eyes and shiny black hair sucked her right into his spell, while Levi watched with interest.

The testosterone of two gorgeous men bombarded her and took away her common sense. She loved the attention, and her imagination swept her to forbidden places she’d never dared to go. She doubted she’d get any complaints from them if she did dare.

Inhaling a deep breath for courage, she walked into the den where the boys played a spirited game of pool. Levi caught her around the waist and pulled her close. He nibbled on the back of her neck and slipped his hand under her short T-shirt to stroke the bare skin of her midriff. Trace licked his lips and took a sip of his whiskey, his dark eyes ever watchful.

Natalie squirmed in a half-hearted attempt to free herself, but Levi held tight. One hand crept higher as his mouth teased her ear lobe. His other hand slid lower, past her belly button to rest on her crotch. Her eyes met Trace's dark gaze. His pupils dilated. His eyes pulled her in, and she fell, drowning in their black depths. The man propped his fine butt on the corner of the pool table and absently chalked his cue stick, never taking his eyes off her. He grinned. Embarrassed yet aroused, she arched her back and pressed her butt against Levi's crotch. Her breasts ached to be touched. She grasped one of his wrists and guided his hand higher. Levi's hot breath tickled the nape of her neck. He rubbed her crotch through her jeans. She moaned and pressed against his hand.

Trace's breath caught. His mouth fell open. His eyes smoldered. Natalie smiled and relished the power she felt from two men lusting over her. Desire radiated through her body.

"You like it when he watches me turn you on?" Levi whispered, his voice all gravelly.

"Yes. I think I want more." She ground her ass against his hard-on.

"Nat, you're killing me." Levi's voice rasped with need.

"Oh, fuck. Me, too." Trace wiped his brow.

Levi pushed her away from his body.

She turned to face him. "What did you do that for? I wanted more."

Levi shook his head. "In time, darlin', in time."

Clever man. He'd give her a little more each time until she begged him for the very thing all three of them wanted.

Frustrated beyond belief, Natalie backed away from both men and looked from one man to the other. Their smug smiles pissed her off. They had her where they wanted her, and they knew it. Fine, at least tonight she'd have the last word.

"I have a headache. I need to go to bed." Lame excuse, but she didn't care. Without a look back, she ran from the room to the relative safety of the big bedroom she shared with Levi.

If he hadn't stopped her, how far would she have gone, would they have gone? How far did she want to go? The idea of a ménage tempted her, excited her, made her wet for wanting it. But for now, she'd need to be content with pleasuring herself.

She slipped her hand between her legs, spread the folds, and inserted a finger. Her other hand played with her breasts and pinched her nipples. Closing her eyes, she imagined two men touching her, a cock in her pussy, and one in her mouth. Her pussy tingled. Her hips jerked back and forth. Her fantasy sent her over the edge. Her body shuddered with its release.

Despite her momentary satisfaction, she longed for the real thing.

Chapter 3

Throughout the next week, Natalie's good sense declared war on her emotions and left her in turmoil. Her life had been turned upside down and inside out by two men and her deviant imagination. Even stranger, Levi didn't seem the least bit jealous or insecure.

She slipped out of bed early this morning and escaped to the barn, hoping for a little peace of mind in the form of horse therapy. She ran the stiff-bristled brush over the big animal's shiny coat. The gentle gelding stuck out his upper lip and closed his eyes in ecstasy. "If only men were as easy to please as you." Natalie laughed and scratched his withers. The animal's knees almost gave out.

"Are you saying we're high maintenance, honey?" Trace's deep voice resonated throughout the barn. Natalie jumped and whirled around. The brush clattered to the floor.

"You surprised me."

Trace grinned, showing perfect white teeth. "Sorry." His little dog, Gigi, poked her head out of a coat pocket.

"You don't look sorry." She reached up to pat Gigi's head at the same time he did. Pleasure vibrated through her body at the incidental touch. Their eyes met and locked for a brief moment. She gazed past his good-ol'-boy charm and witnessed his vulnerability, his personal pain, and his good heart.

A second later, his good ol' boy persona slipped back into place and that door to his soul slammed shut. He backed away and leaned against a stall door, coffee cup in one hand. His devil-may-care façade clicked into place. His dark eyes sparkled with mischief. Natalie attempted to ignore him, but her double-crossing body jabbed her with a sharp elbow and focused its attention on him. Her unruly brain zipped through various sexy scenarios and carnally, compromising situations. She blinked, attempting to clear her

wayward thoughts. Glancing up, she found him staring at her. His knowing expression indicated he read her body language loud and clear.

“Do you need something?” Irritation laced her voice.

“Now, darlin’, I’ve been hoping you’d say that.” He rubbed the little dog with long, lazy strokes. If only his hands stroked hers like that.

“You know what I mean.” Her voice wavered, sounding way too husky. She cleared her throat.

“I do know what you mean, but do you know what you mean?” He grinned his endearing lopsided grin.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” She pursed her lips and brushed the horse more vigorously.

“Hmm. I think you do.” He pushed away from the stall door and moved close to her. His breath tickled the nape of her neck. She shuddered and heard him draw in a breath. “I like watching you with the horses.” His voice caressed her, all soft and seductive.

Natalie squirmed, mortified at the dampness between her legs. Wedged between him and the horse, she had nowhere to go. The masculine scent of his aftershave filled her nostrils and stole the oxygen from her lungs.

Gasping, she scrambled for a distraction. “I get a kick out of seeing you with that dog.”

Trace looked down at his poodle and scratched her tiny chin. “I can’t leave her alone in the house. Levi’s cat terrorizes Gigi. He’s a ruthless bastard.”

“He’s a cat. Clarence believes we live to serve him. An interloper wouldn’t be welcome. He doesn’t share his *servants*.” Natalie relaxed a little, relieved they’d strayed to safer ground, even though he still stood too close.

“Who’d have guessed Levi would have a cat?” Trace chuckled. “He hated cats. Considered them unmanly.”

“Who’d have guessed you’d have a frou-frou dog.” She ducked under his arm and crossed to the opposite side of the horse.

“Yeah, weird, isn’t it? An old girlfriend dumped me and her dog at the same time. I got the dog. We had a love-hate relationship for a while.” He put his hands on the animal’s back and leaned closer. Despite the horse between them, he pulled her in like a magnet.

“You and the dog?”

“Yeah, but Gigi wormed her way into my heart. Now we’re inseparable. Give me a chance. We might end up that way, too.”

“You’re a smooth one.” She smiled at him. She loved a man with a soft spot for animals. He’d be so much easier to resist if he were an asshole. “Where is Levi?”

“Still in bed, I imagine. He never was much for rising early.” Trace sipped his coffee and regarded her with hooded eyes.

One lock of his dark hair fell over his forehead, giving him a boyish look. Natalie knew how deceptive it was. This man was not a boy. Yet, it’d be so easy to lean across the horse and taste those tempting lips, just a little sample, nothing serious. She mentally slapped herself. How could she think such things? Why the hell did she want to jump in bed with this man when she loved another?

“So you and Levi go back to your Texas days.” If she kept talking, maybe he wouldn’t notice her inappropriate attraction to him. She snorted. Like he hadn’t already noticed the attraction between them?

Whatever was going on, it didn’t put a damper on her and Levi’s sex life. If anything, the sex they’d had for the past week rivaled their best sex ever. Levi still did it for her, yet so did this man. She wanted them both yet fought it every step of the way.

“Yeah, Levi and me, we banded together. We both had abusive fathers, shitty home lives, that kind of stuff.”

“I’m sorry. I know it must have been tough.” Natalie’s heart bled for him. She understood the trials of dealing with dysfunctional parents, more than she’d ever admit.

“Hey, what doesn’t kill you…”

“Makes you stronger.” Natalie resisted the urge to touch him and run her finger along his jawbone. Trace was a strong man with a sensitive soul. One look at his little dog proved that.

“Yeah, we both developed some pretty thick skin over the years, but at least we had each other.”

Natalie nodded. Her senator father had never touched her physically, but his need for control bordered on pathological, and she’d never been able to please him. “So what brings you here?”

Trace didn’t answer. Natalie looked up and met his troubled gaze. Her heart went out to him as she read the pain there. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to pry.”

“It’s not that. It’s hard to admit you’re washed up. I am. I can’t make a living at what I love to do. I’ve spent my entire life in the rodeo, following the rodeo circuit. Taking on ranch jobs here and there to make ends meet, and then moving on when I had enough money saved up to compete again. I gave up a lot to do it.”

“Do you regret what you gave up?”

“Sometimes. No wife. No home. No kids. No one to love me and be there for me at the end of the day. Just a two-bit hotel room on the wrong side of town. Yeah, it hurts. Would I do the same thing over again? Maybe.” He smiled a crooked smile as Gigi licked his hand with her little pink tongue.

“So you were in some films together?”

Trace’s face flushed, his jaw clenched, and he looked away. “A part of our lives we’d prefer to forget. We were both young and dumb and needed money. My uncle offered us a chance to be with some really hot, experienced women and make good money doing it. What nineteen-year-old wouldn’t jump at the chance? Still, it’s one thing I wouldn’t do over again. As soon as I made enough money to hit the rodeo circuit, I got out and never looked back.

“And Levi?”

“Same thing. You know that. He took a big chance being found out. The college would’ve kicked him out of football and ruined his chances at a career in the pros.”

Natalie understood the stress Levi must have been under. “He didn’t feel he had a choice. His dad cut him off, and he couldn’t make ends meet with his scholarship.”

“Hey, you don’t need to justify his actions to me. I’m well aware of them. Levi’s always been there for me. Whenever I needed refuge, he took me in. Whenever I needed a loan, he gave me his last dime.”

“And you always paid him back?”

“Yeah, I did. I’d take a bullet for that man.”

Natalie didn’t respond. Guilt flowed through her. She was the disloyal one. She lusted for Levi’s rugged, good-looking friend, yet she still loved Levi with all her heart. How could a woman lust for two men? It was unnatural, deviant even. Oh, lord, if her father wasn’t disgusted with her now, could she even imagine what he and her society-conscious mother would do if she had two lovers, and it leaked to the press?

Natalie shook her head. First, she didn’t have two lovers. She hadn’t yet stepped over that line yet, but she wanted to, though wanting and doing were two very different things. Second, what she did with her life wasn’t any of her father’s business. Her incessant

concern about his reactions had to stop. This wasn't about her father. It was about her and Levi and Trace and what they wanted.

Conflicted, Natalie put the horse back in his stall, checked the other horses, and headed back to the house. Trace followed her.

* * * *

"You up for breakfast? I make a mean omelet." Trace poured himself another cup of coffee and filled a cup for Natalie. He avoided her gaze because his need was too raw, too obvious. Her kindness toward the animals wound him in a knot of dangerous emotions.

"Thanks, I'd love some. It's cold out there." She sat down at the counter and wrapped her delicate hands around the warm cup.

"Typical Montana spring."

She nodded. "We're lucky we don't have snow."

Trace placed his little dog in her bed and gave her a pat. Clarence, the evil cat, eyed the little morsel from his perch on a barstool. He paused to glare at the cat. Natalie watched him with knowing eyes.

"You really love that little dog, don't you?"

He nodded. How did a man explain that this little bundle of fur gave him the only unconditional love he'd ever experienced with a female and expected nothing in return?

She smiled back.

"Beautiful place you two have here." His wistful tone drew a sympathetic glance from her. She reached out and patted his hand. He stared into those sky-blue eyes and drowned in their warmth. Her gentle touch turned his insides out. Women used him for sex or money—when he had any. They never showed him the compassion Natalie had shown in a few short minutes. Something unspoken passed between them, an acknowledgement of their mutual attraction. Yet, this went deeper. Natalie touched something inside. Her spirited yet gentle nature spiked tenderness in him, something he never allowed himself to feel. Lust he could handle. Fondness, even love, he'd never understood or succumbed to. Now was not the time to start.

Uncomfortable with the direction his thoughts headed, he busied himself in the kitchen. Natalie helped him by placing the ingredients he needed for his omelets on the counter. She dropped the cheese package on the floor, and they both bent down to pick it up at the same time. Their bodies touched, faces close together. For a moment suspended in time, Trace battled his instincts to kiss her. Her soft luscious lips parted involuntarily and

invited his mouth to mate with hers. Sexual electricity arced between them, snapping and crackling with intensity. Damn, he wanted her. *Bad*. Worse than he'd ever wanted any woman.

Levi wouldn't mind. He was certain of that. Yet, he didn't want to do anything behind Levi's back. Kissing her now would be a betrayal of trust between all three of them. Whatever happened needed to be with all three present. His buddy insisted they take their time until she begged for it. Damn, he hated waiting.

Straightening, he broke the spell. Natalie, flushed and nervous, jumped back. She wrung her hands together and stared at the floor. He almost smiled. If she only knew. In time she would.

"Hey, what's going on in here?" Levi strode into the room, shirtless, his sweatpants slung low on his hips. Natalie gave a guilty start and busied herself making another pot of coffee.

"I'm making breakfast. Nat's been helping me."

Levi's knowing gaze slid from one to the other. Trace shrugged one shoulder. Levi's barely perceptible nod indicated he understood.

"I'm going to take a quick shower before breakfast." Natalie didn't wait for a response. She fled from the room. Trace chuckled.

"What's that all about?" Levi rested his ass on the barstool next to the cat.

"She almost kissed me." No use dancing around the obvious attraction between them.

"Hmm. I see. She's conflicted."

"Are you okay with it?"

Levi nodded. "I'm more than okay with it. I'd love nothing more than to watch you fuck Natalie while she deep throats me." His gray eyes met his friend's, free of jealousy and full of expectation.

"Fuck, I didn't need that mental image. I'm gonna need a cold shower or a self-induced hand job." Trace adjusted his package confined in his tight blue jeans.

"Tell me about it." Levi stared out the window.

"What the hell? You could grab her and haul her cute ass off to bed."

"Yeah, I could. Maybe I will. We had incredible sex last night. Best we've had in months."

“Damn, I’d love to join you.”

“You will. I want her to beg for it. This needs to be her idea to a point so there’s no regrets, no guilt.”

“She doesn’t understand how three people can have a viable relationship with each other and be mature enough to get beyond the jealousy.” Trace flipped the omelet onto a plate and started another.

“And we *do* understand it? We aren’t exactly the best examples. Face it, buddy, we’re all flying in the dark without instruments here.”

“Yeah, you’re right. Sounded good, didn’t it?” Trace snorted.

“Thanks a lot.”

Trace looked up. “Levi?”

“Yeah?”

“I think I’m falling for her, but I’ve never been good at telling the difference between lust and love. I know that sounds crazy. I mean I’ve only known her a short time. I never believed in love at first sight, yet there’s something I can’t explain.”

Levi nodded, as he appeared to digest that information.

“Are you okay with that?”

“Nat deserves nothing less. If it was someone other than you, I’d tear the asshole from limb to limb. I know Natalie loves me. I know she’s attracted to you. She has a big heart and enough love to go around.”

“You’re a damn good friend, Levi. I love you like a brother.”

“Yeah, man, I know. Me, too. Nat will come around. This may be the start of something we’ve always dreamed of and never thought would happen.”

“Yeah, it could be. We’ll take it slow so we don’t scare her.”

“We’ve got all the time in the world. None of us are going anywhere.”

* * * *

Natalie’s characters weren’t cooperating.

Somehow, a second hero had insinuated himself into her story, and he refused to leave. The main hero, who looked incredibly like Levi, and the heroine welcomed him with open arms. Too open. The three of them wanted a ménage. Even worse, the other guy resembled Trace. This particular book wasn't supposed to be a ménage, but tell that to her characters. They wouldn't take no for an answer. Stuck in a one-room cabin in a snow storm, they'd taken up a game of strip poker.

Her frantic fingers flew over the keyboard of their own will until she finally took control and called a halt to the scene. She'd left the characters in their underwear and panting for more.

With a frustrated sigh, Natalie shut down her laptop. Standing up, she paced from one end of the den to the other. She paused to look out the window.

And what about her? Wasn't she panting for more? Several days ago she'd almost kissed Trace, Levi's best friend. For the next week, she holed up in the den with the claim of a deadline looming over her. Instead of relief, her characters kept pushing her into acting out the fantasies her body desired.

Maybe she should let her characters have their way? And what about Levi and Trace?

She'd picked up strange vibes from the two men ever since Trace showed up a few weeks ago. Almost as if they encouraged a relationship with both of them. In her dreams, she fantasized about both men taking her in different ways. She loved Levi, a lot. Yet, Trace attracted her. She couldn't deny the chemistry between them, the same chemistry she had with Levi. Was it possible for a woman to have chemistry with two men? She'd always considered such special feelings to be exclusive between one man and one woman. But two men?

When Trace looked at her with those smoldering dark eyes, her juices flowed, her pussy itched for action, and her nipples puckered. All signs of a horny woman. Levi turned her on, too. Between the two men, she lived in a perpetual state of desire. She ached for both men to take her, dreamed about it. Her subconscious got in the game and attempted to force her to write about it.

What woman in her right mind would want to deal with two men at the same time? One man was more than enough trouble.

Yet, lusting after Trace and a forbidden threesome turned her on. Her unresolved feelings for Trace transferred into hot sex with Levi, hotter than she'd ever imagined. She didn't know if she was coming or going, though she'd done a lot of coming lately.

Natalie almost laughed. Her bizarre situation scared the crap out of her and excited her. Unable to second guess where Trace and Levi were coming from, she decided to go with the flow. See where it took her. If they forced her to make a choice, she'd choose Levi, of course.

If they didn't, she'd choose something she couldn't even wrap her mind around, not yet.

But maybe sooner than later.

Chapter 4

"She's caving." Trace leaned back and regarded his friend. Helping himself to Levi's twenty-year-old Scotch, he sipped the fine whiskey. It went down smooth and warm, relaxing him, easing some of the day's tension.

"I know. My Nat struggles with her sense of right and wrong, but she wants this."

"I been here almost a month. The sexual tension between us grows exponentially every day. I swear that little thing undresses me with her eyes every time she sees me. My cock is screaming for some action, and my hand is getting damn tired of providing an inadequate replacement."

Levi, the evil bastard, threw back his head and laughed.

"Asshole. You're getting laid every night. I can hear the two of you banging on that huge bed. It's torture. I'm hornier than a three-peckered billy goat."

"Hang in there, my friend. It won't be much longer."

"I hope so, because it isn't just my body involved at this point. I'm really attached to her."

"Nat has a way of doing that to a man."

"She's done it to me." Trace hated admitting to any kind of emotional weakness, but Natalie touched him in ways far beyond sexual.

"We'll give her a nudge. Let's lead her down a one-way road and see where she ends up."

"How do you propose we do that?" Trace leaned forward, interested and ready for action.

"We'll need a blindfold."

* * * *

Natalie dried the last dish and put it away. From behind her, someone snatched the dish towel out of her hand, placed it over her eyes, and tied it behind her head. She smiled. Ready and willing.

Levi, the horny little devil, wanted to play.

She giggled as he pressed his rock-hard erection back and forth against her ass and pushed her hips against the counter. His hand slipped between her legs. He rubbed back and forth through her jeans, and she pressed her crotch against those magic fingers of his. He sucked on her neck, little nibbles sure to leave telltale marks, but she didn't give a shit. His stubble abraded her sensitive skin and heightened her senses.

A warning sounded in her brain, far off and feeble. Something didn't feel right. The cock rubbing against her ass seemed a little too low for a man of Levi's height. But it felt so good, so hot, so sexy. She ignored the obvious and went into author mode, letting her imagination take flight. She didn't want him to stop, regardless of who was behind her.

"Levi?"

He growled in her ear and sucked her ear lobe. Moaning, she tilted her head back to give him easy access to her neck. His free hand snaked around to her front and under her baggy T-shirt. The calloused pads of unfamiliar fingers slid upward, the sweet friction caused her to shudder. He caressed a hard nipple through her flimsy bra, eliciting more moans of ecstasy from her.

"Trace?"

Another growl. Her heart thumped in her chest.

"Are you both here?"

A chuckle reached her ears but nothing else to indicate who was in the room. She'd show them.

Feeling naughty and bold, Natalie reached down and grabbed the hand between her legs. It didn't feel like Levi's hand. Two could play this game. She guided it to the waistband of her jeans. Wetness pooled between her legs at the thought of one man watching while the other touched her.

Behind her, the man made no sound except for a grunt of satisfaction. She unfastened the top button on her jeans and pulled down the zipper, giving him access to her most intimate spot. He didn't need a second invitation. His hand dived down her pants, under her soaked panties. His index finger probed her slit, making her even wetter.

She arched her hips and pushed his hand deeper, begging for more. His finger slid easily inside her, deeper and deeper until he'd buried it to his knuckle. His other hand pinched

her nipple, tugged on her nipple ring. He added a second finger to the first, stretching her wider. She leaned her back against his chest as he pumped his fingers in and out of her pussy. His thumb traced urgent circles on her clit. She cried out, willing herself not to come so easily. She rode his hand, urging him to thrust harder, faster, wilder. Helpless, she reached behind and fumbled for his erection. He groaned in her ear as she stroked him through his jeans.

Turning her head, Natalie tasted his mouth. Their tongues met, entwined, mated. He tasted so very different from Levi.

The imposter behind her worked his fingers in and out of her pussy like a man on a sexual mission. She lost herself in his touch and shattered like an egg on concrete.

Breathing heavily, she floated back to reality. A man's fingers still rested inside her pussy. He held her tight against him. Her cunt ached for something more than fingers. She melted against him and shut her eyes. His chest heaved as he gulped in ragged breaths. He wanted more, too.

"Shall we fly a little higher, darling?" a voice drawled in her ear and yanked her back to earth.

She pulled away from him and ripped off the blindfold. He grinned at her, way too pleased with himself. Several feet away in the cheap seats, Levi watched from a barstool and rubbed his huge erection through his jeans. His gray eyes burned into hers

She rounded on Levi. "You think this is funny? You tried to trick me, both of you. Well, guess what, cowboy, I knew it wasn't you from the start."

A smug smile graced Levi's handsome face. "You knew it, and you encouraged it, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did. I wanted it." She locked gazes with Levi, then Trace, challenging them.

"You've been wanting it since you first laid eyes on me." Trace took his time zipping up his jeans.

"So have you, mister. And you, Levi, you want it, too. Did you enjoy watching another man make me come?"

Levi's smug smile dropped off his face, and he gulped and nodded sheepishly. Natalie laughed. She had them where she wanted them.

"So we're all in agreement. You name the time and place, and I'll be there. And, cowboys, be ready for the ride of your lives. Hope you can handle it."

Their mouths dropped open. She zipped up her pants, pulled down her shirt, and sashayed from the room before she lost her nerve and changed her mind. The heat of their gazes burnt a hole in her back.

* * * *

Levi tipped the crystal tumbler to his lips, tasted the gold liquid on his tongue, and let it slide down his throat. Damn, there was nothing better than good Scotch.

Trace walked in, poured himself a drink, and plopped into the overstuffed leather chair next to him.

“Damn, that went well, didn’t it?” Levi poured himself another shot.

“Fuck, I had her so hot and bothered she just about climbed on my dick in the kitchen and rode me hard. And you said she needed time to warm up to the idea. She’s so warm; she’s melting the polar ice caps.”

“Hell, yeah. I get a major boner thinking of watching you fuck her pretty little brains out. Then the little vamp turned the tables on us and stole control.”

“I love a woman in control.” Trace stretched lazily in the chair.

“She wants it. My little Nat wants a threesome. Who’d have figured.”

“You’re still okay with it, right?”

“Hell, yeah. I asked you to help me put a little spice back in our love life, and you have.”

“Damn, we’re putting spice in my love life, too.” Trace grinned. “In fact, fuck the spice. It’s more like a five-alarm hot sauce.”

“Yeah, well, hope you can take heat because your hot sauce is getting hotter tomorrow night.”

* * * *

Natalie heard Levi crawl into bed next to her. The mattress sagged under his weight. He pulled her naked backside against his bare chest and positioned her butt against his hips. She’d been lying here for what seemed like hours, waiting for Levi to come to bed. After her earlier boldness, doubts started to seep into her brain. She needed assurance.

She tried to turn in his arms, but he held her fast, not letting her face him. “Levi?”

“Yeah, baby.”

“Just because I want Trace doesn’t mean I don’t want you. You are okay with this, right?”

“I’m more than okay with it.” He toyed with her nipples. “It’s a little strange, but my sexual appetites have never been normal.” He spoke softly into her ear, blowing her hair away from her neck.

“I’m well aware of that.”

“Trace and I have shared women before, but this is different. It’s more than casual sex. You’re attracted to him. I’ve watched the way you look at him.”

“But I’m attracted to you. I love you.”

“You can be attracted to more than one man at a time. It’s not a bad thing in my book as long as the other guy is someone I know and trust.”

“And if he wasn’t?”

“I’d beat the crap out of him.” He chuckled.

She laughed. “You have no idea how much I’m looking forward to this, but I’m scared, too.” She wanted this as much as the two of them did. Yet, plagued by the stigma of such an unorthodox relationship, she struggled with her rigid upbringing, her strong sense of right and wrong.

“We’ll take good care of you, Nat.” Levi nipped her shoulder and turned her around in his arms. His cock rubbed against her inner thigh. She buried her head in his broad chest and contemplated her future.

“I know you will. And I’ll take good care of both of you.” Despite her qualms, she meant what she said.

Tomorrow night Levi and Trace wouldn’t know what hit them.

Chapter 5

Natalie woke the next morning. She reached for Levi, but he wasn’t in bed next to her. Sunlight streamed through the windows. A glance at the alarm clock told her it was 10:30 a.m. She never slept in this late. Sitting up, she stretched and yawned. A piece of paper propped on the nightstand caught her eye. She reached for it and began to read.

Nat, we’re working on fences all day on the opposite side of the ranch. Won’t be back until late. We’ll meet you in the den at 8:30 tonight. Wear something sexy. Love, Levi

Natalie smiled to herself. She'd spend the day writing. Her characters waited for her. She'd left them in a bad way.

Throwing on a bath robe, she grabbed a cup of coffee and retreated to the den. After powering on her laptop, she opened the file for her latest book and let her characters have their way.

She picked up the strip poker scene where she'd left off. In seconds, her characters stripped down to nothing. Mouths sucked body parts, hands touched and stroked and stoked the fire. Their bodies tangled together on the braided rug in front of a roaring fire. Her heroine rolled to all fours, doggie style, and took the newcomer's cock in her mouth and proceeded to give him the blow job of a lifetime. The original hero positioned himself behind her and plunged his cock deep inside her. The two men proceeded to pound into her while she writhed and moaned and begged to be allowed to come.

Natalie needed release, too. Damn, writing scenes like this usually sent her in search of Levi for some additional *research*. Instead, she typed more of the scene in vivid detail. She'd get her release tonight but no sooner.

The hornier she was, the more guts she'd have to do whatever her body and her men desired.

* * * *

Several hours and three satisfied characters later, Natalie rummaged through her closet looking for an appropriately sexy outfit. A couple months ago, she'd taken a girl trip to the city. Her friends convinced her to buy clothes she swore she'd never wear. She pulled them out of the closet now.

Stripping her clothes, she turned on the shower, grabbed a razor, and shaved between her legs. Levi liked her bare with a small patch of hair. She aimed to please. After toweling off, she walked naked into the bedroom.

Feeling like a naughty girl, she attached a dangling chain with a large stone on the end of her nipple ring. The jewel swayed back and forth. The weight tugged on her nipple. Little sparks of pleasure snapped through her. Her pussy lubricated itself, hoping for action. She resisted the urge to pleasure herself.

Next, she donned a sheer, red lace push-up bra that did little to conceal her hard nipples and followed it with a matching G-string. Slipping into a skin-tight, low-cut, cherry-red sweater that buttoned up the front, she left the upper half of the buttons undone so that her ample breasts spilled over the top and threatened to break free of the confines of the skimpy bra. The sweater's hem stopped a few inches above her belly button, while her tight, little knit skirt snugged low on her hips and showed off her butt cheeks if she didn't stand perfectly straight.

Nervous with anticipation, she paused in the doorway to Levi's den. Hours of unsatisfied lust fuzzied her brain until she could barely form a coherent thought. Two deep male voices resonated through the thick door. Hearty laughs and a clinking of glasses followed.

Her appearance invited trouble, the very trouble she hoped she'd find tonight. Levi would cream his jeans when he saw her.

And Trace...

He wanted her. She wanted him, and she wanted Levi.

She loved Levi. Yet, Trace really turned her on. So did Levi. It was what it was. A girl had a right to her fantasies. Levi and Trace would turn those fantasies into her reality.

Inhaling a calming breath, she pushed open the heavy oak door and stood in the doorway waiting for them to acknowledge her. Both heads turned toward her. Both pairs of male eyes regarded her with appreciation dripping with testosterone. A feral smile spread across Levi's face as he stretched lazily in the big leather arm chair.

Their eyes met. Trace stared at her, his brown eyes full of hunger and undisguised lust. Her breath caught. A telltale wetness soaked her panties yet again. She looked away, momentarily self-conscious and embarrassed. She chanced a quick look at Levi, fearing he'd be pissed or jealous or both. Surely he read the longing in her eyes and felt the carnal electricity bouncing from her to Trace.

Instead, he patted the arm of his chair and licked his lips like a man looking forward to savoring a tasty morsel.

She crossed the room, taking care not to stumble on her shaky legs, and perched on the arm of Levi's chair, which put her across from Trace.

"You look decadent." The naked lust in Levi's slate-gray eyes made her even wetter. She had it bad—for both men. He inclined his head toward his friend.

Trace nodded. "Like a box of gourmet chocolates begging to be sampled."

"Uh, thank you." She cast a glance at Levi, expecting him to forget his earlier assertions that he was okay with this and instead fly into a jealous rage. But he didn't beat the crap out of his friend for that sexual innuendo. Instead of pounding Trace to a pulp, he handed her the glass of red wine sitting on the coffee table. Watching her, he sipped from his own Scotch glass.

"Did I tell you Trace and I were practically raised together? We shared everything as little boys."

“And as adults.” Trace’s admiring gaze rested on her large breasts.

“That’s nice.” Her voice shook. Her pussy tingled with anticipation. Every part of her body hummed with awareness of the two hot male bodies and what the night might bring.

“What Levi’s is mine, and what’s mine is Levi’s. That’s the way it’s always been. No jealousy, no competition, well, not too much, and no ulterior motives. Just two good friends sharing their good fortunes.”

“Am I your good fortune?” Natalie swallowed, but the lump the size of a mega fur ball remained lodged in her throat.

“Oh, honey, you’re the best thing that’s ever happened to me.” Levi’s large hand wrapped around her leg. He drew lazy circles on her inner thigh with his thumb.

“And to me.” The sheer sincerity in Trace’s voice and naked emotion in his eyes hit her harder than a mallet crushing a mirror. Her convictions shattered inside her. The morality of being with two men blended into a nonsensical jumble of inane rules, which didn’t fit her situation. Trace cared for her. She cared for him. And she did love Levi. “Do you like what you see, buddy?” Levi grinned at Trace. His buddy grinned back.

Trace nodded and licked his lips. “I’d like to see more.”

“Nat, honey, why don’t you take pity on my dear friend and show him those gorgeous tits of yours. You know you want to.”

Natalie froze. *You know you want to?* Okay, she did. In fact, her juices flowed so freely, she’d probably leave a spot on the arm of the chair. She’d started down this path the day she’d held Trace at gunpoint. There was no turning back, no undoing what she’d done.

Natalie froze. Her palms grew sweaty. Her hands shook. She clamped her knees together. Levi and Trace waited with incredible patience. Both men’s eyes fixated on the current objects of their attention, her big breasts.

“Nat, I’d be most obliged if you’d do me that one little favor.” Trace’s deep voice slid over her like a warm summer breeze.

He asked so nicely, how could she say no? Besides, she had a bra on, so big deal. Her sweater left little to the imagination anyway. With trembling fingers, she undid the bottom button. Three to go.

“Stand up, honey, and face Trace so he doesn’t miss anything.” Levi gave her a gentle push.

Natalie stood and faced the mouth-watering cowboy. Another button. And another. The last one. Her breasts popped from the confines of the sweater.

“Nice. Very nice.” Trace grinned as Levi sitting behind her traced a long finger down the inside of her thigh from just below her crotch to her knee.

“You like?” Levi rasped with pride filling his voice.

“Oh, hell, yeah. It’s beyond my wildest dreams.”

“Honey, make the man’s dreams come true.”

“Are you sure?” Natalie glanced back at Levi. He winked and nodded.

“More, baby. Bare those tits for him. Let him see those nice, tight nipples. You know you want to. You’ve been lusting over Trace for weeks.”

“You both realize this is purely book research, right?” Her teasing tone did little to relax her.

“Darlin’, you can use me as your guinea pig anytime you please. My body is yours.”

Natalie wiped her sweaty palms on her short skirt. The unmistakable scent of her arousal filled the air between them. She blushed. “It’s okay, Nat. I don’t mind.” Levi undid the clasp on her bra. Natalie gasped and clutched the lacy cups to her breasts. She made the big mistake of meeting Trace’s eyes. The raw need reflected there almost drove her to her knees. Lust she might have resisted, but the emotions dancing in those chocolate depths went far beyond the physical, much deeper than that. She detected a vulnerability he rarely revealed to anyone. It was her undoing.

With deliberate slowness, she removed her hands. The scrap of lace fell to the floor. Her nipple jewel swayed on its gold chain. Trace stared at it like he would a hypnotist’s watch. His eyes dilated. His breath rasped in shallow gasps. Sweat beaded on his forehead.

“Holy shit.” Trace blew out a long whistle of male appreciation. “Honey, I worship at your altar.”

A small thread of confidence tripped through her and shored up her convictions. She held her hands to her sides. Her exposed nipples stood in hard peaks. Small red teeth marks from last night’s wild lovemaking with Levi were visible on her breasts.

Trace glanced at Levi. “May I?”

“Be my guest.” Levi’s big hands stroked her ass.

Natalie held her breath, expecting Trace to cross the room and touch her. Instead he lifted a camera and began snapping pictures.

“What’s that for?”

“Just for us. To record the moment.” Trace grinned reassuringly.

Levi stood and pulled her backside against him. He touched the tip of her nipple, just a simple stroke, but it sent fire rushing to her pussy and weakened her knees all the more. A telltale smile crossed the man’s lips.

“She likes that,” Trace noted as he snapped away.

She couldn’t deny how much she liked it. She wanted Levi to touch her more, while his sexy buddy watched and recorded the moment. She rolled back her shoulders, and strained to feel his touch again on her breasts.

Trace chuckled as did Levi. “She’s one hot woman.”

“Definitely.” Levi nodded his agreement.

“You like someone watching, don’t you? It makes you feel naughty to allow this while a camera clicks away.”

Natalie nodded. Levi caught her nipple between his index finger and thumb and squeezed. Natalie moaned and closed her eyes, swallowing hard. She squirmed. The heat built between her legs to an insatiable need. She shot a quick glance at Trace. He smirked and stroked his hard cock through his jeans, thoroughly enjoying the show.

Releasing her held breath, Natalie allowed Levi to turn her around, and then pull her down to straddle his lap. Her huge tits were at his eye level, a fact he immediately took advantage of. Bending his head, he took one hard nipple into his mouth and sucked, softly and gently. His lips and tongue stroked in a feather-light rhythm. A movement out of the corner of her eye caught her attention. Trace stood a few feet to the side. The lens of the camera hovered less than a foot from her breasts as he recorded every decadent second. She looked straight into the camera and licked her lips.

Levi pinched and plucked her nipple. Another animal moan escaped her throat. He sucked harder, bringing her to the edge of pain and deep into pleasure. Switching to her other breast, he marked it with a nip and sucked hard and deep. He took the dangling jewel into his mouth and tugged. Natalie held her breath as he drew back and stretched her nipple to the point of pain. She cried out when it became unbearable. He backed off, leaving her panting and close to coming. Levi knew how to push the pain to pleasure and not step over the delicate line.

The fingers of one hand stroked her thighs. Thunder pounded in her ears. Pure raw sex raced through her veins. Grasping the ring, Levi stretched her nipple again, twisting the chain on his finger. She whimpered. He nipped at the other nipple. Hot pain raged inside

her, but she wanted more, craved more, was beyond caring they had an audience of two—Trace and his camera.

Her cowboy pushed up her tight little skirt until it gathered at her waist, and he slid aside the crotch of her G-string.

“Sweetheart, you’re soaking wet.”

“I know.” Natalie choked on the words, barely able to form a coherent syllable.

Levi stroked her shaved pussy. Natalie groaned and pushed her hips toward him. He parted her pussy lips and plunged his finger deep inside. She closed her eyes and relished the feeling of his large finger buried inside her. He slid it out long enough to add a second finger. She bucked against his hand as he finger-fucked her. She pitched her body harder and harder, building into a frenzy of wild, jerking hips. Her large breasts slapped out a rhythm as she rode his hand for all she was worth. Crying out, waves of pleasure sent her over the edge into a mind-blowing orgasm while the camera snapped away.

When she opened her eyes, both men watched her with smug expressions. Her sweaty body immersed in the afterglow of an incredible orgasm responded sluggishly. Embarrassed, but still weak, Natalie struggled to her feet, straightened her G-string, and held her hands across her breasts. Levi’s pale blue eyes issued a challenge to her.

“We’re not done yet, sweetheart.”

From her lust-induced fog, she found her tongue. “What’s next?”

“What do you want to come next?” The bulge in Levi’s jeans betrayed the extent of his arousal.

“Not what, who. It’s your turn Levi.” She wanted to do for him what he’d done for her.

“You’re one hot little vixen hiding behind an angel’s face.” Levi moved closer.

“Take your hands away from those gorgeous tits, honey.” Trace held up the camera, ready for some more action. “Let me take a few more shots.”

“Go ahead. Let him.” Levi’s persuasive voice penetrated the haze. Her hands dropped to her sides. Trace clicked away.

“Put your hands under your tits and push them up. Oh, yeah. Great. Incredible. Damn, those babies are huge.”

“They’re originals. No help from silicone,” Levi added. “You should taste them sometime.”

“I will, buddy, I will. Believe me. I’ll get my turn.” He turned to Natalie. “Get on your hands and knees on the coffee table.”

Natalie hesitated. Trace moved close and put a finger under her chin. She froze to the spot. He stared down into her eyes, and she melted.

“Do it for me, darling’. For us.”

Unable to resist, Natalie did as he told her.

“Arch your back. Now look at me. Lick your lips. Slow. Yeah, like that. Turn to face me. Great. Good. You’re a natural, baby.”

Natalie’s crotch was soaked. She couldn’t remember ever being so turned on. She played to the camera, sending it smoldering looks and following it around the room with her eyes.

“Take off her skirt.” Trace directed Levi as if they were making a movie.

Levi pulled her to her feet and moved behind her. He yanked her short skirt down past her hips, to her knees, and beyond until it pooled under her feet on the floor. *Snap. Snap. Snap.* Trace clicked away.

“One more item.”

Levi grasped the sides of her G-string in his large hands and stretched it upward, forcing her onto tiptoes to avoid the sharp pain in her pussy. The crotch of her panties abraded her clit. She begged for mercy, something Levi wasn’t good at giving. He pulled harder and the material gave way as he literally ripped it from her body. His actions almost sent her over the edge, and would have except for her audience.

She stood before them, trembling and naked. Levi captured her hands behind her back to prevent her automatic modesty while Trace clicked away. Starting with full-body shots, he zoomed in on her dripping pussy. She squeezed her legs together, causing him to laugh.

“Do you want to stop? Do you want to go to your room and forget about us?” Levi’s hot breath on her neck sent shivers through her.

She chewed on that for a second. No, she didn’t. She wanted to stay here with these two sexy men who scared the crap out of her and uncovered feelings she’d never felt.

“No. I don’t.”

“If you stay, you know what’ll happen, don’t you?”

She nodded, having gone too far to back out now.

“The two of us are going to fuck your pretty little brains out.”

“I know. I want you to fuck my brains out until I can’t walk in the morning.” Her voice cracked, sounding like a frog in a pond on a warm summer night.

“It’s a good thing we have stamina.”

Both Trace and Levi chuckled.

Setting down the camera, Trace stepped forward. Natalie backed up a step and hit the hard wall of Levi’s chest. He placed his hands loosely on her hips, holding her in place yet giving her an out if she chose to take it.

She didn’t. She couldn’t. She waited. Her body buzzed with anticipation. Her knees buckled, but Levi held her up.

She sucked in a breath as Trace’s hand brushed her nipple. He dipped his finger in his nearby Scotch glass, then traced a wet circle around each nipple. Natalie gasped as he bent his head to her breasts and licked the alcohol off one, then the other.

“Sure you’re ready for this, honey?” Levi nuzzled her neck, sending little tingles up and down her spine.

She nodded, unable to find her tongue, as Trace’s mouth fed on her nipples.

“Last chance, Nat. Do you want out?” When she didn’t answer, Levi stepped to the side. He pulled down his zipper and shucked his jeans. His erection, thick and long, strained against the stretchy material of his briefs. With a wink, he yanked them off and stood beside her in all his naked glory.

She swallowed. Her eyes fixated on his cock. She wanted it inside her. She wanted both cocks inside her. Not at the same time, of course, but one after the other. Or maybe at the same time. Or not. Hell, she didn’t have a fucking clue what she wanted, except she wanted to experience it all, everything they had to give and more.

She turned at the sound of the second zipper. Trace, completely unselfconscious pulled down his jeans and underwear in one smooth motion. His cock wasn’t as long as Levi’s, but it was thicker, and long by most men’s standards.

“You’re beautiful. Both of you.”

“So? Are you ready for two cocks?” Trace challenged her. His dark eyes burned black with desire.

She met his gaze, then met Levi's. Slowly, she nodded. "I am ready."

"Good girl." Levi smiled his approval. He placed his hands on her shoulders and pushed her down to eye level with his cock.

"Suck me, baby. Take me deep. You know you can."

Chapter 6

Trace held his breath as one of the sexiest women on earth took his buddy's cock into her mouth.

Holy shit. If that wasn't the prettiest sight he'd ever seen, he didn't know what was. Levi grabbed a handful of her hair and used it to leverage himself deeper into her mouth.

Trace watched in amazement as Natalie began to swallow Levi's monstrous cock, bit by bit. She pulled back a few times, gagging when it hit the back of her throat, but went after it again. Hell, he'd known professionals who couldn't take cock as well as this woman. Absently, he rubbed his own dick as he watched in wonder and admiration.

"You gonna stand there and jack off or are you gonna bury that thing in some wet pussy. And believe me, she's tight. Really tight." Levi motioned with a turn of his head at Natalie's ass, waving in the air as she sucked his cock for all she was worth.

Levi's admonishment broke him out of his lust-induced trance. Since when had he ever used his hand when willing pussy was available?

"You okay with that, honey?" Trace waited for some indication she approved of Levi's suggestion. Her big eyes grew bigger. She momentarily released his buddy's cock. Saliva dripped down her chin. With glazed eyes, she nodded her approval before Levi grabbed her hair and pushed her mouth back onto his cock. With a forceful thrust, he buried it balls deep down her throat and vigorously fucked her mouth.

Trace almost shot his wad at the sight of this pretty little thing eating cock like it was her last meal, his buddy's balls slapping against her chin.

Moving behind Natalie, but still watching the show going on in front of him, Trace nudged her legs wider. Now, Levi was face-fucking her in a slow, steady rhythm. Each time, he pulled the tip out of her throat but kept it in her mouth. Then, he drove his long dick into her mouth and throat. She gasped for breath on each out stroke, yet greedily accepted his deep thrusts.

Levi threw back his head and squeezed his eyes shut. Moans and grunts accompanied his efforts. Sweat beaded on his face and trickled down his chest. Natalie's lips stretched to capacity. Her throat and cheeks bulged with each inward thrust. It was an awesome sight to behold.

Parting her dripping slit, Trace didn't waste time on foreplay. The little darling didn't need it. Her pussy was swollen and soaked, its juices leaked down her thighs. He guided his thick cock into her hole and found heaven. Levi hadn't been shitting him when he'd said she was tight. Hell, tight didn't come close to describing how her walls hugged him. He pushed in farther. Gritting his teeth, he contemplated giving her time to adjust to his breadth. Lots of women had trouble taking him. This woman had been fucking Levi on a regular basis, so he figured she'd already been indoctrinated into big, thick cocks.

He held on to her hips, tilted them just right for maximum pleasure—after all, he'd once been a professional and knew all the tricks and then some. Flexing his hips and gathering himself, he jackhammered into her, timing it to coincide with Levi's inward thrust. She squirmed, skewered between them like a tasty roast on a spit, unable to speak or even moan with her gorgeous mouth stuffed full of cock.

Together they fucked her from both ends, as she wriggled and squirmed between them, as her body begged for more. The men didn't disappoint. In at the same time, out at the same time. Sweat soaked their bodies. Drool escaped from her mouth and clung to Levi's cock in long, thin strands. He looked down and saw his own cock glistening with her juices. The room was filled with the sound of balls slapping against her chin and her cunt, along with various grunts, groans, and gasps.

No surprise, since he'd been at it longer, Levi started to come first. Trace watched the telltale signs as Levi's cock began to jerk and spasm. He pulled out and emptied his load on her face. Cum ran down her cheeks, across her lips. Her tongue darted out and licked it off her lips. It dripped down her chin and neck.

Trace slammed harder into her as Levi watched. Natalie panted for breath, yet somehow had the energy to look over her shoulder and watch him. Her beautiful face covered with his buddy's cum was his undoing. He started to lose it, and he'd forgotten all about a condom. After one last, fucking fantastic thrust into her tight little cunt, he pulled out and flipped her over with his last bit of strength. He had his idiosyncrasies. He loved this next part almost as much as the fucking itself. Guiding his cock, he pumped it hard as cum spurted onto her crotch, then he moved higher. Natalie shocked him by wrapping her hand around his meat and pumping vigorously. His entire body shuddered in appreciation. He unloaded the reminder on her breasts. It covered her nipples and pooled in her belly button. With one last spurt, he was empty and sank to his knees next to her, well satisfied but not finished. A flash claimed his attention. He looked up. Levi, camera in hand, snapped several pictures of their former ménage virgin.

They'd all recover soon, and then, he'd trade places with Levi. The thought of her mouth swallowing his cock and then his cum just about hardened him in record time.

In the meantime, he gazed fondly at this wonderful little woman who gave of herself so completely despite her earlier misgivings.

He just might be falling in love for the first time in his life.

* * * *

Levi wrapped his arms around Natalie and pulled her close. "You okay?"

She wasn't sure how to answer that. She'd had sex with two men, a three-way, ménage, whatever the terminology was. Things like that did not happen to her. They just didn't. She didn't allow it, but she had allowed it. Even more so, she'd loved it.

Really loved it.

Her sex life would never be the same again. They wouldn't let it be the same again.

"Do you think any less of me?"

"Are you fucking kidding?" He laughed.

Someone stirred on the opposite side of Levi. Only then did she remember they'd all ended up in the big king bed last night.

"Thank you both. That was incredible."

"We should be thanking you." Trace propped himself up with the pillow. He smiled at her, a genuine smile that reached his eyes. "I don't remember when I've ever been so relaxed and satisfied."

"Me neither." Levi voiced his agreement from the other side of the bed.

"Nat, I'm not the type of guy who gives more than the physical, but with you, it's different somehow." Trace ran his fingers through his hair. "Shit, I'm not saying this right. I guess I'm trying to tell you I gave a piece of me to you last night. Something I've never given to a woman."

Natalie touched his face. "I know what you're trying to say. Thank you. That means a lot to me."

Levi said nothing. His contented expression said it all.

Trace stroked her backside and squeezed her butt. Drawing back, Levi ran a finger down her neck and traced her collarbones.

Natalie moaned and let them have their way again with her. She couldn't help it. They were both just too incredible for words. So she kept her mouth shut and enjoyed the ride.

And what a ride it was.

* * * *

A few weeks later, Natalie sat at her laptop and tapped out her latest erotic novel on the keyboard. Her current novel, *Three's Not a Crowd*, was a ménage romance. Unlike her last book, which she hadn't planned to be a ménage, this book was a ménage from the start. She'd put her recent experiences to good use.

And what experiences they were. She marveled at her good fortune. Two men catered to her every sexual need, night in and night out. They shared the same bed, and even more important, shared their lives, their hopes, their dreams.

Yet, in the back of her mind, she worried because that was what she did best. Worry. About everyone and everything in her life. She worried they'd both get bored with her. She worried Levi would finally get jealous and boot Trace out of the house. She worried she might not be enough to satisfy both of them.

Her worrying was stupid. She recognized it, yet she'd always had good instincts and couldn't shake this sense of trouble lurking on the horizon.

All through her growing-up years, she'd never measured up to her parents' rigid standards, even though she'd been the model daughter, an honor student, and never a bit of trouble at home, always following the rules.

Then she'd met Levi and all hell broke loose. Her father hated her dating a dumb jock. His aspirations for her perfect mate were more along the lines of a doctor or lawyer or even a fellow politician.

He interfered in her relationship with Levi at every turn. Eventually, she chose Daddy over the love of her life. She couldn't forget Levi and eventually found him on this ranch. It took a long time to resurrect Levi's trust. She didn't want to jeopardize it in any way.

Nor did she want to hurt Trace. Under his tough cowboy exterior lurked a sensitive soul.

So she fretted about how this would all end. How she'd keep two such vibrant, sexually open men satisfied with her?

If she couldn't, her relationship with both of them would be over. Her heart would be broken in ways she'd never imagined.

It was up to her to keep the trio together and build on their relationship.

If she was woman enough to do it.

* * * *

Trace grinned with satisfaction. Anticipation lit up Natalie's face as Levi approached her. Fur-lined handcuffs dangled in one hand.

Natalie held her arms out, palms up, and waited. Her eyes glistened with eagerness. Trace's heart swelled with fondness for their woman. Her trusting acceptance made him adore her all the more. And adore her he did. He couldn't do a damn thing about it and didn't want to.

Grasping her wrists, Levi handcuffed them together. He raised them high over her head and secured them to the hook hanging from the ceiling. She obviously knew the drill. According to Levi, they often played these games, but she'd never been *punished* by two different men at the same time. Just the thought made Trace almost come from excitement, as his best buddy spread her shapely long legs and tied them to bolts in the floor, exposing her swollen pussy wet with arousal.

His buddy pulled the rope tight over her head until her bare body was stretched taut, leaving it open and exposed and severely limiting her range of movement. Completely at their mercy, she didn't seem the least bit nervous.

Levi stood back and admired his handiwork. "Remember, if you ever want us to stop at anytime, just say the word."

She nodded, struggled, and tugged on the ropes, testing them. Trace moved behind her and caressed her bare back with the lashes of the whip. His whole body pulsed with excitement.

Their beautiful little captive shuddered and arched her hips in a silent plea for more.

Trace moved lower. He flicked the lash across her butt and thighs. Her body twitched. She cast a glance over her shoulder.

"Are you a pussy, O'Malley?" Her eyes challenged him to do better than that.

"Oh, hell no, darlin'. Just warming up."

"Turn up the heat," she demanded.

"Are you sassin' me, lady?"

"Are you a wimp?" She struggled against her bonds. Her body writhed and twisted, enticing him to step it up a notch. A guttural moan escaped from her throat.

He glanced at Levi, who merely winked, but made no move to use the whip he held in his hand.

Trace slapped the whip on her fine ass again, putting a little more zing into each stroke. She squirmed and moaned as the lashes struck her rounded butt. Moving higher, he aimed for her ribs, letting the whip wrap around her torso. The lash struck the sides of her heaving breasts. He kept it light, enough to sting but not raise welts.

“Harder,” she croaked.

“Harder?” Trace couldn’t believe this woman. If he didn’t watch it, he might do something stupid and fall in love.

Levi grinned. “She likes it rough. I told you that.”

So Levi had told him, yet she was such a delicate little thing with these wide innocent eyes. Raising his arm, he brought it down with a snap. The whip connected with her back. It left the barest hint of a red mark. Natalie arched her back away from the sting of the whip as he struck her again.

Standing in front of her, Levi raised his whip and brought it down on her breasts, working one, then the other. With each snap of his wrist, her huge tits slapped against her body. Levi’s strokes built with intensity with each taste of the lash. Natalie’s nipples had to be on fire.

She cried out, sounding like a woman on the brink of a mega orgasm. Shaking his head in amazement, Trace whipped her ass harder, bringing up welts on that beautiful white skin. Her body jerked as she thrashed back and forth, unable to get away from them and perhaps not really wanting to escape.

They worked methodically up and down her body, experts at what they were doing, delivering enough pain to unleash the utmost pleasure but never stepping over the line.

Levi raised his whip and cracked it on her pussy. She cried out on the edge of coming. They both stopped and stepped back.

“Do you want to stop now, baby?”

“No.” She gasped, breathing hard, her sensitized body bathed in sweat. Red welts were visible on her breasts. “I need to come.” She gritted her teeth and struggled against her bonds.

“In time, baby. In time.” Levi gestured to Trace. “Maestro, I bow to you.”

“Now, dammit!”

Levi leaned close to her, holding her chin in his hand. “We’ll give the orders, not you.” With his other hand, he grasped a nipple and twisted until she cried out.

“Yes, sir. I’m sorry.” She didn’t sound contrite in the least.

“You’ll need to be punished for the impudent outburst.”

“Levi, please, I need to be fucked. Oh, please, please, someone fuck me.”

Trace watched in awe and wonderment. The woman was insatiable. Levi moved back and nodded to him. He stepped forward, perusing the items on the table nearby. He selected a pair of nipple clamps connected with a fine gold chain.

She watched him and licked her dry lips.

Approaching her, Trace placed the clamp on her hard nipple. He turned the screw and tightened it until her body jerked, then twisted it one more half turn.

“You bastard,” she spat at him. He knew she loved it.

He did the same to the pierced nipple and was rewarded with more expletives from her.

He flicked the clamp with his fingers and sent pain coursing through her body. To her credit, she took it. Turning to the table, he found a couple weights and placed one on the small hoop dangling from each clamp. Natalie held her breath.

He offered her an out. “You okay?”

“Just fuck me, you bastard.”

Trace threw back his head and laughed. “Not exactly a submissive, is she?”

Levi shrugged. “Not at all, but she likes the game.”

“Next time, I get the whip.” Natalie dared either of them to argue with her.

Levi shrugged, unconcerned. “Whatever you want, sweetheart.”

“Fuck me, please.”

“Damn, I love it when you beg.”

* * * *

Reaching up, Levi lowered Natalie’s arms. He held her up, knowing her legs wouldn’t be able to for a few minutes. He released her wrists from the handcuffs and stood back to

watch her remove the nipple clamps. She moaned as the blood rushed back into her nipples.

“Bastard.”

Levi stifled a grin. “You love those things.”

“Fuck you.”

“Now, Nat, no reason to be rude.”

“Just fuck me, please.”

“Whatever you want, honey.” Putting his hands on her waist, he heaved her over his shoulder and carried her to the bed. She giggled and pounded on his back but her blows were more like love taps. He smiled. God, he loved this woman, heart and soul. He dropped her on their large bed. Lying on her back, he positioned her body so her head near the edge of the bed.

He gestured to his friend to take his pick. Trace chose her mouth, while Levi moved behind her. Dropping his jeans and underwear, he stepped out of them. Trace did the same. Spreading her legs, Levi sank his dick into heaven and savored the moment. A guttural groan escaped from his throat. The heat inside her fed the heat inside him. He picked up the pace, finding his rhythm. He thrust in and out, sliding easily inside her well-lubricated tunnel. It only took a few strokes before she shattered. Buried deep inside her, he waited until her orgasm waned, enjoying every minute of the emotions playing across her face and the quaking of her overly sensitized body. Once her shudders subsided, he withdrew.

Trace moved the side of the bed. She didn’t wait for an invitation. Not his Natalie, she rolled over onto all fours and gazed up at Trace. He touched her expectant face. His cock waved proudly, waiting for her. The little vixen wrapped her fingers around it, opened her mouth, and took Trace’s dick like it was candy. She worked his buddy’s entire cock, played with his balls, and took him down her throat.

Levi moaned, aware of how painfully hard his own cock was. It needed a nice, tight ass for a nightcap. Reaching down, Levi slid a finger inside her. Once it was wet with her juices, he parted her butt cheeks and worked his finger inside her sweet, tight asshole. Stretching her, he replaced his finger with his hard dick and pushed inside. She moaned. Her hole offered a little resistance, but he persisted and eventually buried himself inside her ass. His thrusts started slow and gained momentum. The smell of sex and sweat filled his nostrils. He gritted his teeth, determined to hold out for maximum pleasure. His entire body was strung so tight he thought it’d explode any second from the incredible pressure building inside.

Trace's eyes rolled back. The veins stood out on his neck. His muscles tensed and bunched. He vibrated with the power of his orgasm, and shot his load into Natalie's mouth.

With cum dripping down her chin, she glanced over her shoulder at Levi. One look at her and his control fractured. He pulled out as his cock jerked, spreading cum on her gorgeous ass.

Levi rolled to his back, panting and spent.

And madly in love with Natalie all over again.

Chapter 7

A month passed. Sex had never been this good, yet Natalie kept pushing her own limits. Tonight they enjoyed a normal, quiet evening at home.

Natalie cooked dinner. Trace set the table, and Levi cleaned up afterward. Then they settled in front of the TV for a movie. It was Natalie's night to pick the movie, a romantic comedy, which brought groans from both men. They hated chick flicks. Natalie loved them.

She sat between them on the leather couch. Levi had his arm around her. Trace held her hand. All seemed to be well with the world, yet something felt off, but she didn't have any idea what it was.

The doorbell rang, and Natalie jumped. All three of them glanced at each other in surprise. "Expecting anyone?" Levi stood and swept his gaze over both of them. They both shook their heads.

Feeling sick to her stomach for reasons she couldn't explain, Natalie followed him to the door. Trace stayed where he was.

Levi opened the door, and Natalie's worst fears were realized. Some sixth sense had been trying to warn her, and she'd ignored the warnings.

Her father, a distinguished man, almost six feet tall, with short gray hair, and impeccably groomed, stood on the porch. Behind him stood his bulldog and chief of staff, Heath Linstrom, and his PR barracuda, Sylvia Lawrence.

Levi recognized them immediately. His eyes narrowed. His face turned to stone.

Clifford Andrews didn't wait to be invited in the house. He pushed past Levi and elbowed his way inside. Shrugging off his coat, he handed it to Levi, as if the man were his servant.

"Natalie, give your father a hug," he ordered.

She complied, like the dutiful little girl she'd once been. His hug crushed her to him, all too clearly emphasizing his control of her and expressing his underlying anger.

Drawing back he regarded Levi. "Levi, I'm sure you remember my right-hand man, Cliff."

"I couldn't forget him." Levi didn't offer to shake their hands and neither seemed to care.

"This is my PR guru, Sylvia."

"Our bags are in the car. Please get them." He gestured to the black luxury sedan parked in the front of the sprawling ranch house.

Bristling at being ordered around on his own ranch, Levi's eyes flashed with anger. For a moment, Natalie expected an argument, then Levi complied, obviously deciding to pick his battles.

Natalie fidgeted and avoided her father's eyes. He always reduced her to a little girl with no mind of her own. His visit scared the crap out of her. She could only imagine his wrath when he found out she lived here with two men. It was bad enough for the conservative senator that she lived here with Levi.

Trace walked down the hallway. He stopped. His shrewd brown eyes assessed the situation. The senator watched him, his expression anything but inviting. Natalie stepped in to do damage control.

"Dad, this is Trace O'Malley, a good friend of Levi's and mine. Trace, this is my father, Senator Clifford Andrews, his chief of staff and friend, Heath Linstrom, and his PR coordinator, Sylvia Barrett."

Her father snubbed Trace by turning his back on him, dismissing him as inconsequential. Natalie quaked inside, unable to stand up to the imposing man and call him on his rude behavior. She hated being such a coward, but it was next to impossible to undo years of programming.

Levi returned, laden with bags. Natalie stared at the amount of luggage, and her heart sank.

"It looks like you're planning a long stay." Levi spoke the words as if they left a rancid taste in his mouth.

“As long as it takes. You can put them in your guest rooms. I assume you’ll have a room for all of us.”

“Dad, I wish you’d told us you were coming. We would have prepared rooms for you.”

“You can do that now.”

Levi and Trace hesitated. Natalie set her jaw and stepped into the hallway with her men. She lowered her voice. “It’s fine. Leave me. This is my battle. I need to stand up to him.”

“Are you sure?” Levi hesitated. His eyes narrowed. A telltale muscle jerked in his jaw.

“I’m certain. If I don’t do it now, I’ll never be free of his control.”

“If you need us, we’ll be in the den.”

What she needed were some iron balls, instead of a weak pussy. Levi jerked his head at Trace, who took some of the luggage and followed his friend down the hall. They seemed more than relieved to escape the senator and his staff.

Her father ordered her around like he had when she’d been ten years old. “We’re hungry. There wasn’t a decent place to eat for miles.”

Bound by her inability to be rude to guests, even uninvited ones, Natalie led them to the kitchen. They sat at the counter, while she thawed and prepared steaks, steamed potatoes, and a mixed a salad, while waiting for the real reason for their visit.

She didn’t wait long.

“I’m receiving some disturbing reports about you. I need to know exactly what’s going on at this ranch. So far, I’m not happy with the rumors. They’re troubling, to say the least.”

“My life is my business.” Natalie’s voice faded to an unconvincing squeak. Her attempt at asserting herself fell flat.

“Not when it affects your father’s re-election campaign.” Heath’s hands fluttered nervously as the small man hovered over his boss. He perused Natalie’s rumpled clothes. His upper lip curled with disapproval.

She shuddered with revulsion, as if she’d just been slimed.

“That’s a concern, but my primary concern is your well-being. I believe you’re being coerced into acts, that are not part of your nature.” Her dad was smooth, too smooth. Natalie’s well-being had never entered into the picture.

“No one’s coerced me into anything. I’m here because I want to be here.”

“Living in a house with two men? Surrounded by nothing but male ranch hands? That’s a recipe for disaster and exploitation. It presents a very bad picture.”

“We’ll find a way to put a positive spin on it.” Sylvia sniffed, as if she smelled something unpleasant. “At the same time, we could gain sympathy by playing up a popular cause such as human trafficking, date rape drugs, something along those lines.”

“What?” Natalie’s hands shook as she placed their plates in front of them. Her ruthless father’s intentions scared the crap out of her. He’d been known to stop at nothing to get what he wanted. He wanted her away from this ranch, especially Levi and Trace, the men she loved. Her father’s manipulation of power got him where he was today, one of the most powerful men in D.C. She prayed she’d find the strength to resist him. So far, she hadn’t.

The senator rubbed his chin. “That might work. What else do you have?”

Natalie’s mouth dropped open as she stared at each one of them. “You can’t accuse Levi and Trace of that. I’m here because I want to be.”

Her father turned his back on her, ignoring her. Her feelings had never mattered to him before. Why the hell did she think they would now?

Sylvia leaned forward. Her eyes gleamed with an obsessive light. “We could try the drug route, or perhaps she’s reformed from her life of sin and chosen to do missionary work in a foreign country.”

“I’m not leaving here.” Her voice squeaked, not exactly the way to assert her will.

No one paid attention to her as they put their heads together and schemed. What did the three of them know about her relationship with Levi and Trace? They couldn’t know about the threesome. They just couldn’t.

Clearing their plates, she excused herself from the room. Her father followed her, stopping her in the hallway.

“I’m not playing games, Natalie. I can ruin your friends and see that they’re locked up for a long time unless you cooperate. What’s going on here is not going to continue. If it gets out, my chances of reelection are destroyed. I won’t let your elicited behavior endanger my future. I raised you better than this.”

“Dad, please, don’t do anything to hurt them.”

“With their backgrounds, they don’t stand a chance, especially when I have reliable sources ready to corroborate my story. This is for your own good, Natalie. Those two are

trouble. I shouldn't have let this affair with Levi go on for as long as I did. But adding his friend to the mix is intolerable. Think about it. Saving them is all up to you, but if you mention a word of this to those bastards, I'll destroy them. They have to think it's all your idea." He pointed a finger at her. "Think about it. I'm sure you'll see fit to do the right thing for all concerned."

He turned on his heel and stalked back to the kitchen and his devious supporters.

Natalie ran for the bathroom. Her stomach in turmoil, she retched into the toilet.

She didn't know what to do next.

Chapter 8

"Get out of here, please," Natalie hissed into the darkness. "You can't be in here." Oh, man, she didn't need this. If her dad caught them, he'd go after them with everything he had and then some.

"What the fuck?" Levi snorted and pulled back the sheets. "It's my house, unless you know something I don't."

"Please, honey, please. I can't shake up Daddy any more than he's already shaken up." She struggled with the blankets and wrapped them around her like a shield.

"How about we kick the bastard and his posse out on their pompous asses?" Trace suggested from the other side of the bed.

"Shh. Be quiet. They'll hear you."

"Who gives a shit?" Trace lay on top of the covers next to her and propped his head on a pillow.

"I do."

"Remind me again. How old are you?"

She cringed at Levi's disapproving tone. "Don't talk to me like that. You sound like my father."

"You sound like your father's daughter. Nat, you're a big girl. If you want to sleep with one guy or two guys or a whole fucking football stadium full of guys, it's your business, not his or his minions." Levi stretched out beside her and nuzzled her neck.

“Yeah, darlin’, you need to grow a pair of big *cojones*.”

“Why? I have you two.”

“You know what I mean. He can’t keep dictating your life.”

“It’s not that simple. I can’t undo three decades of being under the man’s thumb. Some of the most powerful men in the world cave when Daddy sets them in his sights. What chance do I have?”

“You have us. You’re not in it alone.” Levi’s tone softened, sounding more like the man she’d fallen in love with at first sight.

“Yeah, you do. He doesn’t intimidate us.” Trace snorted and played with a lock of her hair.

“Thanks. I appreciate it. Regardless, he’s still my father.” Some part of the little girl inside her craved his approval. Another part feared his power. He’d made his threats. They were wrong. She *was* in it alone.

“I know that, honey, and I respect that,” Trace conceded, his voice tight and tense.

“Can’t we pretend we’re all just friends until they leave? If we don’t give him any ammunition, he’ll move on,” Natalie pleaded with them.

“Him? Are you kidding? He never gives up until he gets his way.” The disapproval in Levi’s voice rattled her.

“I’ll show him my catering business, which is pretty benign. Levi, Dad was a cattle rancher. Show him your prize Angus bull. And Trace, rodeo stars impress him, so blind him with one of your dinner-platter-sized championship belt buckles.” Wishful thinking, she knew. Impressing her father enough to back off rarely worked. They were nothing more than amateurs attempting to manipulate a master. A major powerbroker in national politics, her father crushed those who dared oppose him.

No comments from her men. Silence, except for their steady breathing.

“Please,” she pleaded into the darkness. “I’ll make it up to you big-time after they leave.” Guilt cut through her. Most likely she’d leave with her father. He wasn’t giving her an option.

“How big?” Trace sounded intrigued.

“Really big. I’ll fulfill your ultimate fantasies.”

“I’m not sure you’re ready for that yet, babe.” Levi chuckled. His big hand slid under the sheets and stroked her thigh. She slapped him away, but he ignored her.

“Trust me. I can take anything you can dish out. Just let me have my way on this.”

Both men sighed as if on cue and sat up. Levi pulled her to him and kissed her, long, deep, and hard. When he pulled back, she panted for breath. Trace didn’t give her any recovery time and kissed her in his own way, tender and gentle with a trace of possessiveness. So like the man.

Without another word, they crept from the room. Trace’s little dog crawled up on the bed and curled up next to her. Grateful for the company, Natalie stroked the animal’s fur.

Lying on her back, she stared at the ceiling. The moon through the window cast shadows across the room, much like the shadows across her heart. She’d die if her father found out she’d been participating in a threesome.

Obviously, she hadn’t come to terms with the social stigma of such a relationship. She didn’t know if she ever would get beyond her guilt and shame, despite how hard she tried.

She’d been in love with Levi for years. She wasn’t sure what she felt for Trace. Sometimes it felt like love. The three of them lived an out-of-the-ordinary lifestyle, the type her father would never understand. The type Natalie herself was only beginning to understand.

* * * *

Tonight was a good night to get drunk. Or at least it seemed that way from Levi’s point of you.

“The good senator craves control to the point of it being a pathological illness.” Trace popped the top from a beer and passed it to Levi then sank deeper in the warm, swirling water.

“You’re telling me.” Levi leaned back in the hot tub and stared at the stars in the sky. He rubbed his forehead. His temples throbbed, his jaw ached from clenching it, and even his eyes hurt. Battling with the senator, even under the guise of being polite, emotionally drained him. He’d rather fight a grizzly bear naked with boxing gloves and one hand tied to his dick.

“I’ve never met anyone so self-absorbed. Shit, it’s all about him, isn’t it? If Natalie wants his love, she needs to cater to his demands and not displease him.”

“So much for a father’s unconditional love.” Levi took a long pull on his beer.

“Like you and I would know anything about that.”

“Not a fucking thing.” Levi snorted and snagged a chip from the bowl behind him.

“The man is a donkey’s ass.”

“Isn’t that redundant? Besides, what’ve you got against donkeys?”

“You have a point. We need to get rid of the bastard.” Trace sank lower into the swirling water.

“No, *we* don’t, Natalie does. She needs to fight this battle if she ever hopes to be free of his control.”

“Does she have the strength?”

“I’m not sure, but as much as I hate the thought, I need to keep him around long enough for her to have a fighting chance. If he has his way, he’ll pack her up and hustle her out of here tomorrow before we can bolster her courage and counteract his brand of poison.”

“You really love her, don’t you?”

“With everything I have. What about you?”

“I’ve never loved a woman. Not sure I’d know what it felt like, but it’s possible I’m heading that direction.”

Levi nodded. “Who would have thought we’d fall for the same woman and actually be able to share her? She’s one of a kind, but until she separates herself from her father’s control, we don’t stand a chance. He’ll always be there between us.”

“Do you think he knows about the three of us? Together?”

“I think he suspects. Let’s face it, you and I don’t have the greatest reputations. He’ll expect the worst of us.”

“So what do we do?”

“Rumor has it the senator is badly in need of reelection campaign funds.”

“Are you going to pay him to leave?”

“It’s tempting, but Nat needs to do this, not you or me.”

“What if she can’t?”

“Then I pay him, plus promise we’ll lay low and not cause him any bad press. Hell, maybe we’ll take an extended Hawaiian vacation until the election is over.”

“Whoa. Now we’re talking.” Trace sobered. “Except I’m not comfortable with you footing my bills.”

“I’m not. You’ve been working your ass off here.”

“I’ve never been a mooch.”

“And you still aren’t. You’re paying your way. Don’t worry.”

“I’m not. Not too much. It’s Natalie I’m worried about.”

“Me too.”

“What if we lose her, Levi? What then?”

“I don’t have a fucking clue.” Levi closed his eyes against the imagined pain and emptiness of his life without Natalie in it.

* * * *

Trace had never seen anything like it. Despite the undisguised animosity between Levi and the senator, as soon as the words “significant campaign donation” entered the conversation, the senator warmed considerably toward Levi, at least on the surface.

Trace’s non-existent bankroll earned him the same status as non-voting constituents. In other words, not good for anything. Which made Levi’s manipulation of the senator even more entertaining. He smiled with smugness as his buddy’s dangling of the money carrot worked like a charm. The good senator and staff decided to stay another night or two to discuss financial options. Not that the senator fooled either man for a minute. He’d take whatever Levi offered, then hustle his daughter out of there.

Being an observer, Trace sat back and watched the interactions between the people in the room. Natalie’s relationship with her father especially fascinated him. The self-righteous ass reduced this independent, sassy woman to a little girl, pathetically eager to please. Her eagerness to win her father’s approval sickened Trace. He’d lost those inclinations toward his dad before he’d entered puberty, yet he understood her need for her father’s love. Trace would have given anything to have even one parent who loved him like a parent should.

Meanwhile, her powerful, smooth-talking father knew exactly which buttons to push to make her fall into line. Even as he kissed Levi’s ass, he played on his daughter’s guilt and sense of loyalty.

As Trace studied the master at work, his amusement turned to alarm, then fear, as it occurred to him that he and Levi might lose the battle. Natalie's resistance wore down little by little. Nothing he or Levi said made a difference when Daddy controlled the reins. The man weaved his control around his daughter like a moth spinning a deadly cocoon. Trace breathed a sigh of relief when Nat claimed a headache and traipsed off to bed. Was she escaping her father's clutches or issuing an unspoken statement for her men to stay out of her room tonight or both?

"So, Levi, if you'd like to spend some time with Heath, he could work out an amount agreeable to both parties." The senator forced the conversation back to money as soon as Natalie was out of earshot. Heath's gaze never left the senator in the most disgusting display of hero worship Trace had ever seen. Sylvia, too, hung on his every word. It drove a guy to dry heaves just watching them. As he studied them more closely, the interaction between the senator and his two staffers didn't seem quite right. Something was off.

"Could I get you another drink?" Levi dodged the direct suggestion by avoiding it. He stood and filled their glasses, not waiting for a response.

"Now, son, you wouldn't be trying to get an old man drunk, would you?"

"No, sir. I've nothing to be gained by that."

"Smart boy."

Levi's jaw worked at the "boy" reference, but he kept his mouth shut. "How about a friendly game of poker?"

Trace doubted it'd be anything but friendly. The two men squared up like stallions fighting for herd supremacy.

It was going to be a long fucking night.

* * * *

"Honey, I'm concerned about you." The senator cornered Natalie the next morning and cut off her escape route. She'd gone into the laundry room to start a new load of clothes, sensed a shadow, and looked up to see her father blocking the only entrance to the room.

"Dad, I'm fine. Please, just leave us. Don't do anything to hurt Levi and Trace."

"I won't if my little girl regains her senses, leaves this ranch, and campaigns with me. I have a lead on a catering business in D.C. for you. You'll love D.C."

"I'd hate it. I'm not much of a city girl. You know that."

“Natalie, as a senator, I can’t have rumors floating around about you and your two lovers. The press would crucify us both. As a father, I will not condone what the three of you are doing here.”

“And what exactly is that?” Natalie’s throat closed up, causing her to choke on the last word or two. If she wasn’t such a coward, she’d tell him how much she adored both men and to butt out of her life. Yet, his threats toward Trace and Levi were real. Her father could and would make their lives hell.

“Do I have to spell it out for you?”

“No.” She lowered her head, ashamed and conflicted. Everything she’d been taught between right and wrong was at odds with her relationship with these two men.

“Do you understand the sins you’re committing? My first concern is for your soul.”

“My soul is just fine. What about your willingness to take a sinner’s money?”

“It’s only fitting I use his money to do good in this world. The source doesn’t matter.”

That sounded like a double standard to her, but then her father’s life burst at the seams with double standards. “Please don’t do anything to them.”

“I won’t. If you leave with me and encourage Levi to donate. You must promise to never contact either of them again. With their history, I’m guessing they’d be quite popular in prison, if you know what I mean.”

Natalie shuddered at the thought of either man locked behind bars. “But they haven’t done anything wrong.”

“In my book, they’ve exploited an innocent. There’s not a man alive who doesn’t have skeletons in his closet waiting to be exposed. I just need to dig up a few bones.”

“And what about your closet? Do you have any bones?”

“Are you threatening me, little girl?”

She didn’t respond.

“Natalie, we’re leaving tomorrow afternoon. Make sure you convince those two it’s your decision. I don’t want them sniffing around in an attempt to drag you back here. Their future depends on your ability to act.”

Natalie nodded. Her stomach twisted into a French braid, as dread beat a drum in her heart.

Chapter 9

Natalie tracked Trace and Levi down in the barn. Following her father's orders, she'd waited until Levi signed a big fat check for the senator's reelection campaign.

Levi groomed a black gelding while Trace repaired a stall door. They both stopped what they were doing when she entered. The look on her face was enough to freeze them in their tracks.

"Natalie?" Levi approached her, his voice tentative. He held his arms out to her. She backed off and raised her hands to keep him away. He halted and Trace flanked him on his right.

"I need to talk to both of you."

"Why do I get the distinct feeling you aren't asking us what we'd like for dinner?"

"Because I'm not."

"Don't do it, darlin'." Trace's dark eyes pleaded with hers.

"I want to..." She shook her head and fought back the tears. They couldn't see her pain, couldn't know how hard this was. She needed to cut them off completely so they didn't follow her. Her mind flashed to a scene with the two of them in prison being beaten to a pulp or worse by a gang of inmates. She couldn't do that to them. They were better off without her.

"You want to what?" Levi's eyes narrowed to ice gray slits.

"I'm leaving with Daddy."

"Like hell you are." Levi moved to block the doorway, hands on hips, legs braced apart.

"Fuck that." Trace's jaw tensed. His hands gripped the hammer.

"He's made me an offer. It's a dream come true, too good to pass up." She froze her expression into one of indifference and looked each of them directly in the eyes.

"What kind of offer?"

"Daddy's offered to set me up in a catering business in D.C. With his connections, I'll be in high demand."

“You can’t leave me, Nat. I love you. I’ve always loved you.” Levi dropped all barriers and exposed emotion so raw she staggered back from the sheer emotional force. Her heart washed up on shore and gasped with its last dying breath. She almost jumped back into the water to save herself. But she couldn’t because saving herself meant destroying the two men she loved.

“I love you, too, but I’m not what you need. I tried. It just isn’t me. I’m ashamed of what we’ve done, the three of us, together. That’s no way to live.”

“You’re ashamed?”

Trace shook his head in shock. “No, you can’t do this. It’s all wrong.”

“What’s wrong is me in a polyamorous affair. I can’t do it anymore. It goes against everything I believe.”

“Your father’s influenced your thinking.”

“Perhaps, in a way he has, but only by helping me regain my sanity. His presence gave me the opportunity to slow down, sit back, and examine what I was doing.”

“Do you really think you can turn back now? Knowing what you know? Feeling how you feel? Will one single man ever be able to satisfy you like we could? Like we did?” Anger tinged Levi’s voice, hardened his jaw.

“I’ll have to take that chance.”

“Honey, think it over. Don’t make any rash decisions. This is not just about sex. The three of us have this deep connection. It only comes along once in a lifetime.”

If he only knew she’d thought about it all night long, obsessed over it, examined it from every angle, and couldn’t see any way out, not as long as her father held all the trump cards. She pressed her lips together and stiffly turned to the door.

“Natalie.” Trace croaked out her name and stopped her in her tracks. Against her better judgment, she turned around.

“What?”

“I’ve never loved a woman before in my life, but you—”

She held up a hand to stop him. “Don’t say it, Trace.” Shaking her head, she ran from the room.

* * * *

As the days turned to weeks and weeks turned to months, Levi and Trace dived into working on the ranch, repairing outbuildings, attending cattle auctions to build the herd, and anything else that needed done. They went out on weekends to the nearest town and tried to forget about Natalie, but neither one could.

“That waitress at the Roadside Café wants in your pants,” Trace noted one evening as they both nursed their drinks in the neighborhood bar and watched a baseball game on the flat-screen hanging on the wall in the corner of the room.

Levi shrugged one shoulder. “Yeah, well, I’m keeping my pants zipped. What about you? That hot number in the corner has been eyeing you all night.”

“Not interested either.”

“We’re a couple lovesick bastards.” Levi sighed.

“Pathetic, isn’t it?”

“Beyond pathetic. You should date. Get out. Get over it and get on with your life. She’s not coming back.”

“I could say the same for you.”

“I will. Give me time. I’m keepin’ myself company.”

“Yeah, me, too, but I’m gonna end up with carpal tunnel.”

Levi threw back his head and laughed, the first real laugh he’d had in months. Sobering, he signaled the bartender for another round. “I saw her on TV last night with the senator on the campaign trail. Her mother on his right, Natalie on his left.”

“Yeah, I saw it, too. Only she could dress that conservatively and look so damn sexy. My cock was begging for that pussy to give it some cream.”

Levi put his head in his hands and sighed. “This bullshit needs to end.”

Blowing out a breath, Trace nodded. “You’re right. Time for the boys to quit moping and become men again.”

* * * *

Natalie couldn’t sleep. She’d made the huge mistake of watching an old football championship game on her hotel room TV. Levi, in all his hot, muscular football glory strutted his stuff on the field. Oh, how she loved those tight football pants and the shoulder pads that exaggerated those already broad shoulders.

She hated her new life, hated the pompous men in it, the catty, vicious women bent on gaining her father's favor, the arm-pumping lobbyists, all of it. A different city every night until she didn't know what town they were in.

Her mother feigned headaches and retired early almost every evening to the hotel room she didn't share with her husband. Most likely, she drank herself into a stupor.

Natalie lived in mortal fear she'd marry well like her mother and be trapped in a loveless marriage with nothing for company but a bottle of whiskey and a bellman or two or three. She couldn't prove her mother cheated on her father. It just made sense considering the animosity between the two.

She bolted upright in bed when something crashed in her father's room next door. She'd traded suites earlier in the evening with her mother, who preferred Natalie's suite on an upper floor.

Her heart pounding, she listened and heard more banging. Fear gripped her. What if someone had broken into his room and was assaulting him? Regardless of how she felt about him, she couldn't let something happen to him.

Yet, if she called 911, and he was practicing his golf swing, he'd be furious at the adverse publicity such a call might create.

Slipping on a bathrobe, she tried the adjoining door to her father's suite. Surprisingly, it opened. Her mother or father must have used it earlier. She listened for sounds from a TV or conversation. All she heard were thumps. Her fear fizzled like a spent sparkler. Her father wasn't in danger.

Frowning, she stood in the doorway. The main room was empty. Were those moans and thumps coming from a TV? She swallowed, sick with dread and resentment. The old man was having an affair. She bet it was with that she-bitch publicist, Sylvia.

Warily, she walked inside and listened. The sounds of sex emanated from the bedroom. She stole across the living room. The bedroom door stood ajar. Anger and disgust ripped through her. Her self-righteous father had no right to judge her when he was screwing around on her mother. Resentment from years of being controlled and manipulated by this man came flooding back. Her mind played back all his lectures on morality, the guilt of never being perfect enough to please him, the repression of needing to be pure and innocent.

She fished her cell phone out of her pocket and queued up the video recording mode. She held it up, ready to record the action. Two could play at his dirty little games. She wasn't her father's daughter for nothing.

Edging the door open, she held the phone up and hit record. What she saw almost made her drop the phone.

The three naked people on the bed never noticed her as they grunted, groaned, thrust, and panted. Her father was on top, pounding into Heath's ass from behind. Sylvia crawled underneath the two men and played with their balls. Her conservative, self-righteous father in a threesome with a man and a woman? Unbelievable.

Sickened, Natalie stepped back from the doorway. She clutched the phone in her shaking hand and recorded the action.

The lying, unfaithful bastard had no right to tell her what to do. He'd torn her from the two people she loved most in the world with his threats. Well, no more. This video put Natalie in control. Having witnessed enough, she crept from the room and closed the door.

The next morning, she waited for her father and his staff to join her in the dining room. Her mother's usual hangover prevented her from joining them, which worked out perfectly.

The three sat down, looking way too refreshed. A stab of jealousy cut through Natalie. She'd walked the straight and narrow for months to please her father and make him look good. Meanwhile, he preached his conservative rhetoric during the day while banging his staff every night.

The hypocrisy of it all struck her harder than lightning striking a power station. She'd given up a relationship with the two most loving men she'd ever known for a father who did the very thing he'd chastised her for doing.

Well, Daddy. Payback is a bitch.

Heath smiled his fake smile at her as he sat down and placed his cloth napkin on his lap. He smoothed out the wrinkles with one hand. Her father signaled for a Bloody Mary and checked his schedule on his PDA. Sylvia examined Natalie's choice of apparel and made a feeble attempt to disguise her disapproval. Natalie didn't care. The dutiful daughter had left the building last night when she'd peeked in that bedroom.

This Natalie wouldn't be so dumb or easily manipulated. She waited for the right moment to spring her news on them.

Holding up her phone, she dropped the bomb. "Daddy, I caught this situation on video last night. I'm sure you'll find it of interest in your campaign."

Her father reached for her phone, eager to see the dirt she'd dished up. Natalie held her breath and watched his expressions change faster than most politicians changed their stories. An entire kaleidoscope of emotions flashed across his face. First, expectation, then confusion, shock, and anger.

“Where the hell did you get this? This is bullshit. Someone’s doctored the video.” He passed it to Heath, who played it. Sylvia craned her neck to get a peek.

Heath looked up, his face a mask of cold anger. A vein throbbed in his neck. “Are your asshole boyfriends behind this?” He turned to her father. “I told you we needed to get them out of the picture, but you wouldn’t listen.”

Sylvia said nothing. Her face had turned pasty white. She lifted one perfectly manicured finger to her mouth and chewed her nail.

“It’s not doctored, Daddy. I know.” She met his angry gaze and didn’t waver, didn’t back down.

“How the hell do you know? This is crap. Where did you get this?”

“I took it.”

“Whaaa?” Her father’s face mirrored Sylvia’s in color.

“Last night. I went to your room to talk to you. I heard sounds and found the three of you.”

“It wasn’t what it looked like.”

Natalie’s brittle laugh rang throughout the room. “It was exactly what it looked like. You had the nerve to blackmail me into leaving the two men I love when you had no room to judge me or them.”

“Natalie, this is different. I know the score. They were using you.”

“And these two aren’t using you?” She jabbed a finger at Heath, then Sylvia. “But then you use them, too.”

“We’ll not speak of this again.”

“You’re right. We won’t. I’m leaving. You’re butting out of my life from here on out. I’ll love who I want to love with no interference from you or this video will make its way onto the Internet.”

Heath grasped the phone, keeping it out of her reach.

“Take the phone if you want. I sent a copy to my email and put a copy in a safe place.”

With a snarl, Heath slammed the phone on the table. Natalie scooped it up.

She stood and looked at each one of them. “You should all be ashamed of yourselves for treating me like you did when you were no better. Goodbye.”

Natalie stalked from the room, retrieved her luggage, and hailed a taxi.

She owed two sexy cowboys an apology, and she knew just how to do it.

Chapter 10

Levi picked up the mail and turned the ivory envelope over in his hands. No return address, yet the handwriting appeared to be Natalie’s

Entering the house, he found Trace in the kitchen. “Check this out.”

Trace took the envelope and looked at it. “So? It’s an envelope.”

“Addressed to both of us. I swear that’s Natalie’s handwriting.”

Trace met Levi’s gaze. Hope shone in his eyes. He handed the envelope back to his friend. “Aren’t you going to open it?”

Levi ripped the envelope open. Trace crowded close to read the card inside.

Levi and Trace,

Meet me at the Wild West Club in Great Falls, Saturday at 9 p.m. Bring this invitation for admittance. Come dressed as a sheriff and a gunslinger. Nat

“The Wild West Club? I’ve never heard of it.”

“I have.” Levi shook his head in amazement. “Damn, it’s a role-playing sex club. Very exclusive and very private. How the hell did she hook up with that place?”

“Her daddy is a senator. Perhaps, she called in a political favor.”

“Perhaps, she did.” Levi grinned. “Nat never ceases to surprise me.”

Trace, hands at his sides, whipped out two invisible six-shooters and fired several times. With a smug smile, he put them back in their holster. “I get to be the gunslinger.”

Levi rolled his eyes. “With shooting like that, how could I dispute your talent—for bullshit?”

“Fastest bullshitter in the West.”

* * * *

Natalie showed her pass and entered the Wild West Club.

A few minutes later, the bouncer directed her into a small dressing room. She didn't wait long before he rapped on the door. She let him in. He carried a garment bag and three envelopes. With sweaty fingers, Natalie unzipped it.

“This is perfect.”

He nodded. “This is our most popular role. I had a heck of a time getting this costume for you. Here are the role-playing cards for you and the two gentlemen. Don't read them until you're seated.”

“I'm not sure I need to read it. The costume says it all.”

“It's the part you asked for. Also the sheriff and gunslinger.” He waited, hand outstretched, palm up.

She ignored his obvious hint. “I know. Thank you. Are the gentlemen already seated?”

“They showed up a half hour ago. Anything else, ma'am?”

“No, thank you.” He waited.

“Oh, sorry.” Her head wasn't on straight tonight. She slipped him a hundred-dollar bill.

With a smile, the big, burly guy exited the room,

Natalie had concocted this hare-brained plan to surprise Trace and Levi in a private, Old West, role-playing club. She'd heard about it from one of her father's campaign staff. The brash, arrogant man had tried to convince her to attend with him a few months ago. He'd even left her a glossy, multiple-page brochure. She twisted a few arms, threatened to reveal a few illegal campaign contributions, and called in a few favors in order to gain admittance.

Their reunion would be anything but normal. By the time the night ended, there'd be no doubt Natalie was playing to win and win them back she would.

She looked the dress up and down. It wasn't the dress of a schoolmarm or a shopkeeper or a frontier wife. The woman who wore this dress wasn't so innocent, just the role she'd asked for.

A thrill of sexual excitement pulsed through her as she considered the possible ways to win her men back. This dress would be a start, a definite start.

* * * *

“Mind if I join you gentlemen? You look like you’re in need of a lady’s company.” Natalie rested one hip on the edge of the round bar table.

Trace glanced up and did a double take. “Well, well, well, if this little filly ain’t a sight for sore eyes.” A slow smile spread across his face. He tipped back his battered black Stetson and made a leisurely examination of her body. He might not recognize her face with the mask covering it, but she knew he sure as hell recognized her body.

Levi, who’d been hunkered over his whiskey, sat up straight. His mouth dropped open. He blinked a few times. He clenched his jaw and eyed her with suspicion in his gray eyes. His lips tightened into a thin line slashed across a face of granite. She couldn’t blame him for not being as quick to forgive as Trace. She’d left him twice under the pressure of her father. She’d earned his distrust and deserved it.

“We were told we’d be joined at our table by a lady tonight.” Trace grinned, seeming ready to forgive her transgressions.

“Then perhaps, I have the wrong table. As you can see, I’m no lady.” Natalie took a chance and leaned forward to let them absorb the full impact of her considerable cleavage.

Trace smirked and leaned back in his chair. “Honey, I’d rather have a hot woman than a boring lady any day of the week.” Trace stood and pulled her chair out for her while Levi brooded, gray eyes as tumultuous as an impending thunderstorm. “Have a seat, ma’am.”

“Seth told me you’d be at this table, not that I wouldn’t recognize two notorious men such as yourselves.” Natalie gestured toward the big guy leaning against the ornate bar across the crowded room. He winked at her and gave her the thumbs-up. Levi glowered at him. Trace saluted him.

Seating herself, Natalie crossed her legs. The slit in her saloon-girl dress bared one leg all the way to her hip. Her large breasts strained against the tight corset and threatened to spill out of her low-cut bodice. Bright red satin with black lace, the dress truly did look like it belonged in the Old West, sans the Velcro that ran up one side and made for easy removal.

The three dozen or so tables in the room were arranged in a semi-circle about three rows deep facing a small, curtained stage. An ornate wooden bar stretched the length of one wall, complete with a mirror. Shelves brimmed with multi-colored bottles of alcohol. Several single men sat on barstools. A smattering of women mingled with men at various

tables. A piano player pounded out songs from the 1880s on a piano wedged between the stage and the bar.

The lighting in the room was muted, and candles illuminated each table. The stage curtains were closed, but Natalie suspected they wouldn't be for long.

Not certain what to expect, she did know the club was very exclusive. Members were screened before they were allowed membership. Staff searched each participant for cameras and cell phones before they were allowed entrance. What happened in the club stayed in the club. Everyone signed a release stating all attendees would remain anonymous. Guests wore masks to further protect that privacy.

"What the fuck are we doing here?" Levi crossed his arms over his chest. The hard angles of his face revealed nothing.

"I thought you'd enjoy a night of entertainment and pleasure." Natalie forced a smile on her face even as she suppressed a shiver at Levi's anger. Displeasure radiated off him in waves. Despite his disapproval, she swallowed and soldiered on. "This is our Wild West fantasy."

"You mean your fantasy."

"I'll make it yours, if you give me a chance." Natalie leaned forward and touched Levi's tight lips with a red-tipped fingernail. He stiffened and pulled back.

"Levi likes to hold a grudge. Give him time. He'll thaw."

"Like hell." Levi ground his teeth so hard his jaw should have snapped.

"How'd you get away from your father?"

Natalie sighed. "I found him in a compromising position with his publicist and his chief of staff."

"His chief of staff?" A big smile dominated Trace's face. His eyes sparkled with amusement.

"Yes, he was riding the working stock, both of them."

"Well, if that doesn't paint an interesting picture, nothing does." Trace threw back his head and laughed.

"No shit." One corner of Levi's mouth twitched. A little of his irritation fell away.

“Truly an eye-opener all the way around. When I confronted him, he couldn’t get rid of me fast enough. Plus, it sealed the deal when I showed them a video I’d taken on my cell phone.”

“Now that’s a video I don’t think I could stomach.”

“You think *you* can’t? I saw it in person, 3-D and high def.”

Trace gagged. “Damn, are you able to sleep?”

“No, but it doesn’t have anything to do with that. It has to do with you two.” She sobered and looked from one to the other. “I am sorry. I behaved badly. I hurt you both, but in my defense, Daddy threatened to ruin the both of you if I stuck around.”

“Ruin us? How?” Levi’s eyes narrowed to slits as he clenched his fists.

“He planned on planting some drugs. He’d have you arrested and thrown in prison. I never underestimate his power or his deviousness.”

“You left to protect us?” Levi’s cold face shed one layer of ice.

“Yeah. Stupid, I know.”

“But honorable.” Trace’s gaze slid to Levi’s. Unspoken words passed between them. No one said a word for a while, seemingly all deep in their private thoughts.

Breaking up the sober atmosphere, Natalie handed each man an envelope containing their roles for the evening. Judging by their clothing, she’d correctly guessed who’d want to play the villain and the hero.

“So who’s going to read theirs first?” She ran a fingernail over the small card in her hand. Her role. “Who wants to read theirs?”

”Ladies first.” Trace winked at her.

She fumbled with the card but finally opened it and read aloud.

“Macy Ferguson. Macy is an entertainer, a dance hall girl. She’s known for her complete lack of modesty and her anything-goes attitude regarding sex. She’ll do anything for the right incentive and loves to shock her audience with her audacious and lewd public acts.”

“Perhaps you’d like to pick a different role. This might be too much for you.” The challenge in Levi’s voice wasn’t lost on her.

“I want this role.”

“Why? Isn’t Macy a little too loose for your delicate sensibilities? Besides, I thought your morals were compromised sleeping with two men.”

“They would have been if I’d only been *sleeping* with two men, but I’m...I’m in deeper than that.”

Levi snorted. “How deep?”

“I love you, Levi, but I know I’ve hurt you so much. Can you ever forgive me? Ever trust me?”

She thought he’d reject her. Instead a slow, sexy smile crossed his face even though the eyes stayed cold. He shrugged but said nothing.

“I want to be the woman you need me to be.”

“All I ever needed was your love. You didn’t need to change for me.”

“I needed to change for me. I did what I did because I wanted to. Your sexual tastes and Trace’s gravitate toward the out of the ordinary. You’ve both awakened a similar desire in me. Take this night where it leads. Let me show you.”

Levi blew out a breath. “We’ll see. Bringing us here is a good start.”

Natalie pointed at the card clutched in Levi’s hand. “What does yours say?”

“Max Dilton—” Levi groaned at the corny name.

“Max Dilton?” Trace chortled and shook his head.

“Max Dilton is a feared lawman who always gets his man and his woman. He’s the sheriff in these parts. His word is law and his sexual prowess is legend.”

Natalie rolled her eyes. “And the size of his head rivals a pumpkin.”

“Ah, Macy, you’re wrong. It rivals the size of his cock.”

“I’ve heard enough.” She turned to Trace. “What’s yours?”

“Jesse Jakes is a notorious outlaw, wanted in five states by lawmen and questionable women. His innate charm is enough to turn a schoolmarm into a lady of the night.”

“Hmm. What does he turn a lady of ill repute into?” Natalie batted her eyelashes.

“One hot and horny woman with an itch to scratch and no morals to match.”

“Let’s get scratching.”

Interrupting their verbal foreplay, the stage curtains opened as the bartender walked onto the stage. A single spotlight lit the small space. “Ladies and gentlemen, outlaws and fallen women, schoolmarms and shopkeepers, we are about to begin. Take your places. Once we start, you must remain in character until the event is over. From this point forward, the person you are outside this club no longer exists. We do our utmost to protect everyone’s privacy and pride ourselves on providing a safe environment in which every participant is free to act out their sexual fantasies with no fear of repercussion. Get into your character. Embrace their personalities. Become your character, not only on the surface but in your head. Think, act, speak as your character would speak, not the person you are outside this room. We’ve provided the safe environment. It’s up to you to shed your inhibitions and have fun.”

Natalie stared at the card in her hand. *Macy Ferguson*. Tonight she was Macy Ferguson. Tonight was a night for fantasies.

Levi held up his glass. The other two followed suit. “Ready, Nat?”

“I think so.”

“Trace?”

“Oh, yeah. I’m ready.”

“The evening is about to begin. Trace, Natalie, and Levi no longer exist. Here’s to whatever your wildest dreams can fabricate.” Levi grinned.

The three clinked glasses together.

Chapter 11

Natalie, no, Macy for the rest of the night, resisted the urge to bite her fingernails down to the quick. She toyed with the stem of her wine glass and waited for the night to begin. Bolstering her courage, she attempted to get into character. Wasn’t that what actors called it?

The men took their places at the bar, leaving her alone at the table. She scanned the room. Several pairs of male eyes undressed various parts of her body or tried to catch her eye. She avoided locking eyes with them and studied the crystal wine glass. She stole glances at her men and waited for them to make their move.

Levi, make that Max for tonight, tipped back his head and emptied his whiskey glass. He spun around on his stool and strode toward her. His loose-hipped swagger and penetrating steel-gray eyes melted her body with their raw sensuality. He stopped and

towered over her. His jeans fit snugly, outlining a pretty impressive erection. A holster slung low on his hips with a very real-looking gun. She gazed up at him, affecting the bored look of a woman with many men to choose from and a night still quite young. Max's nostrils flared as he obviously read the desire in her hot gaze.

"Ma'am, is this seat taken?"

"Why, no, Sheriff, it's not." She eyed his leather vest with the badge pinned to it. "I love a man with authority," she gushed at him, and fingered his badge, leaning close so her breast brushed his arm. He sucked in a breath.

"I love a woman who knows what she wants. Do you know what you want?"

"I certainly do, and I always get my man."

"I'll hold you to that."

"Are you packing heat, Sheriff?"

"In my jeans or my holster?"

"I'm more interested in what's behind that zipper."

"I'd hate to disappoint a lady. I'm sure I can oblige in satisfying your curiosity at a time agreeable to both of us."

"Why, thank you, Sheriff. And I'm no lady." She faked a coy look and stared up at him. "And I'm agreeable anytime."

Max stared at her long legs and swallowed. "I bet you are."

Trace, uh, Jesse moseyed across the room and approached the table where Macy sat. Making a valiant attempt to portray her character accurately, Macy leaned forward to give him an even better view of her ample cleavage.

Jesse swept off his hat and slid out of the chair next to her and opposite the sheriff. He flipped it around to sit backward. "Ah, Miss Ferguson, so we finally meet."

Macy looked him up and down, liking what she saw. "And you are?"

He held his hand over his heart. "You wound me. Everyone knows me."

"I don't." She studied her fingernails and yawned.

"Allow me to do you the pleasure. Jesse Jakes, outlaw extraordinaire and unrivalled lover."

“A little cocky, aren’t we?”

“Only honest.”

“An honest outlaw. How unique.” She batted eyelashes coated with mascara and fanned herself with her bright pink lace fan.

“You’ve got a helluva lot of nerve showing up here tonight. You’re wanted in these parts, pardner,” Max growled, his hand on his six-shooter.

“Not tonight. This bar is no man’s land, Sheriff. You can’t arrest me in here.”

“As soon as you walk out that door, you’re mine.”

“Then I’d better enjoy the night while I can.” Jesse stroked Macy’s bare thigh. “I’m sure the little lady might be able to provide some entertainment on my last night of freedom.”

“If you have the gold, sweetheart, I’ll take you on a wild ride to heaven.” Macy cast him a sultry smile, as the rough pads of his fingers danced across her skin.

The piano player, now doubling as a master of ceremonies, stepped onto the small stage, interrupting Macy’s negotiations.

“Ladies and not-so-gentle-men, our very own talented, tantalizing, and titillating Macy Ferguson will now entertain us with her incredible feats of dare-devil horseback riding.”

“What? A horse in here?” Macy retreated into the reaches of sexually repressed Natalie’s psyche. She stared at the stage in shock. No way on earth would she be performing anything for anyone on that stage.

“A stick horse.” Jesse pointed to the stick horse now held in the bartender’s hands.

Sheriff Dilton slid his chair closer. “You’re on, sweetheart. Make these hungry cowhands hornier than a bull without a heifer.”

“I—I can’t.”

“Sure you can. Ride that horse like you’re riding one of us.” The gunslinger ran a finger over the swells of her breasts.

“Consider it foreplay. We’ll ride double later.” Levi rubbed her knee. “You’re not nervous exposing your body to all these men, are you? It’s not like Macy hasn’t done it before.”

“Yeah, I thought you said Macy would do anything for money.”

“Of course she will.” Their skeptical expressions irritated her. They expected her to back out, run from the room, and hide in the women’s bathroom. They didn’t think she could do it. Well, screw them. She’d do it and enjoy the hell out of it. She pulled her alter-ego, Macy, back from the brink. Thumbing her nose at both of them, she sashayed to the stage, swishing her skirt as she went. Murmurs of appreciation filtered through the room.

The piano music started slow and sultry as she galloped around the stage on her stick horse. The low hum of voices built to a fever pitch as the cowboys hooted and hollered. Some threw their hats in the air. Others leaned forward and ogled as her breasts bounced up and down.

“Take it off!!!! Take it off!!!!” The chant grew louder and louder.

Macy placed one high-heeled foot on a chair sitting in the middle of the stage. She closed her eyes and dug deep, finding a part of her of which she’d only caught glimpses. Deep down, she wanted to perform for her men. On the surface, she was scared shitless.

Thank god she’d left Natalie backstage and given Macy free rein to do as she pleased in this anonymous atmosphere. No one could see her face. No one knew who she was. How many women fantasized about doing the forbidden just once in their life? Well, as Macy, she’d been gifted with the opportunity.

Opening her eyes, she saw the room as Macy would see it, full of men ripe for the taking, hers to tease and tantalize, even though she only wanted two men in the room. Her gaze fell upon Max and Jesse. Her stomach fluttered at the sight of Max’s slow, sexy smile and Jesse’s full, sensual lips.

She threw back her head and shoulders and began to hump the chair harder and harder as the music pounded louder and louder and built to crescendo, imitating the throes of passion. The men just about tore the place apart.

After unbuttoning her bodice, Macy ripped apart the Velcro running up one side of the gown. It dropped to the floor in a pile of red satin and black lace. She hooked it on her high heel and flipped it across the stage.

Underneath, she wore a revealing lace camisole, G-string, and fishnet stockings held up by a red lace garter belt. The men hooted all the more at the sight of her bare ass.

She snapped the sides of her G-string for effect. More hooting. Beer bottles banged on tables. The men played their parts as Wild West cowboys, miners, and gunslingers living in an untamed land where women were scarce.

Fully into her part now, Macy moved her hips in a slow, seductive dance. Her fingers toyed with the lacing on the camisole. She loosened it a little at a time. Her large breasts popped out of their confines and revealed hard, erect nipples. Attached to the gold hoop in one nipple dangled a small spur.

Energized by the pure lust pulsating through the room, she tossed the camisole into the crowd and strutted across the stage. Her breasts bounced in tune to the beat of the music. Her hips rotated forward and back, side to side. Her hands roamed her body, touching herself in places that almost incited the cowboys to riot.

She met Jesse's gaze. He pounded his fists on the table, and he screamed out her name, adding his voice to the dozens in the room. She'd have no argument from him if she stepped it up a notch. At the edge of the stage, she threw herself on top of the piano and writhed around on it, legs spread-eagled in the air, while she fingered the crotch of her panties. She sneaked a peek at Max, sitting next to Jesse in the front row. He hadn't moved. His hand gripped the beer glass. He didn't partake in the frenzy, but when their eyes met for a split second, her entire body quivered at the heat blazing in his explosive pale eyes.

But it was a tough crowd, hard to satisfy. They wanted more. Macy wanted to give it to them. Natalie did not. But Macy wore a mask, which gave her a degree of anonymity. The look on Max's and Jesse's faces gave her a dose of courage. As a result, Macy won.

She pranced back to the edge of the small stage in front of the lawman and the gunslinger. Butt in the air, she bent down within reach of one of her scoundrels. Their hands grabbed her ankles, groped at her thighs, and pinched her dangling tits.

Straightening, she then knelt down, haunches resting on her heels, thighs spread wide. Their hands stroked her bare thighs and tits. Max cupped her crotch through her G-string. Jesse pinched her nipples. Pulling away, Macy danced back to the middle of the stage.

The rowdy crowd chanted for her to "Take it all off." Again, she sought out her men. Neither seemed adversely affected by the horny crowd ogling her. Dancing closer, she mouthed the words *Should I?*

They both nodded in unison, clapping and chanting along with the crowd. Macy, the little exhibitionist, got her way.

She marched around the stage and hooked her index fingers under the waist band of the G-string. She pulled upward and seesawed the material against her slit, enjoying the intimate sensations rippling through her in such a public place.

Turning her back on her audience, she bent over at the waist and pulled it past her butt. She grasped one side and pulled apart the Velcro holding it together, she whipped it off with a backward toss to the crowd. A roar exploded in the room as a benevolent fight erupted for the scrap of lace. Demonstrating her flexibility, she spread her legs wide and watched from between her legs. The action exposed her swollen pussy to her admirers. The winner of the G-string held it over his head for all to see how wet it was.

The place rocked with catcalls, rough voices, and the pounding of glasses on tables. Macy's arousal grew exponentially with the arousal of the crowd.

Continuing her dance around the room, she stayed out of reach of greedy hands. Macy wriggled her ass, pumped her hips, and kicked one leg high in the air. Her sensual dance exuded pure, raw sex.

Jesse pushed his tousled, black hair away from his penetrating brown eyes. He yanked an item from his holster and threw it on stage. Macy's composure almost broke as she realized the object was a large dildo with a gun handle on one end. He stuck two fingers in his mouth and produced an ear-shattering wolf whistle.

Hesitating for a brief moment, Macy made a show of picking it up. She ran her fingers up and down its red rubber shaft. Her fingernails scraped the ribbed surface. Abandoning his calm façade, Max went nuts, whooping and hollering as he watched her, along with Jesse. The boys scored an A for enthusiasm. She liked that in a man. She also liked their Wild West getups and five o' clock shadows. What woman in her right mind could resist a dangerous gunslinger and a lethally hot lawman?

She brought the thing up to her lips and licked it up one side and down the other. Rubbing the gel tip on her mouth, she parted her lips and took it inside, slow and easy, in and out, just like Levi had taught her. It disappeared deeper each time until she'd swallowed it right up to its fake red balls.

The old building shook on its foundation with raucous cheers and bawdy words of encouragement. Deep-throating it a few more times for good measure, she withdrew the thing and tossed it back to the handsome outlaw. He snagged it in one hand and saluted her. His dark eyes begged for more.

But Macy never gave it all away at once. They'd seen enough. For now. Taking deep bows, she gyrated off the stage and disappeared behind the curtain, leaving the roars of appreciation behind her. She slipped into the short, filmy black robe offered by a stagehand. It barely covered her bottom, while her erect nipples stood proud against the thin lace.

Shrugging and devoid of her usual modesty, Macy exited the backstage and skirted around the tables. Most men didn't even notice her as the next performer mesmerized them with a wilder routine than Macy's. The few who did notice her reached out to pinch her ass or grabbed for her nipples. She slapped them on the hands or rapped their knuckles with a pearl-handled cane she'd procured backstage.

Relieved yet oddly disappointed to be offstage, she slipped into the chair between her two men.

"That was quite the performance." Her sheriff grinned with pride in his slate-gray eyes. Gone was his earlier wariness. She'd won back his favor and a measure of his trust. The rest would come with time. She did this for them, both of them, and they knew it.

“How did it feel?” Her gunslinger swigged down his whiskey, then poured all three of them another round from the bottle on the table.

“Forbidden. Nasty. Wonderful.”

Jesse rubbed the dildo against the inside of her knee. “Darlin’, I was hoping you would have found a place to put this toy of mine.”

“Your toy? I thought it was mine.”

“What’s mine is yours.” He dipped the dildo in his glass and used it to draw a thin line from her neck to her nipples. He circled each nipple with it. Macy gripped her chair and moaned.

“You naughty boy.” She gasped and closed her eyes, tipping her head back.

The dildo moved lower until it stopped at her crossed legs. She pressed them tighter together. “Please, not yet.”

“Sure thing, sweetheart. I can be a very patient man.”

Opening her eyes, Macy grabbed her glass and tipped back her head. She swallowed the amber liquid down her throat. Its warmth engulfed her and chipped away at the last of her inhibitions.

“What would Macy do next?”

“What do you want to come next?” Max studied her over the rim of his glass.

“Not what, but who.” She giggled.

Max gestured toward the stage where the next performer was giving head to a volunteer from the audience. “How about we make love? The three of us. The hombre and I have been celibate for months. We need to charge our batteries.”

“I hope they’re long-lasting batteries, Sheriff, because this’ll take all night.”

“Where to?”

“It’s up to you to name the place.”

“What are my choices?” Macy leaned forward and stroked his erection through his jeans. Max rewarded her with a sharp intake of his breath.

“We can go home and take you to bed.”

“That seems somewhat ordinary, doesn’t it? I mean, this is no-holds barred, welcome-back-forever sex.”

“Honey, there is nothing ordinary about sex with you.” Jesse’s eyes never left her hand stroking his buddy’s cock.

“So what are my other options?”

“Sex in a back room? Sex upstairs? Sex right here on this table?”

“So many choices.”

“Depends on how decadent you want to be.”

“Not me. Macy. She’s calling the shots.”

“Well, then, where do you think Macy would want to re-consummate our relationship?”

“Somewhere with witnesses of our devotion to each other.”

“That leaves two options.” The two men exchanged glances. “The stage or the table.”

Macy chewed on her lower lip and considered the good sheriff’s challenge because that was exactly what it was, a challenge. She stared back at the stage again. The woman on the stage knelt doggy style. A cowboy moved behind her and rammed into her, pumping in and out.

“That turn you on?” Jesse, the wicked man, stroked her thigh with the butt end of his pistol dildo.

For a second, Natalie came back with a vengeance and shoved Macy out of the way. “I need some time to think about all this.”

“Take all the time you want, baby. We’ll be here.”

The last performer left the stage. The lights dimmed when no other amateurs stepped forward to strut or strip their stuff. The piano player broke into a raucous country tune. The dance floor began to fill. Macy jumped to her feet, needing to do something to relieve this itch she couldn’t control. Conflicted by the idea of proving her love to both men in front of the entire room, she battled with her strict upbringing. Her mind flashed to her father and his two assistants doing it in the hotel room. She hated to think about it. Not just because of the physical act, but the hypocrisy of it all. Her father’s actions should have resolved her guilt.

What did she want?

She didn't have to think long to know the answer had been there all along. She wanted the thrill of showing this roomful of men how much her two men meant to her. She might let the other men look, but they couldn't touch, and they couldn't have her. Her heart and her body belonged to two men and two men only.

The last of her old misgivings shattered as she realized sexual behavior didn't make her a good or bad person. Whether she treated those around her with respect and love is what made the difference. Her epiphany liberated her and gave Macy free rein to do whatever she damn well pleased.

And Macy was damn-well pleased to do a lot with an audience.

She stood, backed toward the dance floor, and crooked her finger at Max and Jesse. Max shook his head, took a puff on his cigar, and lounged in his chair. Jesse jumped to his feet and followed her to the dance floor. Max liked to watch. It was his brand of foreplay. In another half hour, his steel would be hotter than a six-shooter and loaded for carnal action.

Jesse on the other hand, was done with looking. He seemed to want to touch. The sexy gunslinger kept his distance at first as she danced around him in a sensual invitation to do whatever he wanted with her. Naughty Macy moved behind her man and rubbed her hips against his fine butt. Her hands wrapped around his chest. She moved them down lower, past his belt to his erection. Sliding her palm up its length, she milked his cock through his jeans. She felt naughty and wild. Wild for her men. Despite her dirty dancing, none of the other dancers paid them any heed. Most likely because they weren't the hottest couple on the dance floor.

Yet.

Never one to be upstaged, Macy aimed to change that one fact. She groped for Jesse's zipper. Whipping around to face her, Jesse grabbed her ass and pulled her off her feet. Giggling, she wrapped her legs around his waist and ground her crotch into his erection. He moaned and pressed her harder against him as her skimpy robe fell open.

"You little cock-tease." He chuckled as she rode him up and down. Too bad the man's pants were zipped. He'd moved too quickly for her to unzip them.

"You love it."

"Keep it up and I'll be fucking you on this dance floor."

"I dare you."

"Now, little filly, don't tease a stallion unless you want to be mounted."

"Mount away, hombre."

* * * *

Jesse couldn't stand it anymore. He wanted to rip this woman's clothes off and fuck her like crazy. Macy? Natalie? Who the hell cared? She was one and the same. If it helped her little fantasy to be Macy and gave her the balls to push her limits, he'd damn well accommodate her.

He'd thrown the dildo onstage in hopes the sexy woman of his dreams would invite him up there to use it on her. Instead she'd teased the hell out of him.

Well, revenge was sweet. He'd have her begging for his cock any way she could get it, or every way she could get it if he had his way.

He'd spent the last several months pining for Natalie, wanting, fantasizing, and praying for just one more touch of her perfect skin, one whiff of her perfume, one giggle from her sexy lips. The past months without her had been hell on Levi, and hell on him, too. His feelings for this kind, sexy woman went beyond simple lust. He'd fallen for her, a first in all his years.

When Natalie had shown up this evening looking for them, he'd nearly fallen to his knees and worshipped her beautiful feet. This reunion would be memorable for all of them. He'd see to it and so would Max. They'd brand her body as theirs and lasso her hearts as she'd lassoed theirs.

"Hey, too much thinking, too little action." Natalie prodded his side with a sharp finger.

"Well, now, darling, no one's ever accused me of that before."

"Then get to work, hombre, and redeem yourself." She squirmed and slid her body down his with agonizing slowness. Her face was flushed. Her eyes were dilated. Her breath rasped. She lifted her hands to his face. Her fingers stroked his cheeks. Her eyes burned into his. She toyed with a lock of his unruly hair. He didn't need a second invitation. His mouth slanted down on hers, teasing and coaxing.

She opened her mouth and let him in. His tongue slid past her lips and explored her mouth. His hands fisted in her hair. He shoved his thigh between her legs and rubbed her crotch. His big hands slipped under her robe and cupped her ass cheeks. They were silky soft and smooth. She used her body to massage his, like a horny pussy cat.

His kisses lost their softness and turned rough. She didn't back down but matched his intensity. The wetness from her arousal seeped through his jeans as she bucked against his leg like a bronco rider competing for the big buckle. He glanced down. Her robe fell open and gave him another glimpse of those huge tits. He'd give his prize bull, if he had one, for a taste of those ripe nipples. He bent down and attempted to catch a nipple in his mouth, but she evaded him with a brazen toss of her head.

The damn dance ended, and she jerked away from him, full of sass and shameless taunting. With a feisty smile, she wrapped the robe around herself and tightened the sash.

“I need you naked,” he ground out through his tight jaw.

“Little ol’ me? I’m a law-abiding lady.”

“Honey, I don’t know what kind of a game you’re playing, but you break laws just for sport.”

“And so do you.”

“How about we break a few more laws together?”

“Do you think I’m that type of girl?”

“You’re exactly that type of girl. You just about fucked me on the dance floor. Earlier you stripped down to nothing and deep throated my dildo. Whatever game you’re playin’, I’m in.”

She gazed up at him. Her eyes sparkled with excitement. “So am I.”

* * * *

Her sexy outlaw dragged her back to the table. Lust flared in his eyes and boiled over like a volcano erupting.

“Sheriff, the lady here is violating the law.”

“In what manner?” Max took a puff on his cigar. His hooded eyes gave nothing away. Damn, but the man was sexy.

“She was all over me like a nympho who’d just been rescued from isolation in the wilds of Alaska.”

Max turned his attention to her. “Is that true, ma’am?”

Macy brought a hand up to her cheek. Whisker burns abraded her face from Jesse’s sexy stubble. Her pussy ached for a cock, actually two cocks, Max’s and Jesse’s. She’d never dared to do such things with an audience. It was so naughty, so dirty, so depraved. She wanted to try it in a safe environment like this. Desperately. Her closet penchant for exhibitionism clawed to be released from its cage. Jesse and Max held the key.

Jesse held out her chair. She sat down with the two men on either side. Max’s and Jesse’s eyes were on her, more accurately, on her tits which were falling out of her robe again. She reached for the robe to pull it tightly closed.

“Now, honey, there are penalties for exposing yourself and driving grown men crazy.” The sheriff grabbed her hands and pulled them behind her back. He held her wrists in one big hand. She struggled, but Max held tight.

“Now, darlin’, you don’t want to be handcuffed, do you?”

Macy raised one eyebrow in response. She squirmed, wetter than she could ever remember. Her skin tingled from the lust flowing between the three of them. The smell of sex floated in the air.

Jesse sipped his beer. “Sheriff, the lady is a tease. She makes promises she doesn’t keep and uses her body to drive a man to commit crimes he wouldn’t normally commit for a night in her arms.”

“I’m afraid we have strict punishments for women like you.”

“Punish away, Sheriff. I deserve it. Throw the book at me.” She batted her eyelashes and pressed her legs tighter together.

“You’ll need to satisfy both of us, and it’ll be a life sentence.”

Macy met his eyes and nodded. “I’m guilty as charged.”

Jesse grinned. Macy lowered her eyes, afraid to reveal the aching need shining in them.

“And you, hombre. I’ll need some help corralling this little lady. You’re gonna help me, or I’ll throw your ass in jail.”

“Yes, sir, Sheriff. Anything you say.”

“Search her for weapons.” Max indicated her breasts with his free hand.

“Oh, yeah.” Jesse rubbed his hands together.

Max held her hands loosely, giving her the option of freeing herself. She didn’t.

“I’m at your mercy.” Her voice trembled. Her body vibrated. Her nipples hardened and ached for his fingers. Jesse parted her robe even wider and stared in awe. Macy sat up straighter and relished her naughtiness. She was more than game for pushing the envelope.

“You are so incredible.” He spoke with reverence. She half-expected him to cross himself.

“Search her good. She’s a clever woman.”

“Certainly. I take my job seriously.” The outlaw pressed his finger to the tip of her nipple. Natalie drew in a breath and held it. Her nipples begged for more. She strained against Max’s hands holding her arms behind her back. He tightened his hold. The men intended to torture her by taking their time.

Jesse rolled the nipple between his thumb and forefinger. She leaned into him, begging for more, and moaned. He rolled the other nipple, the pierced one, carefully and lightly. He muttered something unintelligible.

“Suck her nipples, Jesse. Macy likes that.”

“Oh, yes, please. Please.” She held her breath and waited.

Jesse leaned forward and planted light kisses on her breasts. He licked a circle around her nipple, then took it between his teeth and sucked. She pushed into him. She needed more. She needed something wilder, crazier, rougher.

“Harder,” she panted.

He responded immediately. His teeth raked her nipple. He sucked deeper while his tongue flicked the hard nub. She moaned. He pinched her other nipple, grasping the nipple ring and twisting, causing such exquisite pleasure/pain she almost came. She struggled to free herself so she could rub her clit. Max read her mind and held fast.

“Jesse, touch me. Dammit. Touch me. Someone touch me.”

Jesse looked up. A slow, knowing smile crossed his face. He withdrew. She whimpered and begged him to stroke her, suck her, relieve her unbearable need.

“You want to come?” Max nuzzled her neck.

“Yes, oh, fuck, yes.” Macy shook from head to toe, crazed with an unbearable desire.

“On the stage to serve your community service punishment.” Max pointed to the stage with its curtains now drawn.

“The stage?”

“The stage. Or would you rather spend the night in jail?”

“I’d rather service my community.” With those words, she sealed her fate, and she’d never been so ready to commit any sin known to man and for her men.

The sheriff stood. “Let me make the preparations. Meet me backstage in five minutes.”

She licked her lips and contemplated her fate. Macy wouldn't contemplate. Macy would do. Tonight she was Macy, and they were Wild West men with wild lust and wilder needs.

She needed, too. Oh, hell, did she need.

Chapter 12

Max put his hands on his hips and watched his beautiful, sweet Natalie playing uninhibited Macy. He loved to see her cut loose and become more of the woman she was destined to become without her father's emotional handcuffs.

He shook his head in amazement as he pictured her father screwing or being screwed by that pompous little chief-of-staff prick and the stick-up-her-butt publicist. That'd be a video that should be out there on the Internet for all to see. Regardless, the incident changed Natalie, made her more willing to live her sex life on the edge and absorb the role of Macy with more enthusiasm than he'd ever expected.

His instincts alerted him to differences in her, some subtle, some not, almost as if the universe shifted under his feet and changed her in ways subtle on the surface and drastic underneath. He almost grinned as he eyed her in the little lace negligee. Maybe not so subtle on the surface.

The most important question for him was did he trust her? She'd left him twice. Dumped him flat the first time when his sordid, private past became public. The second time she'd done it for love. He didn't doubt for a minute her father would have found a way to lock them up for a long time to come. The man had the means and the devious desire.

Pushing his thoughts to the back of his mind, he closed them off and tried to think like an Old West sheriff. Tonight was all about the role, the fun, the letting go in a safe, anonymous way.

Returning to their table, Max held his arm out to the lady. Despite her harlot role, she was a lady, though tonight he needed to think of her as Macy.

Hooking her hand through the crook in his elbow, Macy tossed a sassy, come-hither look to Jesse as Max led her from the main room to the backstage. They walked down a long hall behind the small stage. Jesse hung back several steps, waiting and watching. Stopping, Max put his hands on her upper arms and pushed her gently against the wall. She gazed into his eyes, and his heart beat faster.

"I've missed you."

“I missed you, too, Levi. I love you.”

“I love you, baby.” He tilted his head and caught her lips with his. Exerting light pressure, he savored the taste and feel of her mouth as if she were fragile crystal. She kissed him back. The tenderness of the moment soaked into his skin, his bloodstream, his bones. The depth of his love for her frightened and exhilarated him. She had so much love to give, enough for each of them. He didn’t mind sharing because she’d loved him first. “Are you sure you want to go through with this?”

“Absolutely.” She clung to him, one leg wrapped around his calf. Her kisses grew more urgent, more demanding, hotter and hotter until he swore he could smell the smoldering of their bodies. She pressed against him and drove him out of his mind. His cock hardened and grew to painful proportions. If he unzipped his fly, he could take her right there, against the wall with Jesse looking on. Her fingernails dug into his back, her mouth attacked his lips.

One step away from losing control, he drew back and smoothed her hair away from her face. They both panted from the exertion and the lust. She smiled up at him, a wicked, seductive smile. He smiled back.

“I hope you’re having a good time, ’cause I sure as hell am.”

“I’m having the time of my life, so don’t disappoint me now, Sheriff.”

“Never.” He crossed his heart.

“Then let’s put on a show no one will ever forget.” Through the mask, her eyes gleamed with nervous anticipation. She tilted her head toward the stage.

“Are you sure? We really don’t have to do this here.”

“Yes, of course, I am. Macy loves sex.”

“And Natalie?”

“Natalie loves sex with the right men. She doesn’t sleep around. So I’ll get the best of both worlds.”

“You will at that, but you don’t have to do it in public.”

She chewed on her lower lip for a moment, considering his words. “I know that. It seems so daring, so bold, so crazy to have sex in front of all these men. I know I should be appalled at the thought—part of me is—but the bigger part wants to do this. I don’t want to back out.”

Max nodded. “So, darlin’, are you ready?”

She rubbed her hot little body against her erection. “It appears we both are.”

“You’re amazing.” He couldn’t believe she’d go through with this, yet it appeared she would do just that.

“So are you. You’re looking forward to this as much as I am.”

“You have no idea.”

“I *want* this. I’m primed for it. I want the thrill of experiencing what it feels like to do such intimate things with an audience. Remember in the bar when we put on a little show for the construction workers at the next table?”

“Oh, yeah, I remember.” Did he ever.

“That was foreplay compared to what I want to do up there tonight.” Grabbing his hand, she pulled him up the few steps to the stage, hidden from the customers by the closed curtain. A large round bed with a red velvet bedspread now dominated the small stage. Jesse followed but kept his distance, obviously waiting for his cue to join in the festivities.

Never taking his eyes off her face, partially concealed by her mask, Max unbuckled his gun holster and tossed it aside. With quick efficiency, he stripped off the remainder of his clothes. He nodded at Jesse, standing off to the side. His buddy quickly followed suit. Macy cast an inviting look in their direction, full of carnal promise. She made no move to strip, obviously leaving that pleasant chore to them.

* * * *

Max and Jesse’s clothes dropped to the floor at an alarming rate of speed. Macy’s eyes drank in the beauty of such fine male bodies with honed muscles rippling in the dimmed stage lighting. Two men, all for her to do with as she pleased. She didn’t know where to start. She’d been turned loose in a chocolate factory with a hundred kinds of candy, hers for the taking.

On the other side of the stage curtains, glasses clinked and voices rose in conversation to be heard over the piano music. The noise slammed into her, reminding her of the audience several feet away. Her breath caught in her throat. She clutched at her robe and held it tight to her naked body. Fighting back her fear, she shivered, unable to drag her gaze from the curtain, worried it would open any second.

“You okay?”

“Getting cold feet, that’s all. I just need a minute to let it pass.”

“This’ll do the trick.” Jesse stepped forward with a bottle of whiskey in his hand. He took a long swallow and handed it to Max. They both imbibed. Eyes burning with desire, Max handed it to her. Macy tilted the bottle of amber liquid to her lips and let it run down her throat, warming her to her core. It wasn’t much, but it was enough to mute her inhibitions and wrap her in a protective cloud of physical need and override her mental misgivings.

“That better?” Max took the bottle from her.

She nodded and chewed on her index finger, unable to force her eyes away from the bed. In a few short minutes, she’d be on the bed with two men doing all kinds of delicious and forbidden things to her. She wanted it. Hell, yes, she wanted it. Her fear and misgivings made it all the more exciting.

Max and Jesse flanked her, hands at their sides, not touching her, and how she ached for them to touch her. One hand on his crotch, Jesse rubbed his erection beneath the material of his pants.

“Are you ready?”

“Yes.” She steeled herself for what came next. After all, the men on the other side of the curtain had already seen her naked. Now they’d see her naked in a sexual performance with two men, just another step down the path of debauchery in the name of true love.

The curtains opened. The spotlight brightened and illuminated the stage, bathing it in hot, blinding light. She couldn’t see beyond the ring of light, could only hear the din of the people in the audience. Like a wall between them, the bright lights protected her mentally from the masses, while the mask protected her identity.

Max put his hands on her shoulders from behind. He turned her and walked her to the front of the stage. If she squinted, she could make out the table of cowboys at the front table. Sliding his hands down her front, across her nipples, down to her sash, he untied it and slid the robe off her shoulders. The din of the crowd got louder.

A small spur, dangled from one nipple.

“Nice touch.” Max whispered in her ear. “Let’s do a little foreplay, get the audience involved, show these hombres what a real woman can do.”

Naked, she stood a few feet from the edge of the stage out of the bright spotlight. Yet, the dim lighting revealed enough details of her naked body that little was left to the imagination. Embarrassed, she squeezed her legs together and covered her breasts with her hands. Max covered her hands with his and rubbed, essentially causing her to caress herself.

His gravelly voice sounded in her ears. “Move your hands. Don’t you want them to see you? To lust after you, to fantasize about driving their hard cocks into you, all the while knowing they can’t have you? You’re ours. Doesn’t that turn you on?”

She nodded, her throat so dry she didn’t dare speak. Out of the glare of the spotlight, she gazed at the crowd of expectant cowboys, heard the occasional whistle and the murmurs of appreciation. Her eyes locked on one hot cowboy a few feet from the stage. He stared up at her like a man worshipping a goddess.

She smiled and let Macy take over. Taking a deep breath, she dropped her hands to her sides. The crowd’s murmurs grew louder. Bits and pieces drifted to her.

“Holy shit, look at that pierced nipple.”

“Look at those big tits.”

“I’d give anything to have those legs wrapped around my waist while I pound into her.”

“She’d be fucking a real man if she invited me onstage.”

Behind her, Max placed his hands under her breasts and lifted them, as if testing their weight. His talented fingers plucked, pinched, tugged, and teased those hard nipples. He flicked at the little spur with his index finger, and it swung back and forth seductively. Releasing her breasts, Max moved away from her, leaving her alone and exposed on the stage. He motioned to Jesse, who took his place behind her, so close his cock rubbed against her bare ass.

The sheriff stood in front of her. “I hear you’re possibly armed and dangerous.”

“Not as armed as you are.” She glanced pointedly at his enormous cock.

Max chuckled. His gray eyes darkened, warning her of an impending storm of pure animal lust.

“As the sheriff, I’ll need to have your body searched before I take you in.”

“What am I being arrested for? I’ve done nothing.”

“Indecent exposure without lewd and lascivious conduct.”

“How do I get the charges dropped?”

“We’d have to see proof that you’re more than just a cock-tease.”

“I might tease, but I also deliver the goods.”

“We’ll see. First we need to make a thorough search of your body for our own safety.”

“Yes, sir. Do what you will.” She held her arms out to her sides and giggled, surprised at how much she was enjoying herself.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“I’ll prove my innocence once you’re satisfied I’m unarmed.”

“Oh, honey, you’re armed, but the hombre and I have our own weapons. If you continue on this path to ruin, we’ll be forced to use them.”

“I’m too far down that path to stop now.”

“Tie her hands behind her back, Mr. Jakes. We can’t have her escaping, now can we?”

“Anything you say, Sheriff.” Jesse bound her hands behind her with a soft cotton rope the bouncer tossed him.

Max took his time. He ran his big hands over his shoulders, down her sides, across her breasts. He paused to pinch and tweak her already sensitized nipples. Kneeling in front of her, he moved her thighs wider. Even though she saw it coming, she jumped back at the first touch of his warm moist mouth on the inside of her upper thigh. Bumping into Jesse’s bare chest, she couldn’t escape.

Max kissed his way up one thigh and down the other. She squirmed, wanting, needing, his mouth on her sweet spot. Instead, he avoided it, inflicting his own special brand of erotic torture. Just when she couldn’t take it anymore, he stood and nodded to his partner in crime.

With a wicked grin, he addressed the gunslinger. “She’s armed, hombre, with enough ammunition we’ll need our biggest guns to subdue her and bring her to justice. Then I’ll sentence her to a life of hard labor, performing lewd and lascivious acts on the two of us.”

Macy moaned at the visual of those big guns attempting to tame her. The wetness between her legs grew more evident. She rubbed her ass against Jesse’s cock. Her fingers grazed the velvety tip. He rewarded her with a tortured moan.

“Now, ma’am, that’s exactly the kind of behavior we’ve been talking about.”

Jesse backed her up until his knees hit the bed. He sat down and pulled her onto his lap. His erection wedged between her butt cheeks. She squirmed, wishing he’d take her from behind, but he wasn’t ready yet. The man loved to take his time. She’d spent enough time with him to know that.

Max stood over them. Hands on hips, his big cock juttled out like a rifle, cocked and ready.

“Naughty girl,” Jesse whispered in her ear. “Macy, you are one hot little hussy. You want my cock buried in that sweet ass of yours?”

“Oh, please.” She hated begging, but she needed something inside her.

“You’ll get what you want. Have patience.” Jesse toyed with her nipples with one hand. He wrapped the other around her waist and held her tight to him, as if she’d leave. No way in hell. The night was still young. Max watched Jesse toy with her. His huge hard-on only inches from her face twitched with need. She leaned forward in an attempt to take him in her mouth. He sidestepped her.

“Do you want to take your punishment now?” The sheriff put his hand under her chin and tilted her face to his.

“Yes, I believe in serving my time.”

“Don’t worry, baby, you’ll be doing hard time with no chance of parole.”

“The harder the better. On your knees.”

With help from Jesse, she slid off his lap on to her knees. The sheriff stepped closer. “Your first chore is to clean and load my gun.”

“It looks like it’s already loaded.”

“Then perhaps it needs to be unloaded.”

“Yes, sir. I always obey a man with a badge, even when he isn’t wearing it.”

Cupping a hand behind her head, he guided her mouth onto his erection. With her hands tied, she was at his mercy. She flicked the fleshy tip with her tongue, tasted his pre-cum. He pushed farther. Her lips spread around the silky shaft. Her tongue stroked the pulsing vein. Her mouth opened wide, taking him deeper. Meanwhile, Jesse’s sure hands explored and stroked her body, always stopping short of driving her over the edge.

Max fucked her mouth with his cock. Each thrust drove him deeper, to the back of her throat, down her throat, in and out, until he held her head against his body. His pubic hairs tickled her nose. Her lips were tight around his base. She’d completely swallowed his cock. Saliva ran down her chin. The crowd, which she’d forgotten about, went wild to see the little woman completely swallow the monster cock.

“I don’t fucking believe it, she swallowed his entire cock. That’s deep throating at its best.”

“She’s incredible.”

“What a hot, little number.”

Max pulled out, and Macy gasped for breath. He gave her only a second before he drove deep again. Using his hands on the back of her head, he pistoned her mouth on his cock, building to a furious pace. His cock twitched. The first waves of cum shot into her throat. He pulled back. The remaining cum streamed into her mouth. She gazed up at him so he could see the thick fluid on her tongue. Then she swallowed.

Chest heaving, Max took a second to regain his sanity. The crowd rose as one to give her a standing ovation. Macy blew them a kiss, which threw them into a frenzy of foot-stomping and whistles. At one time, she would have recoiled in shock that she’d allow such shameful things. But that part of her didn’t exist, not tonight at least.

Max motioned to Jesse to stand. Jesse jumped to his feet, eager for his turn.

“Okay, hombre, time for your punishment.”

“What would my punishment be?” Jesse grinned and waited for the sheriff’s ruling.

“Pleasure this woman and don’t hold anything back. Touch her like you mean it. Like a real man would.”

Jesse bent down and toyed with her nipples. His dark eyes met hers. Passion and primitive desire shone in his eyes. Waves of lust shuddered through her body.

“You can do more than that. She won’t break.” Max teased him. “She likes it gentle, and she likes it rough.”

Jesse pinched both nipples. He stretched them and twisted, not hard but enough to send arcs of sexual electricity through her core. Macy moaned and rolled her head back. If she could have freed her hands, she’d coax herself to orgasm.

“Taste her. Take your punishment. Suck on those ripe, firm nipples. See how tight and hard they are for you. She’s thinking about what you might do to her. What we both might do to her, and she likes what she’s thinking.” Max stood close, his cock already half-erect again, even after her blow job.

“She’s squirming too much,” Jesse complained.

“I can take care of that.” Max sat on the bed and pulled her onto his lap, holding her still. Jesse got on his knees in front of her. He lifted one of her heavy breasts in his hand and licked the nipple. Macy writhed on Max’s lap but couldn’t do much more.

Jesse took her unpierced nipple in his mouth and sucked gently. Natalie leaned into him and pressed her breast against his face. He sucked harder, crossing the pleasure threshold almost to the pain. Then he treated her pierced nipple to the same erotic torture.

Macy pushed her hips forward, panting and begging for more. The hunger inside knew no boundaries, no limits. She wanted to experience it all until she collapsed from exhaustion.

Her gunslinger kissed a trail down her torso, past her belly button, her stomach, and to that burning, crazed spot between her legs.

Grasping the insides of her thighs from behind, Max pulled them apart, leaving her open and exposed to Jesse and their rowdy, yet rapt audience. Wetness seeped from her pussy. Jesse's dark hair brushed her inner thighs as he bent low. He parted her pussy lips with his fingers. She ground her ass into Max's lap, relishing what was to come.

Jesse's talented tongue went for broke. He dived into her opening and began to feast. His tongue pressed deeper. She arched her back and begged without shame for more. His tongue flicked her clit, while his mouth sucked and nibbled. He plunged his index finger deep inside her. In and out, while she thrashed about on Max's lap. Jesse worked his fingers deep while his tongue manipulated her little nub of pleasure. She closed her eyes and cried out. Stars exploded behind her eyelids. The world spun faster. Her body convulsed. She shattered into millions of tiny pieces only to be made whole again. She came and came and came.

Closing her eyes, she dropped her head and gasped for oxygen. Sweat slicked her skin. Her pussy tingled and throbbed. Her brain spun from her orgasm.

She hadn't yet recovered when Jesse lifted her off Max's lap. He lowered her down, but her shaky legs wouldn't hold her up so he did. Max stood and rubbed her bare ass.

"Lay on the bed, hombre," the sheriff ordered, and Jesse immediately complied, watching her with his dark lust-filled eyes.

"Take the man to heaven, sweetheart."

She glanced at Jesse. He nodded and lay back. Staring down, she took her punishment like a woman and crawled onto the bed. She wanted that big cock inside her, filling her, pumping in and out of her, while her lovers and this crowd of raucous cowboys witnessed her complete freedom from the sexual repression of her strict upbringing. She wanted everyone there to celebrate her triumph.

She straddled his body. Jesse parted her with his thumb and forefinger. He grasped her hips and lowered her slowly inch by inch. The velvety head of his dick tickled her swollen folds, tantalized and tortured her sensitized nerves. She squirmed, anxious to take all of him inside her. He held her back, only letting the tip penetrate her moist opening.

“Oh, please. Please! Fuck me! Please. I need to feel his cock. Oh, yes. Now!” She begged shamelessly, not caring if she sounded like a woman of little morals.

He lowered her farther and moaned beneath her. His eyes glazed with lust. His thick cock filled her inch by luscious inch. As lubricated as she was by her juices, she slid easily down onto his body until her weight rested on his hips. Their bodies joined. She was fully impaled by that incredibly thick cock.

“Like that?” Max tweaked her nipples from behind her. She arched her back and smiled up at him.

Jesse raised her up and lowered her back down again and again. At first, his cock eased in and out, his movements slow and torturous, until even he couldn’t take it anymore and raised his hips to slam deep into her. His cock stormed ahead, like a war horse charging into battle, then retreating only to charge again. Jesse’s eyes rolled into the back of his head, his muscles bunched, and sweat trickled down his chest. Skin slapped against skin with each thrust. The smell of sex and perspiration filled the air.

She slammed down onto him and tried to rise up again, only to be stopped. His hands tightened about her waist, not allowing her to move. His cock twitched deep inside her.

“Hold still, sweetheart.”

She looked up at Max, standing over them. He hooked a small heavy bell on to the tiny spur dangling from her nipple ring. She looked down at it and swallowed. It swayed back and forth, tinkling. Pinching her other nipple, he opened a small clamp. She whimpered as the spring-loaded clamp snapped shut around her sensitive nipple. He hooked another chain and bell on the clamp. She gritted her teeth as the weight of the bell pulled down on the clamp. He finished with another chain hanging from the nipple ring to the nipple clamp on the other. Max stood back, his own eyes bright with desire.

“How does it feel?”

“It hurts so good.” And it did. The pain aroused her, stimulated her.

“Ride him, baby. Ride him like you’ve never ridden a hot stud before.” Max smacked her bare ass.

Ignoring the pain in her nipples, she raised her body up, then brought it back down. Jesse didn’t seem to think she did a good-enough job. He lifted her up, then slammed her down, repeating the rhythm as his cock hammered inside her. The bells bounced in the air, jerked on her nipples, and played a crazed tune. She closed her eyes and rode him like a rodeo rider riding a championship bull. Jesse bucked and twisted underneath her. She stayed on.

The crowd chanted, “Ride him! Ride him! Ride him!”

Playing to the crowd, she raised one hand in the air like a rodeo rider. Sweat poured down her face, across her breasts. A bead dropped off her nipple and landed on his chin. The hombre's body was drenched. She felt herself coming and couldn't, wouldn't, stop it. Her pussy tightened around him. Her juices flowed. The crowd cheered and catcalled all around the stage. She didn't care.

Then the bastard stopped. Just stopped. Leaving her on the verge with nowhere to go and impaled on a suddenly immovable cock. She squirmed, attempting to gain her own satisfaction. He held her fast. Again.

The man's stamina was to be commended. He remained hard as a rock, but it couldn't have been easy. He looked ready to break a blood vessel or major artery. His muscles tensed. His jaw locked. His pupils were two black blazing orbs.

Behind her, Max placed a hand on her neck and pushed her chest against Jesse's. She stiffened, unaware of what he intended but feeling vulnerable and open. Jesse's arms locked around her back, rendering her helpless to move. His hairy chest abraded her sore nipples. The clamp rubbed against his skin and tugged on one nipple.

Sensations of lust, pleasure, and pain stirred in a cauldron of emotions so strong the brew bordered on unbearable.

The air moved a split second before the sharp sting of Max's hand connected with her bare ass. Macy's body shook from the blow. She buried her head in Jesse's shoulder and braced for the spanking. Max didn't disappoint. His hand came down again, sharper and harder this time. After ten whacks, her ass burned and her pussy screamed for satisfaction.

Slipping his hand between her legs, Max's finger scooped up some of her juices. He parted her butt cheeks and rubbed her cum on her butt hole. She bit her lower lip and waited for the full feeling of double penetration. Satisfied she was well lubricated, the sheriff pushed his cock into her tight little entrance, made even tighter by Jesse's cock buried deep in her pussy. He hesitated, waiting for her to adjust, then pushed again a little deeper. He reached the tight ring of muscle and pushed farther, past it, and buried half his huge, long cock in her ass. She let out a muffled cry. It felt like he was ripping her in two. Her body shuddered from the throbbing pain and the sheer eroticism of it all.

Jesse loosened his grip on her back. She raised her body up a little, seeking relief. Instead she drove Max's cock deeper. It hurt so damn much but felt so damn good. Her asshole was on fire along with her spanked butt. She gasped. Sweat broke out on her forehead. Her hair was matted to her head. With a hard, sharp thrust, Max buried his mega dick in her ass. The two men's cocks rubbed together, one deep in her pussy, one deep in her ass.

The two men ceased all movement, except for the heavy breathing of their rising and falling chests, each one buried in his own hole. They let her absorb the sensations of double penetration, and they enjoyed them, too. The little bells tinkled as they dangled

from her nipples. Jesse caught the chain connecting her nipple rings between his teeth and held on.

The rowdy crowd had been shocked to silence. Chair legs scratched on floors. Bodies moved restlessly in their seats. She swore she could hear their collective heavy breathing. It turned her on all the more, doing this naughty, forbidden act for an audience.

Macy reveled in the feel of the men inside her. She closed her eyes and memorized the sensations. Her heart swelled with love for both men. They'd given *Natalie* a far greater gift than she could ever give them.

Looking over her shoulder at Max, she nodded. He took the cue. A split second later, the stage erupted in a frenzied slamming of bodies to bodies, cocks banging into their respective holes. Wet bodies slid over each other, coating each other in co-mingled sweat. The chain tightened, wrenched her nipples to the edge of unbearable, then loosened, then tightened, then loosened as Jesse and Max's momentum jolted her body and jerked the chain in his teeth.

The crowd exploded, rising to their feet, yelling and hooting and drowning out the sounds of the grunting, slapping bodies on stage.

"Fuck her!"

"Fuck her hard!"

"Give it to her!"

"Harder! Harder! Harder!"

"Oh, fuck!" Jesse squeezed his eyes shut. His cock shuddered inside her pussy. "I can't take anymore. Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck!"

She felt him coming. Knew it was only a matter of seconds. He grabbed her big tits and squeezed them. Twisting his head, he jerked the chain in his mouth and yanked the clamp off. The blood raced to her tortured nipple, hurting more than the clamp ever had. She cried out, setting off a chain reaction as her body twisted and quaked.

Over-stimulated cocks jerked inside her. The one in her ass drove deeper as Max spanked her bare butt, harder and harder as he shoved his cock up her ass to his balls. With a final surge, he pulled out and shot his load on her ass. The thick fluid ran down her ass and between her legs.

Jesse, pinned to the bed, came partially inside her. Reaching between his legs, he stimulated her clit. It only took a few strokes before she fell apart. He lifted her off his cock and the rest of his cum coated her pussy lips and the small patch of pubic hair between her legs.

Bodies drained of energy, the men rolled onto the bed on their backs, spent, sated, and fulfilled. Exhausted and sore, but a good kind of sore, Macy joined them.

Turning her head, she gazed at each one. “Thank you for an incredible night.”

They spoke in unison. “Thank *you*, Natalie.”

Macy faded away, and Natalie smiled in satisfaction. The person on stage hadn’t been Macy after all. It’d been Natalie all along, being the woman she’d always wanted to be. A very lucky woman. She had two good, hot, exciting men to love her for the rest of her days. A woman couldn’t ask for more.

The roar of the crowd eventually penetrated her hazy brain. Levi pulled her to her feet, removed her handcuffs, and they took their bows.

Chapter 13

Natalie pecked away on her laptop as she sat in the sun room. In the distance, she spotted two horses galloping over the ridge and heading toward the barn. On their backs rode two men who made her life worth living and loving. A lot had happened in the months since she’d walked off her father’s campaign trail.

After their Wild West experience at the club, the trio returned to the relative quiet of the ranch, not finding too many reasons to travel beyond the nearby town for groceries or a drink at the local bar.

Natalie sold her catering business for a tidy sum and concentrated on her writing. She had quite the knack for writing *ménages*. Her latest novel rose to number one on the bestseller list. She was working on the sequel.

Trace took over as ranch foreman when the former foreman retired and moved to Arizona with his girlfriend of twenty years. He aimed to build the stock horse breeding program and the cattle herd as the best in the state.

Levi was just Levi, enjoying his life on the ranch, making the place into something to be proud of, and enjoying the company of good friends and family.

All in all, life was good. But then, it always was when the cowboys saddled up and rode again.

THE END

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sofia loves to write hot romances with even hotter heroes. She prefers warm sun, warm sand, and views of bronzed, buff bodies on the beach. She lives on the west coast with assorted animals. When she's not writing, she's dancing, shopping, or socializing.

Also by Sofia Hunt

Delectable Bad Boys 1: *Winner Takes All*

Tasty Treats, Volume 2: Delectable Bad Boys 2: *Back in the Saddle*

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