

Siren Publishing

*Ménage Amour*

# DAMAGED COWBOYS

Stacey Espino



## Damaged Cowboys

Emily returns to the country after a ten year absence. She's almost twenty-two and very much a woman. Her first priority is getting into the pants of the three Macintosh brothers that she's never stopped thinking about over the years. They've sure grown up and have to be the hottest cowboys she's ever known.

All three men easily fall in love with her, but aren't willing to share. With such strong feelings for each of the Macintosh brothers, she could never choose between them. Her mission is to change their minds and convince them that sharing isn't so bad after all. In fact, it could be downright amazing!

**Sensuality Rating:** **SEXTREME**

**Genre:** Contemporary/Western/Cowboys

**Length:** 50,300 words

# **DAMAGED COWBOYS**

**Stacey Espino**

**MENAGE AMOUR**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
**[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)**

**ABOUT THE E-BOOK YOU HAVE PURCHASED:**

Your non-refundable purchase of this e-book allows you to only ONE LEGAL copy for your own personal reading on your own personal computer or device. **You do not have resell or distribution rights without the prior written permission of both the publisher and the copyright owner of this book.** This book cannot be copied in any format, sold, or otherwise transferred from your computer to another through upload to a file sharing peer to peer program, for free or for a fee, or as a prize in any contest. Such action is illegal and in violation of the U.S. Copyright Law. Distribution of this e-book, in whole or in part, online, offline, in print or in any way or any other method currently known or yet to be invented, is forbidden. If you do not want this book anymore, you must delete it from your computer.

WARNING: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000."

If you find a Siren-BookStrand e-book being sold or shared illegally, please let us know at **[legal@sirenbookstrand.com](mailto:legal@sirenbookstrand.com)**

**A SIREN PUBLISHING BOOK**

IMPRINT: Ménage Amour

**DAMAGED COWBOYS**

Copyright © 2010 by Stacey Espino

E-book ISBN: 1-60601-402-1

First E-book Publication: August 2010

Cover design by Jinger Heaston

All cover art and logo copyright © 2010 by Siren Publishing, Inc.

**ALL RIGHTS RESERVED:** This literary work may not be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, including electronic or photographic reproduction, in whole or in part, without express written permission.

All characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead is strictly coincidental.

**PUBLISHER**

Siren Publishing, Inc.

[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)

## **Letter from Stacey Espino**

### ***Regarding Ebook Piracy***

Dear Readers,

Thank you for purchasing *Damaged Cowboys* from BookStrand.com and their legitimate distributors. If you enjoy this book, I encourage you to recommend it to your friends and family so they can buy their own copies.

Please do not share your copy or upload it to file sharing websites as this is both illegal and unethical. As authors, we rely on royalties from sales to earn a living. A lot of creativity, heart, and soul go into each book we write.

Please continue to purchase your personal copies of e-books and recommend others to do the same.

Purchasing from legal distributors allows authors to continue writing the stories they love, for people who love to read.

With deep gratitude,  
Stacey Espino

# **DEDICATION**

I'm dedicating this book to all the wonderful friends I've made since I started writing for Siren-Bookstrand Publishing.

Especially my "J" ladies: Jan, Jennifer, Jinger, Julia and Jade.

Thank you for your support, friendship, encouragement and craziness.  
Love you all!

# **DAMAGED COWBOYS**

**STACEY ESPINO**

**Copyright © 2010**

## **Chapter One**

Bradley Macintosh lit up another cigarette, rocking back and forth in the old wooden rocker, waiting for his brother to get home. Two o'clock in the morning and still no sign of him. The full moon highlighted the fields all the way to the tree line, where he caught the odd fox lurking in the shadows. His rifle leaned against the brick, in full reach, if those little buggers tried to get closer to the house.

Why did he wait up for the youngest Macintosh? Aaron had turned twenty-two a few months back, no longer a baby, legally allowed to drink and throw his life away. His delinquent behavior was a regular occurrence these days, and none of Brad's attempts to force some sense into his head seemed effective. Brad shouldn't care, but he did. While Carter snored upstairs, he couldn't sleep if he tried. Not until Aaron was tucked up in bed where he should be.

"Where the fuck is he?" he mumbled under his breath. At this rate, he'd spend the night on the wraparound porch. With his workday starting before sunrise, he'd be more zombie than man by dinner hour.

He took a heavy drag and released the cloud of smoke in a slow exhale. In the distance, he heard the rattle of the old pickup truck drawing closer. Dust obscured the moonlight down the road. His heart unclenched. Brad stood, stomped out his cigarette, grabbed his rifle, and let the screen door slap shut behind him. He waited at the kitchen table, ready to give the lecture of a lifetime. No, he wasn't Aaron's



father, but he was the closest thing Aaron had to one. Being the eldest, he took the responsibility for his two younger brothers personally. They'd been through a lot together, and he'd be damned if he watched one of them end up behind bars or buried behind the house with the rest of their family.

The metal truck doors slammed shut. Aaron's irregular footsteps made their way toward the house, dragging and shuffling along the gravel. Feminine giggles followed. Brad stood, tossing his chair back as he barreled to the front door.

He flung open the door to see his drunken brother falling all over two equally drunken females. At that moment, Brad wanted to strangle the life from him. He clenched his jaw down hard in an attempt to control his rising anger.

"Aaron! What the hell were you thinking driving home drunk?" He bounded off the porch, ignoring the four steps, and shoved his brother in the chest. With his balance at the bottom of a bottle, Aaron toppled over onto his ass, laughing at the moon. Both girls squatted down, showering him with attention he didn't deserve. They appeared young, maybe even underage young, with painted faces and too short skirts.

Why was he being tested? How long was he expected to keep it together? Now, Brad knew how his father had felt when he ran wild after hours as a teenager. He supposed this was payback, his own personal hell on Earth.

"I'm not drunk," his brother drawled.

"Where're the damned keys?" Brad bent over and searched Aaron's pockets, rolling him to the side and patting him down, making Aaron laugh louder. Once he'd found the keys, he tossed them in the air and caught them in his fist with an abrupt jingle. "I'll be keeping these."

Little brother might have been too drunk to care now, but tomorrow he'd feel the weight of losing his driving privileges.

“Now get in the house. I’m driving these girls home before their daddies show up raising hell.”

“They’ll stay in my room. We have some...plans.” Aaron made googly eyes with the gigglers.

Brad’s temperature rose, heat creeping out from under his collar. Gritting his teeth once again, he plucked each girl up by the arm and directed them to the truck.

“Bed. Now,” he ordered Aaron. Aaron grumbled but complied, stumbling his way up the porch. His pants were unzipped and halfway down his ass. Brad imagined he’d already had his cock sucked by one or both of his companions. Aaron had built up quite the reputation around town as a playboy, fucking nearly anything that walked once he got enough booze in his blood. Damn, he wanted better for the kid. It would have broken their mother’s heart to see her youngest so lost and misguided.

The drive back to town felt twice as long at night, carting two obnoxious passengers. They kept talking about nothing, driving him nuts.

“How old are you?” asked the blonde.

“Twenty-seven.”

He didn’t dare ask their ages for fear of the truth. They looked around eighteen, maybe nineteen, and he hoped not any younger. He had enough trouble with his youngest brother without adding corrupting a minor to the list.

“Mmm, that’s old. Bet you know a lot of stuff, huh?”

The bunnies did nothing for him. His cock didn’t even twitch as they sidled up to him on the truck bench.

“You don’t look like your brother,” said the other, squeezing his biceps. No, they didn’t look alike. Aaron was blonde, like their sister. Brad and Carter had dark brown hair and golden skin that never burned. But all three of them were built for manual labor, with broad shoulders, strong bodies, and uncommon height.

Carter had them all beat, though. He could have tried out for a National Football Team, and they'd be glad to have him. He wasn't bulky, but strong and powerful like a quarterback.

Rolling his eyes at the girls' comments, Brad pressed harder on the gas pedal, cursing Aaron under his breath for the hours of lost sleep. Not to mention the waste of gas. Driving to town took a good thirty minutes one way, and that was while reaching unsafe speeds the entire ride.

Brad managed to ignore the two girls for most of the trip. They were too drunk to realize he never replied to their questions. They just kept talking to hear their own voices.

The town slept, not a car in the streets. Brad coasted along under the minimal lighting from the few streetlamps, trying not to hit the gas too often because the muffler needed replacing in the worst way. Being caught with the two girls in the dead of night would not only make for interesting gossip around town but would ruin his reputation and, along with it, any chance of him making a living.

After dropping the last girl off at her house, he pulled his truck door shut with an unforgiving bang of metal and headed home. Exhaustion pulled at him as he traveled the dirt back roads, tempting him to close his eyes and drift. His thoughts wandered, morphing into daydreams. He saw his family, all six members, at the kitchen table for Christmas dinner. A golden brown turkey, mashed yams, homemade gravy, and corn from their own fields decorated the tabletop. He could even smell the food, hear his sister's laughter, and feel the love he never realized how much he missed.

That seemed a lifetime ago.

The image could only serve as a memory, now that just three Macintoshes remained. Brad wished he could be everything his two younger brothers needed, but replacing a mother, father, and the innocent love of a kid sister proved impossible.

A sharp stab of adrenaline tore through his body as he swerved on the road, cutting a trail of gravel and dust with the rear tires. When he

bolted to a full stop, he froze long enough to catch his breath and stabilize his thoughts. He knew better than to nod off while driving. It wasn't much safer than driving drunk, in his opinion. Wildlife flourished in these back woods and fields, and he hadn't noticed the two whitetails cut across the road. With a shake of his head, he cranked the radio, continuing toward home.

He parked the truck in front of the old century house. With the brick painted white, it looked like shit, but it was home. All the lights were turned off, as they should be.

His previous anger fizzled as he entered the silent house and found Aaron sitting on a chair, collapsed over the kitchen table and snoring loud enough to wake the dead. How could he hate the kid? In fact, he loved him something fierce. The whole playboy routine was Aaron's way of hiding from the truth. Real emotion was too heavy to wear.

Less than two years had passed, but Brad had hoped Aaron would have moved forward by now. Young men may have envied him and his womanizing ways, but Brad knew his youngest brother was filled with pain and despair, trying to hide from the reality threatening to destroy him. Destroy them all.

Tempted to carry Aaron upstairs to bed, Brad settled for covering him with a heavy quilt. Aaron was as big as him, and no way could he lug the two-hundred-pound Macintosh up the flight of stairs to the bedrooms. No matter what his age, Brad would forever see him as his little brother. As he retreated up the creaky set of wooden steps to the second level, he recalled the years when he was fifteen, already built like a man from working the farm, carrying his younger brother on his back like a horse in play. Aaron had always looked up to him, followed him around like a puppy, copying his every move. Now Brad wished the kid would continue that streak and not run amok, trying his damndest to throw his life away.

The next morning, all three brothers occupied the kitchen in uncomfortable silence. Early morning rays of sunshine filtered across

the tabletop from the window above the double sink. Carter leaned against the counter, waiting for the coffeemaker to finish its cycle, the comforting smell already filling the large room.

Refusing to make eye contact with either of his brothers, Aaron's bloodshot eyes stared at the empty mug he cupped in his big hands. Bradley shook his head, continuing to spoon the cold Raisin Bran into his mouth. He had overslept and didn't have time to rustle up a proper breakfast. His day started before the sun rose, but here he sat with the sun from the window warming his arm.

Tension grew thicker with each passing moment. Brad hoped Aaron would say something, perhaps apologize or admit the error of his ways. Shit, say something.

"Coffee?" asked Carter, pulling the carafe off the machine and holding it out. Before Brad could reply, Aaron held out his mug. The two older brothers exchanged a glance before Brad nodded his consent. Carter doled out the coffee and then returned to the counter, gazing out the window. "Good day to work the fields."

"Check that one John Deere before you head out. It's been acting up."

"What about you?" asked Carter.

"I have a job this morning at the Rickshaw ranch. We could use the extra money," said Brad, sipping his coffee. He scowled from the bitterness and reached for the sugar dish in the center of the table.

"What they need you to do?"

"They have a boarder or something staying on with them. They want me to frame up and drywall a partition off the family room to make a bedroom. Said they'd pay me two hundred dollars, and let us harvest the hay in their east field for ourselves."

"Two hundred dollars?" voiced Aaron, finally making himself heard. "That's bullshit. You know what kind of work that involves and the time needed? They should be paying you more than double that."

“Hey! They’re neighbors. I’m not gonna try and weasel more money out of them old folks just because we’re hurtin’. If I could, I’d do it for free.”

Aaron’s chair scraped the floor as he abruptly stood. “Makes no sense working this farm anymore. For what? We should just sell it, and get it over with. Why the fuck should we struggle? Explain that to me.”

“Because we’re a family, and this is our home,” stated Brad, setting his mug down. His youngest brother whirled around, his face turning red and his lips pursed.

“Family? You call this a family? When you gonna wake up and realize you’re living a fantasy, Bradley? Both of you!” He stormed out of the house, the screen door smacking harshly against the doorframe.

“That went well,” said Carter, joining Brad at the table.

“He’s just feeling sorry for himself. He’ll get over it.”

“You’ve been saying that for nearly two years now. I’m worried about him.”

“So am I.” From behind the screen, Brad could see Aaron’s figure disappear into the barn. He’d feed the livestock and do his duties, but his heart wasn’t in it.

## **Chapter Two**

She hadn't been to her grandparents' farm in ten years. Back then, visiting had been a treat, but now it came as a punishment. Emily resented being treated like a child when her parents knew she would turn twenty-two in a couple of months. Guess if she acted her age, she wouldn't be in this situation. That's what they kept telling her anyway.

The taxi pulled up in front of the old farmhouse. She could feel the uneven gravel drive beneath the tires, and hear it crunching as they slowly rolled forward. Inwardly she smiled, before recalling that this was no vacation. The Rickshaw ranch represented her prison for the next six months. Her parents had gotten the judge to agree to give her house arrest in place of any jail time. They were both lawyers and had some influence. Emily could roam freely in the sleepy country town but had to say goodbye to her city life and troublemaking friends. It's not like she was a hardened criminal. In fact, she had happened to be in the wrong place at the wrong time, the crime of association.

Her entire life had taken a sharp turn for the dark side about five years earlier. By her eighteenth birthday, her parents had already had enough of her negative behavior, but they refused to kick her out of the house. If only they knew the truth.

She recalled the day when everything changed for her. Just bringing the events to memory had her body shutting down and going numb. She couldn't revisit that place locked behind heavy guards in her mind. Her secret. Her torment. Nothing had seemed to matter after

that day. Flowers didn't smell as sweet, her best friend's drama no longer interested her, and school became a bore.

The road led here, back to her grandparents' home. She imagined her parents felt grateful to wash their hands of her and the stress she'd brought upon them. Her intentions hadn't included hurting her mom and dad, only herself. They were just casualties who couldn't be avoided.

"Here we are," said the cabbie, honking the horn three times. "Bet you're excited to see your grandparents again, eh? They're good people."

Of course, everyone knew each other in this small town. She wondered if they even had Wi-Fi. They probably didn't. This would be a living hell.

Her grandmother rushed out the front door in her trademark long flowing skirt. The cabbie got out, said his hellos and then opened the passenger door for Emily.

"Oh, dear Lord, it's so good to see you!" Her grandma grabbed her in a tight embrace, pinning her arms to her sides. She wasn't a big woman, but she was as strong as an ox.

"Good to see you too, Nana."

The older woman held Emily's face in her palms, studying her features with wonder and adoration. It felt odd looking down on her grandmother. She was barely five feet tall, and Emily had grown to a respectable five-foot-four, even taller than her mother.

She knew she must look a hell of a lot different than she had ten years earlier. Her waist-length blonde hair was now cut just below her shoulders. Piercings decorated inappropriate places. The sweet innocence that had once surrounded her no longer lingered. Part of her felt shame for not being the girl she used to be, wishing nothing had changed, no time had passed. She wanted to run through the hay fields, using her imagination to keep her busy until well after dark. She wanted to play fetch with the dogs until they tired first, or imagine the bogeyman creeping up to the windows after dark as the



fire reflected off the glass. Things could never go back because she knew better now. The bogeyman was all too real.

If she wanted to survive in this world, she had to be tough and colder than the other players in the game of life. She had five years to adjust, but she still had too many weaknesses for her liking. The fact that she was tempted to let it all go and cry into her grandmother's arms for just a minute was a warning, telling her to tighten her security measures within.

"Come on inside. Your grandpa's dying to see you." Her grandma smiled at the cabbie. "Thanks, John. Tell Maggie hi for me."

"Will do, Mrs. Rickshaw. You all have fun now."

They walked arm-in-arm to the house. Although familiar, everything looked different. Her perspective had changed in ways she never imagined. Once inside the heavy wooden doors, that smell she grew up associating with peace and love greeted her. It was a tad musty, but pure comfort.

Something else, too...sawdust?

As soon as her forehead creased, her grandma clarified. "We're making you your own room, Emily. We know young ones like their privacy. It overlooks the east field, your favorite one to play in. Remember?"

Somehow, being snarky and distant with her parents came easier. With them, Emily's first reaction would have been to throw out a 'whatever', but she just couldn't do it. "Thank you. You didn't have to do that, though. I never minded the loft."

"You're too big for that now. You'll see. This will be perfect. Go take a look." She nudged Emily forward. Voices and hammering brought out her curiosity. They did all this for her? For only a six-month stay, it seemed like a lot of work to go through. She hoped her parents weren't planning to abandon her in this backwards town forever.

Around the corner, a mess of two-by-four's littered the old carpet. In fact, nothing else had changed. The house had the same retro

wallpaper, orange and green tweed furniture and even the same old twenty-inch black and white television.

“There she is!” shouted her grandpa. He looked the same, except his hair was more white than brown. His belly might have expanded over the years, too, but Emily only focused on his smile, such genuine love aimed in her direction.

After more hugs, Emily’s eyes shifted to the other figure in the room. She didn’t recognize the man. He stood with his back to her, hammering a two-by-four into the ceiling with ease. He had no need for a foot ladder but reached his target with little effort. It seemed a sin for an old country bumpkin to have an ass that fine. His jeans hugged his body like a second skin, and his T-shirt only accentuated the muscles bunched up around his shoulders.

She must have been obvious in her ogling because her grandpa cleared his throat and introduced her properly.

“Bradley...”

The man turned to face them, a few nails between his lips, full lips belonging to the most handsome face Emily had ever seen. He wasn’t old but ruggedly irresistible, with dark brown hair, bright blue eyes and the outline of growth along his jaw line and chin.

“This is my granddaughter, Emily Rickshaw. Emily, this is Bradley Macintosh. He lives a few farms over. You used to play with his younger brothers, but you were probably too young to remember.”

“No, I remember,” she said, maintaining trancelike eye contact with the man. “I played with the twins, Jane and Aaron. I don’t remember you, though.”

“I would have been in my teens back then, off raising hell.”

“I certainly remember those days,” said Emily’s grandpa with a smile. “You boys were a handful, all right. But look how you turned out.” He patted Bradley on the shoulder with pride and led Emily out of the room. She continued to turn back as they walked away, each time locking eyes with the tall, dark stranger.

\* \* \* \*

Brad had never expected the unknown boarder to be the Rickshaws' only granddaughter. He remembered her from when she was a kid. She used to come over and play with Jane in the hayloft with Barbie dolls. His daddy had to give Aaron a whooping on more than one occasion for throwing mud patties at them or trying to pull the heads off their dolls.

Now, little Emily had transformed into a woman—and what a woman. Her thick blonde hair was tucked behind her ears, and she had the prettiest lips he'd ever seen. She defied description, part innocence, with a healthy helping of sexy and naughty thrown in for good measure. He'd caught sight of her tongue ring when she wet her lips and another piercing decorated her belly button. Spying the jewelry was easy, with her T-shirt covering only her ribs and her jeans cut too low to be holy. She'd take their small town by storm looking like that. The way she eyed him with hunger, those baby blue eyes raking up his body, made his groin stir.

His first thought was to keep his youngest brother away from her. He'd eat her up in a second, and being neighbors, Brad didn't want any problems.

He returned to his duty, framing the small room. The sooner he got the job done, the sooner he could get his money and work his own fields. Money was tight. After paying for the funerals and the devil of a summer last year, their savings had dwindled to nearly nothing. They needed more head of cattle but couldn't afford the initial expense. At least the current farming season looked promising. If they could have one good run, he and his brothers would be set.

"So, how long will this take to finish?" The sweet voice came from behind him. With the main frame complete, he screwed in the vertical supports with his cordless drill and hadn't heard Emily creeping up on him.

He turned his head. "Should be all done by tomorrow. Two more days at most."

She entered the confined space, stepping over his tools and construction materials. There was no sign of her grandparents. Emily peeled back the plastic covering the twin bed and sat cross-legged on it.

"You don't wanna get your bed dusty. Actually, it's not good breathing in all this crap. You should head outside with your grandma."

"You're breathing it," she said with defiance. He could tell she had no plans to follow his instructions. "Besides, I'm not afraid of getting a little dirty."

He wanted to see her as a child, as the young girl he remembered playing with his sister. But the way she played with her words, her eyes and her tongue made her a wicked temptation, one he knew he had to resist.

"You here for summer break?" he asked, trying to remain neutral.

"I'm not a child. In three months, I'll be twenty-two. That's very much a woman, and I'm long past my school days."

Twenty-two? For some reason, his mind continued to think of her as a child, as a teenager at most. Only five years separated them. His own daddy was six years older than his mother, and he never saw a happier couple in his life. This fact only made him more uncomfortable, and the beautiful girl in front of him harder to refuse.

"I suppose."

"Tell me, Bradley. How's your brother Carter doing?"

"Carter you remember?"

"People that corrupt tend to stay in your memories." She smiled, appearing amused. He wondered what his brother had done to that poor girl ten years ago. Carter would have been two years older than her, a horny fourteen-year-old. He planned to have an interesting chat with his brother when he got home for dinner. "Nothing like you

think,” she teased. “But it still makes him hard to forget.” She winked and then bent up on her knees to peer out the window.

He felt like telling her he could give her a lot more to help her forget Carter. His imagination sped on overdrive, thinking of the different ways he could satisfy the sinfully tempting blonde. With her petite frame, he’d break her, and still she’d beg for more.

He couldn’t take his eyes off her ass as she leaned over, perfect round globes in the tightest pair of hip-hugging Levi’s.

“I used to love playing in those fields.”

“They are something to look at. I’ll be harvesting that one this week, and then you’ll have an even better view.”

“Will you visit me?” she asked, twisting around to capture his eyes with hers. Her voice changed into an erotic whisper. He might be a country boy, but he knew when a woman was playing him. She was trying to gain power over him with her wiles. Unfortunately for her, she just met her match. Brad played, but not for keeps. His life was complicated enough, and he sure as hell wouldn’t bring his kind of trouble on the Rickshaw home.

## Chapter Three

Emily balanced the wicker basket on her hip as she bent over, collecting eggs still warm from their nests. Gathering the chicken eggs used to be her favorite job while visiting her grandparents. She still enjoyed it. The smells and sounds of country living pulled her in and held her captive.

When she heard the noisy old pickup truck pulling up in front of the house, she set her basket down and jogged up the path from the barn. She'd enjoyed the afternoon and evening with her grandparents yesterday, but they came from a different generation and never stopped working on one task or another, leaving little time for socializing. Loneliness already nipped at her. Having the sexy Macintosh working in the house was a welcome distraction. She enjoyed teasing him, watching him squirm. Today, she'd go an extra step.

"You're back," she called out, appearing from the side of the house. He strapped a tool belt around his waist and reached for his equipment in the back of the truck.

"I'll try and finish today so you can sleep in your room tonight." He walked across the drive toward her, his boots crunching the gravel with each step. His hair was damp, and his T-shirt was tucked under his thick belt, revealing flat abs. His jeans hung off his hips in a way that kept her staring. She swallowed hard, losing her bravado.

"You gonna watch me again, kiddo?" He purposely bumped her shoulder when he passed, a smirk glued on his face. Sexy bastard. She scowled and followed after him.

“Kiddo?” Once in the house, she scooted in front of him, blocking his path to the work area. “How old are you, Bradley Macintosh? You don’t look old enough to be my daddy.”

“Too old for you, little girl.”

Her face flushed red, not with embarrassment, but with undiluted anger. She had to have the upper hand. Bradley needed to want her. Turning men to putty in her hands made her happy in an otherwise meaningless existence. It helped her get from one day to the next. Rejection stung, and she wouldn’t have it.

“Do I look like a little girl? When I showered this morning, I sure felt like a woman. Maybe you need to see for yourself? Feel for yourself?”

“Does your grandma know you talk like that? I should wash your mouth with soap, young lady.”

Now she seethed. No smart comebacks came to her, so she stormed out of the house and returned to the barn. After retrieving her basket, she finished her job while cussing Bradley in her head the entire time. Why didn’t he look at her like a piece of meat, like every other man? Maybe he was gay. That had to be it. The idea put her at ease, and she made her way to the back kitchen entrance of the house.

“How many today?” asked her grandmother. She pulled a loaf of fresh bread from the oven with a folded towel. It smelled heavenly.

“Didn’t count, but there’s a lot.” Emily hoisted the basket of eggs up onto the counter. She remembered the drill from years ago and grabbed a stack of cartons from the pantry. These eggs would be sold at the local farmer’s market tomorrow by her grandfather.

“How about you go into town with your grandpa tomorrow? I’m sure he’d love to show you off.”

“I guess so. Do you think Jane Macintosh will be there?”

Her grandma set the pan on the stovetop and turned to her, wiping her hands on her apron. “Emily, haven’t you heard?” Her voice came out soft, laced with hints of concern.

“Heard what?”

“Jane’s not with us. She died in a car accident almost two years ago.”

Died? Death didn’t register with Emily’s logic. It was too permanent. She couldn’t reply. All she did was replay images of her childhood over and over in her head. She hadn’t even got to see Jane grow up, didn’t know what she looked like as an adult. They were nearly the same age, and the reality that she could have easily been the one under the ground hit Emily hard. It might have been ten years since she returned, but before that, she’d spent every summer and school holiday on her grandparents’ ranch since she could walk. Jane and her brothers starred in the majority of her early memories. A piece of her heart tore from her chest with the devastating news, and she knew it could never be replaced.

“Carter and Aaron?” she questioned.

“They’re fine, but Mr. and Mrs. Macintosh were in the car, too. The three of them all passed away on that day. It hit the community hard. I never realized that your parents hadn’t passed that news on to you, sweetheart.”

Her parents had probably been trying to save her any grief, which she would undoubtedly have turned into ammunition for increased rebellion. She stood by the sink, an egg in one hand, the other planted on the counter for support. Nothing in her body moved or worked. She felt small, cheap, and lonely. Knowing Jane wasn’t a hop and a skip away sent her reality crashing down around her. All these years, she had been tempted to call Jane up and spill her darkest secrets, but she had fought the urge. Now Jane was just gone. Gone. The finality of death consumed her. She became hyperaware of every breath, the beat of her heart, the coolness of the egg in her palm. Why did she deserve to live, but Jane had not?

In the instant before bolting for the door, she thought of how she had played with Bradley. With his parents gone, he was the man of the house, and he must have suffered something terrible. She really was some stupid kid to him. God, she felt like a royal bitch. Without



looking back, she tore from the house and ran into the fields she loved.

\* \* \* \*

Playing the suave card with Emily was more challenging than dealing with his delinquent brother. Brad had managed to pull it off successfully, though, and her fiery temper proved it. What she didn't know was how hard his cock grew when she tempted him to look at her and touch her. She wore a barely there pair of navy short shorts and a tight white tank top. Little was left to his imagination with her ample, young bra-less breasts straining at the thin material. He wanted to drop to his knees and beg like a puppy, but she didn't have to know that. As far as she knew, he remained a cool, controlled and respectable Macintosh, like his father.

After she stormed off, he focused all his energy into the task at hand. He had the drywall up and taped when the figure out in the field caught his eye. Emily ran through the hay field, with no apparent destination. He puzzled over the sight but decided against acting. This wasn't his home, and she wasn't his concern.

As he mud the seams, he occasionally glanced out to try to spot her but only saw the wind sweeping through the hay like an ocean wave. He desired to get out of the house and into the fields himself.

"You about done?" asked Mr. Rickshaw, peering in the room. "Wow, you made good progress today."

"I'll need to pop in tomorrow for a couple hours to sand and paint. You did want it painted?"

"Wouldn't ask you to do that for the price, Bradley. You've already been more than fair."

"It's no trouble," he insisted. In fact, he wanted an excuse to come back to their ranch to torment the young Miss Emily.

He packed up his tools and returned to his truck. It was early enough that he could get some work done at home before dinner. His

shoulders ached, but he'd learned long ago to ignore the protests his body made to manual labor. It didn't change the fact that things had to get done, and that bills needed to get paid.

"Bradley!" The unseen shout came from the hayfields as he hoisted his leg into the driver's seat.

Emily ran toward him, and as she neared, he could tell she'd been crying. Mascara bled beneath her eyes, her skin was red and blotchy around her cheeks, and her lips were unnaturally swollen.

"All done for the day. You okay?" He hopped out of the cab and slammed the stubborn metal door shut, leaning against the side of the truck. She looked different. No flirting or smart aleck behavior, only vulnerability.

"Can I talk to you for a sec?"

"Sure."

He rested his elbows behind him on the hood of the old truck, watching her, trying to assess her intentions. She might have known his siblings, but Brad and Emily had little connection to each other. He only remembered the hyper young girl with the long, flowing blonde hair.

"I wanted to say I'm sorry. My nana told me about your family. About the accident. I'm so sorry, I didn't know." Fresh tears filled her eyes. She sniffled and wiped the moisture away with the back of her hand.

"That was a long time ago. You have nothing to feel bad about, Emily."

She looked up to him now, the sun making her moist blue eyes glimmer like jewels. A soft, subtle smile pulled at the corner of her mouth.

"I miss her."

"We all do. Aaron most of all, I'm sure."

Fresh tears streamed down her face. "That's right. They were twins. Oh, God."

“It was a long time ago, Emily. You’re just finding out now, but we’ve all had time to do our healing. Don’t be feeling sorry for us.”

Her mouth opened as if she wanted to say more, but she stopped herself, clamped her lips shut and straightened her posture. Everything about her changed in an instant, and he half expected the tears on her cheek to trace right back into her eyes.

“I just wanted to say I was sorry for how I acted earlier. It was stupid of me.” She tucked her hair behind an ear and kicked at the gravel beneath her shoes. “I’ll see you around.”

He watched as she trotted back to the house and locked herself in without looking back. Poor thing. He remembered how close she had been with his sister. Females often took emotional news the worst, or at least they were allowed to show it. Bradley had yet to shed a tear for the loss of his parents and Jane. First, he’d been in shock and then angry at the bastard drunk driver that stole away everything good in his life. When the time had come for him to truly mourn, he’d had to remain strong for the sake of his younger brothers. He put his energy into maintaining the farm and paying the bills. Time took care of the rest.

Bradley hopped back into his truck and made his way to his place.

On approaching his property, he saw Carter fighting with the Springer dogs in the large parking area in front of the house.

He pulled up alongside them.

“What in God’s name?”

“They were in the coop again. You’ve got to do something about them. The Springers can’t just let these dogs run loose. Not when they make a nuisance out of themselves.” Carter held the collar of one Shepherd as it continued to try to jump on him, while straddling the back of the second, trying to keep it in place.

“Did they do any damage?”

“Luckily, I was in the barn and not out in the fields. They got a few eggs, but the chickens are fine.” He scolded the dog with an authoritative tone, which seemed to calm its excitement. “Pass me a

length of rope. I can't stand here all day, and I sure as hell ain't letting them run free."

Bradley grabbed some thin rope from the back of his truck and secured both dogs. He didn't mind the dogs...well, when they weren't out to destroy. They were big Shepherds and not safe to be roaming free. He wouldn't trust them around strangers or children, but they listened to Bradley and his brothers for the most part. Dogs tended to know who they could mess with and who to submit to. The Macintosh men were not ones to submit.

"You taking them home?" asked Brad.

"Guess I don't have much choice. The Springers don't even have a telephone."

"Where's Aaron at?" He hadn't seen him in the fields driving up, and he wasn't in sight now.

Carter encouraged the dogs to jump into the back of the truck. "Gone out."

Aaron's truck was still parked where he'd left it, and Brad had his keys. "Grant?"

"Who else? Grant and the boys stopped by to pick him up about an hour ago."

"And you didn't try and stop him?"

Carter narrowed his eyes and tilted his head. "You think he'd listen to me? Please." He held out his hand, beckoning Brad for the truck keys.

One of these days, Aaron would be the death of him.

## Chapter Four

The dogs' claws sliding on the metal truck bed made Carter's eyes water. The Springer ranch wasn't too far off, but he was sick and tired of playing babysitter to the crazy mutts.

Five minutes later, he pulled up the long winding driveway bordered by mature shade trees. The Springer house was tiny in comparison to theirs, just four wood plank walls and not much else. It reminded him of "Little House on the Prairie." His mother used to watch that damned show every evening. He probably knew every episode by heart. It seemed a shame for the Springers to share such a shack in this day and age.

Their two daughters would never complain in front of their old-school parents, who wouldn't think twice about pulling off a leather belt for discipline, even though the girls were eighteen and twenty. Refusing all modern conveniences, they lived off the land and made do with what they had. Mr. Springer had no idea what kind of mischief his girls got into every time they went into town. Carter blamed it on their stifling upbringing.

Ruth and Regan rushed out the front entrance right after he slammed the truck door closed. He untied the dogs as they came up behind him.

"Hi, Carter." Ruth's voice rang sweet and sensual. "Whatcha doing out here?" She ran her hand up his arm, but he jerked away to open the tailgate. Today, he was not in the mood for playing.

"Brought your dogs back. You need to keep them tied up."

"Those stupid dogs. I swear. Dad blames us when they run off, but he says they need to be loose to protect the farm. We can't win, and

why the hell they keep heading to your place is beyond me,” said Ruth. She adjusted her blonde ponytail and leaned against the truck.

Regan chimed in. “It’s because of his dad. He used to give them raw hamburger, and they still remember.”

“Well, now they just go after our chickens.”

Carter let the dogs free. They raced off, chasing each other.

“Regan, go tell mom about the dogs. I’ll be there in a minute.” Ruth leaned against him, pressing a palm to his chest as she whispered into his ear. Him being six-foot-four made it a difficult task, and he leaned down instinctually.

“Tell my parents you want me to come by and clean your coop to make up for the dogs. They’ll say yes.” She exhaled seductively into his ear. Her hot breath had him holding his own. “I’ll come up to your room and keep you company.”

Her offer was tempting. He was only human. She was easy, but sometimes it just didn’t matter. Not when you were pent up enough. Carter was pent up. For almost two years, he’d remained celibate. That said a lot because he used to get around, and he had gotten quite the reputation from a young age.

Ever since the accident, he just hadn’t had it in him to be intimate with a girl. The females either reminded him of his sister, or he felt guilty for receiving pleasure when his family lay buried behind the house.

If he hadn’t been out fucking around, he would have been able to pick up Jane after her gymnastics practice on that day long past. Instead, his parents took over his responsibility, and none of them came home, ever. He knew damn well he could have avoided that drunk driver. Hell, it would only have taken a one-minute difference to avoid the whole disaster. He’d replayed that night over and over in his head to the point of near insanity. If only he could redo that one day and change history. He would gladly take their place. The guilt that he lived and they did not would forever haunt him.

“I don’t need help with my coop, Ruth. Thanks anyway. Just keep your dogs off our property.”

Carter boarded the truck. Ruth poked her head in the window after he pulled the door shut.

“What’s happened to you? Don’t you remember those times we spent in your hayloft? You can’t tell me you don’t want a taste of my pussy again.”

“That was the past, Ruth. Things change, whether we want them to or not.” He started the old truck, which drowned out the possibility of further talking, especially the way he revved the engine. She pulled away from the window once he began backing up.

Tired from fixing the tractor all morning, fighting with the dogs and dealing with Ruth’s lustful advance, Carter was in a disagreeable mood. Now, he’d have to deal with Bradley’s nagging about Aaron’s MIA status and the fields that had yet to be harvested. A numbing agent would be great about now, but he hadn’t gone near alcohol since the day he learned that a drunk driver had murdered his family. The opposite could be said for Aaron. The bottle had become his best friend.

\* \* \* \*

A week passed by, and Bradley couldn’t stop thinking about the Rickshaws’ granddaughter. He hoped to see her when he returned to paint the new room, but she had gone out to the market with her grandpa. There was just something about the fiery little blonde that drew him to her. He hadn’t told Carter or Aaron the identity of the new boarder only minutes from their house. She was his little secret for now.

He had to see her again.

He hoped he hadn’t missed her. It was market day, but it was still early. He pulled into the Rickshaws’ driveway, noticing their truck

was gone. Normally, he'd just turn around and head back home, but he had a feeling Emily was nearby.

After a firm knock on the door, he received no reply. He walked around the side of the house to her bedroom window on the main level and peered in. Everything looked dark and empty inside. After a quick check of the out buildings, he shook his head and started his trip into town. They needed supplies, and market day guaranteed the best prices. Maybe he'd run into the young Miss Emily in town. He could only hope.

\* \* \* \*

As soon as her grandparents left for the market, Emily slipped on a fresh pair of jeans and a fitted blue tank and headed out across the fields. She knew exactly how to get to the Macintosh ranch, having traveled the same route a hundred times in her youth.

It was the first time she'd left the house in a week. Her bedroom had been her sanctuary for the past eight days, since finding out about Jane's death. For several days, she had only gotten out of bed a few times, eating only enough to keep her alive. She cried herself dry the first day, but that was the end of the tears. After the initial shock wore off, she went numb. She knew numb well and reveled in it. Most of the daylight hours she spent sitting cross-legged on her bed, just staring out into the hay fields and thinking of her friend. Even Jane's parents were good to her when she'd visit. What a senseless tragedy.

After she recovered from her initial mourning, she couldn't stop obsessing over Bradley Macintosh. A week had passed since she'd seen him, and his voice and scent still rang strong in her memory. He was one tempting specimen of a male, and she wanted a piece of him. More than that, though, she wanted to make things right with him and not be remembered as some uptight flirt that didn't follow through.

As the sun kissed her face, and the hay tickled her arms, her thoughts wandered to the other two Macintosh brothers. She



remembered Aaron as a cute blond menace. Half the time she had wanted to throttle him for pestering her and Jane. But he had been only thirteen the last time she saw him, and now he would be quite the man at twenty-two.

Carter she remembered all too well. He was a couple years older than she was, and she had one mad love crush on him when she was a kid. That he was larger than other boys his age, even most grown men, only increased her attraction. She liked her men broad and masculine. He was wild, and though he didn't see Emily as girlfriend material, he had stolen a few experimental kisses and one hot grab of her crotch that she'd never forget. Funny how such innocent childish acts from the past excited her even now. She found herself unconsciously wetting her lips remembering Carter. How had he changed over the years? Was he still tall, dark and utterly handsome? Or had he beefed out and gotten all small town homely on her?

With the pain over her friend's death locked in her internal vault, she concentrated on the small white house that grew larger as she closed the distance to the Macintosh ranch. It looked exactly as she remembered.

She slowed to a walk, her breathing slightly faster than normal from the brisk jog. The air smelled sweet, filled with summer and happy memories she planned to hold onto. No activity came from the barns, and one truck was parked in the lot, so she assumed someone had to be in the house.

Emily knocked on the wood-framed screen. The main door was open, and the quiet surrounding her on the balcony made her self-aware. Would she be welcomed or seen as an unwanted ghost from the past?

She paced the balcony with her thumbs hooked in her front pockets. The wooden floorboards creaked and protested with each step. The same old rocker sat near the door as she remembered. Running her fingertips along the curved frame, she gave it a little

push to start the rocking motion. The door opened with a whine behind her, forcing her to spin around with a start.

The man staring back at her with a cautious, narrowed gaze was not Bradley. She studied his face and knew it had to be Carter. Even though he had matured, he still had the same familiar quality to his face. The changes she found were pleasant. His jaw was strong and defined, his facial features sharp and masculine, and a shadow of growth colored his tanned skin with a rugged quality. He had not let himself go over the years. Rather, he was hard and fit and had to be a foot taller than her. His T-shirt was partially tucked into his jeans, confirming his stomach was tight and flat. A muscled arm rested against the brick of the house as he gave her the once over.

“Carter?”

“Do I know you?”

Her tension eased slightly. “Don’t tell me you don’t remember me. That’s not good for my ego.” The flirting game came naturally to her, even when she wasn’t trying. With Carter looking so fine, she wasn’t sure what her body was trying to accomplish. He was a memory from the past, a friend but also a new temptation.

He tilted his head and stepped toward her. With his uncommon height and build, he looked down on her, and she felt small as a child. “You look familiar, but I can’t place you.”

“It’s been a long time. I’m staying at my grandparents’ house down the way.” She motioned to the fields she’d just crossed with her arm. “I used to spend half my summers on your ranch.”

The lines on his face softened, and his eyes lit up with a new knowledge. A smile played on his lips.

“Emily Rickshaw.”

“Thanks for remembering,” she scolded playfully.

He strode around her, looking her up and down like a statue at an art museum. “You’ve grown up.”

“I’m not a little girl anymore, Carter. I can play with the big boys now.”

He snorted, a smile tugging one side of his face into the cutest dimple. She had forgotten about his dimples.

“You’ve changed a lot.”

“How so?”

“If I remember correctly, you used to be a sweet little girl. Now, I’m not so sure.” He reached out and took a section of her hair between his fingers and felt it. “You cut your hair.”

“It’s just hair. And I’ll have you know you won’t find sweeter than me.” She crossed her arms over her chest, both insulted and flattered at his comment.

“You’re still the cutest thing and quite the woman now.” His eyes briefly drifted down the front of her body before returning to her face.

All her schoolgirl crush feelings for Carter came swarming back into her system. Everything felt magnified because now he wouldn’t see her as a little girl that was off limits. She had grown into a woman and knew how to handle herself around men. Her pussy tightened, and her heart rate increased just from standing so close to the guy she dreamt of countless nights during the years. She desperately wanted his attention. How many times had she seen him bring girls home when she visited Jane? He’d take them into the barn and show them the horses. On more than one occasion she’d peeked through the wallboards and caught him making out. She always wanted to be one of those girls, but in the teen years, two years was a lifetime of difference in age. Not now.

## Chapter Five

When Carter observed Emily standing on his front porch, it was like a page out of his memories. She'd changed, sure. Her beautiful long blonde hair that he remembered so vividly was cut half the length, now just past her shoulders. Emily was no longer his kid sister's friend that he put up with. She was a woman with killer curves and intense blue eyes that made his blood burn.

Part of him saw her as a flashback into a time he wanted to forget or at least preserve. This new Emily changed everything. He desired her in wicked ways and felt guilt for even thinking of tarnishing his sister's memory with his lustful thoughts. But how could he not be tempted? Her pink lips were lush and begging to be tasted. It had been years since he'd fucked any woman, and the evidence of that denial pressed painfully tight in his jeans.

She hadn't failed to notice. Emily must have earned her badges in seduction over the past ten years because she played the role to perfection. She traced the inside of her upper lip with her tongue, revealing a silver tongue ring. No girls around these parts had piercings other than their ears. He wanted to feel that metal against his tongue as he kissed her with more passion than she'd ever experienced. Those pity kisses he'd offered as a teenager would be nothing compared with what he willingly wanted to show her now.

"So, where are your brothers? I was hoping to run into Bradley again."

That bastard hadn't mentioned seeing Emily, which was something quite worth the mention.

"Bradley's off at the market, and Aaron's out in the fields."

“What does Aaron look like now? The same as I remember?”

“He’s still a kid. From last I remember, you couldn’t stand his guts.”

She shrugged. “People change. I’ve changed.”

He couldn’t help himself. With his right hand, he tilted her face up so she’d have to look him in the eyes. “I like your changes, Emily.”

“So I see.” She reached her little hand forward playfully toward the bulge in his jeans, but he quickly pulled back. What was he thinking, flirting with Emily Rickshaw? She had to remain off limits to him. He’d sworn off women as a whole, and she was the last one he should be messing with. Emily held a sacred place in his heart from the days he so missed when his family was whole, and life was worth living. He had to control himself around the wild little siren. She could destroy him in a second flat if he allowed himself to have intimate feelings for her. He might be tough on the outside, but inside he was like eggshells and didn’t want to be broken again.

“You best behave yourself, Emily, or I might be forced to give you a spanking.” Fuck. He’d tried to act all authoritative, like his father had, but his words had only sounded sexual, and the eager expression on Emily’s face told him she thought the same thing.

“Do you want to put me over your lap right now and pull down my panties, Carter?”

“Cut that out. You know what I meant, and I’m serious, too. You’re like a little sister to me, and it doesn’t feel right acting any different.” He hoped she would believe the nonsense coming out of his mouth. If she knew the thought of her naked ass over his lap made him hornier than hell, she’d never relent, and eventually he’d give in. Sex would change everything. Not just between them, but for him personally.

Her lips turned into an adorable pout. She turned her back to him and gazed out into the fields.

“Look, I’m just heading out. Mrs. Springer wants me to stop by and pick up a crate of preserves.”

She turned around. Her head tilted. “The Springers? I remember them. Didn’t they have two little girls?”

“Yeah, but they’re not so little anymore.”

“I’ll bet.” She planted her hands on her hips. Her words dripped of jealousy, which was ridiculous because he wasn’t hers to claim. Still, he liked it.

“Do you want a ride back to your grandparent’s place?”

“No, I’m fine.” Without turning back or saying goodbye, she hopped off the balcony and waltzed away from the house. Damn, she had a fine ass. Carter ran his hand over the front of his jeans where his cock strained painfully. He watched Emily until she disappeared behind the barn.

\* \* \* \*

Emily fell back against the side of the barn once she was out of sight. She couldn’t wipe the smile off her face. Even though Carter’s words said he wasn’t interested, his body and eyes told her another story. After all these years, the tables were finally turning, and she loved being in control. Had to be in control.

She didn’t want to go home yet, as her grandparents wouldn’t be home until nightfall. Her chores were done, and she couldn’t stand the thought of sitting around in the dusty old house staring at the walls as she had all week. She craved some fun and excitement, but her only company was the chickens and cows. As she cut across the field, she heard the distant rumble of farming equipment and froze. Aaron. A wicked smile played on her lips, and she swiftly changed directions.

The deep green tractor appeared lonely in the vast open field. With each step closer, the sound of the machine and the rumble in the earth became more pronounced. She stopped to catch her breath. So far, two out of the three Macintosh brothers made her wet just looking at them. They were tall and tanned, with thick dark hair and striking

blue eyes. She wondered if she could ever see Aaron as a hunk when her memories only held contempt for the little brat.

Emily didn't dare go too close to the tractor and the lethal blades attached to the back. She'd heard one too many horror stories about farm accidents to not play it safe. Instead, she made her way around the side of the tractor in a wide arc toward the front, hoping he'd catch a glimpse of her so she wouldn't have to attempt to move in closer.

As she stood off in the distance, the tractor suddenly stopped. It idled for a good minute before he cut the engine. Emily could feel Aaron watching her before she could see him. Then his blond head poked out the side window. She had almost forgotten he was as blond as Jane.

"Hey!" she called out.

He stood, hanging out the door opening with one hand gripping the roof rail and the other saluting over his eyes to see through the glare of the sun. He wore faded blue jeans and a tight white tank. She'd never expected him to look so grown up. His body wasn't as tanned as his brothers', but it was just as firm and muscled. She walked toward the tractor while continuing to assess him in silence.

No doubt he would be tall. The guy had the face of an angel, with a unique sex appeal that had her salivating as she approached him. This was the little brat she couldn't stand as a kid? His blue eyes shattered her defenses as they took her in from head to toe. When she was only six feet from him, he jumped down, landing solidly before her.

He ran both his hands through his slightly sweat-damp hair, taking a deep breath. Her eyes wandered to his chest, then his bare shoulders and arms. God, all she could think about was fucking him. The same guy she wanted to kill as a kid, she now wanted in her pants. Now. Time sure changed things.

"Who would you be?" he asked. His voice had a deep timbre.

"You don't remember me, either?"

He shook his head. "If I'd met you before, no way I would forget." His tongue played with his lips, distracting her.

"Emily, ring a bell?"

He silenced, and his body turned rigid. After a long pause, he chuckled. "No way."

"Yes way. I'm staying at my grandparents."

He brushed his hands down the front legs of his jeans to free some of the dust. "Can I get a hug?" he asked.

She felt like saying he could get a lot more than a hug, but she'd only just met him after a ten-year absence. That would be pushing it.

Emily wrapped her arms up around his neck and snuggled in close. His calloused hands brushed against the exposed skin on her lower back. It sent warmth cascading right down to her pussy. An ache erupted that she knew from experience would only get worse.

He was so tall, she had to balance on her tiptoes. His broad shoulders were firmly muscled, and she never wanted to peel herself away from him.

"You feel good, Emily. Like a woman." He dipped his head low. She heard him inhale deeply as his lips grazed her neck.

"I am a woman. And you're not the little boy I remember."

He scoffed. "I guarantee you, every inch of me is a man."

With her fingers still interlocked around his neck, she leaned her upper body backward. He supported the small of her back as she studied his face. "How many inches are we talking about, Aaron?" God, she loved to tease men. They were so easy to play with. His cock felt like steel against her stomach, and her desire to have him unleash his virility on her began to overpower all reason.

"Bigger than you've ever had." He unhooked one of her arms from his neck and brought her hand around to the front of his body. With his hand over hers, he pressed her palm against his erection. She couldn't resist giving it a squeeze. The deep moan he uttered when she stroked the bulge made her pussy wet and needy. If only he knew



how desperate she was for him to fuck her, he'd toss her to the ground in a minute.

Even though Aaron was a virtual stranger to her, he also felt like the most familiar person in the world. In fact, the Macintosh brothers were all that remained of her untainted childhood memories. They represented love, safety, and carefree days. With Jane gone and her life upside down, she felt the need to hold onto them even stronger. The affection turned intimate when the objects of her adoration were delicious looking cowboys.

"I guess I should be flattered," she teased.

"Yes, you should be. Not many girls can make me this hard, especially when I'm hot and tired from working the fields all morning."

"I'd offer to cool you down, but that would be a lie. Anything I do to you would only make you hotter than hell."

His hands cupped her ass, pulling her firmly against him. A growl rumbled from his chest as he nipped her earlobe.

"I hope you ain't teasin', Emily. That would be cruel." He sucked her neck. She gripped his biceps as his strong hands massaged her body with erotic skill.

"Whatcha gonna do with me, Aaron?" Then she added, "If I let you?"

## Chapter Six

Aaron couldn't believe he'd finally got his paws on Emily Rickshaw. He'd fantasized about her damn near every night and never expected to see her again. She was a ghost from the past and felt more like a dream than reality with each passing day, each passing year.

Some days he swore he forgot what her face looked like, and it scared him. He didn't want to lose those memories. But as soon as she said she was Emily Rickshaw, he recognized her right away. That twelve-year-old was now almost twenty-two, just shy of a year younger than him. Her blue eyes had him submitting before he even opened his mouth. He was hers and damn, did he want her to take him.

She'd lost her innocent quality somewhere along the road in life, just as he had. He wasn't complaining. She would always be sweet little Emily to him, but a feisty, naughty Emily was even better.

She continued to tease him with her skilled fingers and dirty mouth. He wanted nothing more than to drown in her sweet little pussy if she'd let him. She might have had other men, but she'd never had him. He could show her a thing or two about pleasuring a woman. Just the thought of it made his balls ache with the need for release.

He had to answer her question, but he knew once he spoke the words, he'd have to have her. If she was just teasing him, he'd have blue balls for the rest of the day, which would make for one shitty day on the fields. He could call up one of many girls that would be eager to satisfy him in the evening, but he didn't want them. He wanted Emily in a very bad way.

“If you’d let me, I’d fuck you right here in my tractor. You’d be screaming so loud, the neighbors would be calling the cops if they weren’t so far off.”

Emily peered around him. “It doesn’t look very comfortable up there.”

His breathing came out in a shudder. He couldn’t hold back. With a hand to each side of her face, he pulled her to his mouth. He invaded her with his tongue, hungry to taste her and connect on this intimate level. She didn’t pull away, which was good, so he didn’t let up.

With his eyes closed, lips molded with Emily’s, he slipped his hand down the front of her jeans. Her body jolted involuntarily. She hugged him harder around the neck, assaulting him with her tongue and nipping his lips. This little vixen was on fire. She was so worked up, he could practically hear her beating heart.

When he reached her mound, he instantly felt the wetness surrounding her sex. Without a request, he curled two fingers deep inside her. She pulled her mouth from him with a gasp. Her eyes were glazed over, her lips parted.

“Oh, God, Aaron. That feels so good.”

Her willingness toward his advances made him eager and determined in his quest. He began to unbutton her jeans. Any minute he expected her to get skittish, and he prayed she wouldn’t leave him high and dry. Rather, she tugged at his wife beater and sucked hungrily on his collarbone.

“Ever been on a tractor before?” he asked, pulling her along by the hand. She didn’t answer, but let herself be led and hoisted up into the cab. He sat in his seat, with her straddling his lap.

She never said a word. It was long past the time for talking. She kissed him with fevered passion, grinding into his lap mercilessly. He gripped her hips, encouraging her sensual movement over his dick.

When he started tugging up on her tank, she pulled back. Her breasts were perfect and youthful. The fullness pressed against her fitted top, easily displaying her tight little nipples. He couldn’t stop

staring like a fool. She smiled lazily and pulled the unwanted piece of clothing over her head and balanced it on the steering wheel behind her.

“Like what you see?”

She really didn’t have to ask. The drool forming at his slack mouth should have been her answer. She wore no bra, and her full tits begged to be squeezed and tasted.

“You’re beautiful, darlin’.”

He plunged forward, planting his face against her softness and sucking her tight nipple into his mouth. With a sigh of unadulterated pleasure, he lapped at her beautiful breasts, never wanting to stop.

Aaron had had his pick of women and sampled enough in recent years. He also seemed to be a hit with the cougars. They had nothing on the dead sexy Emily Rickshaw.

“Aaron,” she moaned as he nipped and suckled her breasts alternatively.

“Let me fuck you, baby. Promise you’ll like it.”

She shook her head. “I never planned on this, Aaron. I’m not ready. I mean, we don’t even have a condom.”

“The fuck we don’t.” He rose from his seat, spilling Emily off him, and pulled out his wallet. Two beautiful spares stared back at him. It paid to be prepared, especially right now. She hovered over him, unable to stand straight in the confined space, her breasts dangling temptingly in front of him. He unzipped his jeans and released his cock. Being free from the constricted space felt liberating, and Emily’s greedy gaze made him harder yet.

“You *are* big,” she said. He sensed a hint of fear in her lusty words.

“It’s all for you, baby.” Aaron ripped open the condom wrapper and began rolling the rubber down his shaft before she could change her mind. “Pull down your pants, Em. I’m gonna fuck you good.”

She complied, wiggling out of the skin-tight jeans. Her breasts jiggled erotically as she stripped down to her panties, a barely-there

pink G-string. If he weren't so goddamned horny, he'd play with it for a while. Right now, he needed it off.

"Turn around, Em." He twisted her body around to face the steering wheel, pulled down the G-string and then kissed the round globes of her ass.

She'd better be staying at her grandparents' house for a long while because he needed to take her again. He wanted to savor her, taste her pussy and make love to her all night long. Today was different. He had to fuck her hard and fast, and he doubted he could hold back and play the gentleman.

He grabbed her side with one hand and his sheathed dick with the other hand and guided her down onto his lap. When he felt the tip of his erection hit her pussy, he swirled it around in her natural flow of juices. She panted in anticipation, holding the steering wheel in a death grip.

Once satisfied that his cock was thoroughly moistened, he tugged her hips over his swollen head, encouraging her to impale herself over his rigid shaft. She wiggled her ass, easing herself into his lap. Just the pressure from her tight pussy brought him close to release, but no way would he allow this fantasy to end that abruptly.

Here he was, out working the fields all day, pissed with his brothers for not selling the farm and just generally at odds with a lot in his life. Then the little blonde beauty from his past showed up out of nowhere, practically begging him to fuck her. Maybe this was a sign that everything in his miserable life was about to take a sharp turn for the better.

With Emily's full weight resting on his lap and his dick embedded deep inside her walls, he hugged her close and kissed her neck. A few extra minutes to get accustomed to his size would ensure she didn't get hurt once he began working her body like he planned.

"Oh, Aaron. Touch me." She leaned back and rested her head on his shoulder. He ran a hand down the length of her front, from her chest over her flat stomach to her cunt. With experienced fingers, he

massaged her clit with his right hand. He could feel her pussy milking him in sporadic bursts as he filled her. With his left hand he tweaked her nipples while kneading her breasts.

This beat driving the tractor any day. He pleased Emily as long as possible. The time came for his needs. With one more kiss, he pushed her forward, grabbed her hips securely and began working her body over his painfully engorged cock. She assisted him like a professional, rising and falling over his slick length in even strokes. He filled her completely. Every move brought his sensations to new heights.

She moaned, sighed and made sexy little grunts, which only drove him mad with lust. He began taking her harder. She held onto the steering wheel for balance as he went savage, pumping into her pussy hard and fast. Sweat began to bead down his temples. Every muscle in his body went rigid and coiled in tension, awaiting the release of a lifetime. So close. Emily screamed out his name three times in a row, a sound reeking of desire and desperation. Her pussy claimed him, her walls throbbing and pulling his dick deeper into her recesses. The added stimulation brought on his own orgasm. He pumped out more cum than he ever had at one time, drawing out his pleasure. The world spun in a dance of color and sexual energy.

As the last of his contractions eased, he loosened his hold on her hips, and she sank back against his chest.

They both breathed hard, the warm breeze cooling his moistened flesh.

When reality came crashing down, as it often did after too much sex or alcohol, he realized he didn't regret what he'd done. Not with Emily. In fact, he felt victorious and proud and never wanted to let her go. He could never see her as a whore, a woman to be used and discarded. Somehow, the little blonde would be his undoing.

\* \* \* \*

Emily could barely move. Her legs dangled weakly on either side of Aaron. She'd just had the best fuck of her life with a man that meant more to her than just cheap thrills. His dick still pulsed within her, but she had no desire to move or free herself from him as she would with any other man. Aaron she would savor to the end.

"Do you need to finish with the field?" she asked.

"Yes, but I'd much rather stay put with you."

She smiled and pulled her body off of his, grabbed her shirt and jeans and slipped out of the tractor. Once on the ground, she struggled to dress herself. Nudity didn't bother her. She was proud of her body and knew damn well it made men drool. It still felt wrong to prance around naked in front of Aaron, though, even if they had just had sex.

"I'll finish early and bring you home," he said, zipping up his pants.

"No. You get your work done. I have to get going anyway. It was great to see you again, Aaron." She bit her lip teasingly before sprinting off through the fields. After a few minutes and much distance, the rumble of the tractor filled the air and earth once again.

Maybe being trapped in the little town for six months wouldn't be as bad as she'd thought. She'd have to tread carefully, though. The Macintosh men were not just nameless faces she could fuck and walk away from. They could easily destroy her because her feelings for them were genuine. Her thoughts were scattered all over the place as she ran toward her grandparents' house, enjoying the burn in her legs and lungs as she progressed.

She just had sex with Aaron but knew she equally wanted a sampling of Bradley and Carter. How wrong was that? She had no intentions of causing conflict between brothers, especially after they'd lost their parents and sister. Was it wrong to have feelings for all three?

## Chapter Seven

Bradley returned from the market with feed for the animals and enough staples to last them more than a week. The sun had already begun its descent. Heading into town always wasted too much time, in his opinion.

He looked for Emily, but her grandparents, occupying their usual booth, said Emily had stayed behind at home. He assumed she had tried to avoid him by not answering the door earlier.

There was something about that girl that drew him to her. He had to see her again. With each passing day, he felt more and more like a stalker, some obsessed creep that couldn't get a woman out of his head. It was so unlike him to become smitten with a female. He prided himself on staying in control and not allowing his emotions to get the better of him.

Young girls had always been a huge turnoff for Bradley. When he constantly had to scare off Aaron's flavor of the week, he grew to detest the young, loose girls. No substance. No values.

Emily was just different. She was young in age, but she had an old soul. He could see depth in her eyes, and she played a mature game of cat and mouse. She would be a challenge, and he knew damn well she'd be good in bed. Just thinking about her made his cock hard. He usually had pretty good control over that appendage as well, but not when it came to Miss Emily.

He parked his truck in the lot and made his way to the house. His feet were sore and felt heavy from walking around the market all day, loading his truck with supplies and helping friends load theirs. The sky became an artist's canvas, displaying random strokes of colors,



from a deep hue of pink to orange and red. The wind was calm and the air smelled sweet, like earth. He'd get one of his brothers to empty the truck. If they refused, he would do it himself in the morning. For now, he was beat and wanted to crash on the sofa with a beer.

Inside the house, Aaron sat at the table eating leftover spaghetti from the night before.

"Hey," he said, sounding more chipper than usual.

"Hey. You get that field plowed?"

He finished, swallowing a forkful. "Done."

Bradley nodded to himself and dragged his feet to the refrigerator. He opened the old beast, closing in from ice buildup, and snatched out a bottle of beer. After cracking the top off on the counter, he stared out into the fields, now growing dim in the twilight. He loved this land and never wanted to sell it. The ranch had been in their family for generations, and he wished his youngest brother would feel the same way about keeping it. They might not have the complete family they once had, but they were still a family and had to learn to function as three. Life had to go on, or it would kill them all to continue living in the past. Living with regret, guilt and despair slowly ate away at a man until he was nothing more than a workhorse. He didn't want that fate for himself or his two younger brothers.

"Brad! Get out here!" Carter's voice bellowed through the screen door.

"What the fuck is it now?" Brad muttered under his breath as he pushed open the old screen with a whine and scanned the area for his brother. Shadows dominated at this hour, but he could still see with the remnants of daylight highlighting the land. Carter waved him over from the barn where they kept their equipment.

"I've gotta show you something," said Carter once he reached him. Brad took a swig of his beer.

Carter held out a hoof pick. Dangling from the end of it was a used condom. Fucking nasty.

"Why you showing me this?"

“What the fuck do you mean? It’s obviously Aaron’s. He’s fucking hoochies on the tractor.”

“Seriously, Carter. What do you expect me to do? He plowed the field. If he can fuck and plow at the same time, more power to him. Just let it go.”

Carter huffed and clenched his jaw. “Bet you he’s got a girl hiding in his room right now. He never left the house, and this condom wasn’t here this morning when I started the tractor.”

“Look. Why don’t you deal with it for a change? If it bothers you so damn much, you go nag the kid. I’m beat, and right now I just can’t even fake giving a shit.”

“Fine.” He stalked off with the hoof pick.

\* \* \* \*

Carter was sick and tired of Aaron’s screwing around. If he wanted to be the state’s biggest stud, fine, but keep the bitches off the ranch. This was their home. Their family was buried behind the house. It shouldn’t be used as a whorehouse.

Besides, Carter had been pent-up since talking with Emily in the morning. Just knowing that his youngest brother got all the action he could handle while Carter sported blue balls seriously pissed him off. It might not be Aaron’s fault, but in Carter’s present condition, he really didn’t care about saving anyone’s feelings.

Carter shoved open the screen door. Aaron rinsed off his plate at the sink, not even turning around.

“Hey! Romeo!”

Aaron turned, continuing to rinse his dishes in front of him.

“What?”

“What the fuck is this?” He dangled the condom at the end of the pick for his brother’s inspection.

“Ain’t mine.” He turned around, finished up.

Carter scoffed and shook his head. “Are you telling me it’s mine, then? I think I would remember having an afternoon screw in the tractor. Don’t you think?”

“Fine, it’s mine. Whatever.”

Aaron walked away from him, which only served to piss Carter off more.

“Who was it this time? Regan, or someone new you picked up at the bar this week?”

Aaron stopped dead in the living room and clenched his fists at his sides. Carter prepared himself for a fight. It wouldn’t be the first time, and he wouldn’t lose. Luckily for him, he could overpower both his brothers.

“If you must know, I was with Emily Rickshaw this afternoon.” He folded his arms over his chest and goaded Carter.

“Bullshit!”

“Hey, she came and found me in the fields. Did you expect me to say no to her?”

“Emily Rickshaw fucked you on the tractor?” This was unbelievable, couldn’t be true.

“I’m not one to kiss and tell. Don’t be a sore loser because she came looking for me and not you, bro.”

“Oh, she came for me, but I was too much of a gentleman to hit on her the first day I saw her.”

“Guess I’m not a gentleman then. Being a bastard sometimes has its perks, doesn’t it?”

Consumed with jealousy, anger and sexual frustration, Carter lashed out at Aaron. He dropped the pick and took a swing. His little brother only laughed and bolted out of the way, letting Carter crash into the coffee table. He crawled up to his feet and barreled forward, hooked his arm around Aaron’s waist and forced him into the wall, hard enough to dent the old plaster finish.

“Come on! That all you have? Jealous your little brother got to fuck that fine pussy while you missed out?”

Carter landed a fist into Aaron's side. Aaron coughed and bent over, grabbed a handful of shirt on his way up and trapped Carter in his clothes, hockey-style.

"You should never have touched her! You little prick! Do you have no morals at all in that head of yours?"

They knocked each other down and began one of their typical wrestling matches. Except this time, Carter was passionate about his cause. Emily was his, not Aaron's or anybody else's. They rolled over the broken table kindling, kicking over two plant stands and destroyed each other's clothes.

Bradley's voice echoed in the room, snapping both of them to attention.

"What the hell are you two doing? Look at this shit!" Brad lightly kicked his favorite potted plant lying on the ground by his boots. The carpet was covered in soil and broken coffee table.

Carter gave Aaron his evil eye before hoisting himself up to a stand and patting down his pants. "You know who Aaron was screwing today? Do you?"

Bradley didn't look amused. He loved that plant.

"Who?"

"Emily Rickshaw. That's who."

Bradley's face contorted into tight lines, his eyes narrowing. His casual stance grew tall and squared.

"That true, Aaron?"

Aaron pulled off his torn T-shirt. "You two really need to get laid and stay the fuck out of my business. In fact, it's quite disturbing that my brothers are so interested in my sex life."

"This isn't about your sex life," said Carter. "It's about Emily."

"I didn't see a ring on her finger, brother."

Brad put a firm palm to Carter's chest to keep from throttling Aaron again. "Look. Emily isn't one of your buckle bunnies. You can't just fuck her and leave her like some little whore." Brad ran his

hands through his hair. “Emily’s special. We’ve known her since she was a kid.”

“Look. I know that, okay? She’s special to me, too,” said Aaron.

“Right. You expect us to believe that?” snapped Carter. “How many girls do you go through a week? Out of those, how many have you taken seriously?”

“Emily’s different.”

Bradley joined the discussion again. “How different can she be to you? You’ve already had your way with her, so what more can she offer? From what I know of you, fucking is the goal, and after that you lose interest.”

Aaron tossed his hands up in the air. “Don’t believe me. What does it matter?”

“Maybe because I have feelings for her. You’re not the only man in this house with needs and desires, little brother,” said Brad, attracting the complete attention of both siblings.

“You? Since when did you have an interest in Emily?” asked Carter. This was quickly getting very interesting. From his perspective, things were getting ugly because his heart already had a claim on the young blonde.

“Since she moved here. The point is, I can offer her what she needs, and you only guarantee her a broken heart.” Brad still held his beer. He kicked some scraps of wood out of his way and sat on the sofa.

“What if I have feelings for her, too?” asked Carter, eager to hear his brother’s response.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” muttered Brad. He laughed without humor. “She’s one woman. We can’t all have her. Besides, it’s up to her, not us.”

## Chapter Eight

Emily couldn't stop fantasizing about the Macintosh brothers. After the hot sex with Aaron and her flirting with Brad and Carter, she was wound tight.

The first two days without seeing any of the men were torture. She did her chores on the farm and tried to keep as busy as possible. Once alone, she had too much time to reflect on her aching pussy and desire to get her hands on one of the three men that consumed her thoughts.

When her vibrator's batteries died on her third day alone, she thought she'd die along with them. Emily hated touching herself, but her vibrator could bring her to orgasm in minutes. The relief was short-lived but better than nothing. Now she had nothing.

She supposed she could buy some more batteries on market day, the only time she had a need to be in town, but that was four days away, and she needed action now. Sometimes it really sucked being oversexed.

At dinner that evening, Emily was fidgety as a child holding her pee. Erotic heat flooded through her pussy without invitation. She needed release in the worst way.

"You okay, honey?" asked her grandmother.

"I'm fine. Just restless, I suppose." She forked some mashed potatoes into her mouth so she wouldn't have to talk.

"Must be boring for you here with no one your age to socialize with." Her grandmother's eyes softened sympathetically. "I'll call up some friends tomorrow and see if we can't set you up with some company."

Emily only smiled a thank you and continued to finish her meal in silence.

As she lay awake in her bed that night, she couldn't stand the ache between her legs. Her pulse ran higher than normal, even in a relaxed state. She reached down and cupped her mound. Even her own touch made her jolt, every cell a livewire near her sex.

Emily sat up on her knees and gazed out the window into the nighttime fields. Her grandparents had never invested in spotlights like some of the other ranchers had, so night was night. Pitch darkness. She imagined Bradley curled up sleeping only a mile or so away from her, not to mention Carter and Aaron sharing the same house. Relief was only a few minutes' run away, but she couldn't be so bold. Could she?

Her body made up her mind for her. She slipped out of bed without making a sound and pulled on a pair of jeans and an old sweatshirt. After tugging on her running shoes, she eased open the window and escaped into the night. The song of the crickets was louder than her footsteps creeping away from the house. The nighttime air chilled her, even with the sweater on. She hugged herself and tiptoed until she reached the edge of the field. Then she used her outstretched hands as guides and began running through the nearly chest-high barley.

Her heartbeat pounded behind her ears as fear-induced adrenaline pumped through her body. She hated the darkness. In fact, she couldn't even watch horror movies, so traveling in the dead of night with no source of light showed the depth of her desperation.

\* \* \* \*

Bradley peered at the alarm clock beside his bed. 1:30 a.m. He'd tossed and turned all night and still hadn't fallen asleep. If he wanted to have a productive day tomorrow, he needed rest, but unfortunately, sleep was not something you could force.

The truth was, he couldn't sleep because he had Emily Rickshaw on the brain. Knowing his brother had had the opportunity to experience her body in the exact way he craved made him crazy. He wondered if she had come looking for him, only to settle for Aaron. Too many questions plagued his thoughts and drove away the potential for a good night's rest.

He sat up in bed with a nagging thirst. When he glanced out his window on the way to the hallway, he noticed a shadow moving around the barn in the moonlight. Fucking coyotes.

Bradley slipped on a pair of blue jeans and a long-sleeved button-up shirt. On his way out of his bedroom, he grabbed his rifle from behind the door.

He turned on the porch light and burst out the door, his shirt flying open. The cool blast of night air against his bare chest helped him to focus. He stalked over to where he'd spotted the shadows. Twigs snapped as he turned toward the pitch-black rear of the main barn. Footsteps took off down the length of the building. Human footsteps. No man would steal from him or his family. He worked too hard to just hand over his belongings to some lowlife criminal. Fear didn't course through his veins, only raw anger and a predator's desire to seize its prey. He reversed his course to meet the intruder by surprise at the other side of the barn.

He waited, still as a statue. The fool passed right in front of him, almost stepping on his boots.

Bradley reached out and hooked his arm around the man's neck in a chokehold, spinning him around and slamming his lower body into the side of the barn.

"Who the fuck are you?" Brad demanded.

When he received no reply, he loosened the bend in his arm over the man's neck. The resulting cough and sputtering were very feminine sounds. He released his hold completely and grabbed the female by both upper arms.

"Who are you?" he asked.



Another cough. "It's me. Emily." Her breathing came in heavy gasps. He had no doubt scared the shit out of her. He dragged her to the side of the barn, where the light from the porch gave the faintest illumination.

"Emily? What in God's name are you doing out here at this hour?"

"I needed to see you, Brad." She traced the muscles of his chest with her fingertips. "I need you."

Her heated touch carved into him, making his muscles taut and his breathing pick up. He wanted to ask her why she didn't seek Aaron, since she so easily offered herself to him a few days ago. What game was she playing? Yet every touch made him forget his logic. He wanted to be used by this wild little female who consumed his waking thoughts. Refusing her was not an option.

"Why, Miss Emily, whatever do you mean?"

She reached up and cupped his face, pulling his head down to her level. Before he could think, her mouth was on his, warm and sweet. A switch in his head seemed to convert him from Bradley Macintosh, the responsible older brother, into Brad, the man crazy about Emily and desperate to fuck her. He kissed her back with every ounce of passion he could muster. Her hands roamed over his shoulders, pushing back the flannel material. She moaned, delicate little sounds of desire that made his cock hard as steel.

"Let me get you in the house. You'll catch cold."

She reached her small hand lower, past his navel and into the front of his pants. He hadn't had a chance to throw on boxers before racing outside, so she easily grabbed his erection.

"Take me now. Here."

"Here? Outside?" he asked.

Bradley might have enough experience with the ladies, but regardless of the fact he never kept one longer than a couple nights, he still considered himself a gentleman. Fucking a woman outside in

the dead of night, as opposed to in a soft, warm bed, went against his better instincts.

She didn't answer his question. Instead, she undid his pants and pulled out his fully erect cock. She stroked it with her palm while sucking his neck. Her soft mewling sounds made his blood burn with desire. His eyes lolled back in his head as her skilled hands caressed his shaft.

"Take off my jeans, Brad."

He forced away his natural instinct to question her and fiddled with her button and zipper. When he bent down to pull her pants past her rounded hips to her knees, he couldn't help but inhale her scent. He groaned deep in his chest as his needs began to take over.

Brad slid his hands up her sweatshirt and cupped her naked breasts. They felt perfect, soft and full. He had to have her tonight, had to make her his. Pulling up her shirt, he took her breast in his mouth. She removed the offending material completely, giving him better access. He cupped her ass with both hands as he bent over, lavishing her succulent breasts with his mouth and tongue. The feel and taste of her tight little nipples was better than candy.

"I've wanted this all week, Brad. I've dreamed of you fucking me every night."

He rose to his full height and with one arm jerked her against his solid frame while reaching down and teasing her clit with his other hand. They began to kiss again, deep and passionate, not able to get enough of each other.

"Emily, I need to be inside of you so bad," he growled.

She grabbed his cock and aimed it at her pussy. "Lift me up, and fuck me, then."

"Against the barn?"

"What kind of cowboy are you? Don't tell me you don't like it dirty sometimes." She reached her arms around his neck and bent one knee up to his side.

He hooked a forearm behind each of her knees and hoisted her against the barn, careful not to scratch her back. She eagerly wrapped her legs around his waist. Her breathing came fast and heavy, drowning out every sound and thought from his head.

Brad gripped his dick in his fist and searched for her opening, desperate to connect with her. Her pussy was moist and swollen, more than ready for him to enter her body. He pressed her back against the wooden planks, supporting her with one hand. Upon finding his target, he plunged inside her hot, tight walls. He let out a groan of pure satisfaction when his dick embedded deep inside her pussy. He could live in there forever.

“Emily,” he muttered.

“Fuck me, Brad. Fuck me good.”

What a little vixen. He gripped her hips and thrust in and out of her sweet cunt. Each stroke brought him closer to orgasm. Of all days, he wanted this experience to last as long as possible. He concentrated on all the sensations racking his body. Emily’s full lips played with his neck and ear, and her hands caught up in his hair as she hugged his neck. Her soft blonde hair smelled of citrus shampoo, making him inhale deeply. Every day working the fields and living with two brothers made him appreciate the scent and feel of a woman. He savored her feminine beauty, her delicate soft skin and her slight weight as he made love to her.

He continued to pump into her body with enough energy to go all night long.

“Brad, I’m coming.” She tightened her fists into his hair, making him wince. “Oh, God, it’s so good. Don’t stop.”

Brad fucked her hard enough to break her. The walls of the barn protested and whined like an old wooden headboard. He knew the moment she reached her climax. Her pussy milked his cock, making it impossible for him to hold back his own release a minute longer. As her contractions eased, he dropped her down to her feet and pumped his cock in his fist until his white cum sprayed out over his hand.

“Whatcha do that for?” she asked between breaths. With their eyes adjusted to the darkness, they were able to make out each other’s silhouettes more clearly.

“No condom.”

“You should have let me do that for you.” She stepped forward and kissed his lips. Her hand lowered to his hand, still holding his dick. She threaded her fingers through his, coating her hand with his sticky release.

When she brought her finger up to her mouth and sucked it clean, only a few inches from his face, he knew he was lost to her forever.

“You little...” He scooped her up in his arms and carried her to the house.

## Chapter Nine

Feminine giggling woke Aaron at an unholy hour. He scrubbed his face and groaned his disapproval as he sat up in bed. The sound had to be coming from Brad's room. Carter had sworn off women long ago.

He wanted to block out the sound and force himself back to sleep. The problem was, the feminine whimpers struck him as familiar. He'd heard Emily's sex cries in his mind over and over since that day in the field. The woman in the house was Emily.

Aaron didn't stop to put on clothes. Just in his boxer briefs, he padded down the cold hardwood floors in the hallway to his brother's room. He stopped and listened at the door. Chewing on his lip, he felt torn. Part of him wanted to follow his own advice to his brothers and mind his own business. The other part wanted to burst into the room and grab Emily for himself. Since when had he started caring about a particular woman? Most of the women he'd dated had also fucked his friends before or after him, and he'd never cared. In fact, he'd participated in a few hot threesomes in the past year. He wasn't the jealous or the commitment type.

Emily did something unique to him. He wanted to claim her, even change his ways for her. She was the one female he would settle down with and never regret the decision for a second.

With a prayer, he opened the door, hoping not to find his brother buck-naked over Emily.

She lay partially clothed on the bed, and Brad hovered over her, kissing her lips in the darkened room. They both turned to the door when he held it wide without a word.

“What the fuck, Aaron!” Brad bolted up and shoved him in the chest. He only deflected the act, unable to take his eyes off Emily. She looked like an angel on the bed. Her blonde hair looked almost white in the moonlight from the window. Something was definitely happening to him, because he wasn’t one to get sentimental, especially over a woman.

“Aaron?” Emily’s voice sounded hopeful, enthusiastic even. He brushed past his brother and knelt at the bedside. God help him, but he grabbed her face and kissed her. He knew Brad would skin him for trying to steal her away, but at that moment, he didn’t care. Any consequence was worth even one kiss from her.

Emily looked from Aaron to Brad.

“You want him, Emily? You choosing him over me?” asked Brad.

“I’m not choosing anyone.” She sat up in the bed, curling her legs to her side. “I care about all three of you, equally but differently. I can’t explain it.”

“You can’t have both, Emily. You need to choose.” Brad’s voice grew louder. He was pissed.

“I can’t choose. It’s not that easy, Bradley Macintosh.”

“Oh, now I’m Bradley Macintosh? A few minutes ago you were asking me to fuck you harder. What about that?”

Emily glared at him with a dagger stare and hopped off the bed, pulling on her sweater. Carter was already at the door in his jeans when she reached it.

“Carter,” she said breathlessly. “Please take me home.” Carter’s eyes were still half-mast from sleep, his dark hair in disarray, but he followed Emily without protest down the hall.

Bradley sat on the bed. Aaron joined him.

“Nice one, Brad.”

“Fuck off.”

Aaron leaned back on Brad’s pillow. “Look, we have to put Emily’s needs before our own. Can’t you see that?”

“Her needs? All I care about are her needs, but she can’t even choose which one of us she wants.”

“She says she wants all three of us.”

Brad shook his head. “And I assume you’d let her have her wish?”

“Maybe. It would beat losing her altogether. You’ve had a taste of her now, same as me. Can you honestly say you could give her up now? I know I can’t.”

Brad said nothing. His eyes were a mile away, lost in thought.

\* \* \* \*

Emily dried her eyes on her sleeve as Carter drove her back to her grandparents’ house. She felt horrible. Worse than horrible. She had never intended to cause friction between brothers. But she had, and no matter what she did now, someone would get hurt.

“Carter, can we talk?” she asked, resting her hand over his. He jerked in response but pulled the truck to the shoulder of the dirt road. Darkness swallowed them up as they bordered the edge of the forest on one side, with open fields on the other.

“What do you want to talk about, Emily?”

“I don’t know. I just can’t go home feeling like this.” She wiggled closer to Carter along the bench seat. He probably hated her for breaking apart his family, but she needed comfort in the worst way. Back at his house, she had been so happy during her time with Brad. Then Aaron had come in the room, and her happiness had only increased. She never felt like she’d done anything wrong until she saw the anger on Brad’s face after she kissed Aaron.

For a brief moment, she truly wished she could have both men. She had enough love and sexual energy to please both. Just imagining both of her lovers pleasuring her simultaneously gave her a thrill like no other. She sighed. Things like that didn’t happen in real life or in fairytales. Sometimes you couldn’t win for trying.

“What happened tonight, Emily?”

She didn't want to hurt him, too, but she didn't plan on lying. "I fooled around with Brad, and then Aaron walked in. Apparently, Brad isn't interested in sharing."

"If you were mine, I wouldn't want to share you either."

"That's just it. I don't belong to anybody and never claimed to."

Carter tilted her chin toward him. "Can you say you have no feelings for me or them?"

She chuckled softly and pulled her head back. "No. All three of you are a part of me, right down to my very marrow. I don't know if I can ever let go now."

"Then don't."

Carter acted the most distant. He was the strong, silent type. She wanted him as much as his brothers, but he didn't seem as easily obtained, which only piqued her curiosity.

"Carter. Do you want me?"

"Don't, Emily," he warned.

She ran her hand over his chest. He'd tossed on a leather jacket when they left the house, but he wore no shirt underneath. "Why not?" she whispered.

He stilled her hand by holding her wrist. "I'm sure my brothers will get over this. It's late. I should take you home now."

Emily scowled, wondering how she would ever get through to the sexy, mysterious Carter. Of all three brothers, her fantasies always held him. He was her schoolgirl crush. Even now, his rugged, masculine features appealed to her. His height and broadness were uncommon. If the size of his shoes reflected the size of his dick, then she was in for a surprise if she could just get him to put out.

"Please don't push me away, Carter. I need you." She saw his jaw twitch, so she knew he felt something, even if he denied it.

He stared out the windshield, not turning toward her. She couldn't help but rake her eyes up and down his body. His far knee was slightly bent up, and his jeans hung low on his hips. She could make out every ridge of muscle in his six-pack abs. The scent of leather and



clean sweat from sleep clung to Carter. She wanted to curl up against him and never let go.

“I haven’t had a woman in nearly two years, Emily.” He ran a hand through his mess of dark hair and took a deep breath. “After their deaths, everything changed for me. Not that I intended it to. Life is what it is. I still remember that day like it was yesterday.”

“Tell me,” she coaxed.

“The funeral. It was raining. Not hard, but light and steady. Everyone held a black umbrella over them at the gravesite as the minister said his piece.” He stopped and swallowed hard. Emily wanted to comfort him, but she allowed him his space. “That’s what I remember the most, the sea of black. All those folks worried about getting their hair wet when my mom, dad and little sister lay dead under the ground beside them. Imagine that. Worried about getting their hair wet. I’ll never forget that.” He shrugged and looked out the driver’s side window. She could see the moonlight reflecting off the moisture in his eyes, which he tried to hide from her.

“You’ve never told anyone that, have you?”

He shook his head.

“Come here. Please.”

When he didn’t move, but remained stiff as a statue, she climbed to her knees and moved toward him. She hugged him around the shoulders and kissed his forehead.

“I love you, Carter,” she whispered.

He turned his head slightly toward her and met her eyes.

“It’s okay to cry sometimes. It doesn’t make you less of a man.” A couple tears flowed down from his eyes. Emily leaned forward and kissed him lightly on the lips. He reciprocated. They took it sweet and slow, kissing with gentle brushes and pure affection.

“Don’t leave me, Emily.” He pushed her hair away from her face. His eyes bore an intensity she had never seen in another man. She knew at that moment he would love her until the day she died.

What had she done?

\* \* \* \*

Carter couldn't believe he had just opened himself up to this perpetual stranger. His most tortured memory in life came out in a rush as they sat in the silent darkness by the side of the road. Was Emily a stranger? Far from it, actually. Some of his earliest memories revolved around Emily and Jane playing in the fields and around the barn. Why couldn't he see her as another little sister? Why did he have to love her with such passion? She represented all the goodness his life no longer held. Her sensuality and beauty held him captive.

More than anything he wanted to open his soul to her in hopes she wouldn't trample it. She saw his tears and didn't turn away. He wanted to make sweet love to her but knew in his heart it wasn't possible. He wondered how long he could deny himself pleasure and happiness in life. Would he die old, miserable and alone because he didn't have the tools to deal with the death of his family?

"Carter. I'm here. I'm not going anywhere." Her voice alone brought him peace. He missed having a feminine presence in his life. It just took a few words from her to melt him.

She kissed his forehead and his cheeks, forcing him to look into her beautiful blue eyes. The fact that she had sexual relations with both his brothers didn't diminish his feelings for her. He wanted her for himself but also wanted her to be happy with whomever she decided to be with.

"I'm sorry I can't be what you need."

"I never asked you to change. But I don't like to see you hurting." Her hands traveled over his bare flesh. "Why do keep denying yourself? Let me make you feel good."

"I can't."

Her little hands explored lower and lower until her fingers curled under his belt. His body stiffened, every inch of him.

"I can't be what you need, Emily."

“Then let me be what you need. I want you to remember tonight. In a good way.”

She leaned down and unzipped his jeans, releasing his thick, firm cock. He held her wrist to stop her, but she bent down anyway and licked a drop of pre-cum off his mushroom head. That was it. He crashed his head back and let her invade him with her sweet lips and hot mouth. God, it had been too long.

He groaned as she sucked at his length. Her tongue lapped and twirled with erotic skill. The smooth metal ball of her tongue ring added a unique thrill to the act. He thought he'd lose his sanity for the pleasure he felt.

“Emily. Oh, fuck.”

Carter felt guilty for taking this gift and offering nothing in return. If he was any type of a man, he'd fuck her good, like she deserved.

“Mmmm,” she moaned. “You're so big, Carter. I can barely get my mouth around you.”

“You know exactly what to say, don't you?” He ran his hand through her silky blonde hair. “Just keep doing what you're doing, darlin'.”

She returned her attention to his cock with eagerness. Pumping his shaft with a gentle twist and simultaneously suckling his swollen head brought him close to the edge. He gripped the door rest to brace himself as his release built up.

“Suck it, darlin'”

His orgasm was blinding, literally blinding. The electric intensity cascaded through his cock, rocking his entire body. He wanted to pull away, but Emily's lips were securely wrapped around his dick as he pumped a massive release into her mouth. She kept sucking, her tongue swirling about to gather every last drop of cum.

“You're still hard,” she said. Emily sat up and stroked his semi-firm cock a few times. She leaned down and kissed his swollen head with affection. “I love your dick, Carter. It's the biggest I've ever

seen. I wish you'd fuck me. I want to feel you inside my body. Won't you do that for me?"

"Maybe one day."

"One day soon." She kissed his cheek and then leaned her head against his shoulder. He wrapped an arm around her and held her snugly to his body. It felt right. In the quiet, in the perfect moment of time and space, he was thankful to be alive.

## Chapter Ten

Market day in town was the usual chaos. Vendors scrambled to set up their produce booths, traders haggled, and ranchers gossiped.

Emily missed the Macintosh brothers. Four days without one of them felt like an eternity when she knew what she was missing. She wondered how Carter was doing. It had hurt her to see him suffer from such painful memories. She wanted to do anything to ease his pain.

She also worried about Aaron and Bradley. She loved them both and hated to see them fight over her. If she had to, she'd give them all up.

"Look at you. I've never seen a sorrier sight." Emily's grandmother lifted a heavy sack of radishes onto the counter of their makeshift booth.

"What's the matter?"

"You're more bored than I am when your grandpa forces me to watch that sports channel of his on Monday nights."

Emily sat in the booth, leaning back in her chair, enjoying the heat from the sun on her legs, which were crossed up on the sidewall. She wore jean short shorts and a cropped orange T-shirt that came just above her belly button. It was fun to tease the farmer's sons, even the old farmers themselves. What else could she do to entertain herself in this hick town?

"I'm fine, Nana." She closed her eyes and leaned to the side to catch the rays peeking in through the tarp above her. Lying on a beach somewhere would beat peddling eggs and veggies all day.

“So you’re the Emily I hear so much about every Saturday.” Emily opened her eyes and brought down her legs when she heard the masculine voice addressing her.

“This is Jonathan Turner. You remember him?” asked her grandmother.

Emily shook her head. The guy looked to be about her age, maybe a couple years older. He had dirty blonde hair and was cute enough to fool around with. Unfortunately for him, her heart belonged to three troubled cowboys that she couldn’t get her mind off of even now.

“I used to play with Carter Macintosh. You’d come over and visit their ranch when I was over. Thought you might remember me.”

She vaguely remembered a boy named John. He was smaller than Carter, but everyone was, and didn’t give her the time of day, being she’d been only twelve at most.

“That was a long time ago.”

“Honey, I thought you might want to spend some time with Jonathan. It’s good to be around kids your own age.” Mrs. Springer came up to talk with her grandmother. “Both of you go run off, I’ll man the booth.” She shooed Emily away and began talking with the Springer woman.

Emily rolled her eyes and walked through the busy market beside John. They weaved in and out of the crowd, trying to escape the bedlam. His hand brushed hers a few times, but she continued to maintain her distance.

She may look naïve, but looks were deceiving. She knew darn well that John wanted her. He could play the innocent gentleman all he liked. She knew his type. He’d probably robbed countless girls of their virginity only to walk out of their lives before they redressed. He even had her grandmother fooled.

Nobody could trick Emily. She prided herself on keeping safe and spotting the pricks. No man would ever make her a victim again.

“So, have you seen Carter since coming back?”

“No.” She didn’t want to get any trouble from her grandparents for sneaking off. Besides, nothing about her life was his business.

“You’ve sure grown up, Emily. You’re quite the young woman.” He smiled down on her. She still didn’t buy it.

“Thanks.”

They walked until they reached the outskirts of the market setup. Horses were tied on the periphery, and the grassless field served as a parking lot for an assortment of pickup trucks, from wrecks to new and shiny models.

“Want to see my new horse? She’s at the blacksmith getting shoed.”

The shop in question was only a couple minutes away. She shrugged and followed along. Emily loved horses. Unfortunately, her grandparents didn’t have any. Once alone, she felt uncomfortable in her skimpy clothes. It didn’t feel good having John’s eyes roaming all over her body.

They arrived at the shop, but it was closed, with a sign on the door advising the owner was attending market day. Odd. John didn’t look surprised. He took her hand, led her into a narrow, deserted alleyway beside the shop and pressed her against the bricks.

“I saw you when you first came to the market a couple weeks ago. I’ve had a hard-on for you ever since. Not often I get to meet a city girl. Can’t say I’m disappointed.” He used his finger to play with her belly button ring, but she swatted his hand away.

“Your mother hear you talk like that?”

“My mother ain’t here.” He leaned down and nuzzled her neck. His breath smelled like alcohol. She pulled away. Her instincts sprang to life, telling her to get the hell out of the confines of the alleyway. John’s arms locked on either side of her body. His true character became evident on his face with the devilish little smirk he sported.

“You need to back off, John.”

“Do I? You don’t wear those tight little shorts or run around braless unless you expect a few horny cowboys to come sniffing around.”

“Whatever.”

“Well, I’m here. I’m horny. Why not be a good little girl, and give me some sugar?”

Emily’s heart pounded against her ribs. She tried to appear calm and collected, even bored, hoping not to antagonize or encourage the beast she knew lay beneath John’s innocent exterior. He could overpower her no matter how hard she fought. With the alcohol he consumed, his logic would be flawed. He had become her worst nightmare.

John slipped his hand under her short shirt and squeezed her breasts greedily. She used her arms to push him back, twisted about in the confines of his embrace.

“Don’t fucking touch me.”

“I know all about you, Emily, and why you’re here. You’re a criminal. Don’t play all cutesy with me.”

When he attempted to reach inside the front of her jean shorts, she screamed. She dropped her weight to the ground and crawled away from him over the fine gravel in the alleyway. When she attempted to get off her knees to run, he flipped her over onto her back and fell on top of her. His chest crushed against hers as he fiddled with his belt.

“Little bitch. Do you even know who I am?”

She screamed one last time before his free hand slapped over her mouth.

Everything from her past flashed before her eyes.

She had just turned seventeen. After she’d spent the night at her friend’s birthday party, one of the dads offered to drive her home. Being a stupid kid, slightly buzzed from the illegal alcohol brought to the party, she’d never thought she was in danger.

The mystery man, who turned out to be nobody’s father, drove in the wrong direction through the darkened streets. The rain became



heavy, and she remembered the windshield wipers moving very fast and still not being able to provide a clear line of sight. When the man's hand landed on her upper thigh and slid toward her crotch, the reality of her situation crashed down around her.

He'd parked in a dark alley off the radar of neighboring houses and turned savage. He forced her into the backseat, tore off her clothes and stole her virginity from her in the most brutal way imaginable. The bastard had even given her a sound beating for good measure and dumped her behind some warehouses when he was through with her an hour later.

She'd never told a soul, not even her own mother. Not even Jane. That day would forever haunt her. The fear, the pain, and the scent of alcohol on his breath would stay with her until the day she died.

She'd never returned to the girl she used to be after that. Her grades slipped, and she stopped hanging out with her friends. She got in with the wrong crowd of kids and enjoyed pissing off the world in any way possible.

John brought back every rotten memory she had tried so hard to repress. She couldn't let him violate her. No, she wasn't a virgin anymore, but it didn't matter. Rape was rape, no matter how you tried to spin it.

Emily closed her eyes and held her legs together as tightly as she could. She wouldn't go out without a fight. As soon as she had the chance, she'd claw her way free. But John pulled off of her and she could suddenly breathe easily again with his weight removed. She opened her eyes.

"You piece of shit," snarled Aaron. He held John by the back of the shirt.

"Mind your business, Macintosh."

Aaron slammed him into the brick wall, forcing the air out of John's lungs in a guttural huff.

“Emily’s my business. Understand? Emily’s mine. Mine! If I ever see you so much as looking at her again, I’ll cut your fucking balls off and feed them to your pigs. Got that?”

“What the hell do you care about some cheap slut anyway, Aaron?”

The fist came flying, knocking John to the ground on his side. Blood drizzled down from his nostrils. He leaned up on an elbow and wiped at his face with the back of his hand.

Aaron squatted down in front of him. The well-developed muscles in his arms tensed as he pointed a finger right in John’s face.

“Apologize to her,” he warned with a deadly intensity that no man could deny.

“Sorry, Emily.”

“Louder!”

“I’m sorry, Emily.”

Emily got up to her feet and brushed off her legs from the dusty ground. Her balance was shot, and her knees felt wobbly. As soon as Aaron stood up, she lunged for him, wrapping her arms around his waist and holding herself close. She sought the comfort and safety that she knew she could find with any one of the Macintosh brothers.

Aaron led Emily through the alleyway with his arm securely around her shoulders. The feed shop was at the other end. She saw Carter loading sacks of feed into the back of their old pickup truck as they emerged from the confines of the shady alley. Aaron must have heard her scream.

Aaron leaned against the brick wall and pulled her against him. “Are you all right?”

She shrugged, trying to replicate nonchalance. Inside, she knew if she spoke, the dam to her soul would collapse. Her emotions were held together by just her silence at this point, and she didn’t want to lose it in front of anyone.

Emily wondered if Aaron, Carter and Bradley thought of her as some cheap slut. She supposed the way she dressed and the fact she’d

had relations with all three brothers could easily label her as such. Still, she didn't want her cowboys to think of her that way. She loved them, and not just for the sexual pleasure they could provide. If she found out they thought little of her, it would crush her. Destroy her. They were the last and only good thing left in her life, and she didn't want to lose even one of them.

"Did he hurt you?" Aaron gently gripped her upper arms.

Emily shook her head and then peered down the alleyway. John was long gone. Aaron pulled her closer and kissed her forehead.

"What's going on?" asked Carter, approaching Emily from behind. He dragged his boots along the gravel.

"John Turner was trying to force himself on Emily. Thank God I found them when I did, or I don't know what could have happened," explained Aaron.

"What are you talking about?" Carter spun her around to face him, gripping her more firmly than his brother had. "Did he try and rape you, Emily? Did he touch you? Hurt you?"

She couldn't reply. That one word would destroy everything she'd built up to protect herself these past five years.

"Emily! Answer me, woman!" Carter gave her a jostle. His eyes were narrowed and lips pursed.

She frowned, angry that he was trying to force her to speak. "It was nothing," she spat. "He's an asshole. That's all." Emily tried to tug herself away from Carter, but he held her still.

He examined the front of her. "Look at you." With her knees bloody from crawling on the gravel, and her shirt stretched out of shape, it certainly looked like something happened. "I'm gonna kill him for hurting you."

"I warned him to stay away from her," said Aaron.

"You warned him? That's it?" Carter seethed, gritting his teeth loud enough to hear.

"Hey, I was thinking about Emily at the time. I'm the one that found her, remember?"

“I’m going to find him right now and beat the living shit out of him. That rich asshole thinks he can get away with murder.” He let go of her arm, but she reached out to him and grabbed his shirt.

As she stared up into his irate blue eyes, with rays of sunshine warming her face, he froze. She could see and feel the tension slip away from his face and body. He saw past her eyes and into her heart, where all the hurt was locked up.

“Emily.” He snatched her against himself in an awkward embrace. His chin rested on the top of her head. He let out a heavy breath. “Just imagining another man’s hands on you makes me crazy. I don’t know what I would have done if I’d caught him myself.”

Emily hugged him back, cuddling against his heat and strength. Aaron’s hand gently caressed up and down along her spine.

“We should tell the Rickshaws what happened,” said Aaron.

Emily spun around. “No! I don’t want them upset. Please, just keep quiet about it. I’m okay.”

“We’ll take you home.” Carter took her hand, led her to his old pick-up and held the door open for her. Aaron squeezed in on the end, sandwiching her between the two men once Carter boarded the driver’s seat.

Before heading home, they stopped near her grandparents’ booth and lied that she felt unwell and had accepted a drive home.

The roads they traveled were dry and dusty. The suspension on the truck left a lot to be desired, especially with the heavy load in the back. Emily stared out the front windshield. Green fields and a clear blue sky framed the endless road. She wished she could replay this day over, or maybe the past five years.

Tension grew thick as the three of them kept quiet for the ride. Carter cleared his throat. “You look pretty today, Emily.” His right hand came down on her thigh. He gave a comforting squeeze.

She knew he only wanted to make her feel better. His ineptness with emotion charmed her. Unfortunately, his attempt to change the mood to something more upbeat had the opposite effect on Emily.

Pretty? She looked like a slut, which was why John had felt he could have his way with her. Carter's sweet comment made her throat burn with emotion. When his hand landed on her leg, the flashback from that day so long ago came back to the forefront of her mind. , Unbeknownst to the two brothers, her sanity took a downward spiral

She slumped forward over her lap and covered her eyes with her hands. Once the sobbing started, there was no shutting it off. Her deepest despair had been unleashed after five years of secrecy and holding back.

## Chapter Eleven

Carter slammed on the brakes and sent the truck fishtailing along the dirt road. Aaron held Emily back as Carter tried to regain control. They ended up facing the wrong direction, partially on the field. He cut the engine.

“Emily, what’s wrong? Did I do something to upset you?”

She shook her head but continued to cry into her hands. Her tiny body convulsed in waves. He didn’t have experience with women and wasn’t sure how to comfort one.

Aaron stroked her bare back. Her little orange shirt rode up high in her position. The way she was leaning over her legs, he could even see the bottom edge of her bare breasts.

It didn’t upset him that his brother had touched her. He wanted to kill John or any other male that dared harm Emily or make a pass at her, but his brothers didn’t carry the same threat. In fact, he liked that Aaron could reassure her when he had no clue what to do himself.

Aaron locked eyes with him over Emily’s back and shrugged.

“Emily.” Carter eased her into a sitting position, but she only threw herself against his chest, grasping handfuls of his T-shirt. He ran his hands through her blonde hair and cooed the way his mother used to when he was a boy.

“Emily?”

“You’re right, Carter. He tried to rape me.” She looked up to him with her blue eyes in an ocean of unshed tears, her face damp and blotchy. “Do you think I deserved as much? I was asking for it, right?”

“No way, Emily. No means no. He had no right to put his filthy hands on you. No man does. You’re mine.” Carter looked across the seat to Aaron, who locked eyes with him immediately. “You’re ours.”

Somehow, saying the words out loud cemented the fact. His other two brothers loved Emily, and she claimed to care about all three of them. It didn’t seem possible to love more than one person, but when had his life last been normal or made sense?

“I feel like shit,” she said. “I wish I never came back here.”

“Are you kidding? Your coming back is the best thing that ever happened to me,” said Aaron.

“Don’t mind John. I’ll deal with him well and good.” Carter honestly couldn’t imagine how life would have unfolded if Emily hadn’t returned. With her crying into his shirt, he wondered what kind of painful past she might have had. Were there other Johns in her life? If so, he wanted to kill them all.

He cupped her tear-stained face in his hands. The strongest bout of emotion had passed, and she reduced to sniffles. “I can’t take you home like this, darlin’. Tell me what to do.”

“I-I just feel vulnerable right now. I don’t know what I want, except I don’t want to be alone.”

“Then you’ll come to our place for the evening.”

Aaron came to life after he spoke. “Bradley’s making stew tonight. Have dinner at our house, and then we’ll bring you home tonight.”

Emily nodded and shifted back to the center of the bench. All Carter wanted to do was make her happy and bring her comfort and peace, but he lacked even that ability. If he wanted to love Emily fairly, he had to give up his past and move on with life. Living life, rather than hiding from it, would be a new concept to get used to. He’d do it for her.

\* \* \* \*

Brad spent the morning clearing part of the Rickshaws' hay field. As he made his passes, Emily's bedroom window stared back at him, dark and tempting. It seemed everything reminded him of her these days. He still felt like a royal asshole for the other night when he'd gone feral on Aaron for trying to snatch her away from him. There had been love for his brother in her eyes, not just lust. He saw that same look when she stared at him. Was it possible to love more than one man at the same time? Could he actually share her?

When he decided to quit for the day, he hopped off his tractor and knocked on Emily's window then on the front door. No answer. She had probably gone to the market with her grandparents. Aaron and Carter were picking up feed for the livestock in town, so maybe they'd see her. He planned to ask them if she was still sore with him for his angry outburst.

That woman corrupted his mind. When he closed his eyes, he only saw and heard her as clearly as the day he'd fucked her against the side of the barn. He'd been walking around with a hard-on ever since. It made sitting in the tractor for long hours excruciating. It was good to head home at the end of the day.

Brad raised a wooden spoon to his lips to taste his stew. The flavor rang rustic and hearty. He added a dash more salt and gave it a stir. That's when he heard the truck pull up out front. He covered the large pot and set it to simmer. After wiping his hands on the dishtowel, he strode to the front door to offer his brothers a hand with the shipment.

Aaron helped Emily out of the truck. She looked stunning in her barely-there clothes that displayed her delicious figure. When he raised his eyes up her body to her face, he noted she'd been crying. Without thinking, he rushed over to her and raised her chin to him with a bent finger.

"What's the matter, Emily?"

"Leave her be. She's still upset," said Carter.



“Upset from what?” He ran his hands from her shoulders down to her fingertips, needing to bend when he continued down to her ankles. Brad wasn’t sure why he felt the need to pat her down for injuries. She brought his protective instincts to new levels.

“I’m not hurt,” she said calmly, tugging him up.

His brothers stood behind her. He couldn’t help himself, leaning in to kiss her on the lips, then each eye. If he could personally erase her pain, he would.

“Oh, Bradley.” She hugged him around the waist and leaned her head against his chest with closed eyes. His two brothers looked to each other before focusing on him. He knew what they felt because the same emotions swirled through his own body, making him unsure if he was coming or going. They wanted to hate each other. Their natural instinct told them to claim Emily for themselves and never share her with another man. But they each loved her enough to realize she loved all three of them. Denying her of any wish was impossible. Besides, he couldn’t hate his own brothers, his flesh and blood. They’d been through too much together. If they only wanted Emily for cheap thrills, he’d have a problem, but for the first time in their lives, he saw love in their eyes. Life sure knew how to throw a curveball.

“I’m sorry about the other night. I was a hot-tempered fool, and you deserve better.”

“It’s not your fault, Brad. It’s mine. Playing the three of you against each other was never my intention. I wish I knew how to fix this.”

“If you choose Aaron over me, I won’t make trouble. Promise. Can’t say I won’t stop loving you, though.”

Emily released her arms from around his body and turned to face his brothers. She looked to each of them in turn, and her eyes began to water. “I can’t. I could never choose from the three of you. Anyone else in the world? Fine. I’d choose my Macintosh cowboys over any other man, but I can’t choose between you. I love each one of you just

as deeply, but uniquely. I'm sorry. Maybe it's better if I just went home and never came back."

"No!" snapped Carter. "Don't go. We'll talk about this later. You've been through enough already today."

"Right. We don't want you going anywhere but into that kitchen. I can smell the stew cooking from out here," said Aaron with a kind grin, love twinkling in his eyes for the one and only Miss Emily.

She took a deep breath. "Okay." Aaron led her inside, but Brad grabbed Carter by the arm and held him back.

"You gonna tell me what happened?" he whispered in a harsh tone.

"John Turner happened. He tried to rape Emily. Fucker! I swear to God, when I get my hands on him..."

Brad kept quiet. He processed the information, rolling it around in his head and absorbing the enormity of what it meant. John was Aaron and Carter's childhood friend. He'd hung out at their ranch too many times to count. In fact, until Emily had shown up, John had gone out drinking with Aaron many a night. He was even more a lost cause than his brother.

John's dad was the wealthiest hog rancher in the state, and sometimes John thought he could get away with just about anything, with his daddy to bail him out of trouble.

Bradley tried to imagine John forcing himself on Emily. She was delicate and petite, pure femininity. He imagined John's hands roughly snatching at her soft, pale skin. She'd so willingly given herself to him the other night. To imagine any male trying to take from her without her consent made him livid. There was never an excuse for a man to force himself on a woman. His father had taught him about respect and dignity from an early age. Being a big man like him and his brothers, he'd never even raised his voice to his mother.

"Don't you worry about John. I think I'd like to deal with him myself."

"Hell no! At the least, we'll visit him together."

“Did he hurt her?”

Carter ran his hand through his hair and sighed. “She’s shaken up, but Aaron broke it off before he could get too far.” He narrowed his eyes and shook his head. “I understand her being spooked, but...”

“She’s acting out of character.”

Brad noticed the same thing Carter had. Emily was a headstrong female that kept her emotions in check. She had a wall built securely around herself and didn’t easily let others in to see her soft side. He imagined John’s attack would have pissed her off more than anything. Her emotional breakdown clued him in to a past filled with hurt. There was a lot more to little Miss Emily than she’d led them to believe.

“Let’s just have a nice dinner and play normal for now. I want to see that girl smile again.”

Carter amended. “You want to see lust in her eyes.” He smirked.

“Beats seeing hurt, don’t it?”

Carter’s smirk dissolved, and he nodded, bringing a heavy arm around Brad’s shoulders. They walked toward the house and the promise of a good meal.

## Chapter Twelve

Emily sat at the old wooden table with the three Macintosh brothers. They all ate in awkward silence. Her sadness had passed, and she really didn't want to dwell on the day's events. She especially didn't want the guys feeling guilty or uncomfortable around her.

They probably wondered why she had cried so hard over some idiot trying to force himself on her. It hadn't been the first time, and it wouldn't be the last.

"I started clearing your grandparents' field today," said Brad, breaking the silence. Breathing felt easier with a sound other than chewing and silverware against porcelain in the room.

"My favorite field. It'll feel naked when you're through."

Silence filled the space.

She examined the three handsome men sitting around the table. Aaron had blond hair and killer sex appeal. Just looking at him made her wet and needy. Carter's broad shoulders were hunched over the table. She examined his full, perfect lips until he peered up at her from under thick, dark lashes, and she looked away. He remained distant, and she wanted to connect with him as she had with his brothers. She daydreamed about fucking him. He had the biggest dick she'd ever seen.

Brad was the oldest. His dark hair was still slightly damp from a shower, but he hadn't shaved. A few days' worth of stubble grew along his jawline and chin. They all had the bluest eyes and that irresistible element that no other men in the world possessed. These cowboys came from her past, consumed her present, and she prayed

they stayed a part of her future because she couldn't imagine one without them now.

Aaron rose from the table first and carried his bowl and glass to the sink. As he maneuvered around the chairs, she noticed the hard bulge in his work jeans. The reality that she sat at a table with three virile men slammed her across the face. They tried to comfort and understand. They fed her, loved her and wanted to protect her. But they were men with needs, needs they knew darn well she could fulfill. Her pussy began to ache, and she twisted uncomfortably in her wooden seat. If she didn't leave that house in a hurry, she'd wind up grabbing the first Macintosh in reach and begging him to fuck her.

She finished her stew, which tasted surprisingly good, nothing overwhelming or masked by spices. She could decipher the unique taste of the potatoes, yams and carrots in the delicious beef gravy. The brothers cooked for themselves, having no woman or mother to care for them. Not being the domestic type herself, she saw their self-sufficiency as a positive attribute. She had no desire to coddle them and play the housewife like all the women in this backward town strived to do. Actually, she didn't know what she wanted from them. She just knew that she wanted them.

"I think I better head back. My grandparents are probably worried about me."

"They shouldn't be home for hours yet, Em." Carter stood, his chair scraping the hardwood, and collected her empty bowl.

"Still. I should go." They didn't need to know how desperate she felt, being trapped in the testosterone-laden home. Erotic energy had her pulse racing. If she chose one over the other, they'd no doubt start fighting again, and she wouldn't have it.

Brad stood now, and their three massive frames surrounding her seemed to swallow her from where she sat. Only an hour ago, she'd been crying her heart out, sex the last thing on her mind. Now her barriers were restored, and her focus shifted to sex and more sex. Could they feel her lust? She would swear they could by the way all

three of them sized her up with hungry looks in their eyes. And not hungry for more stew.

“I’ll drive you home,” offered Brad.

She swore she heard Carter growl in response.

“No. I feel like walking. I’ll cut across the fields.”

Emily needed to get home and collect her thoughts. Being around the brothers made her lose focus, and she wanted to reflect on the day’s events. She had to think about John and the things he had done and said. A choice needed to be made regarding her cowboys. She wouldn’t be a thorn in their family’s side.

In her heart, she knew she’d always crave all three, and that wasn’t fair to anyone. Saying goodbye to all of them seemed the kindest act she could make, but damn if the thought of losing them didn’t make her crazy.

They tried to convince her to get a drive home or stay longer, but she refused all their requests and scampered off into the fields. As she inhaled, the wind filled her with the sweet scent of summer. Tugging on the tips of the alfalfa, she counted the grains in her palm and played her childish love-me-not games. Returning to the city no longer held the same appeal. The country, the simplicity and her Macintosh men were more than enough reason to want to stay. But running away from her problems was what she did best. If she had to choose between Brad, Carter and Aaron, maybe she’d leave without a word and never come back. That was easier said than done, as she was court-ordered to remain for six months.

“Emily!” the masculine voice came breathlessly from behind her.

She turned and watched as Aaron closed the distance between them.

“What are you doing out here?”

“Don’t go.”

She smirked. “I already left. Your brothers know you came after me?”

“I don’t care. I just...”

The sun highlighted his golden blond hair. With his chest heaving and his eyes filled with desire for her, she couldn't turn him away. Didn't want to turn him away. She walked her fingers down his chest until she reached the heavy silver buckle on his belt. Curling her fingers around it, she didn't expect to touch the soft tip of his aroused cock pressed up against his body.

"Emily." His voice turned husky and lustful.

"What am I gonna do with you, Aaron Macintosh?"

"Anything you want, baby."

She slipped her hands under his shirt and smoothed them out over his firmly muscled torso, drowning in the feel of him. Her desire to lick every inch of his body had her drooling and panting, but she bit her lower lip to conceal the need.

"We're in the middle of a field."

"And?"

She smiled and surveyed their surroundings. He yanked her toward him by the waist. Their skin-to-skin contact made her need to have him escalate to sinful levels. With her stomach pressed against his hard cock, he rocked into her. The rhythm mimicked the sex act and had her clenching her empty pussy, imagining him embedded deep in her core.

"Every time I think of you, I get the biggest hard-on."

"Hmmm. Shame to waste it."

Both his hands traveled up her back. He snatched the rim of her little shirt as he stretched her arms above her head and then dropped the shirt to the ground. Smoothing his hands back down her upstretched arms, he took her breast in his mouth as he dropped to his knees. She sighed in relief and satisfaction as he sucked and pulled on her sensitive nipple. Gripping his head, she pulled him firmly against her body, needing him to take things to another level. She wanted him to suck harder, let loose and pummel her body until she forgot the reality tormenting her.

“You’re so soft. You drive me crazy.” He kissed a trail down her flat stomach until he reached her low-cut jean shorts. With a groan, he unbuttoned and pulled down on the material. She only wore barely-there white lace panties. He cupped her ass and buried his face against her mound, inhaling deeply. “You smell sweet, too. I’m dying for a taste of you.”

He teased, gazing up at her with those striking blue eyes and licked his full lips temptingly. How much could a woman take? She pulled back and did a quick dance of discarding her panties.

As he knelt on the ground, she dropped down into his lap in a straddle and invaded him with her mouth in a frenzy of passion. He parted his lips and allowed her lively tongue entrance. His big, warm hands wrapping around her slender body sent a violent rush of heat coursing through her veins all the way to her toes.

“Lose the shirt,” she said after taking a breath. He complied, and she dove back in for more, knocking him backward. She wrestled with his belt, desperate for his cock. Her pussy throbbed and overflowed with moisture in anticipation of a great fuck.

\* \* \* \*

Aaron knew he couldn’t just let Emily walk away from him after dinner. He’d barely made it to the sink with his dick pressing painfully tight in his jeans. Another day dreaming about Emily without having her would kill him. As soon as his brothers were distracted in some local gossip, he took off in the same direction she had taken.

He knew she wouldn’t deny him. There’d been lust burning in her eyes back at the house for all three of them. He didn’t want to think about sharing now, just drowning in her scent.

She kissed him hungrily, sucking and tasting, panting like a woman on the verge of orgasm, and he hadn’t even touched her clit.



He raised his butt in the air, and she desperately undid his belt and yanked the jeans down to his thighs. Before he had a chance to taste her or feel out her curves, she impaled herself over his cock. The resulting bolt of erotic pleasure shocked him almost as much as her brazen sexuality.

“Shit, Emily.” He grabbed her thighs as she began to ride him. The earth scratched his back in an unkind way, but it hurt so fucking good. He closed his eyes briefly and let her have her way with him. Damn, he wanted to be used and abused by this spitfire.

None of his random encounters with women over the years compared to this. He blamed it on the fact that he had feelings for Emily and hadn’t for a single other female. He had once loved his mother and sister, but with them gone, she was all he had, and he planned to treasure her. He knew he’d never tire of Emily. After one night with any other woman, his first thoughts drifted to leaving with a clean break. With Emily, he only wanted to see her again and again. There was still so much to learn about her and so many ways he had yet to pleasure her. She hadn’t even given him a chance to taste that sweet pussy, being so eager for sexual gratification.

Emily had an untamed stamina, ramming her body over his dick, taking every inch of him deep inside with each thrust. Her breasts bounced, and he reached up to still them, enjoying the fullness in his hands. He tweaked her nipples and had the desperate need to kiss her sensual mouth.

Aaron reached around her waist and pulled her down over his body, loving the warm softness of her figure pressing against him. He kissed her with a brutal need, crushing his lips against hers and exploring her mouth with this tongue.

“Sorry, baby, I have to take you now.” He rolled over her without pulling his dick free. Although he didn’t want her to get scraped like he had on the rough ground, his desires pushed out civil thoughts and demanded a quick release. He fucked her hard, pounding her tight pussy with the energy of a man pent up for days thinking about this

very act. It felt so good, the sun warming his back and the wild beauty beneath him.

She moaned, loud and sexy, just the way he liked his women. The quiet, modest types did nothing for him. Emily represented his ideal woman, and in his mind, she was his.

“Aaron, you’re so good,” she whined, twisting and thrusting her hips.

“You want it harder? Tell me.”

“Yes! Harder. Faster.”

He slipped his hands under her hips and rode her harder and pulled her body closer so he could pound into her deeper. She screamed her approval and clawed his already stinging back. He felt her orgasm hit her, and it pulled his own to the surface. Her pussy grabbed his cock in a tight embrace, throbbing and milking as she called out with each wave until the height of her release passed. He pumped the last of his release into her body and reveled in the delicious afterglow.

## **Chapter Thirteen**

Emily never wanted to move again. She stared up into the clear blue expanse above her, enjoying Aaron's male heat beside her. He tucked her in tight against his body, and her sense of safety and completeness threatened to shatter her defenses.

They hadn't used a condom, but she took her birth control pills regularly, so she wasn't worried about an unwanted pregnancy. Brad said he and Aaron had been tested in the last month and came out clean. Carter didn't touch women. Better for her. She loved the feel of riding her men bareback.

"You changed a lot over the years, Aaron."

"Good changes?"

"Very good. I remembered you as a child, but you're very much a man now." She stroked his flaccid penis, instantly bringing some life to it.

"I want to be your man, Emily."

She cringed internally. Belonging to Aaron would make her the happiest woman in the world, but she couldn't forget Brad and Carter. She loved them just as much as Aaron and couldn't dismiss her feelings for them.

"What about all the stories? I hear you have a whole gaggle of women that follow you around." She thought being humorous and playful would dismiss his comment.

"That was then. Now you've walked back into my life, and everything's changed."

“I’m just the new flavor of the week. New things are exciting. I know your type, Aaron Macintosh. You’ll eat me up and spit me out in no time.”

“You’re wrong about me. When it comes to you, I’m nothing like the stories. You could make an honest man of me, Em.”

She sat up and rolled out her shoulders. Having this conversation did not fit her agenda. She’d had enough emotional talk for one day and couldn’t handle any more.

“Time will tell.” She pulled on her clothes as Aaron watched her with his arms folded behind his head in glorious nudity. All that man flesh tempted her all over again. She had to get away from him before she threw herself at him for the second time in the hour. “I’ll see you around.”

Sweet disassociation. She loved that man to no end but couldn’t deal with those feelings. If he wound up leaving her or hurting her, her heart couldn’t bear it. Distancing herself emotionally was the only safety net she had, especially when she had no clue how to deal with the whole Macintosh brother fiasco. She had to think everything through with a clear head.

Back at her grandparents’ ranch, she only had a couple hours before they returned home. She did her chores and prepared dinner herself, which was a feat. Nothing fancy, she boiled one of the many frozen chickens with some salt and onions, then barbequed it out back over the old fire pit. On the stove, she boiled up sweet potatoes and mashed them with butter, and she also cooked some green beans she’d picked when she got home. With her grandparents working hard all day at the market, it was the least she could do.

When they arrived home, exhausted as she’d expected, they were thankful for the prepared meal. They all sat at the small table in the kitchen to eat. She didn’t miss that her grandmother frequently looked across the table at her grandfather. Something subliminal passed between them, and she got a weird feeling in the pit of her stomach, as if something might be wrong and they weren’t telling her.

“Nana?”

“Great dinner, sweetheart. You’ll have us spoiled, and we’ll never let you go.” She smiled almost guiltily, making Emily more suspicious.

“Anything interesting happen at the market today?” She wondered if John had said anything about the attack or about Aaron punching him.

“Actually, yes.”

Her grandfather cleared his throat.

“Sweetheart.” Her grandmother rested her hand over hers. “We’ve been accepted for the state Chili Cook-Off Finals Tour.”

“That’s great, Nana!”

She didn’t look happy. “Normally, it would be.”

“Not now?”

“It would require us to leave town and travel for nearly a month. We can’t just leave you here alone, Emily.”

“I’m not a child. I can take care of myself just fine. Besides, I won’t have you miss this on account of me. You’ve been dreaming of this chance since I can remember.”

“You’re more important than some silly competition.”

Emily shook her head and stood up. “No way. You’re not pulling out, Nana. I’m nearly twenty-two. A woman. As you can see, I can cook, take care of the farm and do anything else that comes up.”

“There’s more to it than just that, darling,” said her grandfather. “We have a responsibility here. You can’t do all the farming yourself. That’s impossible.”

“What if I can get someone to agree to help out here while you’re gone? Would you go then?”

“I suppose.” Her grandmother didn’t look hopeful. “But who would agree to such a thing? We have no money to pay for a farm hand, even if it is for just a month.”

“What about the Macintosh brothers?”

“I’ve already asked too much of Bradley. He made that room of yours for way below the value of the labor.”

“They’re my friends, Grandpa. Surely you’d trust them to watch out for me, and I know for a fact they’d be happy to help out with the farm.”

He shook his head. “I’m not going to bother those boys. They have enough troubles of their own.”

Emily sighed in irritation and returned to her room. She flopped onto her bed and stared up at the ceiling. Imagining her three cowboys playing babysitters for her was an intense turn-on, but her grandfather wouldn’t play. She’d have to do things her way.

\* \* \* \*

The next morning, Carter woke up before dawn and banged on Aaron’s door to wake him up. The door creaked open.

“I’m up,” said Aaron, pulling on his jeans.

“So what happened yesterday? Where’d you disappear to after dinner?” Carter had his suspicions. Where the hell else could he have been, if not with Emily?

“Nowhere. Just out monitoring the fields and all.” He tugged on some thick woolen socks.

“Monitoring the fields? Since when do the crops need your inspection?” He crossed his arms over his chest.

Aaron stood and pushed past Carter to get to his dresser. “Get out.”

“Not until you tell me the truth. You were with Emily, weren’t cha?”

“So what if I was?”

Carter’s first reaction was to throttle his brother, but that wouldn’t help the situation. Emily seemed to bond with each of them in her own way.

“You fuck her?”

“So what if I did?”

Carter slammed his brother against the dresser. He’d always been the calm, controlled brother, but when it came to Emily, he lost his mind completely. “You fuck her?” he repeated, loud enough to get Bradley’s attention in the other room.

“The rooster hasn’t even crowed, and you two are already down each other’s throats?”

Carter pulled back from Aaron and took a deep, cleansing breath.

“Maybe if you didn’t choose this life of celibacy for yourself, you’d have fucked her before me,” said Aaron.

“Why, you little...”

Brad held Carter back as Aaron laughed and goaded just out of reach.

“Knock it off, Aaron. Why play with fire? You know your brother could knock you senseless.” Brad stood between them in just his boxer briefs, hair still wet from a shower. “Now one of you tell me what’s going on.”

“Do you have to ask? Where do you think Aaron was after dinner when we couldn’t find him?”

“I’m assuming with Miss Emily.”

“Damn straight.”

“This isn’t gonna work, boys. We haven’t fought with each other this much since we were kids. She’s making us all crazy, and we’re going to end up pushing her away. Is that what you both want?”

Aaron answered at the same time as Carter. “No.”

“There. Then we have to figure something out then.”

Aaron scoffed. “You ready to give her up? In the name of peace and such?”

A deathly silence blanketed the small room. It became evident that not one of them would willingly give up their stake on the blonde beauty.

“What would mama say if she were here?” asked Brad.

“She ain’t here, so don’t ask!” snapped Aaron.

Carter grabbed the shirt Aaron had dropped on the floor and tossed it at his chest. “She’d say all three of us were some sick fucks and to stay away from that sweet, young girl.” He walked out of the room.

\* \* \* \*

Brad wanted to pull his hair out by the roots. This drama ate away at him a bit each day. He loved his brothers to death. To think that one woman could tear apart everything he’d worked so hard to maintain was surreal. It might have seemed ridiculous, but the truth was, Emily had him just as tightly wound around her finger. Even if only one of his brothers loved her, he still wouldn’t be able to pass her up for the sake of peace. With three of them vying for her, peace didn’t seem obtainable, no matter how they sliced it. Someone would end up getting hurt. He didn’t want that someone to be Emily.

He wanted answers. Needed answers. Despite the early hour, he took off down the dirt road in his truck with the Rickshaw ranch as his destination.

The truck shimmied along the gravel drive, and his heart rate picked up just knowing Emily was near. He cut the engine quickly, and then realized her grandparents’ truck was gone.

Brad walked around the side of the house all stealthy-like and peered into Emily’s window. With the hour and the lights off, he couldn’t see anything inside. She could be gone or cuddled under the blankets asleep for all he knew.

He sauntered to the edge of the field he’d recently cleared. Pulling out a cigarette, he struck a match and lit up. With a deep inhale, his pulse calmed. The sun began to change the sky to a lighter shade of blue. He loved the land and didn’t even mind the early hours because he got to witness some beautiful sights. Taking a coffee break out in the fields as the sun rose gave him much-needed time for personal



reflection. He could use such time now, but with Emily on his mind, it would have to wait.

“Boo!” Emily squeezed his waist from behind.

When he spun around, her smile beamed wide and bright, with the backdrop of the morning sun highlighting her blonde hair. She looked like an angel.

“Don’t do that to a fellow, Emily. You nearly scared the tar out of me.”

“Good. You shouldn’t smoke. Don’t you know it’s bad for your health?” She wiggled in her jeans and knitted cardigan, playing the flirt. The early morning chill was still sharp in the air.

“What are you doing up at this hour?”

“Checking on the chickens, and then I was planning on finding you, actually.”

“Oh?”

She plucked the cigarette right out of his mouth and stomped it under her shoe. He only watched her curiously.

“My grandparents are going on a Chili Cook-off Tour and need someone to take care of me and the farm while they’re gone.”

“How long?”

“Nearly a month. I can do most of the work around here myself, but they won’t go unless they think I have help.” She grabbed his leather belt in both hands and attempted to jerk his solid frame toward her. “What do you say, Bradley Macintosh? Do you think you could handle babysitting me for that long?”

“I don’t know, Emily. You plan on being a good little girl?”

“I can try, but I’ve been known to be naughty. I might need a spanking.”

Fuck. His dick sprang to life. The little vixen had managed to arouse him effortlessly once again. She gazed up at him with those big blue, deceptively innocent eyes.

“I’d like to put you over my knee right now for costing me a perfectly good cigarette.”

She closed her eyes and a slight moan escaped her lips. "Nobody's home, you know."

"I thought as much. The truck's not parked out front."

"They'll be gone most of the day." She bit her lower lip playfully.

"When you look at me like that, all I can think about is kissing you. You should stop before I forget I'm a gentleman."

"Maybe I don't want you to be a gentleman."

He reached out and hooked her around the waist, pulling her against his body. With his free hand, he tilted her chin up so she could see his face.

"What's your game, Emily?"

She narrowed her eyes. "No game."

"Please don't tell me you're trying to play me and my brothers against each other for your amusement. That wouldn't be right, with all I've done to try and keep us together."

Her face twisted into a scowl, and she pushed away with two hands to his chest, but he didn't release his hold around her waist.

"Let me go!"

"Wiggle about all you want, you ain't going anywhere until we talk."

Emily stopped struggling and exhaled. After a minute of silence, she spoke up. "Do you think I like this? Jane was my best friend. I wouldn't do anything to tear apart her family. Never. I can't help the way I feel, though. Each one of you is special to me, and I don't want to lose any of you. At the same time, I have eyes. I can see the friction I'm causing."

"We're just confused. What is it that you want?"

"I. Don't. Know. I just know that imagining a future without you kills me, but I also feel the same way when I think of Aaron or Carter. Maybe the question should be, 'Why do three brothers claim to love some loose little bitch that insists on tearing apart their family?' Don't you think that's more appropriate?"

“I don’t think of you that way, Emily, or I wouldn’t be here. I know for certain Aaron and Carter don’t either.”

“What do you want from me, then? Sex? I can give you sex. Remember? That’s what I’m good at.” She tried to pull away again, breathless from her tirade.

“I never asked you for anything. If you fail to remember, you gave freely. I thank you for that, but it’s not why I’m here.”

“What then?”

He released her only long enough to cup his hands around her face and kiss her lips. With his gaze locked with hers, he spoke. “I love you, Miss Emily.”

She gasped, taking in a mouthful of air. The sharp lines in her face softened like a switch had turned them off.

With her no longer resisting, he moved in to kiss her again, this time with more passion. He licked the seam of her lips, begging for entrance. She remained frozen in place. When he wrapped his arm around her waist and tugged her against him, she appeared to snap out of her reverie and placed her hands on his chest.

“Kiss me back, woman.”

## Chapter Fourteen

No man had ever told her he loved her. She hadn't had a relationship serious enough to warrant such an admission. Ever since that nightmare day when she was seventeen, she had turned into a rebel, one that had become promiscuous in an attempt to gain sexual power over any men she decided to fuck. Love never came into the picture, and she sure as hell didn't look for it. Love equaled vulnerability, and she never wanted to be in that position.

Did she not love her cowboys? More than her own life, which was why she would give them all up, anything to ensure their happiness and stability as a family unit. Hearing those words from Bradley's mouth had felt like a warm fire on a cold night. It had melted the frigid layer encasing her soul. She desperately wanted to believe it and admit her own love out loud. It just seemed so hard to believe that any man could love her for more than sex when that was essentially all she offered. Could the Macintosh brothers sense her love for them even though she hadn't said the words to all of them? Were they smitten and misplacing love for lust?

He awaited her kiss, and the whirlwind of emotion playing within her fueled a passion like no other. She reached up and clung to his neck and kissed him the way he needed. With an open, inviting mouth, she kissed him deep and hard, igniting a burning desire low in her stomach. The sensation sprang to life, growing and creeping through her body into her bloodstream and pooling in her panties.

"Please tell me you don't want me to be a gentleman."

"I already told you, I'd prefer if you weren't. And the house is still empty."

They raced. Emily slammed the door shut behind her after they burst inside and then fell back against it, breathless and horny as hell. Bradley dropped over her, locking her in place with an arm on either side of the door and crashed his mouth against hers. She sucked his tongue and his lips and grew feral as her lust climbed to unbearable levels. Her hands buried deep in his thick, dark hair. He smelled fresh and clean, a subtle hint of masculine cologne and Irish Spring.

With every bit of control she had left, she ducked under his arm and ran to her bedroom. As soon as she crossed the threshold, she lost her sweater and T-shirt and fought to get her shoes off with her heels.

Bradley took measured steps forward and then leaned against the doorframe to study her. His gaze burned into her, heating her body and making her pussy throb uncomfortably. She froze.

“Go on. I like watching you undress.” He folded his arms over his chest.

With her shoes now off, she tugged down her jeans, maintaining eye contact with Brad the entire time. She made a show of slowly wiggling out of her panties and tossing them at him with her foot. Standing buck naked in her little room with Brad’s large frame filling the doorway made her ache in ways she knew he could soothe. His eyes traveled over her nude form, up and down, assessing every detail. His control surprised her.

“Well? Not interested?”

“Oh, I’m very interested. I’m just deciding what to do with you first.”

He scrubbed his hand over the light stubble on his chin thoughtfully.

“How about you get naked, too.”

“No. Not yet. I’m going to enjoy you first. Lie on the bed,” he ordered.

She eagerly complied, desperate for relief from the ache between her legs. Molten, liquid heat built up inside her, the evidence trailing down her inner thigh. He strode the few steps to the bed, where she

lay with her knees bent up and together. The first thing he did was nudge open her legs.

“Spread your legs open, darlin’. I plan to stay down here for a while.” He dropped down to one knee and slipped his hands under her hips, yanking her to the edge of the bed and his waiting mouth. She draped her legs over his shoulders and gripped the bed sheets in anticipation. The moment his hot tongue traced her clit, she called out his name, melting into the bed.

“You like that?” he asked. With mad skills, he sucked her pussy, teased her clit and darted his tongue deeper than she could have imagined possible. She writhed and moaned, but he stilled her with strong hands on her thighs.

“Emily. Answer me, or I’ll stop.” She loved the way he teased her. Loved it and hated it.

“Yes, I like it. Please, don’t stop. I’m so close.”

He lapped at her juices, twirling his tongue in erotic patterns, heating her all the way to her toes. He sucked her clit as if she was the sweetest candy, and he couldn’t get enough. The pressure in her cunt escalated, and she recognized the impending signs of her orgasm. She wished she could stay in that sweet zone of unadulterated pleasure forever. With a firm lick from her ass to her clit, her release tore through her violently.

“Oh, my God,” she screamed.

Brad continued to lick her until she rode out the tremors completely. She panted, trying to regain her breath, thankful for the sexual relief.

“Now that you’re limbered up, we can really have some fun.” He grinned devilishly. With a shrug, he lost his padded plaid jacket and pulled off his shirt. The hunger in his eyes thrilled her but also scared her. He wouldn’t be gentle, but she didn’t like gentle, did she?

“What are you gonna do with me, Brad?” The thought of building a new climax sent thrills sparking through her already stimulated pussy. Staring at his ripped torso didn’t help her condition one bit.

“I want to try something new with you. Something you haven’t shared with my brothers.”

She bit her lip and shuffled back toward the center of the bed as he stalked over her. He stepped out of his cowboy boots and shed his jeans and boxers. His golden body had no extra fat. He was all firm man flesh, and she wanted a taste.

“Like what?”

He dropped over her, supported by his strong arms. Their lips met and he kissed her, gently at first, but the kiss quickly deepened. His hard cock pressed against her thigh and she writhed beneath him, desperate for him to fuck her.

“Roll over.”

She rolled over and climbed to her hands and knees, ready to take a pounding from behind. This she could handle. Sex like it was meant to be, raw and rough. He only flattened her down with a palm to her back. His weight pressed over her and his hot mouth sucked her neck. She could feel the vibration of a growl in his chest, and it made her wet all over again.

His hand reached low, spreading her legs apart against the mattress. He fucked her with his fingers.

“Yes! Like that,” she cried out. He knew exactly where to press and curled his fingers so they hit her G-Spot with each thrust. Her body flood with moisture, ready to take his cock. She began to wonder how long he’d deny himself when she was so ready and willing.

When his slippery fingers dragged from her pussy to her anus, she had an idea where this party was going. He pressed one coated finger deep into her rear opening. She tightened around his digit and grunted at the unusual pressure. Although the act turned her on, she had never taken a cock in her ass, and she was tight as a clenched fist.

“Brad?”

“Shhh. Relax, darlin’.”

“But I never...”

He interrupted. "You've never been fucked up the ass before?"

"No."

"You have no idea how much that turns me on." He trailed kisses up and down her spine, nibbling as he went. His finger remained lodged inside her. He added a second digit.

"Mmmm. You're tight, Emily. Relax, and let me loosen you up."

She tried her best not to focus on her anxiety, but it seemed her nervous energy made her hornier and more desperate to have him inside her.

Emily hissed through her teeth when he pulled his fingers free. He grabbed her hip in one hand and used his other to rub his cock around her drenched pussy. With a single, smooth stroke, he filled her walls, pumping rhythmically. The erotic energy cascaded through her, but it was short-lived.

He lifted himself off the bed and disappeared down the hall toward the kitchen. The sound of him rooting around the cupboards brought out her curiosity.

When he re-entered the bedroom, he dropped back over her.

"Now I'm ready for you, darlin'." He pressed his slippery dick against the tight round opening in her ass. With consistent pressure, he eased in. She cried out when he slipped past her anal ring.

He held himself in place, allowing her time to get used to his size filling her, stretching her.

"Breathe, Emily. Relax." He reached under her stomach, pressed into the sheets and found her clit. The slow circles he drew released a current of heat that made her forget about the pain, and she was eager to take her new experience to the end.

He pushed his rock hard cock deeper. She gritted her teeth and tried to reach backward to grab Brad, but he only snatched both her wrists at the base of her back and held her in place like a criminal. She enjoyed this primal side of Brad. After a lengthy couple minutes, his dick was fully impeded in her rear. She sighed in relief and



wiggled about to stretch herself. He continued to tease her clit, making the ache in her pussy comparable to the one in her ass.

“You’re so fucking tight. You’re gonna make me come fast.”

He started to pump brutally slowly. With the pain gone and her curiosity peaked, she wanted him to take things faster.

“More,” she panted.

“More? You sure about that? I don’t want to hurt you.”

“You’re not. Just give it to me.”

He pumped faster. His balls slapped against her thighs as he drilled her forbidden tunnel. It felt so wrong and naughty. The dirty feelings made her hot and hornier than ever. A new orgasmic buildup began. This one was much more potent.

“Oh my God, Brad. Fuck me harder.”

“Oh, Emily.”

He reached under her with both hands and cupped her breasts, massaging the soft mounds as he fucked her like a machine.

“Hurt me!” she screamed. Her orgasm exploded inside her and felt like it came from everywhere in her core simultaneously. It wreaked havoc on her body. “Brad! Brad!” She felt out of control, consumed by the new sensations assaulting her with erotic authority. In an instant, she felt his hot seed spray inside her.

“Holy shit, Emily.”

## Chapter Fifteen

Monday evening at dinner, Brad told Carter and Aaron about Emily's proposal. She wanted them to offer to babysit her and the Rickshaw farm for a month so her grandparents could attend the State Chili Tour. Carter's first reaction sent a jolt of excitement through his body. He felt like a little boy who'd been told he'd received a new toy. Then reality stifled his joy fast enough. No doubt having Emily underfoot would create enough tension between the brothers that one of them was liable to kill another. Still, the temptation to have Emily close by, under their care, was too hard to resist. He still remembered how her hot mouth had felt as it covered his cock. Originally, he tried to fight her, but once her little tongue got to work, he lost himself completely. His desire to be inside her body, to make love to her like she deserved, plagued his thoughts.

"Will she stay here, or will we just check in on her?" Carter asked Brad.

"I vote for here," said Aaron, brushing the blond mop of hair out of his eyes.

"I'm sure you do. Where do you propose she sleeps?" Carter wouldn't have Aaron using Emily as some sex toy for his own amusement. His room had seen more action than a whorehouse, and Emily was better than that.

He'd share his bed with her, but no doubt his brothers would object, so he'd give it up as an alternative.

"She can have my room," said Brad, clearly thinking on the same lines as him. Before Aaron could retort, he continued. "I'll take the couch."

“Maybe we should let her decide.” Aaron appeared confident, even cocky, that Emily would choose him.

“You think she’d choose you?” Carter stood up, bracing his hands on the table. “That girl has a lot of troubles, Aaron. You know why she’s staying at her grandparents’ house? One of her friends stole a car and ran from the cops with her in it. Apparently she’s been taking a downward spiral for years, and she sure as hell doesn’t need you adding to her troubles.”

“Why would I add to her troubles? If anything, I want to be there for her. Be everything she needs.”

Brad scoffed. “What if everything she needs is all three of us, Aaron? Are you so willing to share with your brothers?”

“Are you?”

Carter didn’t want to hear this argument again. He stomped out of the house and took a seat in the rocker on the front porch. The sun had set, and the evening was peacefully quiet, the wind calm. He took a deep breath and exhaled the majority of his stress.

“Hey.”

Carter turned his head and noticed Brad leaning up against the bricks beside him, lighting up a cigarette. The red tip flared in the darkness, highlighting the sharp lines of his face for a moment before he lowered his hand to his side to speak.

“You know, ever since mom and dad died, I’ve looked out for you two. You’re my brothers, my only family, and nothing means more to me.”

“I know.”

“This stuff with Emily, it’s breaking us apart. I don’t like it.”

“Neither do I, but I can’t help how I feel.”

“Exactly. You feel. The way you’ve acted since the accident, you might as well have died along with them in that truck. Since Emily came back, I’ve seen a spark in you, and I don’t want to be responsible for taking it away.”

“What are you saying, Brad?”

"I'm saying I'll step aside and not pursue Emily if that's what it takes to keep my brother. I love you, Carter. I want to see you alive. God, it's bad enough losing them, I don't want to lose you, too."

"And Aaron? You think he'll step aside as easily?"

"Aaron is Aaron. He'll tire of her like all the others. If she's smart, which I know damn well she is, she'll see that."

Carter rocked slowly, prolonging each groan and creak in the wooden boards. Somehow, being offered Emily on a silver platter didn't taste as pleasant as he would have expected. His brothers loved Emily, too. He couldn't celebrate when it meant they lost. They were his only kin, and their happiness was his happiness, despite how much he wanted Emily as his own.

"What about the babysitting gig? Think we should do it?" asked Carter, feeling no more hostility.

"We can't say no. I can't. Can you?"

"Of course not. Go ahead and let her grandparents know we'll do it. If anything, we're doing a good thing for the Rickshaws. You've tasted her grandma's chili. Damn, she deserves to win that competition." Carter stood up. The only thing he wanted to do now was hit the sack and rest up for a busy day tomorrow. They'd received an order for a hundred bales of hay, and he needed to deliver it by wagon to the other side of town. The collecting, loading and delivering would take him all day.

"I'll pop by tomorrow and speak with them." Brad patted Carter on the shoulder and took his place in the rocker, smoking his cigarette in the moonlight. Carter returned inside the house. Aaron still sat at the table, fiddling with his fork and the remaining sauce on his plate, making patterns, lost in thought.

"You heading to bed?" asked Carter.

He didn't answer.

"Aaron?"

Without looking at him, still staring at his plate, he answered in a hushed tone. "I know you both think I'm a fuck up who doesn't care

about anything or anyone but himself. You're both wrong. I'm serious when it comes to Emily. I'm not just going to walk away."

"Maybe."

"You think I like the way I am? Shit. I hate me. Everything I do is an attempt to find something that can never be found. Jane ain't coming back, and neither is mom or dad."

"I know, Aaron."

"Well, that's what I'm trying to replace, and I can't. I realize that."

"What's Emily got to do with any of this? You think a piece of your past can fix all the damage? You think her love can take away the pain?"

"No. I'm just saying I'm not trying to lie to myself when it comes to her. She's real, and I want her for more than just sex—a lot more."

Carter slapped himself internally. He was a fool if he believed Brad for one minute about Aaron being able to pass up on Emily. None of them could, not even Brad, whether Brad believed it or not.

"I'll see you in the morning." Carter escaped to his bedroom and closed the door tight. After stripping off his clothes and tossing them on the old wooden chair under his window, he fell back into bed. The ancient springs whined and moaned in protest until everything became quiet and still. God, he felt alone.

A tear rolled down the side of his cheek, and he quickly swatted it away with the back of his hand. He didn't deserve to mourn. He didn't deserve to feel sorry for himself. Did he deserve Emily? Probably not.

\* \* \* \*

Emily was helping her grandmother pick the ends off green beans at the kitchen table when there was a knock at the door. Her grandfather was out on errands, so she got up to answer it.

She pulled open the door to find Bradley's masculine frame filling the doorway with the morning sunshine behind him.

"Bradley. Hi." She bit her lower lip. Just seeing him conjured up wicked images and sensations from their last encounter.

"Bradley, come on in," her grandmother said from behind her. "What brings you by?"

"I came to speak with you, actually."

"Oh?"

They followed her grandmother back to the kitchen and took seats at the small table. Bradley joined in snapping beans, but her grandmother swatted his hands for wasting too much, removing more than just the tips. He smiled and sat back in his seat. His masculine presence didn't fit in with her grandmother's floral wallpapered kitchen. Her senses became hyperaware of him, right down to his musky scent.

"I've spoken with Carter and Aaron, and we've all agreed to watch over your place while you're gone."

Her grandmother narrowed her eyes and looked between the two of them. "You two conspiring behind our backs? I told you it was too much to ask of the Macintoshes, Emily."

"No ma'am, it ain't. Matter of fact, we'll be sending out nearly half our head of cattle this week. Our workload will be less, and your farm isn't high maintenance."

"Please, Nana. I'll never stop moping if you miss the tour on account of me. I'm not a child. You have nothing to worry about." She gave Brad a sly sideways look. "I'm sure Bradley and his brothers will take good care of me."

Her grandmother sighed and shook her head, as if to say, 'It's pointless for me to fight when you have your mind set.' "I'll speak to your grandpa when he gets in."

"Thank you, Nana." Emily stood up and kissed her cheek before grabbing Brad's hand and pulling him back to the living room.

"Where you two heading?"

“I’m just going to show Bradley what’ll need to be done out back once you’re gone.”

“Child, you’re impossible,” her grandmother groaned with mock anger in her voice.

## Chapter Sixteen

They walked around to the back of the main barn, through the long unkempt grass and out of sight from the house. Emily slammed Brad's body against the wall and reached up on her tiptoes for a kiss. She wanted to feel passion between them because it threatened to explode from within her if she didn't act.

She sighed and felt a release all the way to her marrow when his mouth covered hers, hot and hungry.

"I miss you all the time, Brad."

He appeared as if he wanted to say something, and his mouth opened, but he swallowed the words. It seemed the lust in his eyes had him forgetting everything else in the world except her. She wasn't complaining.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, pressing the length of her body against him. They lined up, every part of their bodies in contact with each other. His hard cock rubbed deliciously against her.

In the distance, the sound of a truck door slamming forced them apart.

"Your grandpa?" asked Brad, holding her at arms length by the waist.

She shook her head. Her grandfather wasn't supposed to return until dinner hour.

In fact, anyone else could just fuck off, because right now, she wanted Bradley kissing her, touching her and hopefully screwing her before long.

Brad continued to look suspicious and kept his distance. He wouldn't let up until he knew who was visiting the house. She wanted



to be able to distract him, for him to get so lost in his lust that he wouldn't care who was there, or even if someone watched as they fooled around.

She ran her palm up and down over the bulge in his jeans, capturing his full attention.

"Emily," he warned.

She smiled like a fox, feeling devilish. With determined fingers, she began to unbuckle his belt.

"Emily. Please." He held her wrists, but a little too lightly, giving her an open invitation to continue undressing him. She liked his reluctance. It turned her on.

She leaned in and trailed kisses along his neck as she pulled the thick leather free of the buckle.

A kiss at the back of her neck and a second set of hands on her sides had her flashing her eyes open and spinning her body around.

"Aaron! What are you doing here?" she asked breathlessly.

"Came by to finish plowing your grandparents' hayfield. It was supposed to be a surprise for you, Bradley. Didn't expect to find you out here."

As they talked, she realized neither of them had removed their hands from her. Both tall, strong frames pressed her like she was the peanut butter in their sandwich. The sensation felt oddly erotic, to the point that her pussy pulsed to a new beat, a demanding, all-consuming beat that demanded to be sated, and not in the traditional ways. Could they sense what she felt as they had seemed to the other night? They looked at her like hungry wolves, not distracted by each other's presence.

"I'm glad you're both here." She gulped a mouthful of air as electrical currents bolted through her body. "What are you gonna do with me?"

"I know what I wanna do." Aaron kissed the back of her neck again and reached around her waist to cup her mound, making her knees buckle.

She expected Brad to scold his brother and send him away. If anything, she thought there would be a replay of that night in Brad's room. To her surprise, Brad kept quiet, maintaining eye contact with her as his brother continued to feel her and kiss her neck.

As her eyes lolled back in her head from Aaron's assault of her body, Brad crushed his mouth to hers, sending her into oblivion. She wrapped her arms around his neck and dug her hands into his thick, dark hair, kissing back with the same passion. Aaron's hands slid under her shirt and cupped her breasts. His erection pressed firmly into her back, reminding her of the relief only a zipper away.

A moan escaped her mouth as Aaron played with her nipples and nipped at her neck and ears with sensual skill.

"You like that?" asked Brad.

She nodded.

He unzipped her jeans and reached a large, rough hand past the edge of her lace panties. His warm flesh against her ultrasensitive nub made her squeal and her body jolt on its own accord. The combined stimulation to her breasts and clit made her space out, lost to her lust.

"Oh my God. I'm so horny." She pulled at Brad's shirt, desperate to see and feel his man flesh, so firm and muscled. He pulled his hand out of her pants and grabbed the rim of his shirt, pulling it off over his head. Before he had brought his arms back down, Aaron spun her around. He'd already taken off his shirt, and his jeans had mysteriously unbuttoned themselves. The rim of his boxer briefs peeked out at her teasingly.

At the same time as he pulled her against him to move in for a penetrating kiss, he also pushed their bodies against Brad and the barn wall. She wanted to feel Brad's hot flesh against her back, but her shirt blocked the contact. Emily raised her arms, and both men assisted her in losing the offensive material. She inwardly sighed. It felt immeasurably better having the two warm chests pressed to her front and back. Her nipples were tight buds, firing with erotic nerves, begging to be tasted. She arched her back, and Aaron took the bait,

bending over to suckle her bare breasts, hard, making her moan and grip his shoulders.

“Yeah, she likes that. Suck her tits, Aaron.”

From behind, Brad reached around her body and tugged her jeans and panties down over her hips. With a heavy boot, he stomped the Levi’s down to her ankles, leaving the slight summer breeze to tickle the moisture between her legs.

This was her wildest of fantasies. Two men she loved more than anything in the world, enjoying her without fighting or competing. The only missing element: Carter.

Aaron dropped down to his knees, grabbed her hips and yanked her pussy to his waiting mouth. He sucked her throbbing clit and lapped at the accumulating moisture. His mouth was heaven sent and the man knew how to use his tongue.

“Aaron! Brad, help me,” she begged. Her orgasm lay just below the surface, threatening her sanity. So close, but so far when every suck and lick made her crazy and desperate for release.

Brad massaged her breasts, paying attention to her tight nipples, and nuzzled her neck. She dropped her head to the side, allowing him better access.

“Oh my God, I’m coming. Aaron, don’t stop.” She dug her short nails into Aaron’s shoulders, attempting to hold him in place, but he wasn’t going anywhere. He was enjoying himself too much. His eyes were closed, and his face was buried deep in her pussy. Everything felt so wrong and so right at the same time.

The first explosion of orgasm ripped through her without mercy. It flared within her core, sending heat and calming pleasure cascading through her entire body. She cried out, but Brad tilted her head back and covered her mouth with his. He kissed her greedily as Aaron rode out her waves of pleasure, clamped to her cunt.

While she panted and hung loosely in the two men’s arms, they began to converse amongst themselves.

“Please tell me you have your shit in your truck,” said Brad.

“See, I told you it’d come in handy. You’re such a hater, Brad.”

“Just run and get it.” Aaron took off, tugging up his jeans, and Brad called after him. “Don’t let Mrs. Rickshaw see you with your shirt off.”

Emily turned around and rested her head on Brad’s chest, caressing his arm affectionately. “What’s he getting?”

“Lube.”

She jerked her head upright and met his eyes. “Lube? For what?”

“We both want you, Emily. There’s only one way for us both to have you at the same time.”

Her heartbeat picked up, and her mouth felt dry. With her recent orgasm passed, her pussy clamped tight and pulsed as it began a fresh climb to a new release. How had the brothers decided to share her within minutes, without a word?

“Both of you? Lube?” She pictured what he had planned in her head. It made her hornier than a cat in heat, and she wished Aaron would hurry up. “You’re going to fuck me at the same time?”

“I’m going to fuck that pussy, and Aaron’s going to come in from behind and drive his cock up your ass.”

His dirty talk nearly had her gagging with need. At this point, she would have let them do anything to her body. She was that ready.

“Kiss me.” She pulled his head closer and parted his lips with her tongue. His full lips, masculine scent and warm hands around her back thrilled her and fueled her need for sex.

She heard Aaron’s heavy footfalls jog around the barn.

“Got everything,” he announced triumphantly, holding up a small white tube and a long string of condoms.

Brad whispered close to her ear. “The lube will make it easier.”

“Hurry, Aaron. I need you both. Now.”

Both men hurried and released their cocks from their boxers. She stood to the side and watched them as they rolled condoms over their thick dicks.

“Not you, Brad. Leave it off. I want to feel your skin rubbing me bareback.”

They were both hers, and she planned to enjoy every second that they filled her.

“Ready,” said Aaron first. He had lathered his dick with lubricant and dropped the container to the grass by his feet. “Brad?”

“Help me. Lift her from behind.”

Aaron hooked her under the armpits from behind and effortlessly lifted her off the ground. She felt so small at their mercy and loved every second of it, trusting them completely.

“Wrap your legs around me,” said Brad, pulling her close. She complied, winding herself tightly around his body and holding on around his neck.

He reached low with one hand between them and grabbed the base of his shaft, then rooted around, seeking her moist core. She wiggled in, desperate for him to fill her, stretch her.

“Gotcha,” he said with a smirk before ramming home. She cried out and cussed at the enormity of pleasure that shot through her when every inch of his cock crammed into her.

“It feels so good, Brad. I want more.”

“I’m gonna give you more, baby.” She felt the cool lube against her ass and she tensed briefly, clamping down around Brad’s dick, making him moan.

“Fuck, Aaron, she’s perfect. Wait ‘til you get a feel of her ass.”

Aaron pressed forward, stretching her anal ring with each push.

“Don’t tense, Emily. My dick’s big, and your little ass is fucking tight.” Aaron moaned and hissed through his teeth as he inched his way in, careful not to hurt her.

After a minute of prolonged agony, both men were fully imbedded inside her body at the same time. They filled her to capacity. It couldn’t have been more perfect. The full feeling brought her orgasm to the brink. She wanted sex like this every time. Nothing else compared to being double-fucked by two men you loved. All three of

them were one. The brothers shared her, pumped into her with an eager rhythm, giving and receiving pleasure with zero hostility.

They took turns holding her weight so the other could screw her hard and pump roughly into her, making her moan and beg. Other times, they managed to thrust into her together. Having both slippery dicks moving, colliding inside of her simultaneously between the thin walls of skin, built up the most potent orgasm yet. When she felt it peak, it even scared her. This would be intense, and she both feared it and anticipated it more than anything.

She prodded Brad with her heels when it began because she was unable to speak. Her world spun into a black void, and colors began to swirl around behind her eyelids as her orgasm detonated within her. Violent waves lashed out, all the way to her limbs. She couldn't help but scream in sporadic bursts with each erotic wave that assaulted her. Her pussy and ass clamped down hard on the two dicks, milking them of everything they had. One after the other, the brothers reached their own orgasms and then lowered her to her feet.

She dropped weakly against Brad who rested against the side of the barn, zipping up his pants.

"That was wicked, Emily. Never thought I'd be able to share you, but damn," said Aaron.

Brad nodded. He didn't say anything, but Emily knew he thought the same thing as both her and Aaron. It could work after all.

## **Chapter Seventeen**

The eighteen-wheeler picked up speed and dust as it distanced from the Macintosh ranch. Carter was glad to see the shipment of cattle gone. Things on the ranch had been hectic and tiring lately, and because they refused to waste their money on farm hands, that meant doing everything themselves. They got a good price for the cattle, and seeing as how they had so many hay reserves, the animals had their fill. Unfortunately, the healthy supply of alfalfa meant lower prices at market for their bumper crop. Things had a way of balancing themselves out so the brothers neither prospered nor starved. If only they had enough money to increase their now downsized herd, but money was scarce.

Nearly a week had passed since Emily's grandparents had left for the chili tour. She stayed at her own ranch, and they only checked in on her when one of them came by to do work. The extra workload came at a bad time, but he never heard a complaint from Aaron or Brad when it was their turn to head over to Emily's.

Today it was Carter's turn to pop in and check up on her. He had some fresh produce to drop off for her, too.

"Emily?" he called out as he walked toward the house. She rarely sat in the house, but usually wandered around the ranch, checking on the animals or daydreaming in the fields. Although she was now very much a woman, she hadn't changed all that much in the ten years since leaving. She possessed a sweet, innocent quality to her that drew him to her. Emily was both independent and strong, but also childish and vulnerable. She brought out all his protective instincts, along with a killer hard-on whenever he glanced at her.

“Emily?”

She came racing from around the back of the house, a basket tucked under her arm. As she neared, she dropped her load and leapt into his waiting arms. She snagged her legs around his body, and he spun her around, pulled into her enthusiasm.

“Why the warm welcome?”

“You never come by, Carter. I miss you.”

He set her on the ground and brushed her hair behind her ears. She looked up at him with wide blue eyes and he instantly became putty in her hands. What kind of spell did that one woman have on him?

“I’ve been busy. Actually, I just stopped by to check on things, and I have to be off again.”

She pouted, and her shoulders dropped like a sulking child’s. “But you just got here. I want to spend time with you, Carter.” She grabbed handfuls of his T-shirt and pulled herself against him. “I’m lonely.”

He worried that Emily would be lonely once her grandparents left for the tour. Apparently, he’d been right to worry. His first reaction was to whisk her away to their ranch, but the possibilities of creating friction between him and his brothers kept him from acting. The thought of Aaron flirting with her, regardless of what they’d shared in private, made his blood burn.

“You want to tag along on my next call?”

“Where you heading?”

“The Springer ranch. I’m dropping off ten bales before I head back to the ranch.”

“It’ll beat staying here alone.”

\* \* \* \*

The Springer ranch wasn’t too far off. Emily had nervous energy running through her veins at the prospect of meeting Ruth and Regan. They were notorious for being the town tramps. Agreeing to join



Carter on the trip to their place was easy. She wanted to guard her man from the wolves.

“So, you go to the Springers’ often?” she asked, trying to gauge if there was any relationship between Carter and one of the girls. She knew Aaron had a past with them and wasn’t sure about Carter.

“Not too often. Sometimes I have to bring back their dogs or pick up and drop off supplies.”

“Nothing social?”

He scoffed. “With the Springers? No. They’re not the social type. Pretty much everything is the devil to them. They don’t even have a telephone.”

She wanted to ask about Ruth and Regan but didn’t want to appear desperate or clingy, and so she kept her mouth shut. She’d have reason enough to mention them once they hit the Springer farm.

They drove down the long, narrow drive shaded with overgrown oaks. The property itself was breathtaking. The house was a piece of shit.

As Carter reached for the truck door to exit, she grabbed his forearm. When he turned, she planted a gentle kiss on his lips, smiled and exited out her own door.

She made sure to keep close to him. Her plan was to show possession and ownership over Carter so she wouldn’t have problems with the Springer girls. They walked toward the house side by side, bumping hips occasionally.

“What was that for?” he asked, referring to her kiss.

“Because I love you.”

“Don’t say that, Emily. You don’t mean it.”

She stopped, planted her hands on her hips and scowled. Saying she loved someone didn’t come easily, and she didn’t appreciate being told what she felt. The only people she’d ever said those words to were the brothers who held her heart. Most days, she already felt like a freak for loving three men equally.

“You have no clue what’s in my head or my heart, Carter Macintosh. If you don’t want my love, just say so.”

Before he could reply, two girls dashed out of the house and didn’t stop until they were right in front of Emily and Carter.

“The keys in your daddy’s forklift? I need to unload this hay.”

The blonde in the ponytail leaned over and whispered to her sister, and they both sported sly smiles. Emily already hated them.

“Come with me, Carter, and I’ll show you where they are.” Carter followed the girl. His broad shoulders nearly hid the girl from view. Forgetting the sister still standing beside her, Emily couldn’t help but rake her eyes up and down his fit body. He had an ass to die for.

As soon as she took a step to follow, the girl beside her grabbed her arm.

“My name’s Regan. You’re Emily Rickshaw, right? I heard about you from my mom. You’re staying at your grandparents’ place.”

“Yeah.” She jerked her arm away, but Regan held fast.

“Can I talk to you for a minute?” The girl fidgeted and continually darted her eyes to the barn Carter and Ruth entered. Regan was their distraction. Fuck.

“I need Carter. He’s showing me the ropes.”

“They’ll be back in a few minutes. Want some iced tea?”

Regan’s breathing was even picking up as Emily persisted in getting to the barn. Enough was enough.

“Maybe later.” She jerked her arm hard, and when Regan had the nerve to continue to hold her, she spoke up. “Do you mind?”

“Listen. Ruth just wants a few minutes alone with Carter. She rarely gets time with him these days.”

“Alone time? You do know that Carter is my boyfriend, don’t you?” She didn’t know where the words had come from, they just blurted out on their own accord. They felt right. She considered all three Macintoshes hers forever, and she didn’t want to share. Just imagining Ruth’s filthy little paws on Carter turned her lethal.

Regan dropped her arm and stared blankly at Emily. She saw something pass over Regan's eyes. Horror. The sisters had no inkling something romantic existed between her and Carter.

Emily stalked down the incline to the barn. Her face felt flush with anger. She heard Regan's frantic footsteps chase behind her. Maybe she and Carter didn't have a traditional relationship. Hell, they hadn't even slept together, but she had given him the best blowjob. He would have to admit that.

Her senses rose to new heights as she listened for anything out of the ordinary. More specifically, moans and groans consistent with making out or fucking. Her days of peeping on Carter and his hot dates when she was a kid came rushing back into her mind. She didn't want to feel like an outsider looking in on everything she wanted. As a woman, she took what she wanted, and that included Carter. There wasn't a doubt in her mind she could rock his world a lot harder than Ruth could.

She entered the dim interior of the barn. Stalls lined each side, and the center was littered with a scattering of hay. No sign of them. Then she noted Carter's head looming over one of the stalls, thanks to his uncommon height. She made a beeline to the stall, trying to be as stealthy as possible. Peering around the corner, she watched Ruth hard at work. She had Carter's back pressed against the wall, and she leaned into him. Emily recognized a flirt when she saw one because she had been one of the biggest herself the past few years. The mere idea Ruth saw Carter as her new target made Emily mad, jealous and vengeful, everything debased she could think of.

She cleared her throat, and Ruth's head whipped around. A few seconds later, Regan caught up, breathless, and stood beside her at the entrance to the stall.

"Sorry," Regan told her sister.

"Did you find the keys for the forklift, Carter? In the back of this stall?"

“Guess we got a little sidetracked.” Ruth giggled. One hand still rested on Carter’s chest. Heat built up inside Emily. She seethed and fumed within but also felt hurt. If Carter wanted Ruth, it wasn’t her place to stop him. She might want all three brothers, but that was greedy, wasn’t it?

No words came to mind, and because Carter just stood there with a dumb look on his face, she bolted. She ran out of the barn and up the incline to the driveway. Carter’s voice boomed in the distance, calling her name. She didn’t stop and didn’t look back.

She just had to get away from the situation. Emotions were her nemesis. One unlocked another, then another until she was a mess, caught between the past and the present. Emily passed the pickup truck and ran down the winding drive under the shelter of the oaks. Part of her wanted Carter to chase her and feel guilty for his actions, but another part just wanted to disappear, and that’s what she did, slipping into the woodlands across the road.

## Chapter Eighteen

Carter looked for Emily for by foot for twenty minutes, but she must have fled into the forest, not wanting to be found. He kicked the gravel roadway as he returned to the Springer ranch. Heat rode up the back of his neck, and his breathing came quick and steady to match his anger. Ruth had gone too far this time. He made it clear on more than one occasion that he no longer wanted her for hookups. Today, when she started sidling up to him in the barn, he had made it very clear that there was only one woman for him in his life. He should have made it clearer who that woman was. But with Ruth, it might not have made a difference.

Carter felt impotent and strung tight, wondering where Emily was, and what she thought of the scene in the barn. Nothing had happened. Ruth had kept pushing, but he never took the bait. Emily had jumped to conclusions, and his only mission was to find the headstrong blonde and explain everything to her.

“Why’d she run off like that?” asked Ruth. Carter dragged his feet and parked himself on the tailgate of his truck.

“She’s his girlfriend. I tried to warn you, but she took off fast,” said Regan.

Carter narrowed his eyes in suspicion. “I never told you she was my girlfriend.”

“Emily told me.” Regan made a long, drawn-out whistle. “She looked pissed. I saw the devil in her eyes. Good thing she didn’t have a rifle, or you would be short a set of balls.”

“You’re dating Emily Rickshaw? Seriously?” Ruth crossed her arms over her chest and waited for an answer, tapping her foot with an impatient beat.

What could he say? He wouldn’t deny what Emily had said. Hell, knowing she said it made him prouder than a new papa. The little vixen was jealous and had claimed him as her own. He really needed to find her, which meant getting the hay unloaded as fast as humanly possible and back out on the road.

“Yes. We’re dating. Don’t be sniffing around me or my brothers anymore, or I may have to tell your daddy what you’ve been up to lately.”

The threat shut Ruth up. Those girls feared their father something terrible.

“Your brothers are out of bounds now, too?” asked Regan. “I might just want to sniff around one of them, yet.” She fooled around with Aaron on a regular basis, and the question begged an answer. The situation between him, his brothers and Emily was unique. He couldn’t explain it to anyone without sounding like some sexual deviant. The fact remained Emily loved them all, and even though he wanted her for himself, he wouldn’t see her hurt watching one of the Springer girls chase his brothers.

“We’re all off the market. That’s all you need to know.”

\* \* \* \*

After traipsing through the forest for upwards of an hour, Emily wished she had handled the situation differently back on the Springer ranch. They weren’t kissing, and Carter didn’t have his hands on Ruth. She might be overreacting. Ruth was a cheap slut. Emily couldn’t very well blame Carter if she’d forced herself on him. As long as he didn’t reciprocate her advances, which Emily hadn’t seen, he could not be blamed. The scene had just brought up old memories and fired an irrational jealousy she couldn’t deny.

The forest was cool, and the canopy above blocked out most of the sun. She rubbed her arms to create friction and erase the goose bumps dimpling on her skin. The Macintosh ranch would show up any minute now, she hoped. Her legs ached, and she just wanted to end the drama and forget the day ever happened.

Carter's truck rumbled up the road for the fifth time. She was close to the tree line now and moved even closer so he could spot her. She planned to apologize for acting like a child and would try to lock her feelings for him up safely where they couldn't cause trouble.

The truck screeched to a halt after it had passed her on the roadway. She wore a hot pink T-shirt, so she was difficult to miss amongst the spectrum of greens and browns. He slammed the truck door shut and rushed over to her. With a firm grab of the arm, he assessed her in silence, and then pulled her against him in a tight hug.

"I'm sorry, Emily." He took a deep breath. "What were you thinking, running off like that? You worried me sick. I was just about to head home and get castrated by my brothers for losing you."

"It was a mistake. All of it. I'm sorry, Carter. You're not mine to claim. I just couldn't help myself at the time."

"You can claim me any day you want, darlin." He stroked her cheek with the backs of his fingers. "I'm only upset because I didn't want you thinking something that wasn't true. I have no eyes for Ruth or Regan. Only for you."

Emily couldn't help but smile at the big cowboy. "That's good to hear."

"So you forgive me?"

"Only if you forgive me for acting so foolish."

"Oh, I forgive you. I like my women feisty anyhow." He led her to the passenger side of the truck and held the door open for her.

The truck traveled along the road, dust billowing up around them. As they approached the Macintosh ranch, Carter showed no signs of slowing down the truck. "Where you going?"

"Taking you home."

She touched his arm. "Can't I come to your place? It's lonely at home with my grandparents gone."

He opened his mouth as if to protest, but closed it. "Sure."

Hitting the brakes, he spun into their lot. "The other truck's gone," she noted. This probably meant they had some alone time.

"Nobody's home. They'll be back by dinner."

Carter looked tense as they walked toward the house together. She knew he denied himself sexual pleasure and kept himself closed in. He was her challenge. One way or another, she would get through to him. Aaron and Bradley had already accepted their unorthodox relationship, but it wouldn't be complete without Carter.

"Good." She hoped he would play that word in his head and wonder what it meant. Good they'd be back by dinner, or good they were not home? He would know soon enough what she meant. It felt foreign being the one to seduce a man. She usually had to fight off the advances, not initiate them. If Carter loved her the way he claimed, no way could he resist her forever.

"You want something to drink?" He pointed to the corner cabinet displaying a few liquor bottles as they entered the bright country kitchen.

"I don't drink." Even in her rebellious years and the times she desperately wanted to go numb to kill the memories of her rape, she never touched alcohol. It reminded her of her attacker's breath. He reeked of booze, and just a sniff of it made her nerves fire up and old memories bubble to the surface.

"Coke?"

"Sure."

Carter returned from the refrigerator, wrapped his strong arms around her waist from behind, and he kissed the side of her neck.

Emily stood looking out the window to where the three simple gravestones stared back, a constant reminder. "I miss them. It's weird knowing they're never coming back," she said.



“It’s like a constant dress rehearsal without the main actors, and we never get it right. Aaron especially hates playing family.”

“But you are a family. Your folks wouldn’t want you to break apart like this.”

Carter spun her around with gentle care and cupped her face. He bent down and kissed her lips with a whisper-light brush.

“Emily. Emily Rickshaw. We remember you in the same way we do our family. Those carefree days of love and youth, of comfort and family. Having you back has softened all of our hearts. Even Aaron looks to the future with hope now. Can you tell me how one tiny blonde can manage that?”

“Oh, Carter. Is it wrong for me to love all of you? Please tell me. I’m lost and confused and don’t know what I should or shouldn’t feel anymore.”

“You can’t control what you feel. As for being wrong, I think all three of us are hard fast in love with you, Emily. If that’s wrong, then I don’t want to be right.”

She needed Carter, needed him to make love to her slow and sweet. Their connection was undeniable. She loved him, not with a fevered passion, but a soul-deep bond unique to them both.

“Show me your bedroom, Carter.”

He tensed briefly, but once their eyes met, his shoulders relaxed.

“How can something feel so wrong and so right at the same time?” he asked.

“There’s nothing wrong about a man and woman showing how much they love each other.”

“Well, if you put it that way.” Carter scooped her up, making her squeal, and carried her up the long flight of wooden steps to the second level. She held on to him tight. Carter had folded. He would finally connect with her on the most intimate plane. Giving him head was one thing. Having him fill her body with his beautiful, big cock was exactly what she craved.

He kicked open his bedroom door and lowered her onto his noisy mattress.

“I might forget how to do this,” he teased.

“I’ll teach you.”

Carter pulled his T-shirt over his head. He had a body to die for, all ripped and firm and too tempting not to feast on. She sat up on the edge of the bed and pulled him closer by grabbing his belt. Her kisses started just below his belly button, and she worked her way up, climbing to her knees as she went. When she reached his neck, he ducked down to steal her mouth. He kissed her with thoroughness, and his tongue caressed and explored along with hers. She needed him with urgency. Her pussy pulsed in deep waves, making breathing steady difficult.

“Are you gonna get naked for me, darlin’? Imagining what you look like under those clothes just ain’t cutting it for me.”

Emily eagerly plucked off her shirt, anxious to offer her body to Carter. He’d gone too long without having his release inside a woman, feeling a woman, tasting a woman. She wanted to give him every experience so he’d never want to turn back.

He growled and wrestled her to her back and captured her breast in his mouth. Carter moaned deep in his chest as he sucked deep, igniting a fire all the way to her cunt. She arched into him, rubbing her mound against his body, desperate to be felt, to be fucked.

“You’re a wild one,” he muttered as he switched breasts.

She slid her hands inside his jeans, reaching for his ass. “Touch me, Carter.”

Propping himself on one elbow, he lowered one hand and unfastened her Levi’s. His breath came out in a shudder, not unlike her own, when his rough hand dipped inside her panties. “You’re so perfect, so soft.” As his fingers probed deeper, he found her swollen clit and gently teased it in slow circles. “You’re wet for me, too.”

\* \* \* \*

Carter allowed his body to feel and absorb the pleasure created by the woman under him. He didn't hold back or punish himself. Not tonight. Tonight he would make Emily his, just as his brothers had, and there would be no going back. Once he became vulnerable enough to join her on such an intimate level, he would be her slave forever.

Emily was a siren. Everything about her screamed sex, and he doubted any male could refuse her. Her eyes barely focused on him, glazed over in lust, and her pussy felt moist and silky. He knelt over her and yanked off her jeans, tossing them on the floor. Her legs came down on either side of his thighs.

Her blonde hair spread out over his navy comforter, and her body lay gloriously naked before him. He didn't know where to start. He wanted to drown himself in her scent and the soft feel of her skin. Prying her legs open gently, she didn't tense but went along willingly. He examined her pussy, so tight and pink. Beautiful, he thought. Her anus was a tiny pucker, and he fantasized about shoving his cock into that forbidden domain.

When he used to be sexually active, he'd had a wicked fetish for ass fucking, and he knew that one day, he'd have to have Emily in the same way. Tonight he would take things as gently as possible and make love to her in the traditional sense.

"You like what you see?" she asked.

He ran his fingertips along the insides of her legs, inching his way closer to her tempting pussy. Her body trembled under his touch. As he neared her sensitive center, she turned rigid and grabbed the comforter in both fists. He studied her face. She alternatively swallowed hard and panted with swollen lips. Her eyes were glassy and hooded.

"Your body's so responsive. You look good enough to eat." He caressed the smooth lines of her pussy lips without touching her clit.

"Mmmm. Do you plan on taking a taste, Carter?"

“Are you offering?”

She smirked, stretching her legs open wider and grabbing her knees. “Come and get me, cowboy. I’m so hot and wet. You need to do something with me quick.”

“Something, huh? Tell me what you want.” He wasn’t so sure where to start himself. His cock cried out to join in the party, but he also wanted to bury his face in her sweet little cunt. Decisions, decisions. “You want me to suck you off or fuck you proper?”

“Do I have to choose?” She bit her lip playfully. He didn’t need her to say another word, and he didn’t plan to answer her. Rather, he dropped down to his knees at the side of the bed and pulled her right up against his face. Her legs draped weakly over each of his shoulders.

“I haven’t had pussy in years, Emily.”

“Then enjoy yourself, big boy. I want to feel your tongue fucking me.”

He couldn’t help but growl. The girl had the dirtiest mouth he’d ever heard, but it made him hornier than a stud horse. “I’m gonna make you scream.” He pressed his mouth over her clit and sucked hard enough to make her gasp and knot her hands into his hair. With skills that came back to him in a rush, he sucked and lapped her pussy and flicked his tongue across her clit until she arched and whined like a wild woman.

“No more,” she cried.

“You asked for it, you’re getting’ it, darlin.” He curved his arms under her thighs to lock her in place and dove back into her sweet nectar. His mind drifted, absorbing her scent and the soft delicious texture of her folds. He could feel the demanding pulse from her core and knew she was close. She cried his name between desperate pants, which spurred him on. Every time he hit a spot that drove her especially wild, he ruthlessly toyed with her.

Emily. It was Emily that writhed beneath him. He couldn’t forget that. He’d had countless nameless faces in his bed over the years. His

first fuck had been at the tender age of thirteen. Nothing compared to this. Making love to a woman you cared about more than yourself was incomparable. He'd trade all those lusty memories for this one encounter. Emily was all he ever wanted, all he ever would want from this day onward.

## Chapter Nineteen

A powerful orgasm pounded mercilessly through her body, sending heat and a delicious invasion to all her extremities. Carter held her still, despite her frantic bucking until the tremors eased. The man knew what he was doing, and she stared at him in awe as he rose and climbed over her body.

She undid his thick leather belt as he hovered over her. Just the heat of his body radiating down on her began the climb to a new orgasm. This time she wanted him inside of her, bonding them and fulfilling the fantasy she'd held for too many years.

"I forgot how big you were," she said on the tail end of a gasp. When she pulled his dick free of his pants, she couldn't believe what she held. Glancing down and gripping his shaft made her tremble with need and a bit of apprehension. She wanted that perfect cock fucking her, but she'd never had one so big. Her fingers couldn't reach around the width, and it pressed up to his belly button once she released it.

Carter kicked off his pants and dropped down on her, supporting his weight on a knee and an elbow. He looked into her eyes with such adoration it nearly brought tears to her eyes. How could he want her? She didn't feel deserving of such love and affection, but she wanted it fiercely. She knew in her heart Carter was her biggest challenge. His pain filtered deep, and his natural inclination to be a jealous male kept creating sparks when his brothers became involved.

"I love you, Emily. Always."

How had things come to this? She felt like the luckiest girl alive. When she was a kid, she wanted Carter to like her, but he paid her no

mind. After years of absence, he seemed to fall in love with her over night. All the brothers had. She hoped they weren't using her to replace the losses in their lives.

"Carter, I love you, too."

He kissed her once on the lips and then pushed himself to stand. She watched as his tight ass disappeared out the door. A minute later he reappeared with a few things in his hands, which he spilled onto the mattress.

"What's this?"

"I raided Aaron's bedroom."

She fingered through the items he'd brought: lube, condoms and a dildo. Emily picked up the silicone penis and raised her eyebrow at Carter. "You think I'll need this?" She scoffed. "You're twice this size naturally." With a little toss, she landed the toy on the night side table.

"Thought you might want some lube, seeing as you think I'm so big." He grinned like the Cheshire cat. Stupid male egos. His brothers might not have been quite as big, but they sure knew how to use what they had. Besides, Aaron and Brad were still bigger than any men she'd had sex with. Carter was just in a league of his own.

"I don't want lube or condoms." She teased him, spreading her legs and playing with her clit as he stood beside the bed. "I'm wet, and I want to feel you filling me."

"It would help."

"I want you to hurt me with that big dick, Carter. Hurt me good." She dropped her head back. Desire swept through her. Thinking about him filling her and stretching her like never before got her excited and needy.

"Careful what you wish for. You've got me wound so tight, I'm liable to break a little thing like you."

"Mmmm. Don't tease me. Give it to me." She reached out for his dick, and he stepped forward in response. Grapping his erection in her fist, she pulled him closer.

Carter bent down and nipped at her nipple before covering it with his hot mouth. She groaned and braced his shoulders, massaging the firm muscles.

“You have perfect tits, Emily.” He cupped both in his hands, rubbing his face along her cleavage.

She tugged him up, tired of playing and dying for a sample of his hard cock.

Climbing back over her, he positioned himself between her legs.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and couldn’t help but wonder if she should have taken up his offer on the lube. He twirled his mushroom head around her entrance, preparing his cock with her natural moisture. Would it be enough?

He pressed his man flesh firmly into her pussy. It only made it an inch or so inside before he couldn’t go further. Her heart rate picked up, turning into a frantic rhythm. She wanted all of him embedded deep.

“More, Carter!”

“I can’t. You’re too tight. We need the lube, at least for the first time.” The first time? Did that mean there would be more times? She sighed inwardly.

“No lube. I can take you. I know I can. Just fuck me, Carter. I’m so horny, there’s no way you can hurt me.”

He leaned up grabbed an ankle in each hand, spreading her legs straight and wide. “There, darlin’. You put it in yourself.”

She caressed his silky cock, tempted for a taste. Straining forward, she positioned him, and then opened her folds wide. She nodded for him to proceed, and he rammed home. She called out his name and dropped flat to her back. Carter followed, covering her with his nude frame, already beginning to thrust. She could feel his power, the impossible firmness of his dick, and the strain in all his muscles. He needed to fuck her hard. He needed a proper release after years of just jerking off. He also needed permission.



“Fuck me, Carter. Go! Just fuck me.” His cock filled her to capacity, making a violent orgasm imminent. He continued to thrust with a guarded passion. She knew then that his declaration of love had to have been true. No other man would have spared her, being as coiled up as Carter was. Her respect for him grew, but also her lust.

She pushed back his left shoulder, forcing him to roll over. Without allowing his cock to escape, she straddled his body and took control.

“Grab the headboard, Carter. You’re in for a wild ride.” She twisted and turned, rose up to the bulbous tip and slammed home over and over and over. “Yee-haw, cowboy!”

“Oh shit, Emily. I’m so close to coming now.” He closed his eyes. The rise and fall of his chest increased, and his body glistened with sweat.

As he reached his climax, he pulled her body down against him and bucked into her with power. The tingles began firing everywhere in her body, signaling that her orgasm was coming any moment. When the moment of perfection passed, the deep pulsing of her womb and pussy rocked her body. She leaned over and grabbed the headboard, feeling out of control and desperate for a lifeline to hang on to.

\* \* \* \*

Brad arrived home alone just before dinner hour. Aaron had stayed behind in town with his friends and planned to get a ride home with Grant. Brad hoped he hadn’t got into too much trouble. It had been several weeks since Aaron had screwed up or come home fall-over-drunk.

It appeared Carter had made his deliveries. The other pickup truck was empty. He did note the cattle were in the wrong paddock. That was something Carter was supposed to have handled before nightfall. So now he had to work all day in town and come home to do his

brother's chores? He slammed the truck door shut and stomped toward the house, feeling his breast pocket for his pack of cigarettes. The first thing he saw on entering the kitchen was Emily standing over the stove, stirring something in the large aluminum stock pot. No sign of Carter.

"Emily?"

She spun around. "Brad! You're home." She looked like an angel with her blonde hair swirling around her shoulders when she turned. Her smile beamed, and he'd never felt more welcome coming home than he did at that moment. Now he knew how his happily married friends felt when they came home to a wife they loved. He wished this day could replay until the day he died.

"Whatcha doing here?" He tossed his keys on the kitchen table, and they skittered across the wooden surface.

Emily scowled and held out the wooden spoon she used to cook with.

"You're not very welcoming, Bradley Macintosh. Come take a taste."

He joined her at the stove and rested a hand on her side, leaning down to taste the stew. Only now did he notice that she wore one of Carter's T-shirts, which reached her mid-thigh, and nothing else. He wondered if Carter had taken him up on his offer and claimed Emily as his own. Since Brad had been the one to suggest the union, he couldn't protest. He supposed he never suspected Carter would actually go for it and secretly wished he wouldn't. At the same time, he did. His mind was a mess. Wanting happiness for his brothers came at a high price. When Emily stood in front of him, sweet and delicate, nothing else mattered except the two of them, and his concern for his kin fizzled away.

"Where's Carter?"

She shrugged. "Probably still in the shower. Well?"

"Huh?"

"The stew. Do you like it?"

"It's fine, Emily. Just fine. Did Carter bring you over?"

She huffed, set the spoon on the center of the stove and faced him. "You're not put out that I'm here, are you? It's lonely on the ranch all by myself. Carter said I could stay for dinner. Is that okay?"

Emily gazed up at him with big doe eyes, and he wanted to hold her tight and never let go. Shit, he'd promise her anything in the world and mean it.

"You can stay as long as you like. I kind of wondered if you wouldn't be scared living on your own for a month."

"You're back," said Carter from the entrance to the living room. He stood tall and commanding, his hair was damp, and he only wore a pair of jeans, no shirt or shoes.

"Yeah." The awkwardness between the two brothers grew and transformed into something alive and dangerous. They stared each other down while Emily tidied the countertop, oblivious to the tension in the room.

"Where's Aaron, Brad?" asked Emily. "We should eat before it gets too late."

Without taking his eyes off Carter, he answered. "Aaron won't be home for dinner. He stayed behind in town."

When the silence continued, Brad shifted his neck to gauge Emily's reaction. Her eyes were slanted, her lips pursed in suspicion. She set the table with an unnecessary roughness, banging down the bowls and spoons.

"I suppose he's visiting some of his old flames tonight. Like you said, he's been a playboy for years."

"Don't worry about, Aaron. He's old enough to make his own choices and mistakes," said Carter, taking a seat at the table.

"I suppose you're right." Emily carried the large pot to the center of the table and dropped it down with force onto the folded tea towel. "Enjoy!" She sat in her own seat and crossed her arms. Aaron wasn't her husband, but she cared as if he were. It didn't make Brad angry that Aaron affected her in such a way. He felt sad that Emily was

upset and wanted to string up Aaron for more than one reason, mostly for hurting the woman they all professed to love.

“He’ll be back. Don’t worry, Emily. He always comes home to sleep eventually.”

They ate in silence. The stew was nowhere as good as his, but he’d been cooking for his brothers for years. He smiled his approval whenever she glanced up at him during the meal, but her mind seemed elsewhere. No doubt she wished Aaron was home and not off doing God knows what, with God knows who.

\* \* \* \*

Carter pulled down some extra blankets from the high shelf in the hall closet. Emily insisted on sleeping in the only unoccupied room, which was Aaron’s. Both he and Brad warned her it was a bad idea since Aaron would no doubt come stumbling home in the wee hours of the morning, but she insisted.

Brad would probably wait up for him, as he often did, and could tell Aaron to hit the couch for the night.

“Thanks.” Emily took the pile of blankets from his arms at the doorway, blocking the room with her body. He would love to sleep with her, not for sex, just to be close, but he wouldn’t ask. If she wanted to be with him, she just had to say so.

“Anything else you need?”

“I should be fine. I know where to find you.” Her eyes turned flirty for a moment. Only hours earlier they had made passionate love on his bed, the next room over. “Thank you.” The emotion in her eyes shut down like she’d turned an internal switch. Damn, Aaron! He hated seeing her so upset.

Brad’s heavy hand covered his shoulder from behind. He smelled like stale cigarettes as he peered over his shoulder. “Everything okay, Emily?” he asked.

“Carter got me everything I need. I’ll see you both in the morning.” She smiled, a barely-there smile that didn’t reach her eyes, and she shut the door.

Brad shook his head and gave Carter a disapproving stare.

“What?” Carter whispered, dragging Brad downstairs with him.

“You’ve gone and upset her.”

“No. Aaron’s the one that’s got her all vexed. Just wait ‘til he comes home. I’m gonna hide him good.”

“They’re not married, Carter. Aaron can do as he pleases.”

Carter crashed onto the sofa. “So you approve? You don’t mind seeing Emily miserable? What about Aaron making a fool of himself?”

“I’m tired of playing his daddy. I never see you stepping up to help me deal with him.”

“He’s a grown man. What are we gonna do? Tie him up?” Carter scrubbed his face with his hand. “I thought things would be different with Emily back.”

“They were. I don’t know what he’s thinking tonight.”

After watching ESPN for an hour, Carter headed upstairs to bed. Brad turned the volume down and lay down on the couch, waiting for Aaron’s return.

\* \* \* \*

The house rumbled, and Carter shot up in bed, dazed and confused as hell. Was it an earthquake? He froze with his hands bracing the mattress until the next bang shook the walls. Carter scrambled out of bed and danced into his jeans. His alarm clock read 2:30 a.m. No wonder his head didn’t feel screwed on right.

“You fucking piece of shit.” Bradley’s voice echoed through the hallway, cutting through the hush of the night. Carter ran to Aaron’s room, where a slice of light warmed the hardwood in the hall.

Emily sat crying on the bed, her face in her hands. Brad held Aaron by the scruff of his shirt against the far wall. It was time to break things up, but he assumed Aaron had taken advantage of Emily by the looks of the scene, so maybe he'd be worse than Brad in dealing with the little punk.

"Let me go!" Aaron fought back, but not very successfully in his drunken state. Carter could smell the booze before he even entered the room. He didn't know how his little brother could drink himself sick knowing a drunk driver killed their parents and Aaron's twin.

"Did he hurt you, Emily?" Carter sat beside her on the bed, putting his arm around her as if she might break.

She only shook her head and leaned into his shoulder.

"Let's get out of here, okay?" She allowed him to lead her out of Aaron's bedroom. He decided to bring her to his own. At least he knew she would be safe by his side. There wasn't a single time in his life that another man had won a fight against him. He had always been big, and working the farm had made his body firm with muscle.

Once he had her settled in his room with the door shut tight, he asked her what had happened.

"I guess Aaron came home and didn't realize I was in his bed. It's my fault, really."

"What's your fault? What did he do?" He spoke soothingly to encourage her to speak, when inside he seethed with anger for his brother.

She exhaled and dried her tears with her shirt. His shirt. "It's stupid. He dove into bed on top of me. He didn't know I was there, don't be mad at him."

"Then why the tears?"

She hugged herself and looked torn, refusing to look him in the eyes. He tilted her chin toward him.

"What is it, Emily? You can tell me anything."

After a pause, she answered. "He reeked of alcohol. I was asleep when he fell on me, and I woke up blind and trapped beneath his weight. It brought back some bad memories."

He narrowed his eyes. "What kind of memories? Are you talking about what happened with John?"

"John's an idiot. It was a long time ago, Carter. I don't like to think about it, never mind talk about it."

"Tell me who hurt you." His free hand clenched into such a tight fist, his knuckles threatened to break through the skin.

The door flung open, and Brad stood in its wake holding a dripping wet Aaron, in just his boxers, by the upper arm. He looked more pitiful than a nearly drowned cat. Brad must have thought a cold shower would do him good.

"Apologize to her," shouted Brad.

"I told you, I didn't do anything."

"He didn't," said Emily. She stood up and walked to the door. "It was me, not him."

She reached for Aaron's hand, and the look on his face held such shame that Carter's anger began to diminish.

"I might as well tell all of you. If I want you to be open with me, I have to do the same." Brad pulled her against him and held her securely. "I had just turned seventeen, and I got a ride home from this guy that I thought was my friend's dad. Turns out he was some psycho stalking the girls at the party. He turned off the main road, beat me up and raped me." She stopped talking to maintain her composure. "What I remember most was the smell of alcohol on his breath."

Carter was so proud of her. She had exposed her deepest, darkest secret without breaking down. He couldn't have loved her more at that moment.

"I really fucked up," said Aaron. He slid down the doorframe and sat holding his knees.

"I told you it's not your fault. You didn't know. Besides, I actually feel better having told someone. I feel stronger, and I was sure it would break me to talk about it."

"I'm glad you told us, Emily. No secrets between any of us from now on," said Brad. "And no more alcohol, Aaron. Shit, I thought you were over that now."

"I am. It's just hard being the anniversary of...you know."

Carter and Brad shared a knowing glance. Aaron was right. It was the two-year anniversary of their parents' and sister's deaths. No wonder Aaron had slipped up. The tragedy always seemed to hit him the hardest.

"Look, it's been a long day. Let's all get some rest and," he looked to Aaron, "sober up. We can talk in the morning." Carter escorted Emily out of the room with a hand on the small of her back. He helped her get settled in his bed and then retired to the living room to sleep on the sofa. What a night. So many events from the past had transformed them all into the messed up adults they had become. Too bad they couldn't make their own futures without the past influencing them. Emily needed to let go of her fears and hardened ways. Aaron needed to grieve and stop punishing himself like his life held no meaning. Carter had to stop holding onto the guilt from that night, but he knew it was easier said than done. What about Brad? Everyone forgot about their eldest brother, with the younger two acting out publicly. Brad wasn't much older, but he had to shoulder all the responsibilities and continually put their needs before his own. At nearly twenty-eight, one would think he'd have a serious girlfriend by now, or would even be thinking of settling down. Instead, he continued to play the field and distance himself from real emotion. Things really needed to change.



## **Chapter Twenty**

Over two weeks had passed since that crazy night when Emily revealed her secret to the Macintosh brothers. She hadn't mentioned it since, and they took the hint and kept quiet about it, too. There was nothing to talk about. The past was the past and couldn't be changed, couldn't be rewritten, no matter how badly you wanted it.

She stayed on at the Macintosh ranch, helping out around the farm as best she could and helping with meals. Not one of the brothers had made a pass at her since her stay, and after two weeks, she became disappointed to say the least. They probably thought she was scarred and didn't want them to touch her, hurt her. Telling them about her past didn't make it any more indigestible. In fact, the opposite was true. With each passing day, she desired to connect with her men on an intimate level. The sexual tension had become strong in the house as of late.

Emily could feel their heated stares as they ate dinner in silence each night. She desperately wanted one of them to make a move, or all of them. Aaron hadn't touched a drink since that day, and she knew he still carried the guilt for upsetting her that night. She wanted his old playful self back.

It was only a few days until her grandparents would return, and Emily had had enough. Her body was wound tighter than a coiled spring. Just looking at all the man flesh surrounding her day in, day out was making her rabid. She needed their attention, their strong hands pleasuring her.

At dinner that night, she came downstairs late. All the brothers were at the table, and she sauntered down the stairs wearing the

skimpiest bicycle shorts she could find and a sports bra. This would be fun.

All eyes locked onto her as she made her way to the table.

"I was just working out." It came out almost as an apology because the way they ate her up with their gazes was more than obvious.

"You don't need to work out, darlin.' You look mighty fine," said Bradley.

Emily continued to put on her best show, leaning over the table to expose ample cleavage and making erotic sounds just clearing her throat. Everything was innocent to an outsider, but with the boys as randy as she was, all her actions would impact them greatly.

"You know what I could use?" She massaged her neck and wiggled in her seat. "A body massage. None of you would be any good at giving one of those, would you?"

She could swear she heard them swallow in the following silence. They glanced at each other through the corners of their eyes, but not one of them answered her.

"No one? It's a shame that a girl has to please herself with three big, strong men sharing the same house."

"I'll please you, Em." Aaron stood up, shoving his chair back from the table. "I owe you that much."

"You owe me nothing, Aaron Macintosh. I didn't ask for a pity fuck."

"Huh? I thought you wanted a massage," said Carter, bracing his hands on the table to stand.

She smiled and shrugged innocently. "One thing could always lead to the other."

"I want you so bad I can't even think straight," said Aaron. "No pity here."

"Good. I'll meet you up in your room. Bring some lube. I mean cream, for the massage. Too bad you're the only one stepping up to help a girl in distress." She rolled her eyes at the two shocked

Macintoshes still sitting and strode out of the room toward the staircase.

\* \* \* \*

Brad grabbed Aaron's arm as he attempted to walk past him, following Emily like a horny puppy dog.

"What?"

"You think you're gonna fuck her upstairs?"

"Hey. I stepped up. If you two losers want to practice self-denial, then knock yourselves out. As for me, I have a date upstairs, and I don't want to keep her waiting." Aaron tried to jerk his arm free, but Brad held fast.

"You heard Emily. We're all invited to that party upstairs." Brad stood to better hold Aaron back. Carter got up, blocked his path to the living room and crossed his arms over his chest.

"I didn't see you volunteering, big brother. Now get out of my way unless you plan on joining us."

He released Aaron, who proceeded to shoulder-butt Carter on his way out the kitchen.

"You're actually letting him go?" Carter's brows were furrowed in disbelief. Brad told Carter he could have Emily and would stay out of his way. He also said Aaron would tire of her. No wonder Carter's face looked like it could kill.

"What do you want me to say, Carter? She's hot and bothered, and only Aaron offered to take care of her. You should have said something."

Carter slammed his fist on the table hard enough to rattle all the dinnerware. A fork dropped to the floor.

Brad wanted to reassure his brother, but he also had plans to head upstairs and join Aaron and Emily. He remembered their encounter at the Rickshaw ranch behind the barn. That had been one great fuck,

and his brother's involvement in the act, surprisingly, hadn't upset him.

"Just cool it, okay? You might not know this, but Aaron and I did the whole ménage thing with Emily. She's all for it, if you were interested in that sort of thing."

Carter turned to him with an enraged snarl. "What? You think I want to slap dicks with you and Aaron? That's sick, Brad. Fucking sick." He shook his head and turned on the kitchen sink, splashing water against his face with two hands.

"Guess I'll be upstairs." Brad fled the room before his brother could blow up again.

He crept slowly up the creaking steps to the second level and stalked down the hallway toward Aaron's room. His groin pulsed in anticipation. When he heard nothing inside, he took a deep breath before opening the door.

Emily lay on her stomach buck naked on Aaron's bed. He smoothed sweet-smelling body cream over her legs, and she moaned in appreciation.

"Came to help, brother?"

"Maybe."

Emily twisted her neck around, gathering her thick blonde hair to the side. "Brad. I knew you'd come." She smiled and brought his cock to life instantaneously. "Where's Carter?"

"Downstairs. He's a bit wary of sharing you. He'll come around."

"I hope so. I need all three of my sexy cowboys."

Aaron tossed Brad the tube of cream and then continued massaging Emily's leg, up her thigh, until he caressed both beautiful round globes with his hands. Aaron leaned down to kiss the thick, firm flesh. A roaming hand searched lower between her legs to dip a finger into her cunt. Emily spread her legs wider over the mattress and rocked into his hand. The little noises she made had Brad's cock straining behind the zipper of his jeans.

"Mmm, that feels so good. Touch me too, Brad."

He squeezed a helping of cool cream into his palm and rubbed it between his hands to warm it. Starting at the ankle closest to him, he massaged the cream into her leg, kneading the muscles and trying to make the experience as pleasurable as possible for Emily. His heart rate increased the higher he traveled. Aaron had moved onto rubbing her back now, so he could see a glimpse of her swollen pink pussy.

Emily sighed and panted when he ran his hands around her thigh until his fingers lightly brushed her sex.

“Look at this,” said Aaron. He spread open her cheeks, exposing her anus and pussy for Brad. God, she was beautiful. Perfect. “Makes you want to fuck her, don’t it?”

“Shut up, Aaron. Just keep massaging.”

Aaron pulled off his T-shirt and tossed it. He dropped to his knees and began kneading her arm all the way to her fingertips. She liked it.

Brad copied his brother, dropping to his knees and rubbing cream along her opposite arm. She turned her head to watch him, her eyes glazed over in lust.

“Unzip your jeans, Brad.”

“Why, darlin’?”

“I wanna suck your dick while Aaron massages me.”

Oh, fuck. He nearly came in his pants after her request. In a trance, he removed his shirt and unbuckled his belt, because he didn’t remember doing either. He acted on instinct, the animal taking over the man.

Emily leaned up on her elbows after he’d tugged his erection free from his pants. She smiled naughtily at his swollen head and opened her mouth. Brad positioned his cock in front of her lips and she latched on, moaning on contact. Her tongue licked the slit of his head while sucking deep. The heat and moisture from her mouth, along with her apparent skills, had him grasping the headboard while she mouth-fucked him.

Aaron continued to soothe her fingers with his, kneeling at the opposite side of the bed. He looked hungry and no doubt wanted to switch spots with Brad about now.

“You two are driving me crazy,” said Aaron. He rose to his feet and fiddled in his night side table drawer, pulling out a tube of lube. He licked his lips in anticipation of whatever he was thinking. Next he snared one of his toys, this one a butt plug. Brad shook his head as Emily continued to suck him off. Aaron nodded in rebuttal and sat on the edge of the bed.

He didn’t want his brother to hurt Emily or go too far with the kink. She wasn’t one of his sluts and might not be into his sex games, though the thought of Aaron pressing the bulbous tip of the toy into Emily’s tight ass made his dick harder than steel. She responded by deep-throating his cock. He grasped a handful of her hair and tossed his head back with a growl.

“Damn, Emily. You’re killing me.”

Aaron squeezed some lube on the plug and then shifted her legs open with his free hand. With a thumb and fingers, he spread her cheeks, revealing the tight pink rosette. The pleasure of Emily’s hot mouth and silky tongue on his dick, plus the anticipation of Aaron hitting home with the toy, had him skittering dangerously close to orgasm. He wanted release, but he also wanted the night to last forever.

Aaron pressed the rubber toy against her anus and twisted and turned while pushing forward. Emily pulled off Brad’s dick and clenched the comforter in both fists.

“Shhh. Relax, darlin.” Brad took up massaging her neck to relax her, his dick swinging free and fully aroused in the air.

He nodded to Aaron once the muscles in her shoulders eased, and he continued to work the plug past her tight anal ring. Brad remembered the day he’d stolen the virginity from that tight ass. He wanted to fuck her every way and over again. She was the Macintosh brothers’ little toy, their Barbie doll, to play with and keep.

Emily called out when the butt plug jolted inside her, secured by her unforgiving sphincter muscles. By the time Aaron moved his hand, she was moaning with desire. She ground her clit into the mattress, writhing and panting.

They both rolled her over. Aaron parted her legs at the knees. Brad had to take a look as well. Her pussy glistened with an overflow of moisture, and the plug protruding from her nether hole looked erotic as hell. He traced her slit with his finger and dipped deep into her moist heat. Her walls contracted around his digit. He slid out and was brushed aside by Aaron.

Aaron climbed up on the bed and dropped flat on his stomach, burying his face in her pussy, tasting, lapping and sucking with vigor.

Emily watched him watching Aaron. Everything felt so right. He had no animosity for his brother and no ill feelings for their woman. Emily had been right, though. The party wasn't complete without Carter. Brad hated that his brother was denying himself when he loved Emily as much as he did.

Brad maintained eye contact with the stunning blonde as she writhed and bucked against Aaron's mouth. Her full breasts jiggled with her movements, and the firm pink pearls begged for his attention. He sat beside her prone body and bent over to capture the sensitive flesh in his mouth. She reached for him, holding his head against her tits, demanding that he suck her harder. He lavished one breast with his tongue and kneaded the other until he had a chance to attend it.

When his hand was brushed away, he opened his eyes and released the suction he had on Emily's nipple. Carter knelt on the other side of the bed, gazing into Emily's bright blue eyes.

"Thank you, Carter. I need you," she said. Carter kissed her passionately. Brad returned to her breast, suckling like an infant. A minute later, he glanced up to see Carter engorging himself on the sweet young flesh of her other breast.

"I'm almost there, Aaron," she muttered. "Just a little...more." Her orgasm ripped through her. Brad and Carter both had to hold her

down as Aaron ate her pussy clean. When her body went limp, Brad kicked off his pants and climbed over her body.

“I’ve gotta have you, Emily. You ready for more?” asked Brad.

“Oh, yeah. I’m ready for all you.” She closed her eyes and ran her hands over the broadness of his shoulders as he hovered over her.

She opened her legs and pulled her knees up high. His dick was rock hard and easily penetrated her slick sheath in a single powerful thrust. He didn’t hold back or start slow and work his way up but forcibly pumped his cock in and out of her without mercy. Her pussy gripped him tightly and each thrust had him losing his senses. He nuzzled her neck, absorbing her unique scent as he lost himself completely. Emily screamed with erotic need with every brutal pump of his hips, encouraging him to ride her faster and harder.

“Oh, yes! Fuck me, Brad. More!” He forgot all about his two brothers until a rough hand pulled back on his shoulder, bringing him and Emily into a sideways stance.

Carter stood naked and plucked the plug from her ass. She gasped and then begged for more. His brother drizzled lube directly onto his dick. Next he shifted into position. Brad stretched Emily’s leg higher up his side as Carter forced his big dick into her ass.

“Fuck!” she screamed, followed by lusty moans. Carter pumped into her ass bareback. Emily panted near Brad’s ear, and he knew she’d reach a second orgasm any minute. Sweat dripped down Carter’s temples as he worked Emily from behind. He could feel his brother’s dick sliding against his on the other side of the thin membrane.

“I’m so full. It feels so good, I’m gonna come again. Oh my...” Her nails scored Brad’s skin. He worked in sync with his brother, pumping into her alternatively like a piston-operated machine. Over and over and over they worked her body. Brad felt his release about to explode from his tight drawn-up balls, and he reluctantly pulled out, not wanting to fill her too full of cum. He pumped his cock as Emily watched with parted lips. She beckoned him with her panting tongue.



\* \* \* \*

Emily was overcome by sensations of the good variety. Her body felt pleasantly full with Carter's huge dick wedged high up her ass. Watching Brad jerk off in front of her made her desperate to taste him. She didn't want him to be forced to have his release in the air. The least she could offer was for him to come in the hot cavern of her mouth.

He brought his dick up to her face, and she latched onto the swollen, slick shaft and sucked for only a few seconds before he sprayed hot seed down her throat. She continued to suck him until every drop of cum had released. He pulled back and sank into the pillow above her, leaning against the headboard.

Where was Aaron? She searched the room until she spotted him. He watched her and Carter as he slowly stroked his own dick. His body was hard and toned and utterly delicious. Just watching him as Carter fucked her from behind brought on another earth shattering climax. Carter followed suit, releasing inside her ass before slowly pulling out.

"That was the best, Emily. I love fucking you."

"And I love it when you take me up the ass, Carter. You'll have to do that more often," she teased.

"Oh, I will."

He exited the room to wash himself properly, she assumed, because he didn't say goodbye.

"You boys both tuckered out?" she asked, crawling up to her hands and knees. "Because I'm not even close to being done with any of you."

"You really shouldn't have said that, Em. I haven't had my chance with you yet, and I'm liable to tear you apart," said Aaron.

“Don’t make promises you can’t keep.” She rested her cheek on the mattress, her ass high in the air. Within seconds, Aaron’s dick plunged into her pussy as he grabbed her hips roughly.

“Yes! Just like that. Hurt me good, baby.” She loved his feral ferocity. His desperate need turned her on to new levels. Her mind warped and twisted with every kind of debased thought. She hoped her Macintosh cowboys weren’t all vanilla and cream because she had plenty of naughty hidden in the dark recesses of her imagination.

“More!” she cried out.

“Good Lord, darlin’. You’re hotter than fire,” said Brad, recovered from his earlier climax. She glanced at his lap. His dick was already growing and stiffening, almost before her eyes, ready for more pussy or ass.

Carter reentered the room. He must have hit the shower because his hair was towel-dried, and the scent of fresh soap filled the room. Aaron pulled out.

Emily knelt on the bed, squeezed her breasts as a show for the men and tweaked her own nipples. “I want more. I want all three of you filling me at once. That would be perfect.” When they didn’t answer, she added. “Please.”

“You don’t have to beg, darlin’, but damn if it isn’t the sexiest thing I’ve ever heard.” Brad slid off the bed and Emily pressed her body against his. She kissed him and wrapped her arms around his neck. His tongue explored her mouth hungrily. He pulled back to speak. “Straddle Carter, sweetheart. We’re gonna make a cowboy sandwich, and you’re the meat.” Sure enough, Carter sat beside her on the edge of the bed, his feet planted on the floor. She spun around, resting a hand on each of his shoulders and eagerly impaled her pussy over his impossibly thick dick. With a sigh of pure satisfaction, she pushed him back until his elbows hit the mattress. He grabbed her hips and supported himself partly in the air with the help of those solid six-pack abs.

Brad pressed against her back, kissing her neck. “Work his cock, darlin,’” he whispered in her ear, making her pussy throb and drip with moisture. She rose up and down, waiting for Brad to make his move. When she heard the spurt of lube spray from the tube, she clenched her anus, excited to be filled to the hilt once again. Nothing compared. How could she ever be with one man again when she knew the pleasure of all three?

## Chapter Twenty-One

Carter held onto Emily securely as Brad braced himself to enter Emily's rear opening. He'd just been in there and thought he'd die from the pleasure of it. Sharing that wonderful feeling with the brothers he loved dearly felt so right and so natural. He'd never expected having a ménage with Emily, Brad and Aaron would be anything but his worst nightmare. It turned out to be better than any fantasy he could have conjured up himself.

He felt Brad's dick caress his own as it slid home inside the same woman. Emily clawed at his abs as she called out in passion. God, she was tight to start with, but add another cock, and it was fucking amazing.

As Brad began to thrust inside her, he also cupped her breasts and pulled her back against him. Every move Brad made, Carter countered. Together they scissored in and out of Emily's body, creating enough erotic energy to please them all.

"All of you," she barely managed to mutter.

The weight of Aaron's body walking across the bed rocked Carter's body. Aaron stood, balancing one hand on the ceiling and directing Emily's head with the other. She smiled briefly before opening wide for his youngest brother's dick. Her moan vibrated through her body. She got her wish. All the Macintosh brothers filled her. They were all joined together, and hopefully always would be in other ways.

The sound of saliva and deep sucking competed with the skin-on-skin slapping of sex. Carter tightened his hold on Emily as his balls clenched, so close to release. He rose up and snatched a perky nipple

into his mouth. Carter and Brad sandwiched her, pressing tight, fucking her hard and deep. She moaned. The sound muffled with the cock down her throat. Emily sank her claws into his shoulders deeply as her body jolted repeatedly with release. Her pussy milked his cock, and no doubt her ass milked Brad's as well. Only a few seconds after she climaxed, Carter and Brad followed. The little spitfire didn't let Aaron down, continuing to suck him off as Carter's dick went flaccid within her.

"Oh, yeah, Emily. That's what I'm talkin' about." Aaron collapsed onto the bed, making it rock violently.

Carter fell down to his back, and Emily followed him, resting over his chest. The only sound in the room was heavy breathing. Humidity and the scent of sex were strong in the air. The depth of exhaustion and mental relief that washed over Carter was enough to pull him into unconsciousness.

\* \* \* \*

Aaron woke to the sound of heavy bangs. What had started out as a dream turned out to be an angry rapping at the front door. He sat up in the bed. Daylight peeked through his curtains. He had no doubt they'd all sleep in after last night's sexcapade. Emily lay asleep in Carter's arms beside him, and Brad was stretched out awkwardly over his ankles. He kicked off his brother and grabbed his jeans from the floor and pulled them on.

"Brad. Someone's at the door," he whispered before heading downstairs.

Before he'd even opened the door, Aaron noticed an official-looking white pickup truck parked out front.

"Yeah?" Aaron squinted against the bright light and rubbed his bare chest sleepily as he addressed whoever knocked.

Once his vision had cleared, he saw that he was dealing with three officials of some capacity. He needed Brad.

“Mr. Macintosh? Aaron Macintosh?” The older man had a thick mustache and a portly body. His cowboy hat looked crisp and new, as did his boots. The other two weren’t much different. These weren’t workingmen.

“Yeah, that’s me. Who’s asking?”

“We’re from the Cattle Raiser’s Association. We’ve received a complaint, and we came to investigate.”

“Investigate what?” He crossed his arms over his chest.

“Can we come in and discuss this?”

“Nah, I think not.”

The men gave each other wordless glances that basically said, ‘I told you we were dealing with riffraff.’

“Very well. We received a complaint from a concerned citizen. You have a female staying here?” Aaron didn’t answer. “We hear you’ve been having relations in the employee-only paddocks. You know that civilians are forbidden in beef cattle areas to prevent disease and other contamination.”

Aaron chuckled. “You’ve got to be kidding me. Who would even know if it were true? You guys actually wasted a trip out here for that kind of nonsense? Have we ever had unhealthy cattle ship out of here? No, I don’t think so.”

“What’s going on?” Brad’s hand landed on Aaron’s shoulder from behind.

“These guys are from the Cattle Raiser’s Association and say someone complained about me fucking Emily in the beef cattle paddock.”

“Better watch your mouth, son,” said the man with the moustache.

“Who said this?” asked Brad, pushing in front of Aaron.

“That’s privy information, son.”

“First off, don’t call me son. I run this ranch, and you sure as hell ain’t my daddy. Next off, my brother ain’t taking anyone in the beef cattle paddocks, female or otherwise. We know the rules and play by them every day.”

“Well, to be certain, we’ll have to do a full inspection and interview this Emily.”

Oh, great. Like he didn’t already have enough on his plate, what with the new, unorthodox relationship budding between him, Emily and his brothers, not to mention barely making it through the anniversary of Jane’s and his parents’ deaths. Shit, they’d struggled to make ends meet all year and were finally getting ahead. If they got a bad inspection and lost their license, they’d be royally fucked.

“You’ve got to be kidding me!” said Brad.

Aaron chuckled. “That’s what I said.”

“Go wake up Carter and tell him to get outside.” Brad led the men to the barns so they could begin their so-called inspection.

Aaron had his suspicions about who would have made the bogus complaint. They had no enemies. It had to be John Turner. John was pissed that Aaron had kicked his ass and was most likely jealous that the Macintosh brothers had got a piece of Emily, and John never would.

\* \* \* \*

Carter drove Emily back to the Rickshaw ranch. The inspection agency was all over the Macintosh place and since Emily was the supposed problem, it was best for her to be gone. She hated the idea of being questioned, especially after Aaron had told her he suspected John was the snitch. It was all ridiculous. Sure, they had sex outdoors, but on the tractor and against the barn, never near the livestock or past the off-limits sector.

She hated the worried look in Brad’s eyes as he kissed her goodbye. Her grandparents would be home in a day or two, but she wanted to spend every last minute with her cowboys, not sit alone in the musty old house. Now she’d have to sit alone and worry that the future of their farm was at stake.

\* \* \* \*

For over a week, inspectors showed up at the farm. They took soil samples, blood samples from every last head of cattle and a menagerie of other bullshit tests. They drilled the brothers in attempts of getting them to admit something incriminating but failed again and again. The truth was, no matter how bad off they got, they always ran the farm up to code, just like their daddy had.

Brad felt the worst of the ordeal was saying goodbye to Emily. He loved having her in the house day in and day out. His need for her went far beyond sex. She was the smile, the goodness and the hope in his life. She represented a future filled with love, belonging and optimism. As soon as he got all this inspection business finished, he would fetch Emily, and they would all sit down and have a serious talk about the future.

“Bradley?” The feminine voice called in through the screen door.

Carter and Aaron both rose from their spots on the sofa to follow him. Visitors past sundown were a rarity, and a female even more so.

“Mrs. Rickshaw?” he asked in surprise. He pulled open the screen and flicked on the porch light. She held out what he expected was one of her delicious homemade apple pies covered by a checkered cloth.

“Thank you. What’s this for?”

“Just a thank you for helping take care of Emily and the farm while we were gone.”

“It was no trouble.”

“You’re good boys. I hope those inspectors aren’t still giving you too much trouble.”

“Actually, they packed up today. It’s finally over, and we’re free and clear of any wrongdoing.”

He’d only just found out hours earlier. The inspectors said everything checked out, and to top it all off, the original accuser had withdrawn his or her complaint.



“I’m so glad to hear that. I’ll have to call and let Emily know. She was so worried before she left.”

“Left?” Aaron sidled up to Brad.

“She left yesterday after dinner on the bus. Long trip. Poor girl.”

“Left for where, Mrs. Rickshaw?” Brad tried to keep his cool with the old lady despite his growing tension.

“Well, the judge shortened her punishment for good behavior. He gave her a suspended sentence for the remaining months. She’s back in the city.” She sighed. “I’ll miss having her around.”

“Did she say anything before she left? Is she coming back?” asked Aaron.

“Well, I hope she won’t wait ten years before visiting again, if that’s what you mean.”

“Do you have a telephone number where she’s staying?”

She narrowed her eyes slightly. “Something you need to say to her?”

Brad took over. “It would just be nice to be able to say hello once in a while because we’re all old friends.”

Mrs. Rickshaw promised to find Emily’s phone number for them. She said her goodbyes.

“I can’t believe she just up and left without saying a word.” Brad felt desperation creep up on him. It started in his gut, twisting and knotting uncomfortably, before rising up to his throat. He felt a constriction, making it difficult to breath.

Emily couldn’t be gone. Did she see Brad and his brothers as disposable? Had she had her fun before returning to her real life? Brad refused to accept the negative thoughts attacking him. He needed Emily.

Before she had come along, life on the ranch was crumbling apart. All he had done was fight with his brothers and run amok. He’d had no ambitions and had spiraled in a self-destructive lifestyle ever since the accident. Emily had changed all that. She’d brought a fresh new presence, a gift from the past and hope for the future.

“There has to be more to it. It seems too much of a coincidence that the complainant dropped all the charges today, and then Emily suddenly left town. I’ll bet John has something to do with this,” said Brad, cracking his knuckles.

## **Chapter Twenty-Two**

Emily sat cross-legged on her bed, sorting through the pile of job applications her mother had left her. Since returning home, things had been better and worse.

She didn't give her parents trouble like she had before leaving. In fact, they noted she was unnaturally quiet. Without a fuss, she'd agreed to get a job and set her life straight. She had no desire to meet up with her wayward friends and get into trouble again. All she truly wanted was to return to the Macintosh ranch. She'd left her heart there and felt incomplete and empty being so far away.

Her choice had been necessary. The authorities could have destroyed everything her cowboys had worked for since their parents' deaths. When she'd contacted John about his alleged snitching, he agreed to drop the charges if she'd return home. He wanted to spite Aaron. If John couldn't have Emily, neither could Aaron.

Without questioning her decision, she called her mother to see if there was anything she could do to shorten her time on house arrest. A couple hours later, she got the call she prayed for. Her mother managed to get the judge to agree to a suspended sentence. Everything worked out perfectly. John dropped the charges so the Macintosh brothers wouldn't have to worry about losing their farm, and she wasn't trapped at her grandparents' anymore. Perfect. Only walking away had been the hardest thing she'd ever done. She didn't want to leave.

As the city bus had left the small town, she never stopped crying. Silent tears ran down her cheeks as she mentally said goodbye to the Macintosh brothers. What had she hoped for, anyway? They all

deserved their own wives and happy futures. She couldn't actually expect all three of them to commit to her and live happily ever after. Cutting things off cleanly was the best solution, but also the hardest, when she loved her cowboys more than herself.

\* \* \* \*

Carter, Brad and Aaron paid a visit to the local billiard club, a run-down hot spot for cowboys to shoot the shit, grab a drink and play a game while in town. They knew they'd find John there, and they all wanted answers. If he were somehow responsible for Emily's sudden disappearance, God help him.

Carter and his brothers were at each other's throats since hearing the news Emily had returned home. They needed her just as much as he did. Her smile could light up a room, and her feminine strength and presence brought life to their old ranch house.

"That's his truck. He's in there," said Carter.

He couldn't believe John had been one of his best friends growing up. Nobody messed with his woman, friend or no friend.

Carter brushed back his thick mop of hair and tucked his shirt in past the buckle of his belt. Brad tossed his cowboy hat on the bench seat. No sense ruining it if things got ugly. Aaron took off ahead of them, fuming mad for having lost Emily.

Past the heavy wooden doors, no natural light greeted them. Rather, only thick, stale air, heavy-laden with cigarette smoke. The folks froze mid-shot during their pool game, and the men at the bar turned and stared. The Macintosh brothers had a reputation for trouble, mostly thanks to Aaron, but they were also an imposing sight. All three of them were over six feet of hard muscle.

Brad spotted John first. He was in the far corner, drinking at a table with two guys. Drinking at noon. He was worse than Aaron had been. With John's rich daddy and hired ranch hands doing all the

work, he had too much free time. Remembering how he had traumatized Emily ripened Carter's anger.

They walked as a group toward the back. John only noticed them when they were five feet away. He scrambled to free himself of the booth and away from them, but Aaron flew forward and held him by the scruff of the shirt.

"I didn't do anything," he insisted.

"Now, why would you say that? We haven't accused you of anything yet." Aaron pulled him to the hallway leading to the restrooms and slammed him against the wall.

"What do you want from me?" John's voice came out shaky, and his lips trembled. Carter felt no pity.

"You wouldn't happen to know who called in the complaint against our ranch?"

"No clue."

Carter slammed a fist against the wall beside John's head for dramatic effect and to show they meant business. That would hurt in the morning. These walls were a lot harder than the ones at home, but he didn't allow the pain to register on his features.

"Maybe," John amended.

Brad let out an exaggerated sigh. "Look. John. Did you have anything to do with Emily suddenly heading home? We don't care if you called in the complaint. Our concern is Emily."

Despite his obvious fear, John scoffed. "What do you care if she's gone or not? She was Aaron's girl, not yours."

"Wrong," said Carter. "She belongs to all three of us." He no longer cared about what society thought. The town could gossip until they lost their voices, but it wouldn't change the facts. They all loved Emily and were willing to share her to keep her.

John's face contorted in confusion. "You're all screwing her?" The way he said it insulted Emily.

Aaron's hand clasped around John's throat until his face turned red, and his limbs were flailing. When he released the pressure, John eagerly offered to speak.

"Okay. She called me and asked if I'd drop the charges."

"And?"

"You'll fucking kill me if I tell you."

"Tell. Us," warned Aaron.

John closed his eyes and spoke quickly. "I told her I'd drop the false charges if she'd return home and get out of Aaron's life forever."

"You piece of shit." Aaron hauled off and punched him in the gut. John dropped forward with a guttural huff. Carter held him back before dragging him out of the club. "You'll pay for this!" Aaron shouted as they pulled him out the front doors.

They spilled out into the parking lot, and Aaron shook his brothers free.

Carter couldn't blame him for being so vexed, but getting into a fight would only make things worse. At least they had the answer they'd hoped for. Emily hadn't left on her own because she didn't care about them. She had left because she cared. The deal with John had been to protect the men she loved from hardship. The sweet thing.

"How do you propose we get her back?" asked Aaron. "Do we travel across the country and steal her back like cavemen? What if she doesn't want to come back?"

"She wouldn't have made this deal if she didn't care." Carter spun around, running a hand through his hair. What were they supposed to do? They didn't have an address, and the telephone number they had only brought them to voicemail every time they called.

"Okay. What happens if we get her back? Are we going to play house? All four of us?" asked Aaron.

"You didn't mind sharing her before," said Brad.

“I’m just saying. There’s no sense in running off to fetch her if we don’t have a plan for the future. Can we really make something like this work, in this day and age?”

Brad chuckled. “Since when did we fit in around here? Since when do you follow the rules?”

Carter had listened long enough. He wanted to make his feelings known. Sitting on the open tailgate, he addressed his brothers. “I was the most against this unconventional relationship. Even after you two decided you could share, I just couldn’t. The thing is, once I tried, I realized I could do it and wanted to do it. I love Emily, and I know she loves all of us. Taking one of you away from her would be the same as hurting her and me.” He had their full attention. “I don’t feel any of this is wrong because you’re my brothers, and I love you both. You’re not strangers, and I can’t be jealous of my kin or wish harm on you. I think we could make this work.”

“How?” asked Aaron. “Do we marry her? All of us?”

“You know that ain’t legal. Besides, we don’t need a piece of paper telling us where our loyalties lie. We’ll commit to Emily and hope she’ll do the same with us. I want the walls of our home filled with joy again, not stripped bare.”

\* \* \* \*

Emily listened to the messages on the answering machine repeatedly every night, just to hear their voices. She’d lost count of how many they’d left. Good thing she had her own line, or her parents would wonder why the Macintosh brothers called so frequently. She never answered their calls. Couldn’t. If she spoke with them, it would break her heart to know she could never have them. She wanted all three, Bradley, Carter and Aaron, equally. They were three unique and precious pieces to her puzzle. Without any one of them, she was incomplete, and no other man would fill their places. She basically

wrote herself off as a lost cause and wouldn't even attempt to start dating again.

Emily called her grandmother after dinner. She kept in touch and wouldn't let another ten years go by without visiting. Her grandmother was old and wouldn't be around forever.

"Emily! Sweetheart! How are things going?" asked her exuberant grandmother.

"Pretty good. I have a job interview next week. Two, actually. How's grandpa?"

"Keeping busy as usual."

She promised herself she wouldn't ask, but the desire fought within her and won. "Heard from the Macintosh brothers?"

"Oh, they're over all the time, offering to lend a hand with one thing or the other. Your grandpa's getting spoiled."

"Do they ask about me?" Now, why would she feel the need to ask such a stupid question? She didn't need more confirmation they missed her. Their answering machine messages said it all. But what could become of them if she returned? One man married one woman. That was the way it worked and always would. She was just a greedy woman and needed to let her cowboys have real lives. They were damaged enough and didn't know what they wanted. Soon enough they'd forget all about her and wonder why they had been so smitten.

"Frequently. You didn't start a relationship with one of those boys, did you? I was a bit suspicious with us being off on the chili tour for so long. It's only natural."

"Anything that might have started was a mistake. It's best I left when I did, before things got too serious." Too serious? They'd fucked each other every way until Sunday. How much more serious could you get? Although she did miss the hot sex, she missed the damaged cowboys who had stolen her heart more.

"I hope you'll come back, though. I was hoping you'd be here for your birthday. Maybe the long weekend, it's not too far off."



Emily talked with her grandmother for another five minutes before hanging up and crashing on her bed. In one week she'd be turning twenty-two. Not much of a birthday. She had planned to share that night with her men, bringing naughty to a new level. Her body fired up just remembering how all three of her lovers had pleased her at once. She sighed. All she had now were memories.

## Chapter Twenty-Three

“Honey, close your eyes,” said Emily’s mother. She knew darn well her parents had decorated the house while she’d been out. They’d insisted she head to the outskirts of the city, to the only health food store that sold her mother’s favorite skin cream. Her mother never asked for favors, but Emily went along with the request because it was her birthday. She wouldn’t ruin their surprise.

When she walked into the living room filled with pink balloons, everyone shouted, “Surprise!” Emily brought her hand to her mouth to act as shocked as possible. Whether she had known about the party or not, it still surprised her to see all the people in their little living room. She hadn’t expected to see her grandmother sitting on the sofa.

“Nana, what are you doing all the way out here?” She hadn’t mentioned a visit when they’d talked two weeks earlier.

“I wanted to surprise you. You’re my only grandchild, and I’ve missed enough birthdays over the years. Happy birthday, sweetheart!”

“Thank you!” Emily wrapped her arms around the old woman who held only unconditional love for her. She smelled of the country and reminded Emily of everything she had left behind by returning to the city.

Relatives she didn’t even remember, old acquaintances and people from her parents’ office all wanted to shake her hand or give her hugs. She graciously accepted all the attention and nibbled at the food spread out over the long banquet table. It had no doubt been catered, being that her mom didn’t cook.

“So how did you get here? By bus?” Emily asked her grandmother once everyone else began mingling.

“No, I was lucky and got a drive.”

Emily’s heart rate increased. She scanned the room, looking specifically for two dark heads and one blond. Her cowboys would tower over the other men in the house. She couldn’t spot them. Then John sauntered over, looking unimpressed to be there.

“You? You drove my grandmother here?” Just seeing John in the flesh made her furious. Not only had the bastard tried to rape her, but even worse, he’d also tried to destroy the Macintosh brothers. That was unforgivable.

Her grandmother leaned over and whispered in her ear. “Seems John was the one to call in that false complaint on the Macintosh boys. John’s daddy got the judge to agree to community service and some free labor for the victims, amongst other things. When I told Bradley about your birthday, he told John that if he drove me down here, they’d be square. Isn’t that sweet of him?”

“Very sweet.”

Emily gave John a cold stare and squeezed her way through the groups of people gathered around the small house. Disappointment ate away at her. What had she really expected, anyway? She took a deep breath once she emerged on the rear terrace. The warm sun soothed her skin, and the gentle breeze picked up the ends of her blonde hair. If she closed her eyes, she could imagine she was standing dead center in the alfalfa fields she loved. She did just that. Emily closed her eyes and inhaled deeply.

Her imagination soared and took her back to the country. She could even swear she heard Brad’s voice calling to her.

“Miss Emily?” She opened her eyes and looked down to the rear parking area. Bradley stood on the patch of lawn under the terrace with his thumbs hooked in his belt loops, looking up at her, in the flesh.

A crumbling of mortar to her left turned out to be Aaron climbing the drainpipe. He leapt over the wrought iron railing onto the private

porch. When she inwardly wondered where Carter was, he waved, exiting the driver's side of a shiny new pickup truck. Was this real?

Aaron snared her around the waist and pulled her firmly against his body. Heat surged through her veins, making her flush in an instant.

"Didn't think we'd miss your birthday, did you? Baby, we can't live without you."

Brad called from below. "We're taking you home with us, darlin'. It's all settled."

"Settled?"

"Everyone's in on it. Your grandmother knows you're coming back, as well as your ma. Seems you couldn't refuse an offer to work on our ranch now that we've got our act together. John's daddy was awfully generous. He didn't want us to pursue charges against his son, so he paid us a very healthy settlement. We were able to expand our herd, get new equipment and put some money away for a rainy day."

Her heart swelled, and she knew there was no choice. She was going back home with them.

"Who told you I'd agree to any of this?"

Aaron's neck jerked back, and his eyes widened in surprise. "You're happier here?"

She grabbed the lapels of his button-up shirt and yanked him closer. "I'm happiest when I have my three cowboys." Carter and Bradley must have come through the house because they strode past the glass doors of the terrace to join them. Bradley hugged her waist from behind and kissed her neck.

Carter stood beside them, smiling down at her. "Don't run away on us again, Emily. We'll find you and bring you back where you belong."

"Where do you think I belong, Carter Macintosh?"

"With us. All three of us."

"Do you think you all can handle sharing little ol' me, or will we have problems?"

Aaron kissed her mouth. “Trust me. We’ve talked a lot about this. We know exactly what we want.”

She continued to play with them, basking in their presence and unable to wipe the sheepish grin from her face. “What is it you want, cowboys? Tell me.”

Brad looked off into the sky as if he appraised something in the distance. “Sun is high in the sky. We’ll have to head out in about an hour. It’s a long trip back home.”

“You still haven’t told me what you want,” she said.

“We brought John for a reason. We want to be able to escort you home by ourselves while he brings your grandmother home tomorrow after a nice long visit.”

Carter tilted her chin toward him. “We plan on taking turns *showing* you exactly what we want. Like Brad said, it’s a long drive home.”

Emily shook her head. They were playing with her, but she also knew there was truth in their words. It made her pussy clench at the thoughts of pleasure in the back seat of the quad cab—hours of pleasure with three untiring males.

“It’s been weeks since I had a man. Will you be gentle?” she teased.

“Probably not,” said Aaron, looking sexier than ever.

She smiled wickedly. “Let’s get inside and enjoy this party because the party I’m interested in hasn’t even started yet.”

# THE END

[www.staceyespino.com](http://www.staceyespino.com)

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Stacey Espino resides in beautiful Ontario, Canada where she is busy raising her five school-aged children. She loves being a Canadian, but could do without the brutal winters.

When she's not escaping into the romantic settings she creates on her laptop, she's reading one of the many books threatening to overtake her bedroom.

### *Also by Stacey Espino*

*Fearless Desires [Immortal Love, #1]*  
*Saving Grace*

Available at  
**BOOKSTRAND.COM**



**Siren Publishing, Inc.**  
**[www.SirenPublishing.com](http://www.SirenPublishing.com)**