

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

TALYA BOSCO

Lisa's
SUMMER
COWBOYS

Lisa's Summer Cowboys

Talya Bosco

Plus-sized Lisa has always had a thing for cowboys, and her two new bosses are no exception. Dreaming of them while she uses her vibrator just isn't cutting it anymore. Which works perfectly for the men, because they've decided to finally make their move – and make Lisa's summer memorable in more ways than one.

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Lisa's Summer Cowboys

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LISA'S SUMMER COWBOYS

Talya Bosco

Dedication

To the real Lisa. Happy birthday, sweetie, hope you enjoy it.

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Stetson: John B. Stetson Company

Chapter One

Lisa looked around the clean kitchen one final time and sighed with relief. Her first two weeks as a chef at a dude ranch in the middle of Montana had been both easier and harder than she'd expected. The work was easy.

The coworkers – hard.

Especially the cowboy bartender who worked the lounge at night. Garrett Truman. Talk about hard. The man was all angles and muscles. Not to mention the best bit of eye candy she'd seen in quite a while.

He was a walking wet dream. His thick brown hair was just long enough to be pulled back into a ponytail and thicker than any man had a right to have. Small tendrils of hair would escape and frame his beautiful green eyes, enticing her to reach up and stroke his chiseled face. Sometimes she found herself fisting her hand to keep from doing just that.

Every time she thought of him, shivers of desire ran up and down her spine. And when she saw him? God help her, she didn't know how she'd kept from jumping his bones before now. She was always wet and primed for a good round of sex whenever he was around. The man got her so hot and bothered she could barely think straight. Thank god she only saw him in the evenings. If she spent all day near him she'd never get anything done.

She'd give just about anything for the opportunity to get sweaty and naked with him. But she figured the chances of that were few and far between. Guys like that didn't often willingly bed women like her.

Hell, while she was at it, she might as well reach for the stars and wish for a night with their boss, Case, as well. Between the two of them she hadn't had a decent night's sleep since she got here. At least not until she'd used her vibrator to calm herself down.

She shook her head. She could dream about them all she wanted, she reminded herself. It was time to head off to bed. She needed to be up at five in the morning to get the most recent group of guests their last breakfast before they left. There was nothing left to do here, so she headed out to cut through the main area on the way back to her room.

"Hey, babe. Done for the night?"

Lisa's insides melted and her pussy grew damp at the sound of his voice. It was smooth and creamy and made her want to roll around like a kitten in a pile of catnip. She practically had to pour her body onto the barstool to accept the drink he offered her. Tequila Sunrise. Her favorite. And he made it perfectly.

He was wearing what was practically a uniform here on the ranch. A Stetson, a t-shirt covered with a flannel shirt, and jeans. And even though she couldn't see them, she was sure the jeans hugged his thighs and ass so tightly there was no room between his skin and the denim for any skivvies. She should know—she'd lusted over him for the last fourteen days. And she'd be damned if he wore underwear.

Forcing herself to remain calm, she took a gulp of her drink. "Yeah. Where's the group?"

"Case took them out for a last look at the stars before they head back to the city. You'd think they never look up. Christ, they're only from Billings, it's not as if they're from New York or L.A."

Lisa shook her head and smiled. "You know people, Garrett. They tend to be oblivious to what's around them. It takes something like this to remind them what's around the corner."

"Which they promptly forget after they leave."

"Yup, they do. But at least they're exposed to it for a little while."

"I just don't understand people anymore."

Lisa smiled. "You're a bartender, that's part of your job."

He stood up straight and tilted his hat at her, giving her a fake scowl. "Hey. I'm a cowboy, I'll have you know. I just do this bartending gig as a favor for Case."

He wasn't just a cowboy, and he wasn't just a bartender either. The man was smart and had an air of sophistication about him. There was more to him than met the eye.

"Where are you from, Garrett? And don't tell me born and bred around here. I'd have to be deaf, blind and stupid not to see the remains of city living on you."

He leaned forward on the bar with a sigh before looking around dramatically. He lowered his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. "You swear you won't tell anyone?"

"I swear." She crossed her heart and smiled.

"'Cause if you do, I'll have to punish you. And Case has quite a little dungeon downstairs."

Her pulse quickened at the thought. She'd been warned before she took the job for the summer that some of the groups that rented Case's ranch out were of a sexual nature. She hadn't known he had an actual dungeon though.

"Really?" She faked nonchalance, begging her body to calm itself. "I guess I'll have to be extra good then, won't I?"

His smile warmed her straight to her core and she swore to god she had a tiny orgasm at the sight. "Extra good will only get you there faster."

Lisa forced herself to lean away from him and laugh lightly. Her heart was beating so fast she could barely think. It wouldn't pay to lose herself in a man like Garrett. Not when this was just a summer position. And not when he could have any woman he set his eyes on.

A man like Garrett Truman wouldn't go trolling for fat chicks. A tall willowy blonde would be perfect on his arm. And probably his cock.

Too bad short, fat Lisa wanted that position. The cock one. She didn't care about the arm. Although his long fingers looked promising.

"I sooo don't want to know about that. Really. The last thing in the world I need is picturing my boss in a sex dungeon."

Although if she were truly honest with herself, the thought of Case down there with her excited her as much as the thought of Garrett. Put both of them with her down there and she'd be in sexual heaven.

Case Murray. Her boss for the next couple months. The man was persuasive, charming and as sexy as Garrett. All he had to do was look at her and she was putty in his hands. If he ever got demanding in a sexual way, she wasn't sure she could handle it. And by that, she meant she didn't know how long she'd last before she came screaming like a hot tramp as he dominated her.

Clean cut, with short blond hair and bright blue eyes, Case reminded her of a very intelligent surfer boy. His body was built like he'd come up in the ranks of the ranch which, according to her helper in the kitchen, he had.

He'd started working down in Texas when he was a young teenager and worked his way from ranch hand to ranch manager there and then to eventual owner of this place. He'd turned it from an unprofitable working ranch into a combination working spread and dude ranch.

The ranch specialized in events like company retreats for things like team building and group get-togethers. The bunch leaving tomorrow was from a law firm in Billings. The group showing up the day after that was from some private BDSM club. Which wasn't exactly the norm for the ranch, but apparently they'd been here before.

That group sounded interesting. She'd never participated in the lifestyle but had read about it. Maybe she would get the chance to learn some things without making herself too uncomfortable.

"You have to admit I'm right."

Lisa shook her head to knock herself out of her reverie and realized she'd missed most of what Garrett had said. "What?"

Garrett laughed. "Damn, girl, I know most women have the hots for him, but they can at least follow the conversation when he's not around."

"What the hell are you talking about, Garrett?"

"Good lord, Lisa, that look on your face says it all. You think he's hot, don't you?"

"Garrett! What a question. Anyway, what do you care? It's not as if you'd be interested."

"In him? Not a chance. I've known him too long to even think of turning gay for him. It would be like screwing my brother. Now, if we're talking about adding you into the picture, then count me in."

Lisa felt the heat rush to her face. "You're the worst flirt in the world."

"Who says I'm flirting?" He leaned in close to her and lowered his voice to a husky rumble. "Why won't you believe me when I tell you I find you incredibly attractive and I want nothing more than to get to know you better? In all ways."

Lisa laughed again. She had to. Anything else was to fall for his line and she just wasn't up to getting her heart broken again. And then she changed the subject.

"No way. You are not distracting me that easily. Now spill. How did you get here and what the hell are you doing here?"

He sighed and leaned back against the counter behind him, his arms crossed. "One day, lady, you are going to pay for avoiding me. And it's going to come soon, I promise you."

Lisa waved away his threat as she took another sip of her drink as though she hadn't a care in the world. The truth was his promise sent her heart into her throat and she was surprised she didn't choke on the liquor.

"Come on. Spill."

"I've known Case for years. We met when I was down south doing some work for his boss. We hit it off and started a friendship. And no, don't go getting your panties in a twist, a friendship, nothing more."

Lisa put up her hands. "Hey, it's nothing to me if you had more than that. Your life, your choices." Although the thought was intriguing, despite his comment from minutes before.

"Well, about five years ago things went sour in my personal life. My wife left me for another man, she sued for divorce and I decided I didn't want to be in the city anymore. Case let me come here and lick my wounds."

"And you've been here ever since?"

Garrett nodded. "When Dawn left me she took just about everything. Hell, I gave it to her. I'd been a tax attorney and had made some pretty good money. But it took a toll on us. On our marriage and on us as people. It wasn't worth it. Here I can just relax and be who I want to be."

"No desire to go back to the city?"

"No. None. I think there comes a time in your life when you have to decide what you want to do with it. Some people are happy always chasing the something more. Some not. I did the chasing. It's time to take things slow."

"You won't be able to be a ranch hand all your life, you know. Eventually you'll slow down." Lisa pointed out, not cruelly. For a man in his forties he still looked incredibly yummy and in the best shape imaginable.

"Don't I know that's the truth. Which is why I own part of this place of Case's."

"What?"

He smiled. "I said I gave Dawn almost everything. The rest I invested. Case needed some money to fix up the main lodge here and a couple of other things. So we became partners."

Lisa shook her head in amazement. What the hell was a man like this with so much potential doing moonlighting as a bartender? *Because it's where he wants to be, Lisa. Stop judging.*

"I'm impressed." And she realized she was. "Not many people are capable of taking that look at their lives and changing what needs to be changed."

He shrugged. "I was lucky. I had the chance and the means to make it happen."

The sounds of people outside the front door had Lisa looking at her watch. It was getting late and she really needed to get some sleep.

She scooted off the barstool and turned to touch his hand. "Thanks for the conversation, Garrett. And thank you for trusting me. I promise I won't tell a soul."

"Oh I know you won't." He assured her with that devastating grin of his, catching her hand in his grip. He brought it up to his lips and kissed her knuckles gently. "But I can't say I don't want you to. Just thinking about getting the chance to punish you makes my jeans tight."

Lisa flushed and quickly walked out of the front door before Garrett could see the hot blush that she was sure covered her cheeks. Not to mention the fact her nipples had gotten hard enough to drill diamonds at his suggestion. God, was she in trouble.

Lisa walked the short distance to her cabin almost reluctantly.

She rubbed her hand where Garrett had kissed her. It was still tingling from the contact. Good lord, she was forty years old, not a virgin by any standards, and here she was cradling a hand that a cute boy had kissed.

She was worse than a fourteen-year-old.

A snicker from the horse corral on the other side of the main lodge reminded her of her regular nightly visit. She thought about skipping, but visiting the horses usually helped her relax before bed and she had a feeling she'd need that help tonight. But she definitely needed a sweater before visiting them. The night had gotten surprisingly cool and she was dressed for a heated kitchen.

After grabbing her sweater and some carrots from the fridge, she headed back out to the horses. Case had assured her on her first day that the horses were calm and friendly, and she'd made a habit of showing up at least twice a day to visit with them.

One in particular, Laraway, had seemed to take a shine to her and always came to her whenever she showed up at the fence. The fact that she usually had something for him to eat probably had much to do with that, though.

Being short, she wasn't able to lean over the top railing like most of the guests and employees, so she quickly climbed the wooden planks and sat on the top, waiting for Laraway to come to her.

Normally she wouldn't consider something like this. The last thing she needed was Case or one of the ranch hands to see her fat ass hanging over the fence. Or even worse, ask her to climb down because she was too heavy for the wooden rail. But it was late enough she thought she'd be safe from prying eyes.

By the time Laraway worked his way over to her, she'd been sitting for a few minutes and felt pretty confident. She lifted her hands and stroked the animal when it approached her.

"Hey baby, how ya doin' today?" she asked the horse gently as he nudged her hand in request for a scratch on the nose and a bite of carrot. "Did you have any fun with those city slickers? Did they drive you crazy with their demands?"

"Actually they were a pretty good lot this time."

The smooth bass voice behind her surprised her so much she lost her balance on the railing and she felt herself start to fall back. Warm arms caught her in their grasp and settled her back on the rail before she could slip more than a couple of inches.

A hot hand stayed on her hip, the arm crossing her back as Case moved to her side and reached his other hand to caress the horse in front of her.

"Case." Her voice was high and breathy.

"Lisa."

"Um, sorry. Let me get off the fence. I just thought it would be easier to—"

"I'm sure it is easier to reach Laraway from up there. I don't blame you a bit. A little thing like you has to feel like a child sometimes around some of us."

He was right. Sometimes she did. At just over five feet, she was overwhelmed by the large men who seemed to populate the ranch. None of them were under six feet tall and Case and Garrett were both well over that.

Unfortunately, she didn't have the same responses to the men, at least those two, as would a child. Her responses were all adult woman.

And Garrett's teasing and Case's distant manner didn't help matters either. Hell, who was she kidding? Nothing would help except not being near them anymore. And that wasn't going to happen for at least another two months.

"Garrett tells me that you and he had a talk this evening."

How the hell had he talked with Garrett? She'd just left the damn lounge. And then she remembered she'd walked to her cabin and grabbed the carrot for Laraway before coming back this way. Then she remembered exactly what they'd talked about.

Shit. Had he mentioned the damn dungeon and her reaction to it to Case? She bit her lip and prayed silently that he hadn't.

"Are you ready for our new guests? They can be a surprise if you don't know what to expect."

"I was warned about the variety of guests you guys have here. What they do doesn't bother me as long as they don't try to drag me into it."

The side of his lips twitched. "What, aren't you into swinging?"

"Well I guess I would need a partner to swing with first off, but no, not into that. I don't mind a bit of exhibitionism or fun. But I'd rather keep my partners to myself."

"Partners?"

Lisa felt the heat rush to her face as she realized she'd used the plural. And he'd caught it. Damn him and Garrett for getting her freaking libido going again. She'd been doing fine since her last breakup. Just her and her rabbit and little silver bullet.

And now all she could think of was Garrett and Case taking the place of her toys and fucking her like crazy.

"Oh, well, um..."

"Is our little cook a little more kinky than we were led to believe?"

Uncomfortable with the way the conversation was heading, Lisa took refuge in attack. "Why? Do you expect me to join them? I didn't know that I'd be forced to participate with the guests."

Case put his hands up as though in defense. "Whoa. Calm down. You know no one expects you to participate. If you're invited to join and feel so inclined to do so, you're welcome to as long as you're off the clock, but no one expects it."

Shame ran through her at her attack. He didn't deserve that. She looked down. "I'm sorry. I know that. I just was..."

"Embarrassed by the slip of a tongue?" She felt his hand brush her cheek before she saw it.

Unsure how to respond, she looked up to see if he was laughing at her. Her breath caught at the look in his eyes and she had a millisecond to wonder what it meant before he kissed her.

It wasn't a deep, soul-shattering kiss, but it tilted her world on its axis nonetheless.

Before her brain—and body—could process what he was doing, she pulled herself away, too much in shock to do more than stare at him.

"Fair warning, Lisa. We play to win out here. Garrett and I know what we want, and we're gonna get it." He turned and took a few steps before turning back to her and tilting his hat at her. "And we never lose."

* * * * *

Lisa touched her lips one more time as she remembered her encounter with Case at the corral. What had he meant about him and Garrett knowing what they wanted? He hadn't been talking about her, had he?

Why the hell would they want her?

She was short, fat and definitely not a worthwhile catch for the two of them. Even for a brief fling, that was ridiculous. There were plenty of women coming over the next couple months who would jump at the chance to be with either of them. Why the hell would Case imply they wanted her?

Had they given any hint about it before? Sure, Garrett flirted with her, but he flirted with all the female guests.

Yeah, but did he flirt the same way?

Flirting is flirting.

No, it isn't. And you know it, woman. His flirting with the patrons is always in a nice, friendly employee manner. With you it's always been more. There's always been the promise of something else behind that flirting. And the way Case looks at you has always been anything but employer-like. You just didn't want to admit it. The way he touched you tonight even before the kiss. A regular employer doesn't caress your back while you are talking to a horse.

Lisa rolled over in the bed and pulled the sheet up to her chin. It was ridiculous. Her imagination was working overtime. In concert with her overactive libido.

Dammit, she knew she should have grabbed new batteries from the kitchen before she came to bed tonight. But she'd forgotten. Could she make it back to the main lounge and back here to her cabin without anyone finding out? She looked at her clock and decided that it wouldn't be the best of choices. It wasn't even midnight. The guys would still be up with their visitors. They hadn't gone to bed before midnight any night this week, and she didn't see why tonight would be any different.

Rolling over one more time, she punched her pillow. Shit. She was never going to get to sleep tonight. All she could think about was Garrett kissing her hand and threatening—promising—a dungeon trip. And then Case's kiss on her lips at the corral.

None of it made any sense, and it had her so damn confused she didn't think even a self-induced orgasm would help her relax enough to sleep. But she had to do something. She'd never get to sleep the way she was feeling.

She hadn't been this frustrated since she'd discovered the joy of toys.

That meant an orgasm or a stiff drink. She didn't look forward to trying to get up in the morning after drinking herself to sleep. And she'd never been successful masturbating without assistance. So that meant she needed batteries.

Sighing, she threw back the covers and sat up.

Maybe the guys would be gone. She remembered them saying something about her only needing to put out a continental breakfast in the morning because the group wanted to be away before eight. That probably meant they'd go to bed early. And even if they did see her, she worked here for Christ's sake, she had every right in the world to be up and about this late.

Decision made, Lisa put on her slippers, grabbed the keys to the main lodge and headed out the door of her small cabin.

"Shit." She'd forgotten the temperature had dropped earlier in the evening. She should have grabbed something else to put on. Her camisole and cotton pants were enough under her covers, but they provided little protection in the wind. Debating turning around to do so, she decided she was already out and could be there and back in no time if she'd just go now. She was from Vermont, she wasn't going to freeze to death on a cool summer night.

She appreciated the privacy her own cabin afforded her, but damn, it was a bitch to sneak back to the lodge this late at night.

Case kept the place lit with ground-level lighting and the paths clear, so Lisa had no trouble getting to the back door of the lodge. After all, she'd been making the same trip at five in the morning for the last two weeks.

After listening and hearing nothing inside, Lisa unlocked the kitchen door and stepped through. She stopped and listened again. No sounds of late-night revelers. They'd probably all gone to bed already. Which would make this easier for her.

Deciding not to turn on the light—after all she already knew where everything was—she slowly walked her way to the south wall where the emergency supplies and

extras were kept. She'd be able to get the batteries and be out of there without anyone knowing she'd been there.

"Shit!" Lisa covered her mouth even though her curse had been hushed. She bent down to see what she had just tripped over.

It was a damn box.

She lifted it up and tried to figure out what it was by size and weight. It felt like a box of cereal bars or something. When she put her hand in the open top, she figured she had to be right. But what were they doing on the floor? She hadn't used them for at least two or three days. The last time the group had gone on a daylong trail ride.

Who had raided her kitchen? There was gonna be hell to pay if she found shit missing in the morning. She was responsible for supplies and was not going to be happy if someone was taking things without her knowledge.

Putting the box on the counter in front of her, she decided she'd deal with it in the morning. It was too late to worry about now, and she needed those damn batteries or she'd never get to sleep.

She opened the drawer and felt around to the left in the back. Bingo! The D-sized batteries were exactly where she'd remembered. She was gonna have a hot time tonight, even if it was with just her and her king-sized dildo.

She closed the drawer as quietly as possible, wincing when it squealed against the slides, and turned around to sneak back out the way she'd come.

Only to run into something large and hard right in front of her.

When arms wrapped around her, years of too many horror flicks and police dramas flooded her brain.

She panicked and started kicking and punching. She dropped the batteries in her struggle but didn't care. She knew she had to get out of this large man's grasp or her life was forfeit.

When the overhead light flashed on, Lisa ducked her head, closing her eyes instinctively, but continued to kick at the hard male in front of her.

"Lisa. Lisa! Stop it! It's me, Garrett!"

It took a few more seconds for his voice to penetrate her brain, and she gradually stopped struggling, only to relax into his arms. "Dammit, Garrett! You scared the shit out of me! What the hell are you doing here in the dark?"

"I think the question should be what are you doing here in the dark?" Case's voice reached her from behind Garrett's back and her pussy moistened at the sound. She couldn't see him, her view blocked by Garrett's chest, but that didn't stop her body's reaction. When she realized she was still in Garrett's arms, the spot between her legs pulsed in anticipation. Oh god, she was so fucked.

"Lisa?" Garrett asked her, his voice rumbling in his chest against her breasts. She could smell a hint of his cologne lingering despite the late hour and she had to swallow in order to answer him.

What was she doing here? What was she doing here? Oh! The batteries. "Um, I needed batteries."

"What for at this hour of night?"

"My vibrat—" Fuck fuck fuck, she did not just start to say vibrator to them.

She looked up at Garrett and saw his eyebrow rise up. Oh yeah, she'd said what she thought she'd said. Quick, what could she possibly say that would distract them?

"My vibrating neck pillow. I had a headache, and I needed the batteries."

Garrett pursed his lips. "Vibrating neck pillow, huh?"

Oh yeah, most definitely without a doubt fucked. They weren't gonna buy that, and when she saw them in the morning, she'd be so embarrassed it would be all she could do not to quit.

A breath caressed the back of her neck and suddenly she realized Case had somehow moved behind her. She'd never even noticed him move from the door leading into the main part of the lounge.

"Well, if you needed...your neck...rubbed, all you had to do was ask." His voice was soft, smooth and sinfully addicting. Like really good chocolate. All she wanted to do was lose herself in it. Coat herself until she suffocated in its dreaminess.

And if he said "neck" in that tone again, she would have an orgasm right here in the middle of the well-lit kitchen.

"Case, bud, I don't know about this. These batteries are strictly for ranch use. Is a vibrator—I'm sorry, a vibrating neck pillow—on the approved list of uses?"

"You know, Garrett, I think you might be right. I don't think vibrating anything's are covered in the approved list."

Her pulse sped up. What was he talking about? Approved list? She'd replace the damn batteries next time someone made a run into town, but she needed them now, dammit.

Case's hands landed on her bare shoulders and shivers ran up and down her back. Her nipples perked to attention at the touch. His thumbs stroked her back up and down, and she found it hard to concentrate on what the two of them were talking about.

"That means our little cook here was stealing, doesn't it, Case?"

Stealing? Stealing? She wasn't stealing! "I'll pay for them. I wasn't stealing. Really."

Shit, what was she gonna do if she got fired after just a couple weeks? She had nowhere to go home to. She'd rented out her place in Vermont until September. Fuck. Shit.

She needed to do something. Say something. Convince them that she wasn't trying to steal.

But she couldn't concentrate. Not with them so near. One holding her in his arms. The other pressed against her ass. Their colognes mixing with each other, creating a scent that was driving her crazy with need and desire.

She couldn't think about how to get herself out of this situation. All she wanted to do was beg them to keep her in this position until she died of pleasure overload.

Garrett looked over her shoulder to Case. "I think this calls for some sort of punishment."

She couldn't help it. She closed her eyes and groaned. God help her, she groaned at threatened punishment. The guys were talking about firing her, calling the cops over a pack of batteries, and all she could do was groan in desire.

She opened her eyes, but the room was dark. Garrett's voice whispered in her ear. "I warned you earlier if you misbehaved you'd be punished. But you didn't listen."

Lisa realized that Case was tying something around her eyes, snugly but carefully. She was impressed he did it without pulling any of her hair. Garrett grabbed her hands and pulled them together before binding them with something as well. She sucked in her breath, wondering what would happen next. Then Garrett's words sank in.

"You said if I was good, I'd be punished."

Case's chuckle raced down her spine. Goose bumps popped up over her skin. "He lied."

Chapter Two

Lisa's body was alive with sensations. Tiny prickles of excitement mingled with fear and danced over her body. Anticipation curled in her stomach.

"What sort of punishment?" Her voice was high and eager. She swallowed, hoping they hadn't noticed.

Instead of answering her directly, Case addressed his comment to Garrett. "Well, it was only batteries. What do you think, Garrett?"

"Hmmm, I don't think the dungeon this time. But what about the playroom?"

"Perhaps. Lisa? Are you ready for the playroom?" Case was still right behind her, his mouth inches from her ear. Every word, every breath he took sent puffs of air over her skin. Shivers ran through her at each new breeze.

"Playroom?" This time her voice had gone all husky sounding. Garrett grasped her shoulders and turned her around. Case tugged her by her restraints and she followed him without a word.

What were they going to do to her? And why the hell did she find herself craving it so badly? Was she sick? Wasn't it wrong to enjoy the thought of two men holding her prisoner and leading her to goodness knew what? Shouldn't she be screaming bloody murder to be let go?

What was the playroom? What had they meant? When she tried to ask, all she got was a "Hush" from Garrett and a light tap on her ass. Which made her even wetter.

She was such a sick, sick woman. She was going to burn in hell for this. But if the implied promise from her body and the men were anything to go by, then it would be worth it.

They walked her out the door and she waited while one of them locked it behind them before turning her to the right. They walked slowly and she had no problem following Case, who still had hold of her hands. Garrett's hand lay on her back and she felt heat radiating through her body from that simple touch.

When they stopped and she heard the beep of a code being entered into a keypad before they ushered her through a doorway, she realized they were at one of the men's cabins. The *snick* of the door locking behind her sent her pulse into overdrive.

"Don't move."

Garrett's order had her shivering in her shoes. What were they planning on doing to her? Her body was thrumming with anticipation and she shivered as visions of the two of them punishing her in a sex dungeon ran through her head.

But they weren't in the dungeon. They were in a cabin. And not a playroom. When one of them tugged at her hands and she heard another door open, she wondered where they were taking her. Was this the playroom?

Hands stroked her shoulders before she heard footsteps walk away, muffled by carpet but still audible.

She didn't know how far away they were, and she stood there untouched. A cold shiver ran down her back as she wondered what they had planned for her. She waited for one of them to say something.

"Explanations later, Lisa. Permission now."

She debated for a few moments. No one else moved in the room. That alone told her that the next step was up to her. She could call an end to this right now or see where they intended it to go.

"Why are you doing this? What do you want from me?"

Before she could move, she felt the material around her head loosen and fall away. The light was low and subdued, not bright as she'd expected, so there was little disorientation as her eyes adjusted.

Case stood in front of her, a kitchen towel in his hand, a smile on his face. He reached up and stroked her cheek. "Better?"

She nodded.

Garrett answered her earlier question. "We want to make love to you. Spend the entire night fucking you until you forget who and where you are."

She shivered in response. Both of them? Really? Her eyes hunted him out in the room. He was about six feet behind and to the side of Case.

Case stroked her cheek. "We'll deal with everything else later. Just give us a yes or no now."

It took no debate, no thought. "Yes."

Her word seemed to be a catalyst propelling both men into action. Garrett walked to the two of them and Case grabbed her hands and tugged her toward him.

She got a good look at the room for the first time. It was a bedroom, a large king-sized bed was against the wall to the left. It was a cast-iron four-poster bed, too heavy to be girly, but beautiful nonetheless. It was covered in turned-down crisp white sheets and a beige coverlet. It wasn't exactly the playroom they'd threatened, and although part of her was disappointed, another part was very much relieved. She might like the thought of something more, but she wasn't sure how much she was actually ready for.

The room was in neutral colors, much as you'd expect from an upscale resort. It wasn't impersonal, though, far from it. Personal touches scattered around left Lisa no doubt that this room belonged to one of the men. A large map of Texas on the right wall made her think it might be Case's.

Before she had more time to think about what the room looked like or who it belonged to, Case tugged her to a stop and faced her, inches from her.

He spread the fingers on one hand and ran them through her hair, tugging her head toward his. "Tonight we go easy on you. But rest assured, if this night goes how we hope, you will be visiting our dungeon before the summer is out."

Lisa sucked in a breath. God, she'd known about this dungeon for less than five hours and it was all she could think of. Her down there, with them, getting her brains fucked out any and every way they could manage it.

Case brought her head to his for a kiss. This time, however, she didn't pull away. This time she reveled in the touch of his lips and shared in it.

His tongue darted out to lick at her lips gently before she parted them on a sigh. He wasted no time in taking advantage and delved straight in.

Lisa felt more alive with that one kiss than she had in years. Everything about her, every cell in her body responded to him with an eagerness that made her head spin. Her pores opened up and let new sensations flow over her in a wave of desire and need. Her nipples perked up as though begging for attention.

When he cupped her head with both hands, trapping her against him, she moaned from deep in her throat and deepened the kiss.

Hand caressed her shoulders from behind, and lips ran a trail down her neck to her shoulders before going back up again.

Tingles raced through her body when she realized she really had two men about to have sex with her at the same time. Two gorgeous, hot men who had told her they wanted to fuck her brains out. Lisa's knees grew weak, and she would have fallen if they hadn't caught her.

Four hands lowered her to the rug. She had time enough to register it was in front of a fireplace before Case pulled her attention away.

"I believe we mentioned something about a punishment?"

Shit. She'd forgotten about that. She held up her tied hands, for the first time noticing what Garrett had used to bind her. It was one of the aprons she kept in the kitchen for daily use. She bit back a smile and went for the innocent little virgin look. "I think being tied up and blindfolded is enough of a punishment, don't you?"

Garrett growled from behind her. She shook in anticipation of what he would do now. When he grabbed her and lifted her to her feet, she opened her mouth in surprise. But when he threw her over his shoulder and walked toward the bed, her breath was knocked out of her.

He tossed her onto the bed, right into Case's waiting arms.

She had time enough to wonder how the hell Case had gotten there ahead of them before Garrett climbed onto the bed and between her legs.

When he bent down for a kiss, she had nowhere to move. And nowhere she wanted to move.

His lips were hot and hard. Heat burned straight through to her pussy, making it clench in anticipation. Her breath caught in her throat and she forgot to think as she just felt.

He held her tightly against him and deepened the kiss. His tongue urged her lips apart and dived in to taste. The moan that escaped her started deep down in her chest and rumbled up through her throat.

Warmth heated her body, blood boiling as it responded to his nearness, his touch.

When he pulled away, she was lost for a moment, uncertain as to what he intended next. He pulled back and his smile sent nervousness running through her on a shiver.

"Time for that punishment."

Before she was aware of what he was doing, he'd grabbed her pants and pulled them off her legs, leaving her bottom half completely naked. With a grin he crawled back and lay down, throwing her legs over his shoulders to position himself right at the apex of her thighs.

This was punishment? She felt liquid seep out of her in anticipation.

Case's voice came from behind her. "Garrett is going to eat you out, Lisa."

She shivered at his words, just barely keeping herself from wiggling her hips. Instead, her gaze never left Garrett's.

Case continued his explanation as he held her forearms and lifted her hands above her head and back, locking them behind his neck. "But you aren't going to come. He's not gonna let you."

Lisa moaned.

"And if you do come, then it's over. We leave you here to sleep it off alone. However, if you can keep yourself from coming, I promise you when it's time it will blow your head off."

A whimper escaped her throat.

"Do you agree to our terms?"

Lisa swallowed to wet her throat that had suddenly gone dry. "What if I don't?"

"Same repercussions. We leave now. And this won't happen again."

Tremors ran through her at the thought of them leaving her here like this. So damn excited she was ready to explode. No way.

She nodded.

"Words, Lisa, give us the words."

She looked at Garrett planted there between her legs and she had to keep herself from yelling yes.

"Agreed. But only if I get to have both of you tonight." She didn't really think that was going to be a problem, but she wanted them to know she understood exactly what she was in for. And was looking forward to it.

Case's chuckle rumbled down her back as his hands stroked down her sides. "I don't think that's going to be a problem."

Garrett lowered his head and gently blew on her lower lips before brushing them just as lightly with his hand. "Mmm, you keep yourself well trimmed. I like that in a woman."

A rush of pride swept through her at his words. That was one thing she always made sure she did. She enjoyed it for herself, even if she wasn't dating anyone at the time.

He pushed his fingers against her lips and separated them, baring her to his gaze. He blew on her again, and this time goose bumps popped over her body.

"Remember the deal, Lisa. It's not punishment if you have any fun."

Lisa almost snickered. Even if she didn't come, she knew she was about to have the most fun she could ever recall. When she opened her mouth to tell them that, the words were ripped from her throat as Garrett lowered his head to her.

Oh! My! God! Lisa pushed back against the bed, back against Case as she tried to keep herself from thrusting into Garrett's face. Shit, she wasn't gonna last. The man had barely put his lips on her and already she was nearly there.

Case wrapped his arms around her. One hand cupped her belly, the other worked its way under the material of her shirt to cup a breast. She curved her body into his hand, tugging her arms. She'd forgotten they were trapped but knew that if she moved them, he'd move them right back. And the last thing she wanted was him to remove his hands from her body.

Garrett licked her pussy lips and this time she did press into him, eager for him to give her more. Case flicked at her nipple with his thumb and she twisted, writhing against him.

She felt tension build quickly in her body. It had been too long since anyone had last touched her. She'd lusted after these two men too strongly to last much longer.

Garrett ate at her, licking, sucking, teasing her with his fingers, ripping moan after moan from her as she struggled to keep the orgasm at bay.

The back of her head tingled and her body shivered as they continued their slow but intense assault on her body. She tightened her hands in fists to help distract herself, but she knew it wouldn't help very long.

"Garrett. Please. Stop." Her body started to shake as it begged her to come. Begged her to let it explode.

"I think he's enjoying himself, Lisa."

"No. No more. It's been too long. I'm gonna come." Her words ran together, fast, almost incoherent.

"Now what kind of punishment would it be if we stopped as soon as it became uncomfortable?" Case pinched her nipple and she arched sharply into his arms. His words swirled in her body, making each nerve cell awaken with need. She trembled in his arms.

Shit. Shit. Shit. "Okay, I'll never steal again. I'll be good. I promise. Just please stop. Please let me come. Let me have you."

"You promise to be good? Very good?"

More shivers ran through her body. Did he mean good enough for the dungeon? Oh shit, she was in so much trouble. "Good. Bad. Whatever you want. Just please fuck me already. Let me come."

Something she said or maybe did must have been enough to convince Garrett she was close. Or maybe he was just ready.

Quickly he stood up and stripped himself before catching the condom Case tossed him from behind her. She wanted to take the time to look at him, to explore his body, but it was too late. She needed him now, inside her, fucking like she wanted to be fucked.

Case pulled her head back to him for another soul-searing, toe-curling kiss, and by the time he was done, Garrett was positioned at her core. She turned and watched him as with one swift move, he thrust into her.

She screamed. She came. She exploded. Holy shit! Her body shook and writhed with just that first thrust as she came around him, her pussy walls pulsing against him

in butterfly movements. Her breath was ripped from her lungs and she saw stars behind eyelids she hadn't even realized she'd closed.

Garrett didn't move. He waited until she calmed down and opened her eyes.

"Okay?"

She nodded. She was more than okay. Shit, if their punishment meant she'd come like that, she'd beg for punishment every day for the rest of her life.

And then he began to move. Slowly he pulled out of her, watching her intently before pushing back in just as slowly. Case nibbled on her neck, caressing her breast, holding her back against him.

When Case lifted her shirt to bare her stomach to their gaze, she pulled her hands down. The lights were still on, it was too bright. She didn't want them to see her like this.

Garrett stopped and glared at her. "Case, do something about that."

Case pushed her away and moved from behind her, out of her view. She looked at Garrett, confusion in her face, her hands resting on her belly, still pulling her shirt back down.

"We're making love to you, Lisa. That means your entire body. Not just your pussy and tits. While we are in bed, it belongs to us and us alone. And you have no right to keep any of it from us."

Thrills of fear and wonder ran through her at his words. Then she realized what he had said. "I belong to no one."

Garrett smiled wickedly and thrust once, sharp and hard. She gasped.

"Now. Here, you belong to us. Just as we belong to you."

She never expected him to be this possessive. And it turned her on more than it had any right to. She never expected to enjoy being tied up, punished and ordered about, but here she was, already having had the best orgasm of her life. And on her way to another one.

Before she could respond, Case returned with something in his hands. And completely naked. Damn, these guys could strip fast.

Case stood to her side and reached for the bottom of her shirt and pushed her still-tied hands out of the way. He grabbed the material with one hand. The other held a pair of scissors.

"Oh hell no."

"Hell yes." He said, and before she could stop him, he put the material between the blades and slid all the way up. He made quick work of it by snipping at the two straps that hung over her shoulders and then tossed the scissors somewhere in the middle of the room.

"What Garrett said stands true. This body is ours and if we want to look at it, play with it, touch it, we will."

Lisa wanted to rub her legs together at the tone of his voice. Ownership, protection and lust all came through those few words. And god help her, she loved it.

When he sat at the side of the bed and started to stroke her stomach, she found it almost more exciting than the man between her legs. The look in his eyes burned her straight to her soul. A part of her heart melted and a slight sigh escaped from her lips.

By the time he'd moved his hands to her breasts, her eyes were closed and she let herself be lost in his hands.

When Garrett's hands joined Case's, her eyes popped open as she watched the two of them caress her body. Her legs, her stomach, her breasts. A soft, slow orgasm ran through her body without warning as they brought her to a pleasure she'd never experienced before, just with gentle touches of their hands.

When Case lowered his head to her breast she moaned and cupped her joined hands behind his head to hold him tight against her chest.

Garrett chose that moment to thrust into her again and she was lost as the two of them made love to her in earnest. Garrett pumped in and out and Case nipped and

sucked and played with her. Her nipples were hard pebbles, which Case teased until she was breathing heavily in concert with Garrett's thrusts.

When Case pulled away and grinned at her, her stomach rumbled in anticipation of whatever it was he intended to do. He scooted behind her and was once again straddling her back, his legs stretched out beside her, his cock pressing against her ass.

He took her hands and hooked them around his neck, preventing her from moving anything but her legs.

"When he's done fucking you, babe, I'm gonna flip you on your knees and fuck you from behind. Fuck you hard and fast, thrusting into you so sharply you scream, the pleasure is so intense."

Lisa shuddered around Garrett's cock at Case's words. With each thrust she felt herself rolling faster and faster toward another orgasm. Garrett grabbed her hips and lifted her slightly, changing the angle of his thrusts. An "aargh" escaped her lips when the tip of his cock bumped against her G-spot.

Case reached his long arms and grabbed her by the knees, tugging her legs back toward him, assuring Garrett just the right angle. Each thrust had him rubbing against her spot, and tension built faster and sharper in her body.

Tingles started deep within her and spread out to her extremities, making it difficult to breathe, to concentrate on anything other than each shove of his cock into her pussy, each rub of the tip against her walls.

When the orgasm came this time, she felt her body spasm and bend before she bucked her hips, thrusting to meet his cock with each shove and push. Wordless screams of pleasure escaped her lips as the orgasm crashed over her body in intense waves.

"Yes! Baby! Yes!" Garrett yelled as he thrust in again and then again, before planting himself tightly against her and coming hard and fast.

Lisa lay against Case and willed herself to calm her breathing. When Case let go of her legs, she slowly lowered them.

Garrett rubbed his hands quickly up and down her legs, helping to bring feeling back into them. His smile brightened up his face more than she'd ever thought possible.

"Oh gorgeous, that was wonderful. Give me a minute here."

A growl from behind her had Garrett smiling crookedly and putting his hands in a surrender position. He smiled at her again before pulling out slowly. "Looks like the big man wants his chance."

Garrett leaned down and kissed her gently on the lips. She whimpered against him. He pulled back and pulled her hands from his neck, untying them quickly and then tugging her toward him as he moved backward on the bed.

"Case loves doing it doggy style, Lisa. He loves how deep and hard he can go. It's all he's dreamed about since the moment he laid eyes on you."

Lisa's whimper came back and she swallowed hard. Garrett positioned her kneeling on her hands and knees, her ass to Case at the head of the bed. When Garrett climbed off the bed, she gave him a questioning look.

He stripped off his used condom to throw it in the trash, and Lisa noticed he was already getting hard again. She licked her lips.

The mischievous smile that came across his face sent flutters deep into her stomach. He grabbed himself and asked her, "Want a taste?"

The lust rumbled in her throat and she knew he could hear the near purr that came from her. Case's chuckle from behind her told her he could hear it as well. His hands caressed up and down her ass and back, flames scorching her skin wherever he touched.

When she felt him position his body at her back, she opened her legs a bit wider and braced her hands on the bed.

He reached around and touched her pussy lips. She sucked in a deep breath when he slid a finger down and then into her.

"I know you're ready for me, Lisa. But I need to feel you, babe. Slide my fingers inside you just like my cock will be doing. You feel so smooth and soft."

Lisa hung her head, breathing heavily as Case played with her. Oh god, though it felt good, she wanted more. She wanted—no, needed—his cock. She wiggled her ass back at him.

"Case, please."

He flicked at her clit with his thumb and she gasped, her body quivering in response. Despite the fact she'd just been fucked within an inch of her life and had enough orgasms to make her happy for months, she wanted more. She wanted him. Now.

He circled her anus with one finger, pressing lightly before letting go. "Sometime soon, Lisa, I am gonna play here. I am gonna bury my cock there and feel your body spasm around me."

Lisa moaned. She was so turned on, she was ready to explode. When Garrett grabbed her chin and lifted her head, he waved his cock in front of her mouth. She smiled, wiggled her ass at Case one more time and took Garrett in her mouth.

Just as her mouth engulfed Garrett, Case thrust into her pussy hard and fast. She gasped around the cock and had to stop for a minute to get her breath back. Garrett supported her neck while Case began to slowly thrust into her.

Each push of Case's hips had him embedding himself deeper into her, and pushing her onto Garrett's cock. She braced herself, eager to truly taste Garrett, to savor him as she brought him to orgasm.

Garrett seemed to know what she wanted to do, and he eased back a bit, allowing her more freedom. Her tongue darted out to taste and tease him. The condom he'd been wearing must have been flavored because he tasted faintly of peppermint mixed with semen and it drove her crazy. He smelled like excitement and freedom and sex and tasted just as good.

"Ease up, Case." Garrett's voice was breathy, as though he were trying hard not to come. Lisa smiled and proceeded to taste the man in front of her.

She licked the sides from base to tip and then circled the mushroom head before darting her tongue into the slit on the top. It didn't matter that Garrett had just come minutes before, she knew he was close to coming again. Precum leaked from the tip and she lapped it up.

She reached a hand up to caress his balls as she took him completely into her mouth once again. She sucked and licked and slid her mouth over him, inviting him to come down her throat.

Case had slowed his thrusts for a minute at Garrett's request but once again increased his speed. He reached around to play with Lisa's clit and thrust into her fast. With each shove, sensations ran up her spine to her head and spread out, setting her skin afire.

"Oh baby, yes. I'm gonna come." Garrett's muttered promise had her working harder to get him to come. But she was getting close herself. Every shove of Case's cock brought her closer and closer to the edge.

He wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her into him, thrusting hard. Garrett popped out of her mouth, but she didn't care as her orgasm came crashing over her like a freight train. Case continued thrusting harder into her, rubbing against her G-spot. He yelled out his own release as he pushed into her one more time. She shook and thrashed against him as her orgasm overtook all her senses. She closed her eyes and arched her head back as she screamed in pleasure.

When warm liquid hit her, she looked up at the man in front of her and saw him stroking himself as he shot his cum over her throat and chest.

"Pearl Necklace" from ZZ Top ran through her head and she smiled, doing her best to keep her laughter contained.

Case wrapped his arms around her waist and pulled her up, back against his chest with a sigh. "Ah, I see Garrett gave you some jewelry while I was busy."

She couldn't help it. Here she was on her knees between two men, one of them still buried in her pussy, and all she could do was laugh.

Chapter Three

Lisa woke up sweating. She lay there for a moment, not moving, and decided she needed to turn the air conditioner on. So far she hadn't used it, but it was definitely time tonight.

She rolled but came up against something hard. She was confused for a moment, and then last night came tumbling back to her. Garrett. Case.

Jesus. Had she really let the two of them fuck her senseless? Judging by the fact she was waking up sandwiched between the two of them, her answer was probably a big fat yes.

"Mmm." The sound came from behind her just as an arm reached around and pulled her against a chest. And a very obvious erection.

Damn! Didn't these guys ever get tired?

"Hot," she whispered.

"Yeah, it is." He nuzzled her neck.

"No, you dummy. I'm hot."

"I think we've established that."

A chuckle came from in front of her. "I think she means she's hot, as in turn on the air conditioning, Garrett."

Thank god! Someone was thinking with his big brain instead of his little one.

"I know that, but I'm not about to get out of this bed."

Lisa blew out a breath. "Well, someone better get out, and since I seem to be stuck between the two of you and a blanket, it isn't gonna be me."

"But I'm too comfortable to move." Garrett's voice was low, husky, sleep filled. And it made her body rumble in renewed desire. He rubbed his front against her backside and it took all she had not to moan.

"And I'm too hot to do anything but bitch."

He moved his arm away and she felt the bed shift as he climbed out, grumbling the entire time.

She looked up at Case, barely able to see him from the ambient light around the room. "And if you knew what I wanted, why didn't you do it?"

"Cause he's closer. And this way I get to do this."

He wrapped his hands around her waist and rolled, pulling her on top to straddle him. She screeched slightly and slapped him on the chest. "Stop it. I'm too big for this."

Case sighed. "Lisa, I'm six and a half feet tall and weigh well over two hundred pounds. You are not gonna squish me."

She started to protest, but before she could say anything, she felt the bed move again and Garrett was behind her. *Mmm*, sandwiched again. A girl could get used to this.

"What's your wildest sexual fantasy, Lisa? What have you dreamed of doing your entire adult life that seemed just too dirty for normal life?"

Her wildest sexual fantasy? Last night had probably fulfilled that fantasy. "Um, I don't know, guys, how often does a woman get to have two incredibly hot men fucking her all night long?"

"There's still a bit of night left." Case pointed out, thrusting against her with his hips.

She looked over at the clock. 5:10.

"Oh shit! I gotta get breakfast started. Dammit!" She started to climb off Case, but he grabbed her arms and pulled her against him.

"You don't have to go anywhere."

Lisa crossed her arms on his chest and blew her hair out of her face. "Um, excuse me, boss man, but I was hired to make three meals a day plus snacks. Meal one is breakfast, that means I start at about six in the morning to get everything ready by seven. They wanted to leave early, so that means I start at five. Now if you would please let me out of bed so I can do the job you hired me for?"

"Nope. You aren't making breakfast."

"Hello? It's my job."

"Not anymore."

"What!" If he thought one night of sex meant she was quitting or about to get fired, then he had another think coming.

Garrett told her quickly. "He means today, Lisa. They wanted to leave by six so they settled accounts with us last night. That's what we were doing in the lodge. We set out muffins and granola bars and the like. They said that's all they wanted for breakfast. They'll make the coffee, and the juice is in the mini-fridge for them. You don't have to cook this morning."

She glared at Case.

He had the grace to look sheepish. At least she thought that's what it was in the dim light. "Sorry."

She debated her reaction. Stupid idiot had made her panic for a minute there. After all, she'd just fucked her boss—both of them. God, where the hell was her brain?

"I know." He seemed to know exactly what was going through her head. He rubbed his thumb against her hip as he cut in before she could say anything. "I am sorry. Truly."

"Hmm."

Garrett rubbed her shoulders and nuzzled against the back of her neck again. Shivers shot down her spine. "What can we do to make it up to you, baby?"

Lisa snorted. "I don't think I'm in the mood anymore, Garrett."

Both of Case's thumbs caressed circles on her hips. Tingles ran through her body from each of the men's hands. Shit, she was wrong. She obviously was in the mood. Which was evident from the moisture leaking from between her legs.

"You two can't be horny again. Already." Garrett kissed the back of her neck, saying nothing. Case squeezed his hands and moved to her legs. "Isn't there some rule against men your age being able to get it up this often?"

Garrett snickered.

Her protest was solely a token one and they obviously knew it, as they paid no attention to her words. She rocked her hips against Case and angled her head to allow Garrett better access to her neck.

Garrett whispered in her ear. "Have you have been fucked in the ass, Lisa? Ever had anal sex?"

She answered him, her voice caught on her breath. "Yes."

"Ever do it while you had something else buried in your pussy?"

Something else? What did he mean?

"You ever have a man fuck you while you were riding a vibrator?"

Her voice was shaky, uneven even as one syllable. "No-o."

"Would you like to try, babe? Only instead of a vibrator, two cocks."

Shivers raced up and down her spine and out to her hands and feet as she pictured the two of them fucking her at once. Just the way he'd said. One in her ass, one in her pussy. She shook her hips and bit back the moan that threatened to escape her lips.

"How?" She was wet, soaked, her pussy vibrating at the promise of what was to come.

Case smiled and before he could make a smart-ass remark, she hit him on the chest as best she could. "I know how. But I mean how, as in what position. What do we need to do? I'm not the most acrobatic of women, you know."

Case touched her lips gently once again. "Just stay there where you are." He pulled her down for a kiss and warmth spread through her body. She wiggled her hips, eager for more.

"Condom, buddy."

Garrett's words separated her and Case and they smiled into each other's eyes.

Lisa pushed at Case's chest, trying to get up, but he pulled her back against him.

"I told you not to move."

"Well, nothing's gonna happen until you put that raincoat on your little buddy." Lisa bit her lip as soon as the words slipped out of her mouth.

"Little? Little?"

She smiled. She was enjoying herself with them more than she had in a long time. With any other partners, in fact. And it had nothing to do with the fact she was in bed with two men. It was who the two men were. Their whole attitude toward life, not just toward sex.

Case's eyes narrowed in mock anger. "Are you complaining, woman?"

She rubbed against him, pleased to see his eyes darken and feel his cock harden even more. "Hell no. Put a damn condom on and fuck me." Before he could do anything, she slipped off him and turned around, putting her hand out to Garrett for the previously mentioned condom. She slipped it onto Case and immediately impaled herself on his cock.

She didn't think she'd ever get tired of the look of pleasure that crossed his face as he sank into her depths. She'd seen it on men before, but he looked as though he'd just encountered heaven and it made her feel sexier than all get out.

He reached out and pulled her against him and buried his head in the crook of her shoulder. "God, woman, you are hot."

She slowly moved her hips, feeling him move with her, sliding against her inner walls, filling her with pleasure and sensation.

The feeling of liquid against her backside startled her for a moment, and then she felt Garrett's hand stroking her ass.

"I hope it's warm enough, babe. I tried to warm it in my hand before using it."

Case took control at that moment and thrust into her hard enough to make her gasp. "No," she breathed out in response to Garrett's implied question. "It's fine."

Case pushed her away from him slightly and looked in her eyes again. "I know you said you've done this before, but I've been told it's different with two men. You'll feel the pressure as he pushes in, and then once he's past the outer rim, the relaxing. But you'll feel fuller than you've felt before. If it's too intense or painful, then you say something right away and we'll stop, okay?"

Lisa took a deep breath and nodded.

Case smiled. "Not yet, honey, we need to make sure you're really ready for this."

"I'm ready." She started to panic. Were they going to back out of it? She knew she'd never get the chance to experience this ever again if not with them. If they changed their minds, she'd never know what she missed.

"Not as ready as you're gonna be." Garrett's voice drifted from behind her as he slowly pulled her up almost to a sitting position.

Her back was pressed against his chest, her pussy still surrounding Case's cock. Garrett ran his hands up and down her arms and goose bumps covered her skin in their wake.

Case moved his hips, thrusting shallowly into her and pulling slightly out. Garrett brought one of his hands down to her pussy where he cupped her mons gently.

He whispered into her ear again. "When you are coming hard around his cock, that's when I'll enter you to feel your orgasm as your walls grip my cock."

She felt his cock bouncing against her ass and she realized her body felt as if it was on fire. Every single nerve ending seemed to be awake, waiting for something. Waiting for more. Whatever the two men wanted to give her.

When Garrett moved his fingers to her clit, she gasped, already at such a tight level of excitement she nearly came just from that gentle touch. Then he began to stroke her, and she realized how close she really was. And how talented Garrett really was.

His fingers flicked at her clit, stroking and pushing, spreading her moisture around as he played with her. Whenever she felt close to coming, he'd switch what he was doing just enough to let her down far enough for her body to start building the tension again.

Case wasn't idle by any means either. His hand squeezed her legs as they straddled his waist and he moved, slowly burying his cock in her pussy again and again.

Lisa knew she was close, she felt the tension build, and when Garrett didn't change what he was doing, she knew he was going to let her come this time. Her inner muscles tightened, released, tightened sharply and then released so quickly she found herself falling against Case as she came with a loud shout, piercing herself firmly onto his hard, thick cock.

Her breathing came in quick gasps as her body rolled with the orgasms and she was vaguely aware of Garrett pushing his way into her back entrance.

Immediately she tensed and then just as quickly forced herself to relax. She wanted this more than she wanted her next breath, she was not going to make it difficult for any of them.

She wiggled over Case's cock and he moved his hips slightly. Feeling him deep within her, she squeezed him tightly.

"Oh babe, don't do that 'til I'm completely—" And with that, Garrett slid all the way into her ass.

She sucked in her breath once he was fully seated. Pressure streaked across her abdomen, taking her breath away for a minute. She waited for pain, but none came.

"Lisa? You okay?" Garrett hadn't moved once she'd tensed.

Lisa nodded. "God yes. It's just different."

Case didn't say anything, he just began to move once again, starting slowly. Garrett dropped a gentle kiss on her back and began to move at the same speed.

They alternated. One in, one out, then they slid past each other, one on either side of the thin barrier, almost stroking each other. She propped herself on her arms, looking down into Case's eyes, feeling the two of them buried in her. Case's eyes shone with lust and desire as he looked up at her. She could really get used to this.

Lisa didn't know how long she could take what they were doing. Shivers ran up and down her body, urging her to push herself harder against Case and then harder against Garrett.

"More." She practically whispered it, but they heard her and began to pick up speed. The tension in her body built up faster than she thought possible, closer to the edge than she'd expected, given her earlier orgasms.

"Oh my god!" She had no words for what she was experiencing, all she could do was let herself roll with the sensations as they raced over her body.

When her orgasm came, it was all she could do not to thrash away from both of the men. Instead she pushed back and down, trying to get more of them as her body began to spasm around their cocks.

She wasn't sure which of the men was first to come, but she was already in full orgasm mode by the time she heard one of them shout "Fuck!" and the other "God!" And both of them thrust into her as deeply as they could get.

Their movement stretched out her orgasm even longer, her head hanging down, the edges of her hair brushing against Case's chest as her body exploded from the tension and then slowly rebuilt itself.

She was still holding her body off Case's with her hands when Garrett pulled out of her, leaving her with a sense of emptiness but fulfillment nonetheless. When he rolled away, he pulled her with him, pulling her away from Case's now soft cock to lie between the two of them.

Panting filled the room as the three of them fought to get their breath back.

"Jesus." It was all she could come up with.

"You can say that again."

Chapter Four

Lisa stood at the counter, mixing up the batter for the brownies, wondering what else she could make for the guests who were due to arrive in a couple hours.

She mentally went over her list of foodstuffs and knew she'd overdone it. She hadn't been able to stop cooking since she gotten to the kitchen this morning. And she knew it was because she was afraid to face what had happened the night before.

She'd woken up again before the two men this morning and had sneaked out of the cabin to shower and get ready for the day without talking to them. She hadn't been ready.

The new group of tourists weren't due until tomorrow, so she'd had the day free to do what she wanted, basically. Case had told her he and Garrett would eat with the rest of the guys, which was what they normally did when there weren't any guests. Lisa had been invited to eat at the mess hall with them but had also been assured that if she'd rather spend the time alone, that wouldn't be an issue either.

But not having any specific work to do made it harder for her to be distracted. So she'd started cooking and baking the stuff she'd need for the next few days. At least it kept her hands busy if not her mind, despite what she'd hoped. Thinking about the previous night was the last thing she wanted to do. If she thought about it, she'd have to deal with it. And she wasn't sure if she was ready to do that yet. Hell, she didn't know exactly how she felt about it.

It had been fun, that was a definite. But where was it leading? She really wasn't looking for anything permanent. She had no desire to uproot her life in Vermont to come out here to Montana. Especially not for a guy. Two guys.

She had done that before. Which was how she'd gotten into the middle of Nowhere, Vermont, working as a cook at a residential school for troubled kids.

Not that she didn't like her job. She loved it, in fact. She loved her friends, her entire life in Vermont. Even if the boyfriend hadn't worked out. But that was the whole point. She didn't want to give it up. Not for anyone.

So what did Case and Garrett want? Were they just looking for a fling for the summer? Or did they think there was a chance of something more?

That was part of the problem—she didn't know what they wanted. There hadn't been any declarations of love or undying affection. She enjoyed the two of them, but she sure as hell wasn't in love with them. Either of them. She wasn't ready and didn't want love in her life right now. She liked it the way it was.

She slammed the oven door and cringed at the noise. What was wrong with her? Here she was having the best sex of her life and all she wanted to do was question why.

Screw that. She was a grown woman. They were grown men. They weren't hurting anyone with what they were doing. No one mentioned feelings last night. Hell, Garrett had been talking about getting into her pants for weeks. He'd said nothing about her heart.

Did she like what had happened last night? Definitely. Would she take a repeat performance? Hell yeah. Was she looking for something the men weren't willing to give her and she didn't want? Not in the least.

Okay then, woman. Stop this incessant brain chatter and get to work. Those brownies will take at least thirty minutes. Go take inventory in the pantry. The guys are going shopping tomorrow morning and you need to figure out what you need for the week.

Suitably chastised, Lisa grabbed her menu checklist and walked into the pantry. She took a deep breath. She loved the smell in here. Cinnamon, cloves, parsley, all the spices she used in her cooking. It made Lisa feel as if she was at home on Thanksgiving. Just being in here filled her with a sense of peace. She should have come in here earlier.

But the pantry wasn't arranged quite the way she would have liked, and now that she had the time, she was going to fix that. Nothing major, but moving around a couple

of the things to suit her better would make the next couple months easier. Doing it now while she took inventory would make the most sense anyway.

"You know, if you're gonna put chocolate in the oven, the least you can do is pay attention when the buzzer goes off."

Lisa jumped and a small screech escaped her lips. Garrett walked up behind her to grab her hips and press against her.

She tried not to lose herself in the warmth in his arms. "Jesus, Garrett, you scared the fuck out of me."

"I certainly hope not."

"Oh shut up. And go away. I have work to do."

"Hmm, I know." His murmur was almost lost as he pushed his crotch against her ass. He was hard. She got wet.

Remember where you are, woman. "Garrett, let me go. I need to get the brownies."

He chuckled. "Don't worry, I got them. And no, they aren't burned. I actually stepped into the kitchen right before the buzzer went off."

"Oh great. Thanks." Her voice was nervous, shaky. And it had nothing to do with having almost burned their customers' dessert. "Still, I had better go and—"

"And what, Lisa? Avoid me further?" He bent and whispered the words directly into her ear and shivers ran up and down her spine.

"No. Of course not."

"Then why'd you leave this morning without saying anything to either of us?"

"You were sleeping and I needed to get breakfast started."

"Liar. You were avoiding us. We told you, you didn't have to make breakfast. So why did you run?"

"I didn't run. I-I..."

"You just needed to think." Case walked into the pantry and suddenly it didn't seem so large or so comforting.

Lisa felt trapped. And not just because she was in a small room with only one exit—an exit that was blocked. She wasn't sure if she was ready for this conversation right now, but it seemed as though the two of them were.

"Do we have to have this conversation here?"

"I would have preferred to have it over breakfast in my cabin, but you vetoed that when you sneaked out like a thief."

"I didn't sneak out. I needed a shower."

Case snorted. "Liar. I watched as you literally tiptoed out of the cabin, shutting the door behind you, careful of every tiny sound."

"You were awake?" She hadn't even realized that.

"Yes."

"Why didn't you say anything?"

Case ran his hand through his hair and sighed. "Because you obviously weren't ready to talk to us about what had happened. I didn't know what was going through your mind. If you were regretting what had happened or not. I figured if I confronted you right then, you might say something we'd all regret. So I let you have some time."

"And this?" She gestured to Garrett and his position merely inches from her.

Garrett smiled. "This is me trying to avoid the conversation we need to have and get a little more fun in."

Case held his hand out. "Please. Let's at least go sit down and talk about this. No one will bother us in the lodge."

Lisa nodded and placed her hand into Case's and followed him to the kitchen. Once there, she stopped to look at the brownies Garrett had taken out for her. Touching the top, she decided they were done and continued out to the lodge area where she sat on one of the comfortable chairs in a conversation nook. She realized by choosing that instead of a couch, she was putting physical as well as a mental distance between her and the men, but she wasn't quite ready to cuddle again.

Case sat on the chair that was catty-corner to her, while Garrett sat on the sofa table between them.

Case started. "First question. And the most important. Any regrets?"

"None."

"Then what's wrong?" Garrett asked the question this time. He reached out and grabbed her hand. "None of us are children and all of us were willing. So what's the problem?"

Lisa looked at him in confusion for a second and then she realized he thought she was uncomfortable because she'd been with two men at once. While it wasn't something she'd ever done before, she knew people who had. And she'd made her decision on that front last night.

She shook her head. "No. It's not that. Not that I was with the two of you." She sighed deeply. "But I guess I don't know where we go from here. What the two of you want."

"What do you want?" Case asked her, leaning forward.

Lisa debated not answering, forcing them to talk first, but since she knew what she could accept, regardless of what they wanted, she figured she owed it to them to be honest. "I know there were no vows of eternal love or devotion last night, and I'm okay with that. Really. Because I don't want it. I had fun last night. A lot of fun. And I like you both. But that's it. Nothing more."

"So you don't want it to happen again?"

Lisa snorted. "Are you kidding? I said I had fun. Why the hell wouldn't I want to repeat it? But that's it. Fun. And temporary. I don't want a full-time relationship. With one guy or two. I don't want to uproot my life again. I won't."

She put her hand up as though to prevent them from speaking. "I know neither of you has asked me for more than that, and I am not assuming I'm so irresistible that that's what you want. But I know I can't give you more than just the summer. That's

what I had to think about today. Yes, I enjoyed myself. Yes, I'd do it again. But yes, I'm still going home in September."

Case smiled. "That works for me. What about you, Garrett?"

"Shit, yeah." He squeezed Lisa's hand. "I told you about my ex-wife. Even though it was years ago, I'm not ready for anything more either. I like my life the way it is. And so does Case."

Lisa fought down the pang of not being wanted for more than sex. This was what she wanted, after all. Why should she be upset? "So you guys are okay with no strings attached."

Case shook his head. "I wouldn't say that. I would ask that if this summer goes well, we keep in touch over the rest of the year and you consider coming back next summer. Maybe then we can reevaluate where we all stand."

Lisa thought about that for all of a minute. Great sex for the next few months. No expectations, but a possibility of more down the line if they were all ready for it. It sounded like something she could definitely handle.

And if it didn't work out, she'd always have memories of her Montana summer cowboys.

About the Author

Talya is an avid fan of all forms of the printed word. She has been reading for as long as she can remember, and has dreamed of being an author for almost as long. On any given day, when she's not working, you can find her at the computer or curled up somewhere in her house reading whatever has caught her fancy that week. She has been known to push the limits of her deadlines, or go to work on little to no sleep, only so she can finish a book she is reading. Her reading habit was the bane of her family's existence while growing up, but she has found a wonderful man who shares her evil inclination. They live quietly, reading books, playing on computers, practicing martial arts and enjoying one another's company.

Tayla feels all the reading has helped her to become a better author. She has devoted her professional life to writing fun, erotic stories that make you believe in second chances and happily-ever-afters.

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

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